

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts

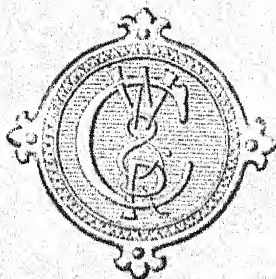
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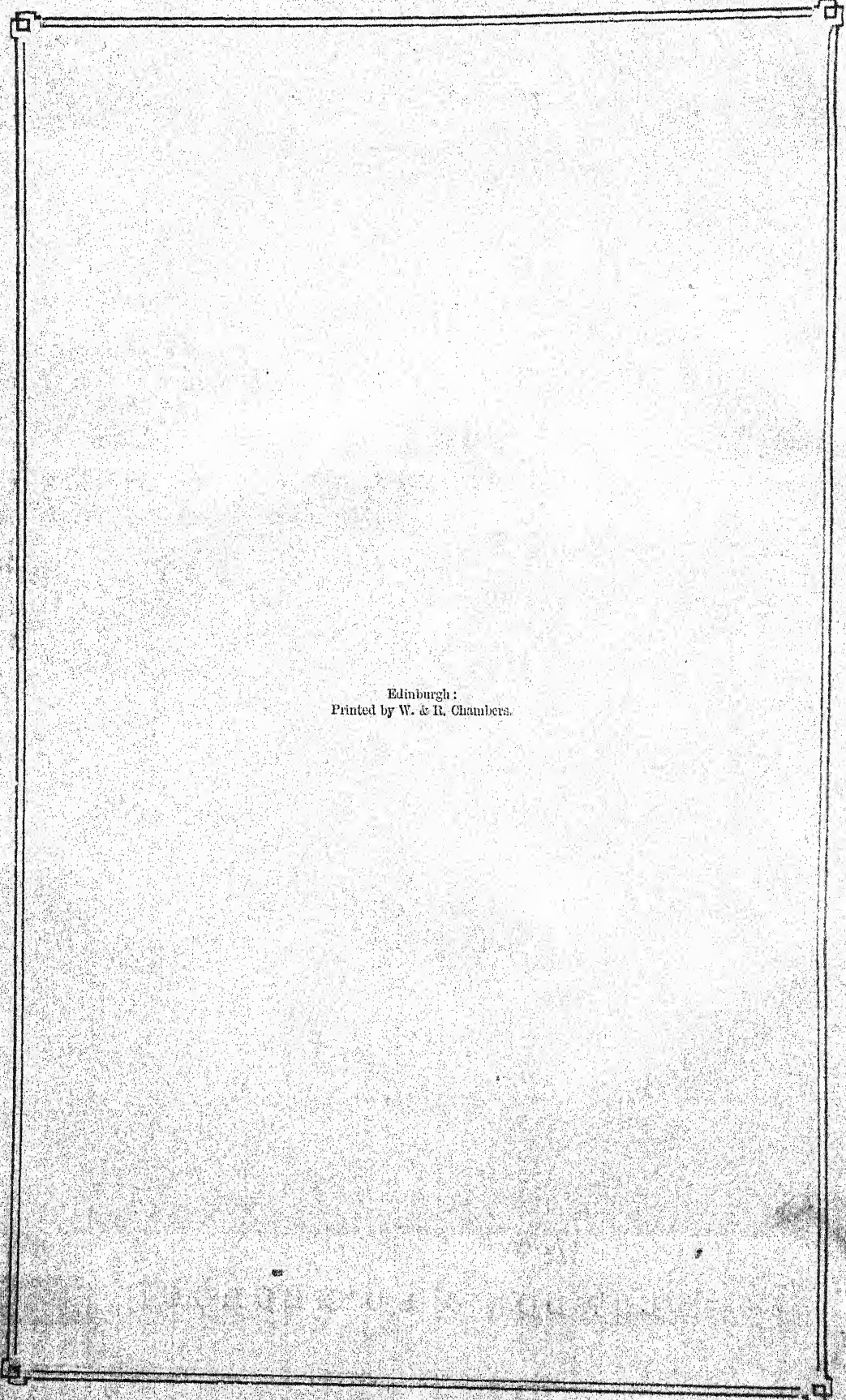
POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts

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INDEX.

Familiar Sketches and Essays.

	Page
Acorns, Under the, . . .	657
Brompton Cemetery, In, . . .	753
Circulating-library Critics, . . .	81
Conversation, the Art of, . . .	442
'Cornered,' . . .	280
Furniture Saleroom, In a, . . .	379
Girls, Wives, and Mothers, . . .	33
Good-natured People, Mischief done by, . . .	111
'Grand Day,' . . .	561
'Happy Ever After,' . . .	161
Heaven, . . .	433
Highland Glen, In a, . . .	511
Home-nursing, . . . 417, 509, 603, 723	
King of Acre, a, . . .	12, 23
'Kitchen Kaiter,' the, . . .	117
Literary Beginners, Another Word to, . . .	49
Love, Concerning, . . . 159, 333	
Moor and Loch, On, . . .	433
Mortality, Some Cheering Aspects of, . . .	449
My Old College Rooms, . . .	362
Nature on the Roof, . . .	385
News-monger, the, . . .	353
Norman Seascapes, a, . . .	390
River Holiday, a, . . .	545
Saleroom, In a Furniture, . . .	379
Spring Birds, . . .	129
Vin Victis! . . .	629

Poetry.

Among the Daiches, . . .	203
Angel Visitors, . . .	224
Blackbird's Nest, a, . . .	443
Butterfly in the City, a, . . .	263
Churchyard by the Sea, . . .	123
Dawn of Peace, the, . . .	592
Day in Early Summer, a, . . .	704
Donald—a Pony, . . .	144
Echoes, . . .	256
En Passant, . . .	560
Evening on the Lake, . . .	489
Fairyland in Midsummer, . . .	816
Hawthorn Story, a, . . .	738
Hope On, Hope Ever, . . .	768
July, . . .	461
Last 'Good-night,' a, . . .	496
Long Ago, . . .	832
Love Lights, . . .	160

	Page
Love-thought, a, . . .	720
Michaelmas, . . .	608
Mistake, . . .	784
Modern Madrigal, a, . . .	636
My Home in Annandale Revisited, . . .	50
Night, . . .	61
No Tears, . . .	688
'Not Beautiful!' . . .	176
'Not Lost, but Gone Before,' . . .	48
Old, Old Story, . . .	192
On the Coast, . . .	544
One by One, . . .	649
'Only Cousins, don't you see?' . . .	352
Parted, . . .	400
Parting Words, . . .	800
Quits! . . .	329
Rhine Woods, In the, . . .	351
Rhine of Sir Lionne, the, . . .	512
Serenade, . . .	288
Six Little Words, . . .	112
Solitary Singer, the, . . .	394
SONNETS—	
Love's Watch, . . .	16
Love's Transfiguration, . . .	16
SONNETS OF PRAISE—	
I. The Vales, . . .	240
II. The Mountains, . . .	240
Spring in the Alley, . . .	336
Story that Never Grows Old, a, . . .	672
Stray Blossom, the, . . .	576
To a Child, . . .	80
Trifles, . . .	432
'Twixt Daybreak and Daylight, . . .	528
Water-cress's Song, . . .	271
Wild-flowers from Alloway and Doon, . . .	416
Wonder and Healer, . . .	732
Year's Wooing, a, . . .	32
'Yes,' . . .	624

Popular Science.

Arsenic in Domestic Fabrics, . . .	799
Colds, Common, . . .	175
Colour-sense, . . .	44
Electric Light, Curiosities of the, . . .	140
Electricity and Gas, the Future of, . . .	625
for Nothing! . . .	453
Explosion, Story of a Vast, . . .	705
Fuel, a New, . . .	671
Gas Cooking-stoves, . . .	307
Glacier Garden, a, . . .	785

	Page
Marine Station, a Scottish, . . .	465
Medicine, Common Errors in Domestic, . . .	299
Microphone, Curiosities of the, . . .	373
MONTH, THE: Science and Arts—	
59, 124, 201, 265, 348, 412, 476,	
557, 620, 685, 761, 826	
Noxious Manufactures, . . .	239
OUR HEALTH—	
I. Health and its General Conditions, . . .	113
II. Food and Health, . . .	234
III. Some Food-dangers, and how to avoid them, . . .	401
Parasitic Worms—Queer Leaders, . . .	278
Poisoning, . . .	769
Science and Art School—Gordon's College, Aberdeen, . . .	183
Smoking Injurious to Health? Is, . . .	78
Steel, . . .	575
Steno-telegraph, the, . . .	607
Water, . . .	497
Weather, How it is Made and Forecast, . . .	689
White-lead Manufacture, a New Process of, . . .	158

Tales and Other Narratives.

Abe, Story of, . . .	817
Break-neck Venture, a, . . .	583
Buschinger, Interviewed by a, . . .	650
BY MEAD AND STREAM, a Story.—By Charles Gibbon, Author of <i>Robin Green, Queen of the Meadows, The Golden Shaft, &c.</i>	

chap.	
1. The Overture: 'Much Virtue in It,' . . .	1
2. What might be, . . .	2
3. What is to be, . . .	20
4. In the Oak Parlour, . . .	35
5. A New Eden, . . .	37
6. Alone, . . .	50
7. An Unloved Life, . . .	67
8. 'Will you speak that Word?' . . .	69
9. Slander's Shaft, . . .	82
10. Light and Shadow, . . .	84
11. 'Strictly Confidential,' . . .	99
12. A Fair Arbitrator, . . .	115
13. The Cares of State, . . .	116
14. In Harvest-time, . . .	132

INDEX.

vi

BY MEAD AND STREAM—continued.

CHAP.	Page
15. The Banquet waits, . . .	133
16. Light Hearts and Sad, . . .	148
17. A Turning-point, . . .	163
18. The Sealed Letter, . . .	179
19. The First Interview, . . .	181
20. Paved with Gold, . . .	195
21. Dreams, . . .	211
22. Home Again, . . .	212
23. Changes, . . .	227
24. The Work, . . .	243
25. A Word in Season, . . .	250
26. A Question of Division, . . .	275
27. Why is she so? . . .	291
28. 'The Little Rift,' . . .	309
29. Suspicion, . . .	323
30. Curious, . . .	339
31. The Conjuror, . . .	355
32. The Enthusiast, . . .	371
33. Her Problem, . . .	388
34. Judge Ma, . . .	403
35. The Maid was in the Garden, . . .	410
36. Is it Too Late? . . .	436
37. Down by the River, . . .	450
38. Whirlwinds, . . .	463
39. The other Side, . . .	484
40. Madge's Mission, . . .	499
41. Pulled Up, . . .	517
42. A Land Shipwreck, . . .	531
43. Other People's Money, . . .	547
44. An Apple of Discord, . . .	564
45. High Pressure, . . .	580
46. Downhill, . . .	595
47. Under-currents, . . .	612
48. Anxieties, . . .	614
49. At Midnight, . . .	627
50. A Crow to Pluck, . . .	642
51. Hey, Presto! . . .	659
52. How it was Done, . . .	675
53. Pansy, . . .	692
54. Poor Comfort, . . .	707
55. Sweet are the Uses of Adver-	723
sity, . . .	740
56. Uphill, . . .	754
57. The Secret in the Oak Parlour, . . .	756
58. Clearing Up, . . .	770
59. Glimpses, . . .	780, 793, 811
CHEWTON-ABBOT.—By Hugh	52
Conway, . . .	429
Colonel Redgrave's Legacy—	471
Freudraught, the Fire of, . . .	814
Gentleman of the Road, a, . . .	520
Greenroom Romance, a, . . .	600, 617
Haunted Bridge, the, . . .	138, 152, 168, 185
In a Flash, . . .	188, 198
Last of the Stuarts, the, . . .	589, 594
Miner's Partner, the—	252, 263
MISSING OLIVE, THE, a Tale of the	541
Fens—	589, 594
CHAP.	252, 263
1. The Arrival at the Saxonford	541
Arms, . . .	589, 594
2. The Jacobite, . . .	252, 263
3. The Events of a Night, . . .	541
4. After Fifteen Years, . . .	589, 594
5. The Colonel's Daughter, . . .	252, 263
6. Hobb Dipping Bewildered, . . .	541
7. Reginald's Story, . . .	589, 594
8. The Search, . . .	252, 263
Mr Pudster's Return, . . .	541
My Fellow-passenger, . . .	589, 594
Nameless Romance, a, . . .	252, 263
ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY, a Novel—	541
By T. W. Speight—	589, 594
631, 646, 664, 680, 696, 710, 728,	252, 263
743, 757, 771, 786, 804, 819	541
Queen Margerie, . . .	589, 594

Queer Company, In, . . .	444, 461
Run for Life, a, . . .	488
Silas Monk: a Tale of London Old	361, 374, 394, 407
City, . . .	343
Sketch from my Study Window, . . .	45
'So Unreasonable of Step-mother!' . . .	424, 440, 454
Terribly Fulfilled, . . .	424, 440, 454
TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.—By	
T. W. Speight—	5, 25, 41, 54, 73, 87, 105, 119
Vermudyn's Fate, . . .	536, 552
Witness for the Defence, a—	217, 231, 247
Yarn of the P. and O., a, . . .	503
Zulu Romance, a, . . .	330

Notices of Books.

King Country, or Explorations in	
New Zealand, by Mr J. H.	637
Kerry-Nicholls, . . .	501
Mushroom-growing, by Mr	501
Wright, . . .	225
Nature near London, by Mr	225
Richard Jefferies, . . .	273
Norfolk Broads and Rivers, by	273
Mr G. Christopher Davies, . . .	273
BOOK GOSSIP—	
Aileen Aroon, by Dr Gordon	63
Stables, . . .	411
Anglo-Saxon Literature, by	411
Mr John Earle, Rawlinson	411
Professor of Anglo-Saxon,	411
Oxford, . . .	207
Arminius Vambery, his Life	207
and Adventures, . . .	208
Athole Collection of Dance	208
Music of Scotland, by Mr	208
James Stewart Robertson	208
(Edradynat), . . .	62
Chapter of Science; or, What	62
is the Law of Nature? by	62
Mr J. Stuart, Professor of	62
Mechanics, . . .	825
Diseases of Field and Garden	825
Crops, by Worthington G.	825
Smith, . . .	62
Expansion of England, by Mr	62
J. R. Seeley, Professor of	62
Modern History, . . .	271
Guide to Methods of Insect	271
Life, and Prevention and	271
Remedy of Insect Ravage, . . .	825
Introduction to the Study of	825
Modern Forest Economy, by	825
Dr J. C. Brown, . . .	824
Killin Collection of Gaelic	824
Songs, by Mr Charles Stewart	824
London Cries; Chap-book	824
Chaplets; and Bygone Beau-	824
ties, published by Messrs	824
Field and Tuer, . . .	824
More Bits from Blinkbonny, by	824
'John Strathesk,' . . .	411
Norman Conquest, by Mr	411
William Hunt, . . .	824
Photography for Amateurs, by	824
Mr T. O. Hayworth, . . .	825
Practical Taxidermy, by Mon-	825
tague Brown, F.Z.S., . . .	271
Shetland and the Shetlanders,	271
by Sheriff Rampin, . . .	208
Sprigs of Heather, or the	208
Rambles of 'Maydy' with	63
Old Friends, by Rev. John	63
Anderson, D.D., . . .	63
Whitaker's Almanac for 1884,	63

Miscellaneous Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.

	Page
Abe, Story of, . . .	817
Acorns, Under the, . . .	657
Acrobats, . . .	318
Advertisers Again, Among the, . . .	94
Almanacs, Romance of, . . .	23
Amateur 'Cabby,' an, . . .	778
America, European Emigration	641
to, and its Effects, . . .	714
American Newspapers on Them-	634
selves, . . .	470
Amusements in Germany, Popu-	430
lar, . . .	792
Ancient and Modern Statues, the	822
Largest, . . .	285
Ancient People, an, . . .	85
Anglo-Indian Chaplain, Recollec-	590
tions of an, . . .	350
Animal Life, Studies in, . . .	494
—Memorials and Momen-	799
toes, . . .	731
Antipathies in Animals—	341
I. Horses, . . .	573
II. Dogs, . . .	737
Architecture, Stained Glass as an	481
Accessory to Domestic, . . .	129
Army Schools, . . .	53
Arsenic in Domestic Fabrics, . . .	588
Artificial Jewels, . . .	814
Ashburnham Collections, the, . . .	693
Back from 'Eldorado,' . . .	753
Bank of England, Curiosities of	222
the, . . .	650
Bird Migration, . . .	778
Birds of Spring, . . .	135
Bonded Warehouses, London, . . .	224
Break-neck Venture, a, . . .	513
Bridge, the Haunted, . . .	406
British Museum, New Mediaeval	366
Room at the, . . .	748
Brompton Cemetery, In, . . .	709
Buried Alive, . . .	81
Bushranger, Interviewed by a, . . .	40
'Cabby,' an Amateur, . . .	249
Calls before the Curtain, . . .	393
Cameo-cutting, . . .	175
Cave-chapels, . . .	555
Chair of Windermere, the, . . .	262
Chewton-Abbot, . . .	44
Children, Over-educating, . . .	566
Christmas Trees, . . .	412
Cigars, . . .	775
Circulating-library Critics, . . .	367
Cliff-houses of Cañon de Chelly, . . .	289
Coin Treasures, . . .	555
Coins Wearing Away? Are our,	399
Colds, Common, . . .	737
College, Queen Margaret, . . .	140
Rooms, My Old, . . .	373
Colonel Redgrave's Legacy—	305, 326
Colour-sense, . . .	290
Commercial Products of the	335
Whale, . . .	
Conversation, the Art of, . . .	
Cooking Classes for Children, . . .	
Cooking-stoves, Gas, . . .	
'Corners,' . . .	
Correspondence Classes, . . .	
Cricketer, Umpires at, . . .	
Curiosities of the Bank of Eng-	
land, . . .	
Curiosities of the Electric Light, . . .	
—Microphone, . . .	
—Peacocks, Some—	
Curiosity in Journalism, a, . . .	
Cycling, Progress of, . . .	

INDEX.

vii

	Page		Page		Page
Cyprus Locusts,	801	Housewives, Hints for,	447	Name? What's in a,	813
Dauphins, False,	662	Humorous Definitions,	475, 669	Nameless Romance, a,	541
Death-claims, How Life-offices		Hush-money,	143	Nature around London,	225
pay their,	97	In a Flash,	520	on the Roof,	385
Decisions, Some Legal,	423	India, Musk-rat of,	703	Nettle-cloth,	145
Deer-forests, Scottish,	721	Indian Jugglers,	604	New Zealand, Explorations in,	637
Detective Police, Our,	337	Snakes,	214	News-monger, the,	353
Dinner-parties Out of Doors,	673	Insects, Foresight of, for their		Newspapers, Curious,	591
Dishes, Some Queer,	230	Young,	587	on Themselves, Ameri-	
Distillation in Ireland, Illicit,	644	Ireland, Illicit Distillation in,	614	can,	714
Dwarfie Stone, Legend of the,	667	Island, a Solitary,	719	Norfolk Broads and Rivers,	273
Eastern Trading, Some Instances		—, an Interesting,	347	Norman Seascape, a,	390
of,	463	Jaffa to Jerusalem, From,	321	Notes on Persian Art,	808
Edicts, Ancient Rock-hewn,	486	'Jerry-building' in the Middle		Noxious Manufactures,	239
Educational Pioneer, an,	639	Ages,	464		
'Eldorado,' Back from,	573	Jewels, Artificial,	731		
Electric Light, Curiosities of the,	140	Joint-stock Companies and			
Electricity and Gas, the Future of,	625	'Limited Liability,'	577		
for Nothing!	453	Journalism, a Curiosity in,	200		
Lighting Collieries by,	496	'King Country, the,'	637		
Elephants, the Moulmein,	638	of Acres, a,	12, 20		
Trimming the Feet of,	240	'Kitchen Kaffir,' the,	117		
Emigration to America, European,	641	Knowledge, a Little, not Danger-			
English Law, Familiar Sketches		ous,	616		
of—		Last of the Stuarts, the,	600, 617		
I. Marriages; Settlements;		Law, Sketches of English—			
and Breaches of Promise		102, 377, 490			
to Marry,	162	Legal Decisions, Some,	423		
II. Parent and Child,	377	Life, Prolonging,	427		
III. Master and Servant,	490	Life-assurance and Annuities,			
Episodes of Literary Manuscripts,	283	Post-office,	257		
Erratic Pens,	513	Lifeboat Competition,	459		
Errors in Domestic Medicine,		Life-offices, How they pay their			
Common,	290	Death-claims,	97		
European Emigration to America,		Lighting Collieries by Electricity,	496		
and its Effects,	641	'Limited Liability,' Joint-stock			
Explosion, Story of a Vast,	705	Companies and,	577		
Fairs, Old Provincial,	598	Literary Beginners, Another			
Falkland Islands, a Peep at the,	110	Word to,	49		
False Dauphins,	662	Literary Manuscripts, Episodes of,	283		
Fellow-passenger, My,	252, 263	Self-estimates,	220		
Florida, Concerning,	797	Locusts, Cyprus,	801		
Food-notes, Some,	287	London Bonded Warehouses,	58		
Foresight of Insects for their		Hospitals and Dispen-			
Young,	587	saries,	518		
Forestry and Farming,	720	London, Nature around,	225		
Exhibition, Edinburgh,	193	Remains of Ancient,	654		
1884, International,	193	Sanitary Inspection of			
Fortunes, Sudden,	241	the Port of,	531		
French Detectives,	48	Love, Concerning,	156, 333		
Freudraught, the Fire of,	52	Maiden Speeches, Parliamentary,	150		
Fuel, a New,	671	Man and Nature,	608		
Furniture Saleroom, In a,	379	Manufactures, Noxious,	239		
Gas Cooking-stoves,	367	Marino Station, a Scottish,	465		
the Future of Electricity and,	625	Marriage, the Net of,	432		
Gentleman of the Road, a,	429	Marsala, a Sample of,	795		
Germany, Popular Amusements		Medieval Room at the British			
in,	634	Museum, New,	693		
Girls, Wives, and Mothers,	33	Medicine, Common Errors in			
Glaisher Garden, a,	785	Domestic,	299		
Gold,	209	Microphone, Curiosities of the,	373		
Gold-fields, the Transvaal,	177	Migration, Bird,	481		
Good-natured People, Mischief		Miner's Partner, the—			
done by,	111	138, 152, 168, 185			
Gordon's College, Aberdeen,	183	Miss Marrable's Elopement,	188, 198		
'Grand Day,'	561	Missing Clue, the—			
Greecuroom Romance, a,	471	701, 702, 716, 718, 732, 749, 751, 764			
Grouse,	529	Monastic England,	4		
Gum-arabic and the Soudan,	640	Money-borrowing, the Shady Side			
Hampstead Heath,	65	of,	166		
'Happy Ever After,'	161	MONTH, THE: Science and Arts—			
Haunted Houses, Rationale of,	337	59, 124, 201, 265, 348, 412, 476,			
Health, Our,	113, 234, 401	557, 620, 685, 761, 825			
Heroines,	492	Moor and Loch, On,	433		
Highland Glen, In a,	511	Morality, Stock Exchange,	828		
Holiday, a River,	545	Mortality, Some Cheering Aspects			
'Home! Sweet Home!'	173	of,	449		
Home-nursing,	417, 549, 609, 725	Moulmein Elephants, the,	638		
Homing Pigeon, the,	245	Mr Padster's Return,	569, 584		
Honey-bee, Something about the,	409	Mrs Shaw, the Late Prince Im-			
Hospitals and Dispensaries, Lon-		perial's Nurse,	32		
don,	518	Mushrooms for the Million,	501		
		Musk-rat of India, the,	703		

OCCASIONAL NOTES—

Abnormal Humanity,	304
Advice to Intending Emigrants,	479
Albo-carbon Light, New,	880
Ambulance Societies,	63
American Literary Piracy,	271
Anthropometrical Laboratory at	
the Health Exhibition,	479
Bacchus, Discovery of Statue of,	656
Blindness in Infancy, Preven-	
tion of,	206
Burns and Scalds,	655
Canine 'Collector,'	415
Card-telegrams,	206
Casualties on the British Coast,	624
Chilian Argentine Andes, Ex-	
ploration in the,	831
Coffee? Why do we now drink	
less,	303
Curious Disease,	430
Diarrhoea and Cholera, Treat-	
ment of,	500
Dissection after Death,	205
Dutch Rush,	351
Earthquake in England, Recent,	351
Electric Light in Railway Car-	
riages,	205
Electric Lighting for Ships,	351
Improved,	320
Electrical Tricycle,	767
Electricity as a Brake,	829
Ensilage,	415
Fastest Passage on Record,	559
French Crown Jewels,	207
Fruit-farm, a Flourishing,	830
Gas Cooking-stove, a Handy,	207
Grape and Peach in America,	415
Harbour of Refuge for East	
Coast of Scotland,	206
Herring Spawns, How and	
Where the,	206
Hydrophobia—Important Ex-	
periments,	205
Irish Female Emigration,	830
Labour and Wages in Australia,	204
Level-crossing Gates,	736
Lightning-strokes in France,	352
Mechanical	
Characteristics of,	829
Lights and Lighthouses, Inves-	
tigations on,	736
Marvellous Sunsets, Recent,	64
Metallic Compound, New,	415
Mummies, Making of,	767
Native Treatment of Diseases	
in India,	831
Novel Peel of Bells, a,	796
Oil Breakwater at Folkestone,	127
Old Westminster Houses, Last	
of the,	61
Old-fashioned Furniture,	320
Organ in Westminster Abbey,	
New,	479
Persons Killed by Wild Animals	
in India,	829
Postal Orders, New,	414
Railway Passengers,	830

BY MEAD AND STREAM—continued.

CHAP.	Page
15. The Banquet waits, . . .	133
16. Light Hearts and Sad, . . .	148
17. A Turning-point, . . .	163
18. The Sealed Letter, . . .	179
19. The First Interview, . . .	181
20. Paved with Gold, . . .	195
21. Dreams, . . .	211
22. Home Again, . . .	212
23. Changes, . . .	227
24. The Work, . . .	243
25. A Word in Season, . . .	259
26. A Question of Division, . . .	275
27. Why is she so? . . .	291
28. 'The Little Gift,' . . .	309
29. Suspicion, . . .	323
30. Curious, . . .	339
31. The Conjuror, . . .	355
32. The Enthusiast, . . .	356
33. Her Problem, . . .	371
34. Judge Me, . . .	388
35. The Maid was in the Garden, . . .	403
36. Is it Too Late? . . .	419
37. Down by the River, . . .	436
38. Whirlwinds, . . .	450
39. The other Side, . . .	468
40. Madge's Mission, . . .	484
41. Pulled Up, . . .	499
42. A Land Shipwreck, . . .	517
43. Other People's Money, . . .	531
44. An Apple of Discord, . . .	547
45. High Pressure, . . .	564
46. Downhill, . . .	580
47. Under-currents, . . .	595
48. Anxieties, . . .	612
49. At Midnight, . . .	614
50. A Crow to Pluck, . . .	627
51. Hey, Presto! . . .	642
52. How it was Done, . . .	659
53. Pansy, . . .	675
54. Poor Comfort, . . .	692
55. Sweet are the Uses of Adversity, . . .	707
56. Uphill, . . .	723
57. The Secret in the Oak Parlour, . . .	740
58. Clearing Up, . . .	754
59. Glimpses, . . .	756

CHEWTON-ABBOT.—By Hugh Conway, . . . 280, 295, 315

Colonel Redgrave's Legacy— . . . 780, 793, 811

Freudraught, the Fire of, . . . 52

Gentleman of the Road, a, . . . 429

Greenroom Romance, a, . . . 471

Haunted Bridge, the, . . . 814

In a Flash, . . . 520

Last of the Stuarts, the, . . . 600, 617

Miner's Partner, the— . . . 133, 152, 168, 185

Miss Marrable's Elopement, . . . 188, 198

MISSING CLUE, THE, a Tale of the Fens— . . .

CHAP.

1. The Arrival at the Saxonford Arms, . . . 701

2. The Jacobite, . . . 702

3. The Events of a Night, . . . 716

4. After Fifteen Years, . . . 718

5. The Colonel's Daughter, . . . 732

6. Hobd Dipping Bewildered, . . . 749

7. Reginald's Story, . . . 751

8. The Search, . . . 764

Mr Poldar's Return, . . . 569, 584

My Fellow-passenger, . . . 252, 263

Nameless Romance, a, . . . 541

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY, a Novel— . . .

—By T. W. Speight— . . . 631, 645, 664, 680, 696, 710, 728,

743, 757, 771, 786, 804, 819

Queen Margaret, . . . 677

Queer Company, In, . . . 444, 461

Run for Life, a, . . . 488

Silas Monk: a Tale of London Old City, . . . 361, 374, 394, 407

Sketch from my Study Window, . . . 343

'So Unreasonable of Step-mother!' . . . 45

Terribly Fulfilled, . . . 424, 440, 454

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.—By

T. W. Speight— . . . 5, 25, 41, 54, 73, 87, 105, 119

Vermudyn's Fate, . . . 536, 552

Witness for the Defence, a— . . . 217, 231, 247

Yarn of the P. and O., a, . . . 503

Zulu Romance, a, . . . 330

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

King Country, or Explorations in

New Zealand, by Mr J. H.

Kerry-Nicholls, . . . 637

Mushroom-growing, by Mr

Wright, . . . 501

Nature near London, by Mr

Richard Jefferies, . . . 225

Norfolk Broads and Rivers, by

Mr G. Christopher Davies, . . . 273

BOOK GOSSEP—

Aileen Aaron, by Dr Gordon

Stables, . . . 63

Anglo-Saxon Literature, by

Mr John Earle, Rawlinson

Professor of Anglo-Saxon,

Oxford, . . . 411

Arminius Vambery, his Life

and Adventures, . . . 207

Athole Collection of Dance

Music of Scotland, by Mr

James Stewart Robertson

(Edradyne), . . . 208

Chapter of Science; or, What

is the Law of Nature? by

Mr J. Stuart, Professor of

Mechanics, . . . 62

Diseases of Field and Garden

Crops, by Worthington G.

Smith, . . . 825

Expansion of England, by Mr

J. R. Seeley, Professor of

Modern History, . . . 62

Guide to Methods of Insect

Life, and Prevention and

Remedy of Insect Ravage, . . . 271

Introduction to the Study of

Modern Forest Economy, by

Dr J. C. Brown, . . . 825

Killin Collection of Gaelic

Songs, by Mr Charles Stewart,

London Cries; Chap-book

Chaplets; and Bygone Beau-

ties, published by Messrs

Field and Tuer, . . . 63

More Bits from Blinkbonny, by

'John Strathesk,' . . . 824

Norman Conquest, by Mr

William Hunt, . . . 411

Photography for Amateurs, by

Mr T. O. Hopworth, . . . 824

Practical Taxidermy, by Mon-

tague Brown, F.Z.S., . . . 825

Shetland and the Shetlanders,

by Sheriff Rappin, . . . 271

Sprigs of Heather, or the

Rambles of 'Mayfly' with

Old Friends, by Rev. John

Anderson, D.D., . . . 208

Whitaker's Almanac for 1884, . . . 63

Miscellaneous Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.

	Page
Abe, Story of, . . .	817
Acorns, Under the, . . .	657
Acrobats, . . .	318
Advertisers Again, Among the, . . .	94
Almanacs, Romance of, . . .	23
Amateur 'Cabby,' an, . . .	778
America, European Emigration to, and its Effects, . . .	641
American Newspapers on Them-selves, . . .	714
Amusements in Germany, Popu-lar, . . .	634
Ancient and Modern Statues, the Largest, . . .	470
Ancient People, an, . . .	430
Anglo-Indian Chaplain, Recollec-tions of an, . . .	792
Animal Life, Studies in, . . .	822
—Memorials and Momen-tos, . . .	285
Antipathies in Animals—	
I. Horses, . . .	85
II. Dogs, . . .	590
Architecture, Stained Glass as an Accessory to Domestic, . . .	359
Army Schools, . . .	494
Arsenic in Domestic Fabrics, . . .	799
Artificial Jewels, . . .	731
Ashburnham Collections, the, . . .	341
Back from 'Eldorado,' . . .	573
Bank of England, Curiosities of the, . . .	737
Bird Migration, . . .	481
Birds of Spring, . . .	129
Bonded Warehouses, London, . . .	58
Break-neck Venture, a, . . .	588
Bridge, the Haunted, . . .	814
British Museum, New Medieval Room at the, . . .	693
Prompton Cemetery, In, . . .	753
Buried Alive, . . .	222
Bushranger, Interviewed by a, . . .	650
'Cabby,' an Amateur, . . .	778
Calls before the Curtain, . . .	135
Cameo-cutting, . . .	224
Cave-chapels, . . .	513
Charr of Windermere, the, . . .	406
Chewton-Abbot, . . . 280, 295, 315	
Children, Over-educating, . . .	366
Christmas Trees, . . .	748
Cigars, . . .	709
Circulating-library Critics, . . .	81
Cliff-houses of Cañon de Chelly, . . .	40
Coins Treasures, . . .	249
Coins Wearing Away? Are our, . . .	393
Colds, Common, . . .	175
College, Queen Margaret, . . .	555
—Rooms, My Old, . . .	262
Colonel Redgrave's Legacy— . . . 780, 793, 811	
Colour-sense, . . .	44
Commercial Products of the Whale, . . .	566
Conversation, the Art of, . . .	442
Cooking Classes for Children, . . .	775
Cooking-stoves, Gas, . . .	367
'Corners,' . . .	289
Correspondence Classes, . . .	555
Crickets, Umpires at, . . .	399
Curiosities of the Bank of Eng-land, . . .	737
Curiosities of the Electric Light, . . .	140
—Microphone, . . .	373
—Peatage, Some— . . .	305, 328
Curiosity in Journalism, a, . . .	200
Cycling, Progress of, . . .	335

vii

Cyprus Locusts,
Dauphins, False,
Death-claims, How Life-offices
pay their,
Decisions, Some Legal,
Deer-forests, Scottish,
Detective Police, Our,
Dinner-parties Out of Doors,
Dishes, Some Queer,
Distillation in Ireland, Illicit,
Dwarfie Stone, Legend of the,
Eastern Trading, Some Instances
of,
Edicts, Ancient Rock-hewn,
Educational Pioneer, an,
'Eldorado,' Back from,
Electric Light, Curiosities of the,
Electricity and Gas, the Future of,
for Nothing!
Lighting Collieries by,
Elephants, the Moulmein,
Trimming the Feet of,
Emigration to America, European,
English Law, Familiar Sketches
of—
 I. Marriages; Settlements;
 and Branches of Promise
 to Marry,
 II. Parent and Child,
 III. Master and Servant,
Episodes of Literary Manuscripts,
Erratic Pens,
Errors in Domestic Medicine,
Common,
European Emigration to America,
and its Effects,
Explosion, Story of a Vast,
Fairs, Old Provincial,
Falkland Islands, a Peep at the,
False Dauphins,
Fellow-passenger, My,
Florida, Concerning,
Food-notes, Some,
Foresight of Insects for their
Young,
Forestry and Farming,
Exhibition, Edinburgh,
1884, International,
Fortunes, Sudden,
French Detectives,
Freudraught, the Fire of,
Fuel, a New,
Furniture Saleroom, In a,
Gas Cooking-stoves,
the Future of Electricity and,
Gentleman of the Road, a,
Germany, Popular Amusements
in,
Girls, Wives, and Mothers,
Glacier Garden, a,
Gold,
Gold-fields, the Transvaal,
Good-natured People, Mischief
done by,
Gordon's College, Aberdeen,
'Grand Day,'
Greenroom Romance, a,
Grottoe,
Gum-arabic and the Soudan,
Hamstead Heath,
'Happy Ever After,'
Haunted Houses, Rationale of,
Health, Our,
Heroines,
Highland Glen, In a,
Holiday, a River,
'Home! Sweet Home!'
Home-nursing,
Homing Pigeon, the,
Honey-bee, Something about the,
Hospitals and Dispensaries, Lon-
don,

801
662
97
423
721
337
673
230
644
667
463
486
699
573
140
625
453
496
638
240
641
102
377
490
283
313
299
641
705
598
110
662
263
797
287
587
720
193
241
48
52
671
379
367
625
429
634
33
785
209
177
111
183
561
471
529
640
65
161
397
401
492
511
545
173
725
245
409
518

Housewives, Hints for,
Humorous Definitions,
Hush-money,
In a Flash,
India, Musk-rat of,
Indian Jugglers,
Snakes,
Insects, Foresight of, for their
Young,
Ireland, Illicit Distillation in,
Island, a Solitary,
an Interesting,
Jaffa to Jerusalem, From,
'Jerry-building' in the Middle
Ages,
Jewels, Artificial,
Joint-stock Companies and
'Limited Liability,'
Journalism, a Curiosity in,
'King Country, the,'
of Acres, a,
Kitehon Kaffir, the,
Knowledge, a Little, not Danger-
ous,
Last of the Stuarts, the,
Law, Sketches of English—
Legal Decisions, Some,
Life, Prolonging,
Life-assurance and Annuities,
Post-office,
Lifeboat Competition,
Life-offices, How they pay their
Death-claims,
Lighting Collieries by Electricity,
'Limited Liability,' Joint-stock
Companies and,
Literary Beginners, Another
Word to,
Literary Manuscripts, Episodes of,
Self-estimates,
Locusts, Cyprus,
London Bonded Warehouses,
Hospitals and Dispen-
saries,
London, Nature around,
Remains of Ancient,
Sanitary Inspection of
the Port of,
Love, Concerning,
Maiden Speeches, Parliamentary,
Man and Nature,
Manufactures, Noxious,
Marine Station, a Scottish,
Marriage, the Net of,
Marsala, a Sample of,
Medieval Room at the British
Museum, New,
Medicine, Common Errors in
Domestic,
Microphone, Curiosities of the,
Migration, Bird,
Miner's Partner, the—
Miss Marrable's Eloquence,
Missing Clue, the—
701, 702, 716, 718, 732, 749, 751, 764
Monastic England,
Money-borrowing, the Shady Side
of,
MONTH, THE : Science and Arts—
59, 124, 201, 265, 343, 412 476,
557, 620, 685, 761, 825
Moor and Loch, On,
Morality, Stock Exchange,
Mortality, Some Cheering Aspects
of,
Moulmein Elephants, the,
Mr Pudster's Return,
Mrs Shaw, the Late Prince Im-
perial's Nurse,
Mushrooms for the Million,
Musk-rat of India, the,

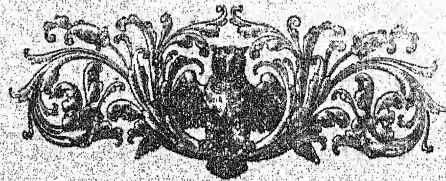
447
475, 669
143
520
703
604
214
587
644
719
347
321
464
731
577
200
637
12, 29
117
616
600, 617
490
423
427
257
459
97
496
577
49
283
220
801
58
518
225
654
534
156, 333
150
608
230
465
432
795
603
379
293
481
138, 152, 163, 185
188, 198
701, 702, 716, 718, 732, 749, 751, 764
4
166
449
638
569, 584
32
501
703

Name? What's in a,
Nameless Romance, a,
Nature around London,
on the Roof,
Nettle-cloth,
New Zealand, Explorations in,
Newsmonger, the,
Newspapers, Curious,
on Themselves, Ameri-
can,
Norfolk Broads and Rivers,
Norman Seascape, a,
Notes on Persian Art,
Noxious Manufactures,
OCCASIONAL NOTES—
Abnormal Humanity,
Advice to Intending Emigrants,
Albo-carbon Light, New,
Ambulance Societies,
American Literary Piracy,
Anthropometrical Laboratory at
the Health Exhibition,
Bacchus, Discovery of Statue of,
Blindness in Infancy, Preven-
tion of,
Burns and Scalds,
Canine 'Collector,'
Card-telegrams,
Casualties on the British Coast,
Chilian Argentine Andes, Ex-
ploration in the,
Coffee? Why do we now drink
less,
Curious Disease,
Diarrhoea and Cholera, Treat-
ment of,
Dissection after Death,
Dutch Rush,
Earthquake in England, Recent,
Electric Light in Railway Car-
riages,
Electric Lighting for Ships,
Improved,
Electrical Tricycle,
Electricity as a Brake,
Enslage,
Fastest Passage on Record,
French Crown Jewels,
Fruit-farm, a Flourishing,
Gas Cooking-stove, a Handy,
Grape and Peach in America,
Harbour of Refuge for East
Coast of Scotland,
Herring Spawns, How and
Where the,
Hydrophobia—Important Ex-
periments,
Irish Female Emigration,
Labour and Wages in Australia,
Level-crossing Gates,
Lightning-strokes in France,
Mechanical
Characteristics of,
Lights and Lighthouses, Inves-
tigations on,
Marvellous Sunsets, Recent,
Metallic Compound, New,
Mummies, Making of,
Native Treatment of Diseases
in India,
Novel Peal of Bells, a,
Oil Breakwater at Folkestone,
Old Westminster Houses, Last
of the,
Old-fashioned Furniture,
Organ in Westminster Abbey,
New,
Persons Killed by Wild Animals
in India,
Postal Orders, New,
Railway Passengers,

813
541
225
385
145
637
353
591
714
273
390
808
23
304
479
830
63
271
479
656
206
655
415
206
624
831
303
450
560
205
351
707
829
415
569
257
830
207
415
206
205
830
204
736
353
829
736
4
415
767
861
127
64
320
414
830

OCCASIONAL NOTES—continued.

	Page		Page		Page
Belies from the Holy Land, . . .	768	Printers' Errors, . . .	636	St Peter's, . . .	91
Rome, Interesting Discovery at, . . .	656	Prolonging Life, . . .	427	Stained Glass as an Accessory to	339
Russian Crown Estates, . . .	204	Quarantine, . . .	543	Domestic Architecture, . . .	339
Longevity, . . .	272	Queen Margaret College, . . .	553	Statues, Ancient and Modern, the	470
Slon College, Last of Old, . . .	830	Queer Company, In, . . .	444, 401	Largest, . . .	470
Sowing and Harvesting, . . .	272	— Dishes, Some, . . .	230	Steel, . . .	575
Steam-ferry on the Thames, . . .	767	— Lodgers—Parasitic Worms, . . .	278	Steno-telegraph, the, . . .	607
Subterranean Fish, . . .	415	Ranching, Some Realities of, . . .	653	Stock Exchange Morality, . . .	823
Telegraph Extension, . . .	137	Rationale of Haunted Houses, . . .	397	Story of a Vast Explosion, . . .	705
Telegraphing Extraordinary, . . .	624	the, . . .	397	Strange Institution, . . .	93
Telephoning Extraordinary, . . .	656	Recollections of an Anglo-Indian	792	'Strong-room' at Peterborough,	292
Trout-life, Interesting Notes on, . . .	204	Chaplain, . . .	792	the, . . .	655
Turning Wood into Metal, . . .	768	Regiment, a Skating, . . .	255	Studies in Animal Life, . . .	322
Uphill Railway, Another, . . .	480	Remains of Ancient London, . . .	654	Snakin, . . .	196
Utilisation of Sewage, . . .	767	Ring-trick, the, . . .	735	Sudden Fortunes, . . .	241
Old Provincial Fairs, . . .	593	River Holiday, a, . . .	545	— Ruin, . . .	571
One Woman's History—		Rock-hewn Edicts, Ancient, . . .	486	Suicide, . . .	292
631, 646, 664, 680, 696, 710, 728,		Roof, Nature on the, . . .	385	Superstitions, the Common-sense	237
743, 767, 771, 786, 804, 819		Ruin, Sudden, . . .	571	of, . . .	237
Order of Mercy, an, . . .	15, 63	Run for Life, a, . . .	488	Of, . . .	383
Orkney Folk-lore—Legend of the		Sacred Trees, Some, . . .	509	Terribly Fulfilled, . . .	424, 440, 454
Dwarfie Stone, . . .	667	Sample of Marsala, . . .	793	Thieves and Thieving, . . .	525
Outward and Homeward Bound, . . .	301	Sanitary Inspection of the Port		Trading, Some Instances of	463
Over-educating Children, . . .	366	of London, . . .	534	Eastern, . . .	463
Paper, More Uses of, . . .	742	Schools, Army, . . .	404	Transvaal Gold-fields, . . .	177
Parasitic Worms—Queer Lodgers, . . .	278	Science and Art School—Gordon's		Trees, Christmas, . . .	743
Parliamentary Maiden Speeches, . . .	150	College, Aberdeen, . . .	183	—, Some Sacred, . . .	509
Parody, the Muse of, . . .	71	Scot Abroad, Glimpses of the, . . .	76	Trimming the Feet of Elephants, . . .	240
Peer? What is a, . . .	17	Scottish Deer-forests, . . .	721	Troubadours, the, . . .	171
Peetrage, Some Curiosities of the—		— Marine Station, a, . . .	465	Two Days in a Lifetime—	5, 25, 41, 54, 73, 87, 105, 119
at, . . .	365, 326	Seals and Seal-hunting in Shet-		Umpires at Cricket, . . .	399
Pencil-making, . . .	582	land, . . .	364, 507	Vaccination, . . .	593, 683
Pens, Erratic, . . .	313	Seascape, a Norman, . . .	390	Vio Victis, . . .	629
People, an Ancient, . . .	430	Seashore Free to All? Is the, . . .	539	Vernudyn's Fate, . . .	536, 552
Persian Art, a Few Notes on, . . .	808	Sensitive Plant, . . .	159	Washing by Steam, . . .	800
— Sherbet, Royal, . . .	438	Sherbet, Royal Persian, . . .	436	Water, . . .	497
Peterborough, the 'Strong-room'		Silas Monk: a Tale of London		Water-ousel, a Plea for the, . . .	270
at, . . .	655	Old City, . . .	361, 374, 394, 407	Weather, How it is Made and	
Pigeon, the Homing, . . .	245	Skating Regiment, a, . . .	255	Forecast, . . .	639
Pioneer, an Educational, . . .	699	Sketch from my Study Window, . . .	343	Whale, Commercial Products of	
Pisciculture, the Progress of, . . .	283	Sledge-dogs, . . .	9	the, . . .	595
Poisoning, . . .	769	Smoking Injurious to Health?		What's in a Name? . . .	813
Polecat, a Few Words about the, . . .	190	Is, . . .	73	White-lead Manufacture, a New	
Port of London, Sanitary Inspec-		Snakes: Do they ever commit		Process of, . . .	158
tion of the, . . .	534	Saicide? . . .	672	Windermere, the Charr of, . . .	436
Post-office Life-assurance and		Snakes, Indian, . . .	214	Wind-power, Abandonment of, . . .	379
Annuities, . . .	257	'So Unreasonable of Step-mother!' . . .	45	Witness for the Defence, a—	217, 231, 247
Prince Imperial's Nurse, the Late;		Solitary Island, a, . . .	719	Woman's Work, a Word on, . . .	606
Mrs Shaw, . . .	32	Spider-silk, . . .	524	Yarn of the P. and O., a, . . .	503
		St John's Gate, . . .	527	Zulu Romance, a, . . .	330
		St Marguerite and St Honoré, . . .	369		



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HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

ILLNESS in some form is so often amongst us, that it may safely be said there is no occupation of more universal importance than the care of the sick, and there are few women worthy of the name who at some time or other are not called upon to minister to the needs of sufferers by disease or accident.

Much has been done of late years to improve the tone of nursing amongst those who take it up as a profession, so that the 'Sarey Gamp' of old times has practically given place to the skilled, conscientious nurse, who has been trained to look upon her work as something more than a mere means of livelihood. But whilst this is true of those who devote their lives to nursing, there still remains a vast amount of ignorance, even of its very elements, amongst those who are only occasionally called upon to bedside-ministration, and it is our object in this series of papers to give our readers such information as may fit them to act on an emergency, if not with the skill of the trained nurse, with at least so much knowledge and intelligence as shall give the patient some chance of comfort and help. Not, of course, that the practical work of nursing can be acquired by any amount of book-knowledge alone; but for those who cannot spare time for regular hospital training, it is of great importance to understand at anyrate what should be aimed at in nursing; and were this more widely understood, it would do much towards mitigating the avoidable sufferings inflicted on unhappy patients who have to be nursed by those who are full of love indeed, but without any idea of the work they are undertaking.

This brings me to a point on which I can hardly be too emphatic. In cases of serious illness, especially where there is much acute pain, secure, if possible, the services of a trained nurse. Apart from her superior knowledge of means for

giving relief, the patient will be much more likely to yield to the authority of a stranger, and at the same time the stranger being used to the sight of suffering, will have command over her countenance, and will not show the distress which it is hardly possible for inexperience to conceal. Indeed, patients of self-controlled habits will sometimes put such strain upon themselves to hide their pain from too sympathising friends, as really to increase their sufferings; whilst with a stranger the relief of expression may safely be indulged in. Perhaps such cases of self-repression are rare; but at anyrate the trained nurse will often have resources at command of which the uninitiated know nothing, and will be able to handle and attend to the patient with the steadiness and tact only to be learned in the school of experience. I admit the tender sound of the sentiment which fancies that no hand is like the hand of affection; but, as a practical matter, no love, however great, can supply the place of skill and knowledge.

I remember meeting with the case of a widow, whose only son was attacked with one of the most terrible forms of disease, accompanied with anguish that wrung cries of agony from the strong man's lips. Unable to help himself, yet restless to a painful degree, his case demanded the utmost watchfulness and attention, in addition to which he was of such an unselfish nature that his sufferings became doubled as he saw their effect upon his mother. She, ignorant as a child, refused to listen to any suggestion of sending for a nurse; and in answer to the remonstrances of friends, exclaimed with indignation: 'As though any one could do as well for him as his mother.' Alas! poor fellow, it might almost have been said: 'As though any one could do *worse* for him than his mother;' and none of those who witnessed the pitiable condition he was allowed to get into, felt any surprise at hearing him eagerly welcome death as release from misery. I do not say that the best of nursing would have saved his life, though it might have given him a chance; but beyond a doubt, skilled hands could have ministered to

his wants in such a way as to have obviated a large amount of distress and pain.

But apart from such grave cases, there are many forms of illness which may safely be trusted to home-care, provided there is a fair amount of knowledge of those general rules which lie at the root of all degrees of successful nursing. Not that every woman is fitted to undertake the care of a sick-room. A certain, and not small amount of physical strength is absolutely needful, as well as some special qualifications, natural or acquired, which are equally essential. In this connection, there is a popular fallacy which demands notice. What a common thing it is to hear a person described as 'a born nurse,' with the implication that therefore she is fitted at any time, and under all circumstances, to take her place in the sick-room with confidence of success. Now, the expression 'born' applied to any other special calling will show how much value it possesses. Who in his senses would speak of the 'born' painter or musician as thereby exempted from the necessity of further training? And—to take a more homely example—there are few mistresses, I fancy, who would engage a servant on the sole recommendation of being a 'born cook!' Yet it may easily be conceived that the rejector of such an aspirant would consider it natural that she should undertake more important and delicate sick-room work, on precisely those grounds which she rightly looks upon as unsatisfactory in the matter of dinners. The truth is, that in every department, those who have special gifts require no small amount of thoughtful care and perseverance for the full development of their natural abilities. In regard to nursing, the low standard of the past has given rise to the erroneous idea of 'birth' qualification as supreme; but now that the standard is becoming increasingly high, there is good reason to hope that there will be a better general understanding of how much scope nursing affords for intelligence and skill; with this, too, will come comprehension of the fact that natural taste and ability are valuable only as grounds to work upon.

We will now proceed to the consideration of those qualifications which are essential to the good nurse. In the first place, I would urge every reader to cultivate *self-control* as a habit of daily life, for without it, there will be little power of helping in a sick-room. Not that it is always possible to help feeling shocked and startled at the sight of suffering, especially sudden suffering, with which there is no familiarity; but a habit of self-control will give power to suppress all expression of alarm, and so to keep one's presence of mind as to be able to consider what means of relief can be adopted.

But there are some people able to meet sudden emergency who yet fail to keep their self-control during the wear and tear of long illness. The patient is irritable, seems unreasonable, and demands constant attention; and the nurse becomes so weary as to allow herself to show by lagging movements or vexed looks, if not by actual rebuke, that her work is a burden she would willingly give up if she had the chance. Need I say that such conduct is incompatible with good nursing? And I cannot too strongly urge the necessity for keeping control over face and tongue, as well as over actions. In home-nursing this

is one of the greatest difficulties, especially where the illness is straining resources, and there is the additional anxiety of wondering how both ends may be made to meet. But at any cost a nurse must keep watch over herself, and strive after that *cheerfulness* which is a second element in good nursing. Perhaps only those who have grieved over recovery retarded by the gloom and depression of attendants, can understand the full force of the stress I would lay upon the duty of keeping a bright face and cheerful voice. No amount of devotion in other respects can atone for their absence. It is possible for a nurse to spend time and strength lavishly in day and night vigils, to be the best of poultice-makers, and the most careful administrator of food and medicine, and yet to fail utterly in helping the patient back to health and strength. Over and over again I have found patients sorrowful, perhaps crying, over the sense of being 'such a burden'; this, too, where there has been real affection on the part of nurses, but where the first duties of self-control and cheerfulness have been neither understood nor practised.

Of a kindred nature is the third requisite, *patience*, a virtue which is sure to be largely needed in most forms of illness. Even where a nurse is fortunate enough to have to deal with an amiable, unexacting spirit, the hundred-and-one details of daily nursing are apt to become very wearisome to those unaccustomed to minute and monotonous duties, and the temptation is strong to hurry the patient or to slur over details. I have seen a patient's languid appetite chased away by his nurse's evident anxiety to regain possession of cup or plate; and where having the hair brushed is the one pleasure of the day, the admonition to 'be quick and turn your head' does not give an added charm to the operation.

But, unhappily, the patience is sometimes tested in a far more trying way. Apart from the helplessness of a long illness, which alone may affect the patient's temper and cause varying degrees of irritability, there is, with some diseases, an accompanying fretfulness or moodiness most difficult to manage. So marked may this become, that occasionally the patient seems to have changed his character, and the most amiable and unselfish in health may become the most impatient and exacting in illness. The trained nurse, accustomed to watch the effects of disease, will understand and make allowance for such perversion; but in private nursing I have known patients' friends suffer acutely from manifestations of ill-temper, for which they could only account on moral grounds. To the inexperienced, I would say: remember how closely body and soul are bound together, and believe that the *changed* temper is only a fresh symptom to be reported to the doctor as faithfully as any alteration in the bodily condition. But even taking this view, it is trying not to be able to do or say the right thing, to have the kindest actions misconstrued, and perhaps to hear of complaints made against you in your absence. Your best help will be to keep constantly in mind the fact that it is your patient's misfortune, and not his fault, and that it causes him far more discomfort than it does you. So, be very careful not to aggravate him by opposition or by reference to exciting topics;

answer quietly, and at once, his most vexing speeches, but as far as possible, do not argue about even the most irrational statements. If you are blessed with tact as well as patience, you may be able to divert attention, and lead to happier channels of thought, always bearing in mind that you can do no greater kindness than to lead your patient away from his misery. This is a point so often overlooked, that it will bear dwelling upon, for the nurse's own discomfort under such a dispensation is so great, that she is very apt to forget that the patient's impressions are as real to him as though they were actual facts, and that he fully believes it, when he declares that you are trying your hardest to worry and annoy him, and not to let him get well. Think of the wretchedness of such a belief, and spare no pains to soothe and compose the sufferer.

At the same time, there is such a thing as spoiling a patient, even though he be past the age we generally associate with the word 'spoil.' Illness often brings back some of the wayward peevishness of childhood, and you get such things to contend with as positive refusal to take food or medicine, or to comply with some order of the doctor's. How to meet these special difficulties we will consider later on; but as regards the question of how far to give in to a patient's whims and fancies, there is no better general rule than this: oppose his wishes only on questions of right and wrong; and when opposition becomes a necessity, use special efforts so to keep your self-control as to avoid all expression of anger or impatience. How far you succeed in steering your patient through such troubled waters will depend greatly upon what measure you possess of that invaluable gift, *sympathy*—in other words, the power of putting yourself in another's place, seeing from his point of view, and feeling with him in his difficulties. A hard, cold, or even a merely narrow nature cannot be trained into a really good nurse; and indeed, as a broad rule, lack of health and lack of sympathy are the only two absolutely insurmountable obstacles in the way of those who desire to be helpful in the sick-room. For observe that the other qualities I have named—self-control, cheerfulness, and patience—though much easier to some than to others, are within the reach of all who earnestly strive to possess them; and moreover, each and all are capable of being developed and cultivated to an almost unlimited extent. Sympathy, on the other hand, though capable of development by its fortunate possessor, is one of those natural gifts which no amount of training can impart, and which is no more within the reach of all than is that good health without which attempts at nursing cannot but end in failure. Given these two special gifts of health and sympathy, and you have the 'born nurse,' needing, indeed, much patient care and training, but one who may confidently count upon success.

Various other qualities and habits, such as humility, gentleness, firmness, order, and accuracy, are useful in nursing, and to these we shall refer in giving more specific details of a nurse's work. There are also various gifts, as good hearing and sight, cleverness of fingers, and natural quickness of apprehension and of movement, which, though very desirable, are not absolutely indispensable,

and on these it is not necessary to dwell. Those who have them may rejoice; and those who have not, need not be disheartened, as they can very well be dispensed with, provided there is thorough, conscientious effort made to acquire those more necessary things which are to be had for the trying.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—IS IT TOO LATE?

'THERE was nobody in the house, Mr Culver; but I knew you would be here, and so came on.—Where is Pansy?'

Thus Madge, as she entered the vine-house, where Sam, the Scotch gardener, standing on steps, was busy amongst rich clusters of grapes.

'Oh, it's you, Missy. Good-day to you,' he answered, looking over his shoulder with that serious contraction of the muscles of his thin face which friends accepted as a smile. 'This is washing-day; and if Pansy is no in the house, she'll be on the green wi' the clothes.'

'I shall find her; but I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you first. Can you spare five minutes?'

'Ten, or more, if it be to pleasure you, Missy,' answered the gardener, with as near an approach to gallantry as he had ever made. He came down from the steps, and dusted them carefully with his apron. 'I have no chair to offer you; but you can take a rest here, if you're no owre proud.'

'You will not think that of me,' she said, smiling, 'although I prefer to stand.'

'Please yourself, Missy, just please yourself, and you'll no dee in the pet. That's what I aye say to onybody that maun hae their ain way.'

'And what do you say to those who cannot have their own way?'

'Oh, I say to them, you'll just hae to do as you are bidden.'

'Is that what you would say to Pansy, if she wanted very much to have her own way about something?'

'That would depend on what was the way she wanted,' was the cautious reply.

'Well, Mr Culver, I am going to do what will offend you'—

'That's no possible.'

'Or what you will take as a proof of my liking for Pansy, according to the light in which you regard it. At anyrate, I hope you won't be annoyed with me.'

'No a bit, no a bit, whatever it be.—But what is't?'

'Pansy does not know that I am going to speak to you about it, so you must not be displeased with her, whatever you may think of me. Philip says there can be no harm in speaking to you, and wishes me to do it.'

'Guid-sake!—is there onything wrang?'

'No, no; we think everything is right, and that they will be a very happy couple. Have you never considered that Pansy will want to marry some day?'

Sam was relieved. Although Madge had been speaking with a smile on her face all the time, he had been a little puzzled, and for a second

vaguely alarmed on his daughter's account. When he heard this question from her, he began to understand.

'Ay, whiles the notion has come into my head—she's a bonnie lass and a guid lass, and it's natural for women-folk to think about marriage. But it appeared to me that there was time enough to fash about thae things, and I just let the notion gang by.'

'But you will have to consider it seriously—and soon. Suppose the man she wanted did not please you; would you say that she must do as she is bid, and refuse him?'

Sam took up the dead stem of a fern, and whilst he was breaking it into small pieces, considered very wisely.

'Wha is the man?' he asked abruptly, comprehending what Madge was hesitating to explain, and coming to the point at once.

'He had the misfortune to offend some people who did not understand him, but I hope you are not one of them: I am sure you will not be when you know him. It is Caleb Kersey.'

Sam looked stolidly at the ground; no surprise, pleasure, or displeasure expressed on his features. Madge observing him closely, was busy collecting her arguments in favour of Caleb.

'Now, that's very queer,' he began slowly. 'When he was coming about the house at first, I suspected that he was hankering after my lassie, and I'm obliged to own that it wasna exactly the kind o' match that I would have liked her to make; but when she was spoken to, she just said nothing. Syne, thinking that there was nae harm in his coming, and seeing what fine work he was making of the harvest, I took a notion o' the lad because he was fond o' flowers—especially geraniums. Do ye know, daft-like as it was, I thought it was the geraniums he had a fancy for.'

There was a comic pathos in the air of dejection and disappointment with which he made this confession, whilst he rubbed his soft cap slowly over his head, as if he would rub out the stupidity which had caused him to make such a mistake.

'I have no doubt that the geraniums had something to do with bringing him here,' was the consolatory comment of Madge. 'You may be certain that Caleb would never say he liked anything if he did not. His outspoken ways are the causes of the ill-favour he has fallen into amongst the farmers. You know as well as I do that he is a good worker; he is steady; and Philip bids me assure you that he is now in a position which he is exactly fitted for, and he will be able to earn a good wage. I believe that Pansy likes him, and that they are both held back from speaking because they are afraid of you.'

'Feared for me! How can that be? I never did anything to scare them; and I'm sure I have ta'en mair pains in letting him into a' the secrets of the culture of geraniums than I ever did wi' onybody afore. Maybe I should have tried him wi' the pansies.'

'He has found out that secret for himself,' said Madge merrily as Sam chuckled at his own little joke. 'Then I may tell them that you will not be cruel—that you will not interfere with them?'

'Oh, if the young folk have settled the matter

for themselfs, there would be no use of me interfering; and if they ha'ena, there'll be no need.'

'I cannot tell you how much pleasure you have given me, Mr Culver; and Philip will be delighted, for he began to think that poor Caleb was going to be ruined by his anxiety about this matter. I must go and find Pansy now.'

'But there is no need to be in haste about it,' said the gardener, and there was evidently some anxiety underneath his dry manner: 'she is a young thing yet, and I'm no sure that I could get on without her.'

'Perhaps you would not require to be separated from her; but all that can be arranged by-and-by.'

As Madge quitted the vine-house, she was aware that Sam was meditatively rubbing his head with his cap, and she heard him muttering: 'Ay, ay, it wasna the geraniums after a'. Weel, weel, weel; I daursay it's natural.' He always returned to his native dialect when speaking familiarly, or when under the influence of emotion whether of affection or rage.

The washing-house was a small erection jutting out from the back of the cottage, and thither Madge hastened with the agreeable news, which she believed was to make two young people 'happy ever after.' The door stood wide open as she approached, but a mist of steam hid everything within, and boiling water running over the floor prevented her from entering. A figure appeared in the mist—stooped—groped for something—and presently darted out, stumbling against Madge.

'Why, Pansy, what in the world is the matter?'

The girl was flushed and panting with excitement.

'I am so stupid to-day.—I hope I did not hurt you,' she gasped. 'The tap of the boiler—I forgot to turn it off; and the place was full of steam in a minute, and I've upset the tub on the floor, and dirtied all the clothes. O dear!'

'Never mind about the clothes. You might have been suffocated or scalded to death. Are you burned?'

'I don't know. I think my hand was a little, when I turned off the tap just now. . . . O dear! I am so stupid to-day.'

The left hand was already puffed up with a white swelling which looked more dangerous than it was in reality. Madge hurried her into the cottage, and poured oil over the scalded hand into a bowl. When the bowl was half-full of oil, she bade the girl keep her hand in it. Pansy submitted with a patience that was akin to indifference; but as she continued at intervals to utter little cries of distress, it was some time before Madge became aware that they had nothing to do with the injury the girl had sustained. She did not look at her hand at all, but stared at the window, as if she saw something outside that made her unhappy.

'I suppose you have not got any lint in the house. Well, you must find a bit of soft rag; and when we have steeped it in the oil, I will fasten it on your hand until we get Dr Joy to dress it properly. You can walk down to the village with me.'

'It's no use—it doesn't matter. I must finish the washing. . . . O dear!'

'Is it paining you very much?'

'O yes.—He looked so bad, that it scared me to see him; and I ran away, and I don't know what I was doing.'

'Who are you talking about?' asked Madge, alarmed lest the girl's fright was to have more serious consequences than she had anticipated.

'About him—Caleb.'

Her eyes were still fixed on the window; and observing this, Madge also glanced in that direction, half expecting to see the lover outside. Seeing no one, she became more and more uneasy about Pansy's odd behaviour.

'He will come soon,' she said cheerfully; 'and I have great news for you and for him. You would never guess what it is.'

'No; I never would guess. I am not able to try.'

'Ah, well, you will have all the more pleasure in the surprise. I always knew your father was a sensible and just man, who would never allow any prejudice to affect his judgment of others; but he did surprise me when I spoke to him about you and Caleb. He gave me leave to tell you that he will not interfere between you. Now, is not that great news!'

Madge expected to see her flush with joy and rouse from the dazed state into which she had fallen. Instead of that, Pansy started to her feet, pale, and all consciousness of the scalded hand had evidently vanished.

'I am sorry to hear that.'

'Sorry! . . . Why?'

'Because I am not going to have him,' was the half-petulant, half-sobbing answer.

'O Pansy, what is this?' exclaimed Madge astonished, puzzled and regretful. 'When we last spoke about him, you made me believe that you liked him very much, and that you only hesitated because you were afraid your father would not be pleased.'

'And I do like him—like him so much, that it upsets me to put him out or trouble him. But I'm not going to have him, and I've told him so. He was asking me just before you came, and—and I told him.'

There was real distress in voice and look; but there was an under-current of sulky defiance, as if being conscious that she had not behaved well to the man, she was eager to defend herself, and finding no ready way of doing it, was angry with herself whilst ready to anticipate blame.

Madge's expression of astonishment changed to one of grave concern, although Pansy's confession of anxiety to spare Caleb suggested that there was nothing worse to apprehend than some misunderstanding between the lovers, which would be put right as soon as the girl got over her excitement. So she proceeded quietly to bandage the injured hand, without speaking for several minutes. Pansy was evidently unhappy; the silence of her friend was a more severe rebuke than any words of blame could have been. She could endure it no longer.

'Oh, what shall I do?' she burst out; 'you are vexed with me now, like him.'

'You must not think that, Pansy. I am very much grieved to see you in such a state as this; but I am sure it only needs a little forbearance on your part to put everything right again. There is nothing uncommon in a little tiff between

lovers, and you will soon get over it. I will answer for Caleb that he will be ready to make it up as soon as you speak a kind word to him.'

'But I can't speak the word he wants, for I am not to have him.'

That was sufficiently decisive. Then Madge examined her closely, and became very anxious, for she perceived that Pansy's distress had a deeper source than 'a little tiff.'

'You do not mean to say that Caleb is not the one you care most for?'

There was sullen silence.

Now, of all the feminine frailties which nature and training had taught Madge to shun, coquetry stood foremost. An acted falsehood!—What could be more abominable? A falsehood which, by inspiring baseless hopes, may cause an honest heart long days and nights of pain, when the truth becomes known? Can there be pleasure in seeing another suffer? There are women who consider coquetting with any decent-looking fellow a legitimate form of amusement, and avail themselves of it without a suspicion of immodesty or a single pang of conscience; yet the same women would scream at a mouse or at sight of a bleeding scratch. Demure glances, soft tones, a confiding touch on the arm—meaning nothing more than to gratify a mania for admiration at any cost—have played the mischief in high and low life many a time.

If anybody might claim a privilege to coquet, Pansy might, for she had been praised and flattered by everybody, whilst she had been guarded by her father as if she had been a flower almost too precious for the common eye. Hitherto, she had shown few symptoms of the weakness which too often makes such a position dangerous. Although there were many lads in the district who would fain have been suitors, not one dare say that she had deceived him by word or look. Caleb Kersey could say it now.

'Come and sit down, Pansy, and let us talk about this; you will feel better when you have told me all about it. Besides, it will do you good to have a little rest before we start for the doctor's.'

There was really no need to hurry to the doctor, as the wound had been dressed so cleverly. Madge drew her gently down on the chair and, holding her hand sympathetically, waited. Like a glow of sunlight breaking through a rain-cloud, the sullen gloom was dispersed with a sob and a burst of tears. Pansy's head rested on her friend's shoulder, whilst she clutched her hand, as if seeking courage and support in the assurance of her presence. The time for words had not come yet.

By-and-by, the girl lifted her head and wiped her eyes with a corner of the big white apron which covered her from the neck to the ankle.

'I'm right ashamed at myself for talking on this way—that I am,' she said bashfully; 'and there ain't no reason in it either, barring that I'm vexed for vexing him, and that he'll feel worse when he finds there's no help for it.'

'Why have you not answered my question, Pansy?'

'There ain't no answer.'

'Somebody else has spoken to you before Caleb, and has been luckier than he.'

'Nobody else has spoken to me—if you mean in the way of asking me.'

This cleared away a simoom of disagreeable speculations which had been whirling through Madge's brain. Caleb's happiness was not wrecked yet.

'And there is nobody you expect to ask you?'

'Oh, I don't say that—I don't know. Who can tell what may happen? But there's no use speaking about that. I wish things hadn't gone so far with Caleb.'

Madge agreed that there was no use speaking any more at present; but although she did not feel quite so assured as she had done a moment before of Caleb's speedy restoration to favour, she was hopeful that he would be in the end, since no one else had spoken. At the same time, she was satisfied that there was another who had contrived to catch the wayward fancy of the girl by touching some hidden spring of vanity. Worst of all, there was the unpleasant probability that this 'other' who disturbed the peace of two honest folk was one whose position was so different from her own that the girl was afraid or ashamed to confess her folly at once. But this would be transient, and Pansy would come back to her senses in good time. Clearly, whatever silly notions possessed her for the moment, it was Caleb she loved, or she would never have been so much worried on his account.

Having, however, some conception of the headstrong nature of the man, Madge was aware of the importance of promptitude in clearing up the misunderstanding between the lovers, and she did not see how that could be done unless Caleb remained steady and patient. She and Philip must persuade him to be so. For the present, nothing more could be said to Pansy with advantage.

The girl was glad of the excuse to go to the doctor's, as it afforded her time to recover self-possession before she came under the keen eyes of her father. On their way through the forest, no further reference was made to Caleb, although Madge talked about Philip's work, and the happy future which they believed was in store for every man who laboured under him. Of course she intended her companion to understand that Caleb would share largely in that brilliant future. Whether it was this suggestion or the brisk exercise which had the effect, Pansy looked sufficiently composed on their arrival in the village not to attract the particular attention of passing acquaintances.

The injured hand was attended to, and Dr Joy complimented Madge on her skill as a dresser.

'There will be no need to ask you to come to my lecture on the art of dressing ordinary wounds,' said the little doctor gallantly; 'but I hope you will come, for I shall then feel that there will be at least two people in the room who have some idea of the subject—you and the lecturer. Meanwhile, you are not to go away without seeing Mrs Joy. She has one of her patients with her—a poor woman who has got into a dreadful muddle with her domestic economies. What a pity that we cannot get the simple rule driven into their heads, that a penny saved is a penny gained.—That's her going now. Come this way; and you'll excuse me—I have a couple

of patients to see immediately.—My dear, here is Miss Heathcote with Pansy Culver.'

The doctor hurried away as Mrs Joy advanced with both hands extended to Madge.

'I am so delighted to see you, dear; I have'—She interrupted herself, and without releasing Madge's hands, said in parenthesis: 'How do you do, Pansy; and how is your father? Please sit down.' Without waiting for a reply, she proceeded with what she had been about to say to Madge. 'I have such an interesting case to report to you. Of course you remember Edwin's lecture last year called "Penny wise and Pound saved"—that is his playful way of dealing with that wicked saying of "penny wise and pound foolish," which has done incalculable harm to poor people—and rich people too, I am sure. You remember it?'

'I am sorry to have to own that I missed the lecture.'

'What a pity! However, there was a poor labourer present—Wolden is his name—and he was so deeply impressed by what he heard, that he determined to lay by one penny regularly every week. That is a most gratifying proof of the benefit of real practical counsel; but what is most gratifying is that the man actually carried out his good resolution. Think of that! He has fourteen shillings a week, and out of each payment he regularly put by one penny in a hole above the fireplace, which was only known to himself and his wife. Well, he kept to his good resolution in spite of many temptations, and he only wanted three weeks to make out a complete year of that noble self-denial. Think!—what a glorious proof of the value of the lessons which Edwin and I have been teaching. This man, who never before had a shilling he could call his own, had actually stored away in the course of forty-nine weeks four shillings and one penny! . . . It is so delightfully marvellous to observe how atoms grow and multiply into mountains!'

Mrs Joy was so much pleased with the idea which the last words conveyed to herself, that she paused to repeat and admire them with a view to their future use when she should offer herself as a candidate for the local School-board.

'The doctor and you must be greatly pleased,' said Madge, cordially appreciating the effect of Dr Joy's wise admonitions.

'We are—we were; but'—here Mrs Joy shook her head with a smiling regretfulness at being obliged to own the existence of human weakness—'but to-day there came to him a friend who required him to take a parcel into London—a parcel for a friend of yours, Mr Philip Hadleigh. His fare there and back was to be paid, and half-a-crown for the service. Wolden had often thought, if he were in London, he would buy something useful with his savings. Here was the opportunity. He ran home for his savings; and what did he find? The hole in the wall was empty; and his wife was obliged to own that she had used the money for a pair of boots for one of the children. Think!'

Madge did think; but it was not about the doctor's lecture or the misfortune of his convert—it was about the person who had been suddenly employed to carry a parcel to Philip. Pansy's thoughts jumped in the same direction.

'How unfortunate,' said Madge; 'the poor man's

disappointment must have been awful. But who gave him the parcel for—Mr Hadleigh?

'Most unfortunate—terribly disappointing,' proceeded Mrs Joy, apparently unconscious of the question which had been asked. 'The man became so wild, that the poor woman ran out of the house and came to me for advice and assistance. I scolded her, I can tell you—scolded her roundly for having deceived her husband in such a way. She was very penitent. I always scold, and they are always penitent. She promised never to do anything of the kind again; and I gave her the money, in order that she might start on her new course with a clear conscience. You should have seen how grateful she was, dear; and it is most delicious to feel that one can save a household from destruction by such simple means—good advice and four shillings and a penny!'

Mrs Joy was so lost in contemplation of the small expense at which morals and domestic economy could be instilled into the minds of the people, that she did not observe the anxious expression of Mudge, or the frightened look of Pansy.

'Forgive me, Mrs Joy, but I have a reason for again asking you who was the sender of the parcel to Mr Hadleigh?' said Mudge.

'Oh, how ridiculous of me to forget. It was Caleb Kersey.—It seems that he has some idea of emigration; and this poor fellow Wolden caught up the notion, and threatened to leave his wife and family to the parish. That was what put the woman in such a state; but he will stay at home now that he has got back his four shillings and a penny.'

'Caleb Kersey going to emigrate!'

'That was what she said.'

Mudge looked at Pansy. Her face was white and lips quivering.

'Will you excuse us, Mrs Joy? We must go now.'

SOME LEGAL DECISIONS.

THEORETICALLY, every one is supposed to be familiar with the law of the land he lives in, and to know exactly what he may do unto others, and what others may do unto him. Practically, lawyers themselves have too often to acquire that knowledge at the expense of a client, the burden of whose song might be, 'From court to court they hurry me, if law were not much too dignified a dame to hurry herself or those having dealings with her.'

It was not until the matter had been disputed for a couple of centuries, that it was settled that 'from the date' and 'on and from the date' were synonymous phrases. But for the perseverance of a stubborn gentleman, who was not satisfied by being beaten in two courts out of three, we should not now know where the words 'value' or 'annual value' are used in a statute that they mean 'net,' not 'gross' value. It took the Canadian Court of Queen's Bench half a year to decide whether 'Old Tom' came under the definition of 'spirits.' A majority of experts were of opinion that it did not, being only a compound of spirits, sugar, and flavouring matter; but the Court ultimately decreed that Old Tom belonged

to the family of spirits, and that to hold otherwise would be a mere trifling with words.

The courts of the United States have found it more difficult to settle what is and is not a 'saloon.' In Michigan, it may be a place for the sale of liquors, or it may be a place for the sale of general refreshments. In Texas, a saloon may be a room for the reception of company, or one set apart for the exhibition of works of art. The legal luminaries of Connecticut hold that neither an inclosed park nor an uninclosed platform, where lager beer is retailed, can be considered to be a saloon, house, or building, within the meaning of the statute forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors upon Sunday; while in Massachusetts it has been declared that a cellar is a house, when used for that purpose. In New Hampshire, 'spirituous liquors' are not to be confounded with 'fermented liquors.' In Indiana, the mere opinion of a witness that brewer's beer is intoxicating is no sufficient proof that it is so, unless that opinion is founded on personal experience of its effects; but in Massachusetts, the evidence of a man who had merely smelt some ale was accepted as proof of its overcoming quality. In Iowa, wine is not an intoxicating drink if made from grapes, currants, or other fruits grown within the state; while in Maine, wine and cider of native growth are intoxicating liquors—if a jury chooses to think them so.

What is a date? Certain would-be voters for Marylebone sent in their claims, properly filled up and signed, but dated merely 'August 1883.' After a week's cogitation, the revising barrister came to the conclusion that that was a sufficient date, as it showed that the claims were made between the first and the twenty-fifth of August, as required by the Act; the fact of their being in the hands of the overseers proving delivery on or before the twenty-fifth day of the month. What is a vacant and what an unoccupied house, were two questions submitted to a court in the United States, under rather peculiar circumstances. A gentleman owning a house in which he and his family lived from May to November, left it for the rest of the year to be looked after by a farmer living near, visiting it occasionally himself to see that all was right. This house he insured under two separate policies. It was burned down; and when called upon to pay, the insurers repudiated all liability. By the terms of one policy they undertook to make good the value of the house, if burned, 'unless it should become vacant or unoccupied;' by the terms of the other, their liability ceased if the house 'became vacant and unoccupied.' The court determined that no claim could arise on the first policy, since, to be occupied, a house must have human beings in it, using it as their customary abode; but the Company was liable under the second policy, as, although the house was unoccupied, it was not vacant, so long as the furniture and cooking-utensils were in it.

A very nice question was raised by an English Accident Insurance Company, anxious to escape paying a thousand pounds to the representatives of a policy-holder who was drowned in a river near Edgbaston. It was contended that the unfortunate man fell into the shallow stream, and was suffocated through being unable to raise his head above the water from exhaustion caused

by a fit; and that the Company was not liable for any injury consequent upon natural disease or exhaustion, while one of the conditions of the policy specified that no claim should arise 'for any injury from any accident, unless such accident shall be caused by some outward and visible means.' The court held that the insured died from drowning in a brook while in an epileptic fit, and drowning had been decided to be an injury caused by an accident from outward and visible means. The death did not come within the words 'natural disease or exhaustion,' but resulted from an accident, which was drowning, and the Company must pay.

Thief-catching is best left to the police, amateurs may so easily overreach themselves. Hearing a noise outside their house, after they had gone to rest, a worthy couple arose, and ascertaining that a man was prowling around, came to the conclusion he was bent upon robbery; so they unbolted the outer door, and waited. Sure enough, the man entered, was promptly seized, handed over to the police, and committed for trial at the Manchester assizes; but the grand-jury, under the judge's instructions, threw out the bill—the accused could not be charged with breaking into a house which he had entered by merely raising the latch. As lucky a let-off awaited the American actor Frayne, when arraigned for the manslaughter of Miss Behren, by shooting her upon the stage, in performing a modern version of Tell's feat. The defence was, that Frayne did not point his rifle at the actress, but at an apple a few inches above her head; and the court holding that the gun being pointed at an object, and not at the person, there could be no charge of manslaughter, the prisoner must be discharged.

Some recent decisions of the courts of the United States are notable for their common-sense. In a lawsuit against a Railway Company, in which the relatives of a young man who had been run down by a train, sought to recover ten thousand dollars by way of compensation for their loss, Judge Love gave judgment in favour of the Company, saying, the young man had no business walking on other people's property, while the Company did have business running its trains there; a railway is not a public highway, but private property, and people must not trespass. In another court it was decided that a Telegraph Company could not limit its liability by printing on its forms a notice disclaiming responsibility for mistakes unless the message was repeated—of course, at the customer's cost. Any rule or regulation seeking to relieve the Company from performing its duty with integrity, skill, and diligence, was in contravention of public policy; and if it were necessary, in order to secure correctness, to repeat a message, the duty of repeating it devolved upon the Company. Per contra, a Company's customers must use their rights with discretion. A subscriber to the telephone in Cincinnati was deprived of his privilege by the Company because of his using a word—which is too frequently in the mouths of Englishmen—in his communications. He sued to be reinstated. One judge said the obnoxious word was not profane according either to the decalogue, the dictionary, common law, or statute law; but the majority of the court were of a different way of thinking, and declared the word to be coarse, unbecom-

ing, and profane, or if not profane, improper. The rule prohibiting improper language was a reasonable one. The telephone reached into all classes of society, and into many family circles. It is possible for a communication intended for one individual to reach another. Moreover, the operators are in many cases refined ladies, and even beyond this, all operators are to be protected from insult. The inventors, too, have a right to be protected, and to have the instrument placed in a respectable light before the world, otherwise it might go out of use. For all which reasons they concurred in non-suiting the profane plaintiff.

TERRIBLY FULFILLED.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'I CAN'T stand it any longer, and I won't! It isn't so much that he jeers at me and ill-treats me; perhaps I could manage to put up with that, if he gave me a kind word now and then, and didn't leave me so much alone. But he is away sometimes for days and nights together; and where he goes to I don't know, though of course I can guess pretty well; and he will never tell me anything except to mind my own business. And when he is at home, he never speaks except to taunt and sneer at me because I'm not a lady, as he says. He hates me, and I've come to hate him, and I'm afraid of my life with him. You can't imagine what he's like when he's in a temper. I cannot, indeed, bring myself to tell you of all the shame and the infamy he puts upon me.' And the Honourable Mrs Ferrard buried her face in her hands and sobbed despairingly.

Mr Cross, auctioneer, rested his great square chin on his hands, and gazed across his library table at the flushed and weeping figure before him. 'So it has come to this at last, Amy?' he said. 'You deceived and disobeyed your old father, that loved you, and deserted him, and pretty well broke his heart, all for the sake of this grand husband of yours; and now you have to come to me to help you against him. Well, well; I'm not a bit surprised, my girl. I've been expecting you. I wasn't coming to you, you know; I knew you would have to come to me, sooner or later. Now, sit still and quiet yourself, while I think a bit.'

He continued to gaze across his writing-table, but with eyes that saw nothing. This was his only child, all that was left to him of her dead mother; and he had loved her, and still loved her, with an intensity which her insignificant little intelligence was far from comprehending. It had been his study from her childhood to gratify every fancy which entered her shallow pate; all that money could buy had been lavished upon her—except the training and education of a lady. 'I'm not going to have my girl,' said he, 'brought up so that she'll be ashamed of her father and her father's friends. No; let her learn to play the piano, if she cares to—I always liked a good tune—and to draw and paint and talk French, so that it don't worry her. But none of your fine finishing schools for me, where she'll mix with a lot of stuck-up fools and get all sorts of notions into her head.'

So Amy Cross went to a very respectable establishment in North London, where she acquired, to a limited extent, all the above accomplishments; and was sent back to her home very pretty, vain, and vulgar, very proud of her piano and her French, and without a single useful or graceful idea in her head.

This being so, it was not perhaps to be wondered at that Miss Amy Cross should fall an easy victim to the wiles of Lord Englethorpe's youngest son, the Honourable James Ferrard. That gentleman was at Canterbury, attending the races at Barham Downs with a kindred spirit of his former regiment (then quartered in that city); his commission in which he had been permitted—and only just permitted—to resign; and it had occurred to him that it would be amusing to run over to Margate and contend for a time with humbler Don Juans for the smiles of the Cockney beauties of the place. It so happened that Amy was just then staying there with some relations; and the two met on the jetty, and were mutually attracted by one another's good looks. The gallant captain found no difficulty in introducing himself both to the girl and her friends; on all of whom his appearance and manner—so different from those of the gentlemen of *their* society—made a most favourable impression. They met frequently; and he soon succeeded in captivating the heart of poor Amy.

It is due to the captain's pride of birth and ancestry to say that, at first, flirtation and not marriage was in his thoughts. But when he discovered that the girl's father was a man of very great wealth, and that she was an only child, he began to think that the game might be worth keeping up in London, with a view to honourable matrimony, immediate comfort, and succession in the future to the old man's money. For it would have been difficult for Captain Ferrard to have indicated with any precision his present means of existence. It was notorious that his family had long declined to hold any communication with him, further than that the earl allowed him the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, which indeed was all that he could afford, being—for a peer—almost penniless, with a good many children to provide for. The sum named was about enough to keep the young gentleman in gloves and cigars. The balance of his expenditure had to be made up by means of credit, the turf, billiards, pigeon-shooting, and cards. But the first was nearly at an end; the second required capital; the next two are not improved by overmuch tobacco and brandy; and at the fifth the captain was becoming a little too skilful. He was in a desperate state. Why should he not betake himself to his last weapon? He was twenty-eight, with a manly and well-made figure, smooth-faced as a boy of eighteen, brilliant of complexion, with eyes of a peculiarly dark blue. It was more the face of a beautiful woman than that of a man; but there was something wrong about it. The forehead was too retreating, the mouth too hard, and too often expanded in a smile. His manner and bearing were extremely pleasant and ingratiatory. How should an ignorant little girl, fresh from a North London seminary, or her auctioneering papa, detect the festering vices and the cruel heart beneath that fair outside? So he asked permis-

sion to call on Miss Cross in London, and readily obtained it.

He called accordingly, saw her alone, and made most satisfactory progress. The second time, he was introduced to papa. Papa, in fact, having heard of the former visit, and knowing the visitor well by repute through certain bill-discounting acquaintances, had left instructions with a faithful retainer—the cook—that he was to be fetched from the City immediately on a repetition of the visit. The result was not quite what Captain Ferrard had expected. Papa sat glum and moody through the interview; when it was over, he attended the visitor to the door, and with some coarseness of manner and roughness of tone, requested him to take notice that his attentions were not desired. Not all Captain Ferrard's smoothest explanations and assurances sufficed to appease the auctioneer, who simply replied that he didn't believe a word of them; and that, supposing them to be true, his girl did not want any fine gentleman for a husband, least of all of the stamp of Captain Ferrard, as to whose character and pursuits he further expressed himself pretty roundly. The captain answered with aristocratic contempt and insolence, applied with an ease and absence of emotion which reduced the auctioneer to speechless fury; and so departed.

The only result of this was that the ill-regulated girl, whose lover was the first toy which had been denied to her, became mutinous. She entered, first upon a clandestine correspondence, then upon a series of secret meetings, and ultimately left home one fine day just after she had attained twenty-one, and was married at a suburban church by license. Ferrard calculated that when once the irrevocable step had been taken, a reconciliation with her father and a handsome dowry would be a matter of only a few weeks, and that the plebeian alliance, gilded with the auctioneer's gold, would be condoned by his family, and would even cause him to be received by them with open arms. But everything went wrong. The bereaved parent, whatever may have been his sufferings in private, did not hasten to clasp his erring daughter to his bosom. When at last she wrote him a letter, carefully dictated by her husband, the only reply received was from a lawyer, stating that Mr Cross declined all communication with Mrs Ferrard or her husband; but that as he did not desire that his daughter should starve, he proposed to make to her exactly the same allowance as her husband received from the Earl of Englethorpe. That nobleman, who had been waiting to see what would happen before finally committing himself, thereupon wrapped himself with much dignity in his family grandeur, and refused to receive either his son or his son's wife, or to add a farthing to the two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

All this was so far beneath the Honourable James's just expectations, that he became not a little disgusted with his bargain, with the usual results. Indifference and neglect were speedily followed by quarrels, upbraiding, and taunts; at last by covert, yet none the less positive, unmanly cruelty on the part of the husband, and a return to his former mode of life. This, indeed, he had never really abandoned, though

he had put some sort of restraint on the open indulgence of his vices so long as it appeared that anything might be got by doing so; and even now, having regard to what the day might bring forth, he was cunning and cautious to the last degree. At length, Amy fled in despair to her father, who received her coldly, but without anger, in the interview with which this tale commences.

Amy sat on the sofa, her wild sobs becoming less frequent, for she saw that her father was thinking. Weak and foolish as she was, she instinctively appreciated his strength of character enough to know that when Mr Cross took to thinking, something generally happened in consequence; and she hoped that he would find some means of extricating her from the trouble which she had brought upon herself.

Some time had gone by, and the auctioneer remained in the same vein of thought, seemingly forgetful of his daughter's presence. At last she spoke to him, and he roused himself with a start.

'Ten o'clock,' he said, looking at his watch; 'time you were home.'

'Home, papa? I dare not. I don't know what he won't do, when he finds where I've been, and he's sure to get it out of me. Oh, don't send me back!' and she burst into a fresh fit of hysterical weeping.

'Hush, hush, my girl!' he said soothingly. 'Nonsense! A married woman oughtn't to be away from her husband. I'm going to write him a letter for you to give him, and you'll find he won't be so angry as you think. I suppose you'll see him to-night?'

'Yes. He said he should be home to-night, and he generally is when he says so.'

'That's well,' said the auctioneer; and sitting down, he wrote a few lines:

'SIR—I should like a word with you on family matters, and will call on you at eleven o'clock to-morrow.—Yours faithfully, R. Cross.'

'There!' he said; 'you give him that, and it will quiet him down. Now, get on your bonnet, and I'll send for a cab.'

Captain Ferrard did come home, and in a very queer temper. Before he could proceed to vent it, his trembling wife put the note into his hand; and with a sharp glance at her, he opened and read it. 'O ho!' cried he. 'So,' he said, after musing a little, 'you have been to see papa, eh? Singing your husband's praises so well, that our good papa is anxious to make his acquaintance.—Is that it, Mrs Ferrard?'

She did not answer, but cast down her eyes.

He reflected again. 'Well,' he said at last, 'I don't much care what you have been saying, or what you have not. Perhaps it may turn out to be the best thing you could have done. Anyway, I'll see him to-morrow—"comes he in peace, or comes he in war"—and on his behaviour, my pet, will depend our future happiness.—Now, get to bed!'

Meanwhile, Mr Cross had returned to his old position at the table and remained deep in thought far into the night. He was a man strong in his likes and dislikes, but his feelings towards this Ferrard surprised himself. In the first place, the man belonged to a class which the auctioneer,

with or without reason, had come to despise or dislike. Secondly, he possessed the three vices which are most hateful to a steady and prosperous man of business—he was an idler, a gambler, and a spendthrift. On the above grounds alone, the very name of Ferrard was obnoxious to Mr Cross. But this worthless fellow, after coolly insulting him on his own doorstep, had succeeded in robbing him of his daughter—his daughter, as to whom the dream of his life had been, that she would repay his tenderness and care by becoming the solace of his age, until she should be honourably and happily married to some prosperous young votary of commerce, and should surround him with a troop of grandchildren, who would recall to him their mother's childhood. To realise such hopes, he had worked like a slave, and had accumulated money until his name was a proverb for wealth. All over now—he was childless and alone with his riches—a gloomy and cheerless old age was coming fast upon him, and he owed it all to this gentleman of long descent, at whose patrician hands ill-usage and shame were his child's portion.

How should he answer her cry for aid? How rescue her? Was it in any way—by any sacrifice—possible to undo the miserable past; to wipe the slate clean, and to start afresh, with the hope of realising the old dreams? This was the problem the auctioneer set himself to work out, sitting there in the silence. And his heart sank, as he bitterly acknowledged to himself that the chances were but of the slenderest. Money would no doubt buy the man off, so that the father might have his girl safe in his home once more—but not to send her from it again as the happy wife of a husband after his own heart. Of course, legal proceedings might be instituted; but their success might be doubtful. The whole of Amy's conversation with her father has not been detailed; but it was clear from what she had said that the ill-treatment inflicted upon her had been carefully confined to those petty and spiteful persecutions which a cruel and cunning man is so skillful in inflicting, which cause neither wound nor bruise, elicit no cries of anguish, yet in their power of breaking, by constant repetition, the proudest spirit, are like the continual dropping which wears away the rock.

As he thought of these things, the heart of the auctioneer swelled within him with perplexity and rage. He was not a cruel or revengeful man; he was a church-goer, and would have taken it extremely ill if any one had told him that he was not a Christian. Yet he did most heartily and fervently desire that the worthless and disreputable destroyer of his happiness would take himself with all convenient speed out of the world, so that the distress and difficulty which he had originated might perish with him. 'I wish he were dead!' he muttered to himself.—'I wish he were dead!' And the wish, once formed, refused to quit his mind, but presented itself again and again as an eminently desirable solution of the whole question.

But Ferrard was young and strong, and not at all likely to oblige Mr Cross by dying for some time to come; so the auctioneer rose and paced the room, forcing himself to regard the

matter in another and more wholesome light. He had formed no particular plan of action for the morrow, having had in making the appointment merely a vague idea that he would endeavour in some way to arrange matters for his daughter's happiness, if money could do it. He now told himself that, after all, Ferrard might not be so black as he was painted. He had not, perhaps, had a fair chance; he had been exposed, still young, to great temptations, and had succumbed to them. He was without a friend—a true friend—in the world, and might well be reckless and desperate. He, the auctioneer, would endeavour to make his acquaintance; he would invite him to his house; he would inquire into his affairs; he would see whether it would be possible to take him by the hand and—as he phrased it—‘make a man of him.’ There would be no harm, at anyrate, in trying to make the best of a bad job—indeed, it was the one sorry resource left. He could but fail; should he do so, then it would be time to think of other measures. What a miserable, wearing business it all was! If that wish would but come true, what a cutting of the knot it would be!

PROLONGING LIFE.

THE possibility of prolonging human life has undoubtedly, from the most ancient times, afforded a fascinating and extensive field alike for the visionary and the deepest thinkers. Plans for prolonging existence have ever been amongst the principal allurements held forth by empirics and impostors; and by thus imposing upon the credulity of the public, many notorious charlatans have acquired rich harvests of ill-gotten gold. Men of science have throughout all ages devoted their attention to the subject, as one deserving of the most profound investigation. And their researches have been attended with more or less benefit to posterity. We find that Bacon himself attached so much importance to the matter that he prosecuted inquiry in that direction with the utmost assiduity. Although it would be almost impossible to review all the schemes advanced, yet a review of the most notable theories advocated for prolongation of life is certainly deserving of attention. At the same time, an elucidation of their fallacies, as occasion may arise, is of no small moment, in order to ascertain with greater certainty their true value. It is indeed interesting to observe the various and often opposite means advocated by enthusiasts for attaining the same end.

Even as far back as the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman periods, we find the idea of prolonging life prevalent. The Egyptians bestowed considerable attention to the attainment of longevity, and they believed that life could be prolonged through the efficacy of sudorifics and emetics continually used. Instead of saying, ‘How do you do?’ as an ordinary salutation, they inquired of each other, ‘How do you perspire?’ In those days, it was a general custom to take at least two emetics during each month. Hippocrates and his disciples recommended moderation in diet, friction, and well-timed exercise, which was certainly a step in the right direction.

It was during the darkness of the middle ages, ripe with fanaticism and superstition, that

the most absurd ideas of witchcraft, horoscopes, chiromancy, and empirical panaceas for the prolongation of life first became disseminated. The philosopher's stone and elixir of life were then vaunted by the alchemists. Foremost among the prolongers of life we find Paracelsus, an alchemist of great renown, and a man of considerable attainments. He claimed to have discovered the elixir of life. So great was his influence, that even the learned Erasmus did not disdain to consult him. Patients and pupils flocked around him from every quarter of Europe. Notwithstanding his famous ‘stone of immortality,’ he died at the age of fifty. His vaunted elixir was a kind of sulphur similar to compound sulphuric ether. Nevertheless, to the researches of Paracelsus we are indebted for our primary knowledge of mercury, which he was the first to use as a medicine.

About this epoch, one Leonard Thurneysser attained world-wide celebrity as an astrologer and nativity-caster. He was a physician, printer, bookseller, and horoscopist all in one. He professed that, by the aid of astrology, he could not only predict future events, but likewise prolong life. He published yearly an astrological calendar, describing the nature of the forthcoming year and its chief events. His calendar and other quackeries enabled him to amass the sum of one thousand florins. He declared that every man lay under the influence of a certain star, by which his destiny was ruled. On ascertaining from what planet a person's misfortunes or sickness proceeded, he advised his patient to remove his residence within the control of a more propitious luminary. In short, to escape from the influence of a malignant to a more friendly satellite was the basis of his theory.

Marsilius Ficinus, in his *Treatise on the Prolongation of Life*, recommended all prudent persons to consult an astrologer every seven years, thereby to avoid any danger which might threaten them. During the year 1470, an individual named Pansa dedicated to the Council of Leipsic a book entitled *The Prolongation of Life*, in which he most strongly urges all persons desirous of longevity to be on their guard every seven years, because Saturn, a hostile planet, ruled at these periods. According to the teachings of astrology, metals were believed to be in intimate connection with the planets. Thus no doubt it was that amulets and talismans originated, as reputed agents for prolonging life. The disciples of this creed had amulets and talismans cast of the proper metal, and under the influence of certain constellations, in order to protect themselves from the evil influence of adverse planets. These absurd conceits were at a later period revived by Cagliostro, of whom we shall have more to say presently. It would indeed appear that the more mysterious and ridiculous the conceptions of fanatics and impostors were, the greater was their success.

The example of the renowned Cornaro affords a brilliant instance of the superiority of an abstemious life to the foolish doctrines put forth at that period. Up to forty years of age he was excessively intemperate both in eating and drinking, so that his health suffered considerably. He then resolved to submit himself to a strictly temperate regimen, and for the remaining sixty years of his

life, which almost reached one hundred years, he continued the observance of his rules, with the result given. Although life might be prolonged by exercising greater moderation in eating and drinking than is generally adopted, yet, nevertheless, few persons could safely follow so strict a dietary.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIII. of France, who was bled forty-seven times during the last ten months of existence, a contrary method came into fashion. Transfusion was for a time relied upon as a means for invigorating and prolonging life. The operation was performed by aid of a small pipe conveying blood from the artery of one person to another. In Paris, Drs Dennis and Riva were enabled to cure a young man who had previously been treated in vain for lethargy. Further experiments not being so satisfactory, this device as a prolonger of life became discarded.

Francis Bacon held somewhat unique ideas regarding the possible prolongation of existence. He regarded life as a flame continually being consumed by the surrounding atmosphere, and he thence concluded that, by retarding vital waste and renewing the bodily powers from time to time, life might be lengthened. With the object of preventing undue external vital waste, he advised cold bathing, followed by friction. Tranquillity of mind, cooling food, with the use of opiates, he advocated as the most suitable measures for lessening internal consumption. Furthermore, he proposed to renovate life periodically, first by a spare diet combined with cathartics; subsequently, through choice of a refreshing and succulent diet. With some degree of modification, there seems to be much wisdom in his views, excepting as regards the use of opiates, which are decidedly of a prejudicial nature.

Numerous charlatans have appeared, and still appear at intervals, loud in their asseverations of having discovered the veritable elixir of life—gold, tinctures, and many other nostrums with which they mendaciously promise to prolong life. The most notorious of these empirics was the Count de St Germain, who with barefaced effrontery protested that he had already existed for centuries by aid of his 'Tea of Long Life,' which he declared would rejuvenate mankind. On close examination, his miraculous philter was ascertained to consist of a simple infusion of sandal-wood, fennel, and senna leaves.

A great stir was created in 1785 by the occult pretensions of a fanatical physician in France named Mesmer. He vaunted the possession of extraordinary magnetic power, which enabled him forthwith, by its agency, to remove every disease and prolong life. At the king's desire, a commission was instituted to report upon this phenomenon, in which Dr Franklin took a leading part. The only practical result of this inquiry was the discovery of animal electricity. At one time, Mesmer refused three hundred and forty thousand livres for his secret. After Dr Franklin's investigations, Mesmer lapsed into obscurity.

Last, but not least in the foremost rank of impostors was Joseph Balsamo, alias Count de Cagliostro. This charlatan appeared just before the first French Revolution. During his remarkable career, Cagliostro made more than one for-

tune, which he subsequently lost, and died in prison in 1795. The distinguished Cardinal de Rohan was one of his chief dupes. Like St Germain, Balsamo boasted that he had discovered the elixir of life, and throughout Europe, found persons of all degrees eager to possess his panacea. This elixir was a very powerful stomachic, possessed of great stimulating properties, tending to augment vital sensations. It is a fixed law of nature that everything which increases the vital forces tends to abridge their duration. Concentrated and potent stimulants, which are usually the active principle of most elixirs, although for the time increasing physical strength, are in truth very prejudicial to longevity.

We will now pass on to examine other theories more worthy of attention, before we proceed to establish what at present appears to be the most certain means for promoting longevity. The plan of 'hardening'—based upon a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer—obtained at one time numerous followers. When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of every organ, combined with free circulation, it naturally follows that rigidity must be unfriendly to longevity. Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were advocated by the 'hardening school.' Like most enthusiasts, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial. Later on, a theory well suited to the idle and luxurious gained many adherents, namely, to retard bodily waste by a trance-like sleep. One enthusiast, Maupertuis, went so far as to propound the possibility of completely suspending vital activity. Even Dr Franklin, having observed the restoration of apparently dead flies by exposure to warmth, was struck with the feasibility of promoting long life by the agency of immobility. The misconception of this theory, from a physiological point of view, is at once self-evident, as want of exercise is simply poisonous to health. Upon a constant metamorphosis of the tissues, physical well-being must depend to a great extent. A destructive plethora would most certainly be induced by attempting 'vital suspension.'

That celebrated sect of mystical philosophers, the Rosicrucians—famous for their profound acquaintance with natural phenomena, and the higher branches of physical, chemical, and medical science—considered that human existence might be protracted far beyond its supposed limits. They professed to retard old age by means of certain medicaments, whose action upon the system should curb the progress of natural decay. The means by which they professed to check senile decrepitude, were, like other mysteries of their fraternity, never revealed. The celebrated English Rosicrucian Dr Fludd, whose writings became famous, is said to have lived a century.

The principal advantage of the various plans which have been set forth for promoting longevity appears to be that they are all deficient in this important respect—that they only regard *one object, and neglect the rest*. However beneficial any theory may prove, it must be materially inadequate in fulfilling its purpose, should numerous other matters of the greatest importance bearing upon the human economy be ignored.

Hufeland, in his luminous work *The Art of Prolonging Life*, is of opinion that the real art of longevity consists in cultivating those agents which protract existence, and by avoiding all circumstances tending to shorten its duration. This is undoubtedly the most reasonable method for obtaining the end in view. Moderation in all things (avoiding as far as possible every morbid condition), and open air exercise, are far more reliable means of prolonging life than any of the elixirs and panaceas ever advocated. Finally, health and longevity can only be attained by an intimate acquaintance with and obedience to those natural laws which govern our physical economy.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD.

MANY years ago, or, as children's stories say, 'once upon a time,' when Bath was in all its glory, and Beau Nash reigned as its king, two ladies were journeying towards that fashionable town in a postchaise. Why two middle-aged ladies should in those unsafe times have undertaken a journey without any male escort, I cannot say; the result proved that they were very ill advised in doing so. It was broad daylight, and not very far from Bath, when the postboy suddenly pulled up the horses, and the chaise-door was thrown open from without with the usual stern command: 'Your money, or your life!'

I need hardly say anything as to the state of terror into which the ladies immediately fell; no doubt they screamed, in spite of the uselessness of such a proceeding; but it is not upon record that they fainted. On the contrary, the one nearest to the door submissively handed her watch, purse, trinkets, &c., to the masked highwayman; and the other, a Mrs. C., was hastily preparing to get rid of her valuables in the same way, when the robber turned to remount his horse, as though he had overlooked the second occupant of the carriage.

Such an unbusiness-like proceeding certainly did not bespeak him an accomplished 'gentleman of the road;' for in those days the search for valuables was usually conducted in a thorough and energetic manner, often accompanied with more or less violence, especially if the searcher had reason to suspect that the notes were 'sham Abrams,' or the watches from the manufactory of Mr. Pinchbeck.

By the way, do any of the present generation know the term of 'Pinchbeck' for sham-gold? and if any of them do, are they aware how the term arose? To meet violence with craft, the travellers of those days provided themselves very frequently with false bank-notes and imitation gold watches, to be given up as booty, while the genuine articles were carefully hidden; and a Mr. Pinchbeck started a manufactory of these watches. But the 'gentlemen of the road' soon got up to this trick, and to prevent such mistakes, they insisted on their victims taking solemn oaths as to the notes being those genuinely signed by 'Abraham Newland,' the cashier of the Bank of England; and also that the watches had not been supplied by Mr. Pinchbeck.

What passed through Mrs. C.'s mind as the highwayman turned away with only half his

spoil, it is impossible to say. Perhaps it occurred to her that he might find out his mistake, come back, and take vengeance on them for their involuntary deception. Or perhaps she never thought at all, but acted on a terror-struck impulse. I do not suppose that she herself ever knew *why* she acted as she did, but she actually called to the highwayman to come back!

'Stop, stop!' she cried; 'you have not got my watch and purse!'

The 'gentleman of the road' came back again to the chaise-door, and held out his hand for the watch and purse which Mrs. C. seemed so anxious to get rid of. But that watch and purse had unknowingly been the bait of something very like a trap; at anyrate, the turning back was a fatal move, for as the robber turned quickly to relieve Mrs. C. of her valuables, the quick movement of his head, or a passing puff of wind, blew aside his crape-mask for a moment, and Mrs. C. saw his face distinctly.

When the ladies arrived at Bath, they were consoled with by their friends on their fright and their loss; and no doubt Mrs. C. had to stand a good deal of joking about her kindly calling the highwayman back to take her own watch and purse. But such occurrences were too common for the condolences to be deep or long continued, or to cause interference on the part of any one whose duty it might have been to attend to the peace and safety of the public; and the 'nine days' wonder'—if it continued so long—certainly did not last any longer.

I am inclined to think, however, that Mrs. C. kept her own counsel as to one result of that calling back, and told no one of her having seen the robber's face unmasked.

Some weeks had passed away, when one evening Mrs. C. was at the Assembly Rooms, together with all 'the rank and fashion' of Bath. She was talking to a friend, a gentleman named Mr. M., and at the same time surveying the ladies and gentlemen who frequented the Assembly, when she suddenly exclaimed: 'There's the man who robbed me!'

'Where?' asked Mr. M., in great astonishment.

Mrs. C. pointed to a fashionably dressed young man who was talking to some of the company.

'My dear Mrs. C.,' said Mr. M., 'pray, be more careful. You really must not bring such an accusation as this against that gentleman. Why, he is young H., son of Mr. H. of —, a very wealthy and well-known man; and young H. is in all the best company. I know him well as a friend.' This was said in a joking manner, as Mr. M. thought that Mrs. C. was making an absurd mistake, deceived perhaps by some slight, or even fancied, resemblance.

But Mrs. C. said seriously: 'I do not care who he is, or what his father is, or even as to his being a friend of yours. That is the man who robbed me! I am quite certain about him, for when he turned back to take my purse and watch, his crape-mask blew aside, and I distinctly saw his face. I remember it perfectly.'

Mr. M. again tried to persuade her that she was mistaken; but to no purpose. Still trying to make a joke of her supposed extraordinary delusion, he said to Mrs. C.: 'I will bring him here, and introduce him to you, and then see

if you will still assert he is a highwayman!' Before she could decline the introduction, Mr M. crossed the room to where the young man was standing, and said with a smile: 'Here's a joke, H. That lady over there declares you are a highwayman, and that you are the man who robbed her a few weeks since! Come and be introduced to her.'

But young H. did not take the joke as his friend meant it; on the contrary, he answered in rather an ill-tempered manner: 'I do not want to be introduced to the old fool!'

'Well,' said Mr M., 'you need not have taken it in that way, and lost your temper about such a trifle. Of course I was only in fun. I thought you would have enjoyed the joke, and tried to persuade her that you were an honest man, and not a gentleman of the road. Pray, do not be offended.' So saying, Mr M. returned to Mrs C., and reported that the young gentleman had taken the joke in ill part, and refused to be introduced to her.

Once more Mrs C. declared it was neither a joke nor a mistake, but that in serious fact young H. was the highwayman whom she had called back to take her watch and purse. The subject was then allowed to drop; and after a little conversation on other matters, Mr M. took his leave of Mrs C., with the intention of smoothing the matter over with his friend H., as he did not want their friendship to be interrupted, and he had clearly seen that Mr H. was much annoyed. With this friendly intention he looked about in the Assembly Rooms for young Mr H., but without success. He then inquired of some mutual friends, and was told that young Mr H. had left the Rooms almost directly after he, Mr M., had last spoken to him, and had seemed much annoyed and disturbed.

This account made Mr M. all the more anxious to find his friend and put the matter right with him. Leaving the Rooms, Mr M. looked in at their club, and at two or three other places where he thought it likely he might find Mr H. But his search was unsuccessful; and he had to go home without seeing his friend, comforting himself with the thought that he would next day call on Mr H. at his father's house, where he lived.

But next day young H. was not at his father's; nor indeed did he ever again appear in Bath. When he left the Assembly Rooms, he returned home, changed his dress, and at once left Bath, and—it was supposed—left England also at the earliest opportunity.

Of the grief and agony of his father and of his family, I will not speak; it can easily be imagined what distress and shame they suffered.

Mr H., the father, was a wealthy man, of good position and family; but the young man, an only son, brought up to no profession, but only to inherit his father's riches, had fallen, probably from sheer want of employment, into bad company, had played for very high stakes—lost—played again—exhausted his father's patience in paying his debts, and at last had 'taken to the road' to replenish his purse—a not very uncommon proceeding in those days—while at the same time keeping his place in society.

From his unbusiness-like haste and want of looking after the whole of the booty, in the case of Mrs C. and her friend, it is to be presumed

that he had only lately adopted the practice of—as it was politely called—collecting his rents on the road, even if it was not his first attempt. How long, however, he might have continued the 'collection,' but for the accident of the mask having been blown aside, is another question.

If this were fiction, I might enlarge on young H.'s future career in another land. I might, on the one hand, make him go from bad to worse, and end his career by murder and a murderer's death. Or, on the other hand, I might depict him as leading a new life in a new country, and eventually returning to England, to the joy and comfort of his family, and worthily inheriting his father's wealth and position. I might even describe his penitent introduction to Mrs C., and his deep gratitude to her for checking him in his downward career; and still further might end the romance by his falling in love with, and marrying Mrs C.'s daughter. But romance is denied to me, for the story is not fiction, but fact in all its details. Mrs C. was an ancestress of the writer's, and the story has been handed down in the family.

Being, therefore, obliged to keep to facts, I am compelled to admit that I know nothing as to young H.'s after-life; so I must close my true history by supposing that he was never again heard of in his native country for good or evil, after his detection by Mrs C. as 'a gentleman of the road.'

AN ANCIENT PEOPLE.

THERE is no lack of literature about Cornwall. Hardly any other county in England finds so many to write about it. It is a favourite with novelists as a place in which to give their imaginary characters 'a local habitation and a name;' and Tre, Pol, and Pen abound in their pages. Every year there is a crop of articles about it in the newspapers and magazines for the benefit of those who choose it for the scene of their autumn rambles, or who wish to renew their recollection of its rocky headlands, washed by the deep-blue Atlantic waves, its sheltered coves, its glorious sunsets, and its wealth of ferns and rare birds and flowers. In nine cases out of ten, it is of the Land's End and its neighbourhood that people thus write; indeed, in the minds of many at a distance, the Land's End is Cornwall, much as the Fens are popularly supposed to be Lincolnshire. But there is much that is interesting about the county and its people which only those who live in Cornwall are likely to observe. It is not as other counties, and the Cornish are not as other folk who live 'up the country'—the local name for all beyond the Tamar. They have peculiarities of custom and of speech, not to be accounted for merely by the fact that they are far away from the great centres of national life, and are, as it were, living in the day before yesterday. They are of a distinct race, the kindred of the Welsh, the Irish, and the Bretons, but a race whose language has perished, save in the names of places and people; and the tongue they speak is not the English of to-day, but with a mixture of Celtic idiom, the English of two centuries ago, the English of our translation of the Bible. Cornwall is emphatically an ancient county, and there is an unmistakably

old-world flavour about everything that belongs to it.

One thing which particularly strikes any one who converses much with the labouring classes is, that they speak much more grammatically than their compeers usually do. There are the peculiar idioms which we have just mentioned; but apart from these, the language is rather that of educated people than what one usually hears in other counties. This arises from the fact that English was scarcely introduced into Cornwall until the Elizabethan age, and that when it was introduced it was by the upper classes. The rest, who used Cornish for their intercourse with each other, learned English as a foreign tongue, and learned the refined form of it. That form it still retains; and hence, quaint and odd as it is when used in the Cornish way, from the lips of these western folk it is never vulgar. We are not well enough read in the mysteries of the ancient tongue to know the reason for the singular use of the personal pronouns, but certain it is that they seem to have a rooted antipathy to the objective case. 'Tell it to she,' 'Bring he to I,' and 'This is for we,' are the universal forms. Then the preposition 'to' is always used instead of 'at,' as, 'I live to Bodmin.' In Cornwall, too, people are never surprised, but 'frightened' or 'hurried;' never in a bad temper, but in a 'poor' one; and the very eggs and milk, if kept too long, go 'poor.' When they live beyond their means, they 'go scat;' and if they are not too particular as to honourable dealing, they 'furneague.'

But in spite of these peculiarities, one hears the ring of good old English speech, such as nowadays we may look for vainly elsewhere, save in the pages of the Bible. Girls are spoken of as the maids or the maidens, and when they leave the house, they 'go forth.' 'Come forth, my son,' is an invitation one often hears, occasionally even when 'my son' turns out to be a horse or a dog. And if we wish to know the name of any little boy whom we may meet, the best chance of getting an intelligible answer is to put the question in the form of, 'How are you called, my son?'

In things that meet the eye, too, we seem to have come into an older world in Cornwall. There are the old-fashioned earthen or 'clomb' pitchers, of exactly the pattern we see in the pictures of old Bibles in the hands of Rebekah or Zipporah; though we cannot say we ever saw one balanced upon the top of a woman's head. Till very lately, oxen were still used to draw the plough; and to this day, in the country districts, kitchen stoves, and indeed coal-fires of any sort, are hardly known. The fuel is commonly dried furze, which is burned either in an earthen oven or on a wide open hearth. It is thrown on piece by piece with a pitchfork, till the iron plate on which the baking is to be done is considered hot enough; then the plate is swept clean, and the cakes—biscuits, as they are termed—or pasties having been ranged in order upon it, an iron vessel shaped somewhat like a flower-pot is turned over them, the furze is again piled on, and a large heap of glowing embers raked over all. No further attention is paid to the cooking; but when the embers are cold, the things are done. And those pasties, what wonderful productions

they are to the uninitiated; there appears to be scarcely any article of food that does not find its way into them. Parsley pasties, turnip pasties (very good these are, too), 'licky,' that is, *leek* pasties, pasties of conger-eel, of potatoes and bacon, of all kinds of meat and of all kinds of fruit, the variety is endless.

In the old days, the Cornish were great smugglers. Indeed, the natural features of the coast are such, that they would have been almost more than human if they were not. Even when it did not pay very well, the love of adventure enlisted the whole population in its favour. The farmers who did not themselves help to run a cargo on a moonless night, would, when the riders—the coastguard—were out of the way, lend their horses to those who did, so that long before daylight the kegs were all carried off far inland, or stowed away in the hiding-places which nearly every house possessed. A darker page of Cornish history is that of the days of wrecking. Terrible sights have some of those pitiless beaches witnessed, when the doomed vessel was lured on by false lights to be the prey of men more pitiless still. At St Eyal, between Padstow and Newquay, a lame horse used to be led on stormy nights along the cliffs with a lantern fixed on its head; and many a craft, supposing it to be the light of a ship riding at anchor, was then steered by her luckless crew straight into the very jaws of death. Wrecks were looked upon as a legitimate harvest of the sea, even as things to be prayed for, like a shoal of pilchards or a lode of tin. The remains of that feeling are not extinct even yet. A few years ago, a vessel laden with Manchester goods was wrecked on the north coast. Her name was the *Good Samaritan*. Of course such of her cargo as was saved was supposed to be handed over to the coastguard, according to law; but a good deal of flotsam and jetsam was quietly appropriated notwithstanding, the fortunate finders never dreaming that there could be anything morally wrong in such acquisitions, though they might not be strictly legal. Some months afterwards, a lady of the neighbourhood was visiting the cottagers and asking them how they had got through the hard winter that was just over; and she was told by one of the simple folk that times had been bad indeed, that work had been slack and wages low, and that it had been a severe struggle to keep a home together. 'And indeed I don't know what we should have done, if the Lord hadn't sent us the *Good Samaritan*!'

It is reported of a worthy old parson on the west coast at the end of the last century, when wrecks were considered as godsend, and it was an article of faith that the owners of a ship lost all title to their property the moment her keel touched ground, that in the long extempore prayer which, in defiance of the rubrics, was then generally indulged in before the sermon, he was accustomed, as the winter drew on, to introduce a reference to this grim ocean harvest, in some such style as this: 'Lord, we do not pray for wrecks; but since there *must* be some, grant, we beseech Thee, that they may be on our beach.' Perhaps this was the divine who was in the middle of his sermon when the news reached the church that a vessel had just struck and was going to pieces in the bay, and who instantly concluded with the benediction, and

left his surplice in the pulpit, so that he and his congregation might start fair upon the shore. Yet eager as was the rivalry for what could be snatched from the sea, there was no pilfering from any man's heap. To this day, you have but to put a stone upon anything you find upon the beach, in token that it has been 'saved,' and you may leave it in perfect safety, for no Cornishman will take it then. If, on your return, you find it gone, you may be sure that some less scrupulous 'up-country people' have been by that way.

As to the ferns, every botanist knows the green treasures of this western land. Indeed, we wish he did not know quite so well; for though men of science may be trusted to pursue their researches without wanton destruction of the beauties of nature, it is too often far otherwise with the tourist. It is not only 'Arry who is to blame in this matter; those from whom one might expect more consideration for the feelings and the rights of others are not seldom the greatest sinners of all. Only last summer, a young man actually stripped two large hamperfuls of the beautiful sea-fern (*Asplenium marinum*) from the roof of a cave, utterly ruining its beauty for several years to come. There were plenty of specimens to be had elsewhere upon the cliffs for the climbing; but he must needs get a ladder and take fifty times as many as he could possibly want, just where it most grieved the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to lose them. But we fear our righteous indignation at the iniquities of the tourist will run away with us—how he ruthlessly exterminates rare ferns; how he comes into churches where service is going on, and walks about and stares around him; how he strews scenes of natural loveliness with his sandwich papers and his broken bottles; how he thinks to add interest to the rocks and cliffs by inscribing his name and the date of his visit upon their face. It is his mission, we suppose, to 'vulgarise creation.' But Cornwall will take a great deal of spoiling yet, and so will its people and its language, menaced as this last is by the penny paper and the Board School. And those who like a peep into a world which, in spite of railways and telegraphs and newspapers and nineteenth-century ideas, is still an old world, and full of old and quaint and beautiful things, will find enough in Cornwall to occupy them, as a Cornishman would say, for a 'brave little bit of time.'

THE WAY OF MARRIAGE.

The Rev. Harry Jones, writing in the *Sunday at Home*, says: 'Some people, especially if they marry young and on the impulse of some taking fancy, without a due consideration of the very grave nature of the state they are entering, discover afterwards that his or her mate does not come up to the expectations which had been formed. The light and laughing love of the marriage and the early periods of married life are succeeded by a sense of disappointment. Then comes domestic indifference, perhaps re-creation. Both man and wife are deceived, and undecieved. Unintentionally perhaps, but really. Both feel, as it were, entangled. They have married in haste, and repent too often, not

at leisure, but with mutual bitterness and ill-concealed unconcern for one another. Each generally thinks the other most to blame. And I do not believe that I am overstepping the limits of appropriate language when I say that the idea of being caught in a net represents their secret convictions. Here is a disastrous state of affairs. In this country, such a net cannot be easily broken. The pair have married for worse, in a more serious sense than these words are intended to bear in the marriage vows. What is to be done? I should very imperfectly express my advice if I simply said, "Make the best of it." For though this is a rude rendering of the advice needed, much might be said to show how this can be done after a Christian way. . . . It is a great Christian rule that, to be loved, we must show kindness and consideration, and not expect to receive what we do not grant ourselves. "Give," says Christ, "and it shall be given unto you. Judge not, and you shall not be judged. Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned." And if this applies anywhere, it applies most in the case of those who are in the close relationship of husband and wife. Clouds sometimes come over the married life because too much consideration is expected. Show it, I would say, rather than demand it, if it has seemed to come short. Do not think to mend matters by a half-grudging endurance, but ask God to give His sacred help to the keeping of the rule "bear and forbear." So may a hasty marriage, the beauty of which has been spoilt by some misunderstandings, ripen into the true affection which should mark this holy estate, and the cloud of disappointment give place to a love which rests upon no passing fancy, but upon an honest Christian observance between man and wife of the vow betwixt them made. So may the miserable afterthought of having been entangled in a relationship be blotted out, and succeeded, as years go on, by a love cemented with the desire to do right before God, in whose presence, and with prayer for whose blessing, the relationship was begun.'

TRIFLES.

An August day	A river cool,
Now passed away	A deep, dark pool,
For ever;	Still waters;
A sunny smile,	A word of love
A little while	To fairest of
Together.	Eve's daughters.

Two eyes so bright,	A shady walk,
Still by their light	A little talk,
I'm haunted;	And laughter;
A small soft hand,	So days may go,
A fairy wand	But grief and woe
Enchanted.	Come after.

A mossy seat,	Sweet August day,
So cool, and sweet,	So far away
And pleasant;	Departed;
Who could despond,	You left me gay,
Or look beyond	I'm now for aye
That present?	Sad-hearted.

NORA C. USHER.

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ON MOOR AND LOCH.

ABOUT eight o'clock of a June morning the train draws up at a small station within a short run south of the Scottish metropolis. It is not a typical June morning. There has been a fortnight's drought, followed by two days of rain—the latter rejoicing the heart of the agriculturist and the angler; but yesternight the rain ceased, and its place has been taken by a gray mist, or *haar*, which the east wind is bringing up from the German Ocean. No angler loves mist. Is it not set down in the angler's book of common-law precedents, that in the case of *Man' versus Trout*, this obscure element is to be construed in favour of the defender? The station at which we alight is situated in an upland valley, shut in on the north and west by the mounded Pentlands; but this morning their outline shows only like a denser and darker bank of clouds in a gray waste of cloudland. Down into the valley also, thin streaks of mist are creeping dimly and slow, groping their way forward with long dripping fingers, like a belated band of midnight ghosts which the morning light has struck with sudden blindness. To the south-west, the Peeblesshire hills are less obscured, but there is floating over them the dull glaze, the leaden hue, which makes my companion sadly prognosticate thunder—and thunder to the angler's sport is as fatal as mist.

It is indeed very far from being a typical June morning. The earth is gray, and the sky is gray; and the trees and hedgerows that flank the fields and overshadow the cottages and the little inn, are not musical with the song of any bird. There is even in the air a touch of the east wind, that fiend of the North Sea who comes to us annually with the crocus and the primrose, and spends at least three months of his baneful existence in tying innumerable knots upon human nerves. His sublime excellency the Sun is doubtless up, as his custom is, long ere now, but this morning he wilfully persists in keeping his chamber. All this is marked in the time we take to alight

at the railway station, give up our tickets, and, shouldering basket and rod, set out towards our destination for the day, which lies over this long ridge to the right.

Everything is very still—with the soft stillness of a misty summer morning. Except for the noise of the train we have just left, as it goes coughing hysterically out of the station, one might almost hear the grass growing. The recent rain has washed the dust from leaf and flower, and the fields of young grain are in the reawakened freshness of early growth. The pastures have drunk in the moisture; and the cows that stop feeding for a moment to gaze on us with large soft eyes as we pass, return with fresh zest to their juicy morning meal. The watchdog at the farm salutes us, as is his wont, with a little gruff language; not meaning any great harm perhaps, but only in the way of duty. 'You are not beggars,' he seems to say, 'and don't want any strong measures to be taken with you. But you are strangers, and I dislike strangers. Don't stand and look at me so, for that only irritates me. Good-morning, and be off with you!' In a few minutes we reach the top of the ridge, and see the long line of the Moorfoot Hills girdling the south and east. They are much clearer than the Pentlands behind us, and we have hopes that a southerly breeze may spring up; for along the south-eastern horizon, between the hills and the low mist-cloud above, there is a clear line of light—the *weather-gleam*, as the Border shepherds poetically name it—showing where the wind is breaking through the haze and uncurtaining the hills.

Our road for three or four miles lies straight before us; for the most part, through a bleak barren moorland. The ditches at the sides, which serve to drain off the stagnating black bog-water, have an abundance of bright green mosses and water-plants on their shelving sides and marshy bottom. There is a broad waste of peat-moss all round, cracked and broken with black fissures, the higher patches covered with bent-grass, hard and wiry, brown and dry, and only

here and there showing thin blades of green. One wonders what those straggling eyes find to eat amid the general barrenness, and how they manage to maintain themselves and their merry lambs, tiny, black-faced, and black-footed, that frolic around them. Yet this wild waste bears promise of beauty ere the winter is on us; for the upper margins of the ditches and the tops of the knolls are crested with thick bunches of heather, which, though scarcely noticeable now, will one day shake out fragrant bells in the autumn wind, and flush the moorland with a purple glory. Far away to the left we hear the jangling call of a bird—'liddle-liddle-liddle'—rapid, bell-like, long-continued. It is a familiar sound during the summer months to the wanderer among the hills, arousing, as it does, all the other birds far and near as if with an alarm-bell. The call is that of the sand-piper—in some places known, from its cry, as the 'liddle fiddler,' in others as the 'killieleepee.' It is one of our migratory birds, reaching us from the south in the month of April, and starting on its travels again, with its young family, in the autumn. Among the other bird-calls which its wild, startling cry has awakened, is a plaintive 'tee-oo, tee-oo,' sounding eerily over the heath. It is the voice of the graceful redshank, which has left the seashore, as it does every spring, and come up with its mate to the moors to spend their honeymoon and rear their young brood; and by-and-by it will lead back to the sandy shore a little following of red-legs, who will learn to pick crustaceans from the shallow pools, and prepare for a journey to the hills on their own account next spring. On before us, in a clump of firs on a distant height, we hear the deep note of the cuckoo, booming out with its regular cadences, calling to mind the oldest lyric in the English tongue:

Summer is I-camin in,
Loud sing, cuckoo!
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood noo.
Sing, cuckoo!

All this is very well, but it is not the business of the day. These are but the accidents, or rather the pleasant incidents, of the journey; and as we reach once more an oasis of cultivation, we know that the water for which we are bound lies close at hand. The day is gradually losing its misty moodiness, is indeed slowly brightening up. There is now a light but decided breeze from the direction in which we lately saw the weather-pleam appear, and when we come in sight of the lake we find its surface shaken with a thousand laughing ripples. The sun has not yet looked out, but we can see, from the transparent whiteness of the clouds at a certain spot, that his majesty may soon be expected to show himself. The mist has quite lifted, and save that the higher peaks of the Moorfoots are each capped with a misty cloud, there is little trace here of the haze which still hangs thick on the northern hills behind us.

At the water's edge, our interest in the scenery becomes of secondary moment. We are intent on other things. We look anxiously across the surface of the brightly rippling water, but not

a trout rises to the surface, and not a splash is heard or a ring seen to tell that the finny tribe are there. Knowing, from mournful experience, what it is to be left at the edge of a loch when a dead calm settles down upon it, and your flies are no longer of use, we have brought some worm-bait with us; and so, in order to lose no time while the preliminary work of making up 'casts' and donning waders is going on, we put on a Stewart tackle baited with a nice red-bodied, black-headed worm, which we plant in that part of the water where worm has already been known to us to 'kill.' As we make preparations for the further work of the day, we cast quick glances from time to time towards the uplifted end of our rods where they rest over the water; but, alas, they moved not nor 'bobbed.' Worm was evidently not in demand with the Fario family as a breakfast commodity. At length, a sudden splash; and there, about fifty yards out from the shore, we see a fine trout just dropping back into the water. The 'feed' has begun! The sun had indeed been out for a short time, and this was a signal for the night-chilled insects to come out also, and these in their turn, dropping upon the surface of the water, signified to Master Fario that breakfast was on the table, and he presently piped all hands to the repast. In a few minutes more the lake was dimpled and ringed with the splash of the feeding trout.

There is no time to lose now. The Stewart tackle is discarded, a cast of flies is presently made fast to our line, and we are ready to begin. My friend goes a little further afield—if this term may be used in water parlance; and I am left to do what I can on my own account. Stepping into the water, and moving gradually forward till I get deep enough, I cast carefully from side to side, in hope of attracting the attention of some one of the trout that are rising everywhere before me. Five minutes pass, ten minutes pass, but without success, and I am beginning to doubt if my selection of flies is good. By-and-by I see a trout rise out there in the place where my flies should be; and the quick touch along the line, as if something had suddenly grazed it, tells me that a trout has rushed at the lure, and missed. There is hope in this, and I go on with fresh vigour. A few casts made over the same spot with as much adroitness as is possible to a clumsy fly-fisher, brings its reward. There is a sudden tightening of the line, and at the same moment, a dozen yards ahead, a big yellow trout springs curved like a bow from the water, and falls back again with a heavy flop. He is on! An aged countryman on the point of the bay opposite, waiting to see if perchance his worm-baited rod will bob, has witnessed the plunge of my captive, and is all intent on the issue. 'Gie him time!' he shouts across the water. 'Canny wi' him for a bit, and play him weel. Dinna hurry, dinna hurry.' The advice is not unneeded, for I am nearly fifty yards from the shore, and there is moreover midway a bank of sand only slightly covered with water, through which the green rushes are springing up. How will I get him over that reef? I wind up slowly, while the captive makes vigorous attempts to free himself

from the deadly hook—now springing out of the water, now curling and twisting serpent-like along the surface, then plunging for a moment into the deep black water, his yellow side gleaming like a sword-blade as he shoots below. It is the supreme moment. In a little his efforts slacken, and he comes oftener to the surface. I make slowly for the shore, still winding in. I am over the sandy reef with its dangerous reeds, which I fear may strip him from the hook. At last I have him safely through them, and he allows himself to be drawn quietly over the remaining shallow to the shore, and there he now lies—on dry land—a speckled beauty of three-quarters of a pound, his spotted sides gleaming like gold in the sunshine.

With cast put once again in order, I am into the water for a second trial. This time I avoid the sandy reef with its reeds, and keep clear water between me and the shore. The lake is deep here, and I cast slowly, letting the flies sink a little, that the deep-feeding trout may have a chance to see and seize them. I have succeeded in raising one or two, but they do not seem to be in earnest; and am in the act of withdrawing my line preparatory to casting again, when I find that a trout has taken it. But his tactics are not the same as those of the former one. He does not leap out of the water, and I only know by the strain on the line and the curve of the rod that he is on. This is only for a moment, however; for I have caught a brief glimpse of him as he dives down into the deep water, making straight for his old lurking-place under a steep bank a few yards in front of me. As he thus rushes towards me, the line slackens, the rod straightens itself, and I reel up hastily, fearing that he is off. But no; he is only sulking; for as the line shortens, the tension is resumed, and presently he is obliged to rise once more to the surface; and there he is now, gyrating and whirling in coils of glittering beauty. He is not so vigorous as his predecessor, and in a little his strength is exhausted, and he moves quietly to the shore alongside of me, not above a yard from my foot. He is as large as the first trout, but not in quite such fine condition, being flatter about the shoulders, and having a slight suspicion of lankiness in the sides. Another fortnight of fly-diet and he might have scaled a pound.

I fish on for another hour or two, with always some occasional success, and have, angler-like, begun to estimate the weight of my basket at the day's end—counting, of course, my trout before they are caught—when, alack and well-a-day! I begin to be cognisant of the sad fact that the breeze is gradually dying down, and that the glorious ripple on the water is gliding away into a soft glittery waviness, not more pronounced than the zigzags on watered silk. In a short time the breeze has actually died off, and the water of the little bay in which I stand lies smooth and clear before me like a sheet of polished steel. Alas, what can angler do in such a strait? You may deceive the trout with your artificial flies when the breeze is blowing and the ripple is strong; but the advantage is all on the side of the finny ones when the wind falls and the ripple ceases. You may cast your flies with as gentle a hand as may be; but his

quick eye sees something more than your flies, and he knows from experience that a respectably born and bred insect, fresh from its pupa-case, does not come out for a sail on the water with a yard or two of shining gut trailing behind it, or go about leading three or four other of its fellows after it in a string. No, no; trout have learned a thing or two under the operation of the law of heredity, just as we, his human—or, if you will, inhuman—captors have done. We may therefore reel up and take to dry land, till it pleases Eolus again to send us a prospering breeze.

As we sit on the soft grass and eat our lunch, we can note the aspect of things around us. The sun is shining steadily down with all his summer brightness and fervour, and the still air feels sultry and close. As you look along the surface of the calm water, you can see the heated air radiating from it like a shimmer of colourless flame. The white farmhouse on the opposite side basks serenely at the foot of the hills that overhang it; and a warm dusky haze floats over the neighbouring ravine, where an ancient stream has cut its way down through the lofty range. Not a sound breaks the stillness of the air, not a wavelet disturbs the glassy line of the beach. By-and-by there arises a low buzzing sound, gradually increasing in intensity, till you almost think it must be some far-away railway engine blowing off steam. You look up, and there, on either side of you, a yard deep as far as you can see, is a colony of innumerable midges disporting themselves in the hot air. There must be millions of those tiny creatures, the combined action of whose little wings can send such a hissing through the stillness. Shoals of them whisk round your head, poking into your eyes and ears, and tickling your face and hands. A whiff or two of tobacco-smoke comes in as a handy expedient to drive off the insignificant troublers; and the pipe, besides, is wonderfully soothing as you rest your tired shoulders on the grass. But, hark! what is that long low rumble coming up to us from the far south-west—over there where Dunderberg raises his brown summit in the hot haze, with a leaden-coloured sky in the distance behind him? My trusty comrade was right in his morning prognostication: we are in for thunder.

There is in reality no wind; but, as frequently happens in mountainous districts even in still days, occasional cold currents of air gravitate from the hills to lower levels; and yonder is one playing over the surface of the lake now, just round the corner of this land-locked bay. We cannot afford to miss even this temporary ripple; for if the thunder comes near there will be an end to sport for a few hours to come. As I step along through the patches of rushy grass that grow by the margin of the lake, I see a small bird glide quickly out of one of those patches and disappear with suspicious celerity and quietness behind another a few yards off. I have not lost in middle manhood the bird-nesting instincts of boyhood's years, and I am certain, from that bird's quick, low, quiet mode of flight, that it has just risen from its nest. A few minutes' search confirms this; for there, beneath a patch of long grass, is the little cavity, lined cosily with dry grass and hairs,

and five small oval dusky eggs, mottled with reddish-brown dots and blotches. It is the nest of the yellowhammer. I lift one of the eggs, which feels smooth and warm, and think for a minute how best I might carry it home with me to little town-bred bairns that scarce ever saw a bird's nest. But I conclude that I cannot possibly carry the egg home unbroken, and so return it to its place beside the other four; where, in due course, if boys and rats and weasels let it alone, it will produce its gaping addition to the family of yolings. A little further on, I descry a small sandpiper flitting before me along the shore, poking with its lance-like bill into the sand, and wading leg-deep through the shallow creeks, occasionally flying a yard or two, just to show me its long pointed brown wings and its breast of snowy white. It is the dunlin, a gay, active little fellow; and I can see that its mate is waiting for it a short way ahead, and when they meet, they make a dip or two to each other, by way of familiar courtesy, and then disappear together round the bend of the shore.

I have reached the point of the promontory beyond which the water shows a temporary ripple, and am into it in a trice. My success is greater than I had anticipated, for I scarcely expected a rise. At the third cast, and just as I am drawing out slack from my line in order to make a longer throw, my lure is seized, and a bright bow of silver shoots up a yard above the water. It is not a yellow trout this time, but one of the Lochleven variety, with some thousands of the fry of which the noble proprietor of these fishings stocked the lake a few years ago. They are vigorous fellows these Lochleven trout. Five times did this one leap straight out of the water before I had him on the shore; and even then, he nearly escaped. He was being guided through a shallow creek running into the lake, when I noticed that he had succeeded in unhooking himself. Had he not had the strength played out of him, he would have been off into the deeper water like a streak of light. But now he is weak and confused, and aimlessly pokes his nose into the bank, giving me just sufficient time to get between him and the lake and throw him out with my hands. He is a beautiful specimen of half-a-pound, finely spotted, his gleaming sides of a rich creamy whiteness, with a subdued pink flush shining through.

But why prolong the story? The thunder came nearer, though it did not break over us; and by the time the hour arrived for us to re-cross the moor, under the westerling sun, to the little station we had left in the morning, my companion and myself had—not *big* baskets, as some baskets are counted—but baskets big enough to send us home well pleased and contented.

There are two ways of going home from a day's fishing (we do not refer to roads or means of travel, but to moods of mind). The one is as we come home now; the other is when we come home 'clean'—that is, with nothing. In the morning we have started with no idea but what relates to the fish we are to catch, hope being naturally in the ascendant. But in the evening, if we have had a bad day's work, we are in a different mood, with our ideas much enlarged beyond that of merely catching trout.

We suggest and enumerate to each other, with extraordinary facility, the compensating advantages of our position. We have had a day in the open air; we have had vigorous healthy exercise for the shoulders and arms (which are sore enough, perhaps, in all conscience, though we would not for our lives admit it); we have enjoyed the sights and sounds of nature, and have something like a triumphant feeling of superiority over our poor town companions who have been all the day in chamber or workshop, with nothing better to inflate their lungs than the smoky city atmosphere, and nothing more to delight their ears than the monotonous jingle of tramcar bells and the rattling of cabs over the stony street. Our compensating advantages are immense! Sorry we have not caught more trout? Pooh, nonsense! What have trout to do with it, except as an inducement to go out for a day to moor and river? Do you take us for fish-mongers?

And so, self-consolated, and weary enough, we regain the city with its flaring lamps and crowded streets, and go home to tell our experiences, and dream of alder-shaded banks and silver streams, and the landing of bigger trout than are ever likely to charm us in our waking hours.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—DOWN BY THE RIVER.

THEY were silent until they reached the stile at the foot of the Willowmere meadows, where they were to part.

The information which Mrs Joy had given them was a source of special anxiety to Madge, apart from her considerations on Pansy's account. If Caleb had really determined to leave the country at once, Philip would lose his most able assistant in carrying out the work, which was already presenting so many unforeseen and unprovided-for difficulties, that it was severely taxing the strength of body and mind. Besides, the few men who still maintained a half-hearted allegiance would take alarm when they found that even Caleb the foreman had deserted, and abandon their leader altogether. Madge was afraid to think of what effect this might have on Philip. Although he had striven hard to hide it from her, she had detected in his manner undercurrents of excitement, impatience, and irritability under which he might at any moment break down. His mind was much troubled; and the knowledge that it was so had been the main inspiration of her earnest appeal to Mr Beecham to help him.

She sympathised with Caleb, and understood the bitterness of his disappointment by the resolution he had so hastily adopted. He was casting aside what promised to be an opportunity to rise in the world in the manner in which he would most desire to rise—with his fellow-workers; and abandoning a friend who needed his help and who, he was aware, held him in much respect. On Pansy's account she was grieved, but not angry; for although she had been misled by her conduct towards Caleb, as he had been, she would not have the girl act otherwise than she was doing, if she really felt

that she could not give the man her whole thought and heart, as a wife should do. But there was the question—Did she understand herself? The sulky insistence that she would not have him seemed to say 'yes;' but the pale face and quivering lips when she heard that he was about to emigrate seemed to say 'no.' A few days' reflection would enable her to decide, and in the meanwhile some effort must be made to induce Caleb to postpone his departure.

'You will think about all this, Pansy,' she said when they halted by the stile; 'and to-morrow, or next day, perhaps, or some time soon, you will tell me how you have come to change your mind about him.'

'It is better he should go,' answered the girl without looking at Madge.

Pansy did not take the shortest way home. She passed between the dancing beeches—their bare branches had no claim to that festive designation, unless it might be a dance of hags—and under the blackened willows which cast a shadow over the little footpath by the river-side. Lances of light crossed the path, and seemed to be darting out towards the silver shields which the sun made on the running water. The lances of light dazzled her eyes, and the shadows seemed to press down on her head; whilst the sharp tinkle made by the rippling water in the clear atmosphere sounded discordantly in her ears. She saw no beauty anywhere and heard no pleasant sounds.

She was walking against the stream: thinking about nothing: stupid and unhappy: figures seemed to flit before her without conveying any meaning to her senses. She neither knew nor asked herself why she had chosen this way by the stream, instead of taking the straight road home through the forest. Some instinct had suggested that by taking this way she was less likely to meet any one.

Walking quickly, the keen wind made her cheeks tingle and seemed gradually to clear the fog out of her head. She had heard girls, and women too, boast about the number of men who had 'asked' them, and she knew that some of them had even multiplied the number for their own exaltation. They all considered it a thing to be proud of, and the more disappointments they had caused, the merrier they were. Why, then, should she take on so because she had been obliged to say 'no' to one man? She ought rather to be sorry that it was only one. Of course there was something in Caleb different from the other lads who had come about her, and who would have been ready enough to put the great question if she had shown any willingness to listen to it. She had not done so, and they had caused her no bother. But then she could not deny to herself that she had given Caleb reason to think that she was willing; and she liked him—liked him very much. That was why she was distressed, as she had told Madge.

And what was the phantom in her brain which had rendered it necessary to cause so much worry to Caleb and herself? . . . She would not admit that there was any phantom. She was quite sure of it (and there was an unconscious toss of the head at this point); and her refusal meant no more than that she did not care enough for him. Surely that was reason enough for saying 'no' without seeking for any other. And yet this satisfactory

answer to her own question made her the more uneasy with herself, because she was conscious that she was shirking the whole truth.

She passed out from under the shadow of the willows at a point where a broken branch of a huge old elm had formed an archway, and a little farther on was the ford, where a shaky wooden foot-bridge crossed the water leading to the door of the squat white alehouse where thirsty carriers felt bound to halt. Unlike most other wayside inns, its glory had not been completely destroyed by the railways. The walls were kept white. The old thatch-roof was neatly trimmed and carefully patched wherever age or the elements rendered patching requisite, so that it presented a fine study of variegated greens and browns, with here and there a dash of bright yellow. The inside was clean and tidy; and in cold weather there was always a cheerful blaze in the big fireplace. The secret of this pleasant condition of the *Ford Inn* was that the tenant farmed a bit of the contiguous land, on which he depended more than on the profits of his excellent 'home-brewed.'

The road southward from the ford passed the gates of Ringsford Manor. Going in that direction, Countts Hadleigh was crossing the foot-bridge when Pansy reached the elm, and at sight of him she halted under the broken branch. The colour came back to her cheeks for an instant and left them paler than before. She had often heard of the pitfalls which beset the steps of maidens who lift their eyes too high; but she was incapable of nice arguments about the proper level of sight for one in her position. He had said many pretty things to her, always asked a flower from her, and at the harvest-home he had danced with her more than with any of the other girls. She was pleased; and now she owned that she had more than once wondered, when the Manor carriage with the ladies passed and she was courtesying by the wayside, how she would look if sitting in their place.

But that admission under the light of this day's experience revealed an ugly possibility, and taught her the alphabet of a disagreeable lesson in life.

She waited until Countts had got some distance from the ford; then, she crossed the road, and entering a ploughed field, hurried homeward, keeping close by the hedge, as if afraid to be seen.

Her father was kneeling on the hearth lighting the fire, his thin cheeks drawn into hollows as he blew the wood into flame.

'That you, Pansy?' (poof). 'What ails you the day' (poof), 'that there's neither fire nor' (poof) 'dinner for me when I come in frae my work?'

A series of vigorous 'poofs' followed. Pansy, whilst quickly relieving him of his task and arranging the table, explained what had happened in the washhouse, and how Miss Heathcote had taken her to the doctor.

'Oh, you were wi' her,' said the gardener, paying little attention to her accident. 'I thought you might have been awa wi' some other body, for I never knew women-folk neglectin' the dinner exceptin' in cases o' courtin' or deenin'.'

Most men would have been in a temper on returning hungry from work and finding that

the fire had to be lighted to heat the food; but Sam having been rarely subjected to such an experience, and being under the impression that he was soon to be left to look after himself entirely, accepted the present position calmly, as a foretaste of what was coming.

'And you have had nothing yourself', Pansy. 'Aweel, I'm no astonished. I daresay your mother whiles wanted her dinner when she was thinking about me.'

Sam, finding dinner a hopeless achievement, began, with customary deliberation, to fill and light his pipe. His daughter's short answers he attributed to the natural shyness in the presence of her father of a maiden who was expecting soon to become a wife.

'I ken what you are thinking about, Pansy; but I'm no going to say a word on the subject at this time of day. There's another matter to speak about.'

What relief she felt! How gladly she put the question:

'What's that, father?'

'There's news come of your gran'father. He is bad wi' the rheumatics again, and no a creature to look after him. I'm thinking we'll have to make a journey over to Cumberwell, and see what can be done for him, since he'll no come to us here.'

'I will go to him to-day,' she ejaculated with surprising energy; 'and I can take that stuff the doctor sent for you; and I can stay with him and nurse him until he is able to get about again.'

'Hooly, hooly,' cried Sam, taking the pipe out of his mouth and staring at his daughter. 'Kersey doesna bide in the town, though he works there.'

'I don't want to see him at all; I want to go to grandfather,' she answered. But it was not entirely anxiety on account of that relative which prompted the desire to visit Cumberwell, although her affection for the old man was strong enough to make her eager to nurse him. She also saw in this temporary exile the opportunity to escape from surroundings which were threatening to mar all her chances of happiness.

'And what am I to do when ye're awa?'

'You can go up to the House for your meals, or you can get them ready for yourself, as you have done before. We cannot leave grandfather alone.'

'True enough, true enough, my lass; and I suppose you'll need to go. You'll maybe do the auld man some good. It would be the saving o' him, body and soul, if you could get him to sup parritch and drink a wee thing less. You can take him some flowers; but it's a pity that you cannot have aye of the new geraniums for him.'

So that was settled; and Pansy had never thought there would come a day when she would prepare eagerly to leave home.

When Madge heard of the mission which called Pansy away from the cottage for a time, she felt as well pleased as if fortune had bestowed some good gift upon her. She saw in it something like a providential rescue of the girl from a dangerous position; and the readiness with which the summons had been obeyed was a guarantee that no great mischief had been done yet. Away

from Ringsford, with change of scenes and faces, and with new duties of affection to perform, the best qualities of her nature would be brought into action, whilst she would have leisure enough to arrive at a clear understanding of her own feelings. It was a pity that the old man should be ill; but it was lucky for Pansy—and probably for Caleb—that this call should have been made upon her.

She had made no sign to her friend; and it was not until Madge arrived at the gardener's cottage on the following afternoon that Pansy's sudden departure became known to her. It was odd that she had not even left a word of good-bye with her father for one who, she was aware, would be anxious about her. But the folly, whatever it might be, which had for the time so altered the girl's simple nature would be the more easily forgotten if there were no speech about it. Evidently Sam was still ignorant of the fact that Caleb had spoken and received a refusal. Madge hoped that they would soon have good news of Pansy and her patient.

'I daresay we'll hear about them in two or three days; but it's little good she can do her gran'father. He's a stupid auld body; and as soon as he gets on his feet again, he'll just be off trailing round the town, making-believe to be selling laces and things; but that's no what takes him about.'

'What, then?'

'Singing bits o' songs and making a fool of himself at public-houses, for the treats he gets from folk that ought to know better,' replied the gardener, shaking his head gloomily. 'I havena much hope for him; but I was aye minded to gie him another chance; and as it was to be given, the sooner the better. Besides that, Pansy was most extraordinary anxious to get awa to him. If she could just fetch him here, something might be done for him.'

Madge sympathised with this kindly wish, and hoped it might be realised in spite of Sam's misgivings. Then she went on to the Manor.

ROYAL PERSIAN SHERBET.

UNDER this sounding title, most of us have a remembrance of a white effervescent powder, flavoured with essence of lemons, which in the summer-time was sold to us as children; a large spoonful was stirred into a tumbler of water, cool or the reverse, and known to boys as a 'fizzer.' It is not to this mawkish draught we wish to draw the reader's attention, but rather to the real thing as used in Persia and throughout the East. Persian sherbet is a very comprehensive term, and there are many varieties of it. Before we come to what it is, it may be as well to explain when and how it is drunk. Sherbet is used as a thirst-quencher, and a cooling drink in hot weather; it is either the drink taken at meals, or it is handed to visitors in warm weather in lieu of coffee. As a drink at meals, it is placed in Chinese porcelain bowls, there being usually several varieties of the sherbet, more or less, according to the size of the party and the position of the host. Each bowl stands in its saucer; and

across the vessel is laid one of the pear-wood spoons of Abadeh, famed for their carving and lightness throughout the Eastern world.

A sherbet spoon is from one to two feet in length; the bowl, cut from a solid block, holds from a claret-glass to a tumbler of the liquid. This bowl is so thin as to be semi-transparent, and is frequently ornamented with an inscription, the letters of which are in high-relief. To retain their semi-transparency, each letter is undercut, so that, although standing up an eighth of an inch from the surface of the bowl, yet the whole is of the same light and delicate texture, no part thicker than another. One-half of the surface of the spoon-bowl is covered by two cleverly applied pieces of carved wood, which appear to be carved from one block. But this is not the case—they are really cemented there. These pieces are carved in such a delicate manner as to be almost filmy in appearance, resembling fine lacework. The handle of the spoon—at times twenty inches long—is formed in a separate piece, and inserted into the edge of the bowl in a groove cut to receive it. This handle is also elaborately carved in delicate tracery; and a wonderful effect is produced by the rhomboid-shaped handle, at times four inches broad at the widest part, and only a tenth of an inch thick. The groove where the handle is inserted into the edge of the bowl of the spoon, and the point of junction, are hidden by a rosette of carved wood, circular in shape, only a tenth of an inch thick. This, too, is carved in lacelike work, and it is cemented to the shaft of the spoon. A kind of flying buttress of similar delicate woodwork unites the back-part of the shaft to the shoulder of the bowl. The spoon, which when it leaves the carver's bench is white, is varnished with *Kaman* oil, which acts as a waterproof and preservative, and dyes the whole of a fine gamboge yellow similar to our boxwood. The weight of the spoon is in the largest sizes two ounces.

The tools used by the carver are a plane, a rough sort of gouge, and a common penknife. Each spoon is of a separate and original design, no two being alike, save when ordered in pairs or sets. The price of the finest specimens is from five to fifteen shillings each. These sherbet spoons are really works of art, and are valued by oriental amateurs. Many of the merchants are very proud of their sherbet spoons; and being wood, they are 'lawful' for a metal spoon, if of silver, is an abomination; consequently, the teaspoons in Persia have a filigree hole in the bowl, and thus can be used for stirring the tea only, and not for the unlawful act of conveying it to the mouth in a silver spoon. Of course, these high-art sherbet spoons are only seen at the houses of the better classes, a coarser wooden spoon being used by the lower classes. The spoons at dinner serve as drinking-vessels, for tumblers are unknown; and the metal drinking-cups so much in use are merely for travelling, or the pottle-deep potations of the irreligious.

During the seven months of Persian summer, it is usual to serve sherbet at all visits, in lieu of coffee, for coffee is supposed to be heating in the hot afternoons, at which time formal visits are often made; and as the visitor must be given something—for he is never sent empty away—

sherbet in glass tankards or *istakans*—a word borrowed from the Russian term for a tumbler—is handed round. These *istakans* are often very handsome, being always of cut or coloured glass, often elaborately gilded and painted in colours, or what is termed jewelled—that is, ornamented with an imitation of gems.

And now, what is Persian sherbet? A draught of sweetened water flavoured to the taste of the drinker. The only exception to this definition is the *sherbet-i-kand*, or *eau sucrée*, which is simply water in which lump-sugar has been dissolved. The varieties of sherbet may be divided into those made from the fresh juice of fruit, which are mixed with water and sweetened to the taste; and those made from sirup, in which the juice of fruit has been boiled.

It will be thus seen that the effervescing qualities of royal Persian sherbet only exist in the imagination of the English confectioner. But there is one all-important point that the English vendor would do well to imitate: Persian sherbet is served very cool, or iced. Blocks of snow or lumps of ice are always dissolved in the sherbet drunk in Persia, unless the water has been previously artificially cooled. Fresh sherbets are usually lemon, orange, or pomegranate; and the first two are particularly delicious. The fresh juice is expressed in the room in the presence of the guest, passed through a small silver strainer, to remove the pips, portions of pulp, &c.; lumps of sugar are then placed in the *istakan*; water is poured in till the vessel is two-thirds full, and it is then filled to the brim with blocks of ice or snow.

The preserved sherbets are generally contained in small decanters of coloured Bohemian glass similar to the *istakans* in style. They are in the form of clear and concentrated sirup. This sirup is poured into the bowl or *istakan*, as the case may be; water is added; the whole is stirred; and the requisite quantity of ice or snow completes the sherbet.

When bowls are used—as they invariably are by the rich at meals, and by the poor at all times—the spoons are dipped into the bowl, and after being emptied into the mouth, are replaced in the bowl of sherbet. Thus the use of glass vessels, until lately very expensive in Persia, is dispensed with. Probably with the continuous introduction of the ugly and cheap, but strong and serviceable, Russian glass, the dainty sherbet-spoon of Abadeh will gradually disappear, the more prosaic tumbler taking its place.

One kind of sherbet is not a fruit-sirup, but a distilled water; this is the *sherbet-i-beed-mishk*, or willow-flower sherbet. The fresh flowers of a particular kind of willow are distilled with water; a rather insipid but grateful distilled water is the result. Of this, the Persians are immoderately fond, and they ascribe great power to it in the 'fattening of the thin.' It is a popular and harmless drink, and is drunk in the early morning, not iced, but simply sweetened.

Persians are very particular as to the water they drink, and are as great connoisseurs in it as some Englishmen are curious in wines. The water they habitually drink must be cool, and if possible, from a spring of good repute. It is often brought long distances in skins daily from

the favourite spring of the locality. Given good water, and pleasant, grateful beverages of all sorts, it is easy to refrain from the strong drinks which Mohammed so wisely forbade his followers to indulge in, making drunkenness a crime, and the drunkard an object of disgust and loathing to his fellow-man. Undoubtedly, strong drinks in hot climates, or even in hot weather, are incompatible with good health.

The varieties of the preserved sirups are numerous: orange, lemon, quince, cranberry—the raspberry is unknown in Persia—cherry, pomegranate, apricot, plum, and grape juice; while various combinations of a very grateful nature are made by mixing two or even three of the above.

TERRIBLY FULFILLED.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE auctioneer looked at his watch. Past three o'clock in the morning. He went into the hall, put on his hat, softly opened the front-door, and went out. He was going to make a visit of inspection which no amount of distress would have induced him to omit before retiring to rest. The house was a corner one, turning a dead wall to the side-street which ran out of the square. Turning down this street, he stopped at a low door at the further extremity of the house, having a massive iron handle and a small keyhole. Taking a key from his pocket, he turned it in the lock, twisted the handle round, and, exerting his strength, drew the door towards him. It was then to be seen that this door, though to outward view consisting of nothing stronger than wood, was of massive steel within—was, in fact, a thief-proof door. The idea was an original one. Our brethren who follow the honourable profession of burglary find, we are told, little difficulty in dealing with matters of this nature, however skillfully constructed and widely advertised, if only they can be secure from interruption. The mere fact that safes and strong-room doors are always to be found *inside* a building, affords to the burglar this very security. Once within and alone, with the long hours of night before him, he can go about his work in a leisurely and scientific fashion, with at least a fair chance of success. But it had occurred to the auctioneer that if the door were made to open directly upon the street, it would be extremely difficult for the most daring and experienced cracksmen to prosecute to a successful conclusion, at the momentary risk of detection, a labour of several hours, requiring the employment of numerous tools. Besides which, the police being aware of the existence of the door, the constable on the beat was accustomed to examine it carefully whenever he passed; so that if any attempt to force it had been made since the last inspection, he could not fail to detect the fact immediately.

The auctioneer stepped through the doorway and shut the door behind him. Striking a match, he lit the candle in a small lantern which he carried, and it was then evident that, supposing our burglar to have forced the outer door, he would so far have found little to reward his

pains, for a second strong-door at some distance from the first required to be opened also. This done, the interior of the safe was seen. It was a small room, about ten feet square, entirely without access to the house, the walls and vaulted ceiling strongly constructed of stone. Its only furniture was a small table and chair, and a nest of drawers clamped to the wall. Close by this, reaching from the floor to the spring of the arch, was what appeared to be a dingy, full-length portrait of a gentleman of the time of Charles II., in a tarnished gilt frame. On inspection, this picture looked as if painted on panel; but if sounded with the knuckles, it was found to be of a different material—solid metal.

Most men, especially rich men, have a hobby. Mr Cross had two. They were, first, diamonds; secondly, mechanics. His trade was not of the ordinary class; and he, with one or two other firms, had practically a monopoly of it in London. He dealt only in precious stones, jewellery, valuable pictures, and such-like articles. To his rooms, pawnbrokers sent their unredeemed pledges of this kind for sale by public auction, as the law directs. Where it was necessary, under the terms of a will, to dispose of family plate and jewellery, the executors were generally advised to retain the services of Mr Cross. Should the more valuable and less bulky effects of the Right Honourable the Earl of Englethorpe ever come to the hammer, as sometimes appeared to that nobleman to be a not quite impossible occurrence, it was by no means unlikely—such is the irony of fate—that Mr Cross would wield the fatal hammer. In this way it happened that the auctioneer, being brought into business contact with dealers in precious stones, enjoyed opportunities of gratifying his passion for diamonds at a cost which would have astounded the general public, who are accustomed to shop-window prices. During some twenty years, he had expended in this way over thirty thousand pounds, and had destined his collection to form a *parure* for his daughter on her marriage, which should at least equal that of any duchess in the three kingdoms. And it contributed not a little to his grief, that the possibility of her ever coming to wear those diamonds seemed to be but a very remote one.

For the protection of the fruits of his first hobby, his second had come into play. In his youth, when the choice of a trade or profession had been offered to him by his father—also an auctioneer with a large business—he had elected to be a mechanical engineer. He had accordingly been apprenticed to an eminent firm, and had gone through the drudgery exacted from all, without distinction of class or means, who enter that profession, in which there is no royal road to learning. He had developed such ingenuity and ability, that there would have been no difficulty about a future partnership, when his father died suddenly. It was highly advisable that the business, a large and lucrative one, should be carried on. Young Cross, with that decision of character which marked him through life, instantly determined to abandon engineering and adopt his father's trade, which prospered in his hands until it reached its present dimensions. But he never wasted anything; and he turned his mechanical knowledge and skill to such

purpose by way of recreation, that amongst other sources of wealth he was the owner of several valuable patents of his own invention. He had a small workshop and forge fitted up in the rear of his house, and here he was accustomed often to occupy himself in the evening and early morning. It was his only amusement; for of books he was wont to say, and believe, that they were but the brains of other men, and of little use to a man who had brains of his own.

His next proceedings will show how he had turned his mechanical genius to account for the safe keeping of his diamonds. Any person opening the drawers in the nest would have found them full of old papers, and would also have found that they would not come entirely out of their places. Opening, however, the third drawer from the top, the auctioneer pulled at it strongly, until it came out with a sharp snap, exposing the opening into which it fitted. The back of this drawer was a movable flap, working on hinges, and retained in its place by a powerful spring, so that it required a considerable exertion of strength to extract the drawer from the nest. Putting his hand into the aperture, Mr Cross grasped an iron semicircular handle which fitted into a niche in the wall at the back of the drawers, and drew it towards him. As he did so, the seeming picture glided noiselessly away, leaving its frame surrounding a dark opening. Through this he passed into what was in effect a huge inner safe; a closet about four feet square by six in height, lined throughout with inch-thick steel, and within that again with four inches of fire-resisting composition contained in an iron skin. The sliding door was steel, very thick and massive, fastening with half-a-dozen spring catches, moving in a groove four inches in depth, and absolutely impervious to any one not acquainted with the machinery.

Every portion of this latter apparatus had been devised and constructed by the auctioneer with his own hands, and placed in position by him after the safe—made to his order by a famous maker—had been set up. The rest was a mere matter of stone-masonry, completed by ordinary workmen under his own eye; so that the secret was with him alone. Even now the whole has not been revealed. Prior to withdrawing the semicircular handle, it was necessary to turn it to the right, from a perpendicular to a horizontal position. Unless this were done, the act of pulling out the handle set in motion a clockwork apparatus, which at the end of thirty seconds released a heavy counterpoise, the effect of which was to close the sliding door of the inner safe smartly, and to throw out of gear the machinery which worked it. It could then only be opened by means of a second mechanical arrangement, connected with another handle which was concealed behind a block of stone in the wall near the roof. It is evident that any person entering the safe after opening the door, unless in possession of the second part of this secret, would be effectually trapped. His comrades, if any, would be unable to deliver him, and he would have to abide an ignominious capture. This device the auctioneer considered superior to any system of spring-guns or such-like vulgarities, which are almost as likely to injure the owner

as the thief. Against each side of the safe were piled ordinary deed-boxes, containing the various securities representing the bulk of his fortune; but against the side opposite to the door was an iron box weighing perhaps five hundredweight, and clamped firmly to the floor.

The auctioneer knelt down, and with a small key fastened to the handle of the larger one, opened the box, disclosing a number of jewel-trays. As he lifted them out one after the other, the light of the lantern twinkled upon the rare and valuable gems, of all sizes and shapes, which lay loose upon the satin cushions. He looked at them long and earnestly, counting them over and over again, and flashing the more precious of them to and fro against the light.

'Ay!' he muttered—'all for her—for little Amy. What use in them now? It's all over—all over and done with for ever.' But again came the thought that if Amy were to become a widow, she might wear the diamonds after all.

He closed and locked the box, rose from his knees, and went back to the nest of drawers outside. As he forced the handle into its place, the picture reappeared, and the sliding-door shut to with a click. Pushing back the movable flap, he insinuated the drawer into its place, replaced the papers taken from it, and closed it. Then, closing the inner strong-door, he stepped again into the street, shutting the outer door after him; and having satisfied himself that it was securely closed, went into the house and to bed, where he slept heavily, being quite tired out, until nearly ten o'clock in the morning.

Despite his vigils of the night before, Mr Cross was tolerably punctual to his eleven o'clock appointment at the rooms occupied by Captain Ferrard and his wife in Duke Street. That gentleman received him with smooth looks and fair words, for it was by no means his cue to be the first to quarrel. So he courteously hoped that Mr Cross was well, invited him to a seat, making no allusion to the fact that this was the first time they had met since the marriage, and then left his visitor to state the reason of his call.

'I'm a plain business man, sir,' said the auctioneer after a moment or two; 'and I've got little time to spare, so I'll come to the point at once. It seems, from what my daughter told me last night, that you and she don't get on quite so well together as you should.'

'Ay, ay!' said the captain carelessly. The demon within him was being aroused. He had not the slightest intention of allowing this tradesman to lecture him. The latter waited for some further remark, but none came.

'That isn't as it should be between man and wife, you know,' said he at last, somewhat nonplussed.

'I'll be as plain with you, Mr Cross, as you can possibly be with me,' said the captain, turning round suddenly so as to face his visitor. 'My wife has been complaining to you, it seems. Well, I suppose we have our trifling disagreements, like other couples, and scarcity of money does not tend to sweeten the temper—does it? I quite agree with you that this is not as it should be; but then, how few things are! Am I to suppose

that it is only on this subject that you wish to speak to me?

'Don't be hasty,' replied Mr Cross. 'I'm not saying it's your fault, nor anybody's fault. I come to you in a friendly way, not to have words about it. I've been thinking the matter over a good deal since last night, and I've come to fancy things might somehow be arranged between us, after all.'

Ferrard pricked up his ears. 'Very good of you to say so,' he said politely.

'I don't say that I've quite thought it out, and I don't say what I will do, you understand, or what I won't. But no doubt there's a good deal of truth in your remark about money and temper. I'm a rough, cross-grained sort of fellow, and perhaps I may have been too quick over this affair. I'm afraid I wasn't too civil to you that day; and you must own you were a bit aggravating too. I only want my girl to be happy.'

'I assure you, Mr Cross,' said the captain, with engaging frankness, 'that in that respect we are entirely at one. I have every desire for your daughter's happiness—and, I may add, for my own; of course, in a secondary degree. But I have already pointed out to you, and you have been good enough to agree with me, that good temper and easy circumstances are intimately allied; and I think you will also admit that bad temper and happiness are entirely incompatible. And considering our respective tastes and habits, five hundred a year can scarcely be considered affluence.'

For all his desire to be conciliatory, he could not entirely repress the slight sneer which pervaded his tone and manner.

The auctioneer looked steadily and gravely at him as he replied: 'I daresay we shall find some way of getting rid of the inconvenience, sir. But I'm due in the City long before this, so I'll only say that I hope we shall be better acquainted, and we can't be that without seeing more of one another. What do you say to a bit of dinner at my house on Thursday and staying the night? Then you and I can talk this little matter over by ourselves, between man and man. I'm going out of town for a week on Friday; and if you don't mind, I'll arrange for Amy to meet me at London Bridge and keep me company—she looks as if a whiff of the sea wouldn't hurt her—and then, you know, you could think over any proposal I might make to you, alone and quietly; and tell me what you say to it, when we come back.'

The captain's heart leaped within him at these proposals. Pressing claims were at this moment hanging over him, which it seemed that he might now be able to meet. He could ask no fairer opportunity for captivating his father-in-law and so turning his dearth into plenty. So he responded to the invitation with great heartiness, professed himself delighted at the prospect of so pleasant a trip for his wife; and they shook hands and parted.

Mr Cross stood on the doorstep for a moment, deep in thought. His mind sadly misgave him. He mistrusted his power of dealing with this cool, sarcastic, easy-mannered vagabond, as he would have dealt with one of his own class. He shook his head as he walked away. If the man would but die!

That night, feeling weary and worn out, he thought he would indulge in a little tinkering of some sort in his workshop—to him a never-failing source of relaxation. For some time past he had been engaged in making a duplicate set of keys for the doors of the strong-room and the iron box which held the diamonds, as a useful precaution in case the originals should be lost or mislaid. So, after dinner, he put on his leathern apron and again set to work, pipe in mouth. When he had finished the work, he paid the usual evening visit to his diamonds, using the new keys. With a touch or two of the small file which he carried in his hand, he found that they fitted perfectly.

Amy had been the same day to her father in the City, all anxiety to learn the result of the interview, as her husband declined to tell her anything. Mr Cross had, as we know, but little to tell; he could only bid her, as before, to keep a good heart, and it would all come right. He informed her of the arrangements which had been made for Thursday and Friday next, named the hour at which she was to meet him at London Bridge, and sent her away a little perplexed, but rejoicing greatly at the prospect of the trip, and trusting implicitly in her father's wisdom.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

CERTAIN things are supposed to come by the grace of nature and the free gift of providence; and the Art of Conversation is one of them. No one dreams of cultivating this art, either in its perfected form or in those rudiments which stand as a 'grammar in use for beginners'; that is—correct diction, just expression, that inflection of the voice which shall be eloquent without being theatrical, and that emphasis which shall be indicative without being exaggerated. People drawl out their words into long tails or clip them into docked stumps; they loop them on to the other with a running chain of 'ers,' or they bite them off short, each word falling plumb and isolated, disconnected from all the rest; they let their labials go by the board, and bury their rs in the recesses of their larynx; they throw the accent on the wrong syllable, and transform their vowels according to their liking; they say 'wuz' for 'was,' 'omnibus' for 'omnibus,' and 'y' are' for 'you are'; they shoulder out all the middle aspirates and some of the initials, and forget that words ending in 'ing' have a final g which is neither to be burked out of existence nor hardened into a ringing k. All which lingual misdemeanours they commit with a clear conscience and a light heart, because ignorant that they have committed any misdemeanour at all.

Even people of birth and breeding, who should be without offence in those matters, fall in their grammar, and say the queerest things in the world. 'These sort of things,' 'Who have you asked?' 'Every one of them know you;' 'Between you and I,' 'Neither men or women;' 'No one' as the antecedent, and 'they' as the relative—these are just a few of the commonest errors of daily speech of which no one is ashamed, and to which were you to make a formal objection, you would be thought a pedant for your

pains, and laughed at when your back was turned. If these things are done in the green tree of method, what may not be looked for in the dry of substance? And sure it is that we find very queer things indeed in that dry of substance, and prove for ourselves how the Art of Conversation is reduced to its primitive elements, which few give themselves the trouble to embellish, and fewer still to perfect.

To begin at the beginning, how seldom people pay undivided attention to the conversation on hand, and how often their thoughts wander and stray everywhere but where they should be! The most absurd, the most trivial, thing distracts them. A spider on the wall breaks the thread of an enthralling narrative, and a butterfly on the lawn breaks into the gravest, or the most poetic, talk as ruthlessly as the proverbial bull smashes into the proverbial china-shop. Another alumnus in the same school, though of a different class, will not let you speak without interruption. Like a cockerel, spurring and springing at its brother, this kind dashes at you with an answer before you have half stated your case. 'You mean this?' he says, performing that feat called 'taking the words out of your mouth.' And forthwith he begins his refutation of that which you have not said and probably had no intention of saying. Another will not wait until you have finished. His words cross and intermingle with yours in hopeless confusion of both sound and sense. You both speak together, and neither listens to the other—you, because you 'have the floor,' and he, because he wishes to have it. Conversation with such is impossible. It is a battle of words—mere words—like a heap of loose stones shot pell-mell out of a cart; and not that orderly interchange of ideas which is what true conversation should be.

Others, cousins-german to these, interfere in talk with which they have no business. They do not join in; thus enlarging the basis and enriching the superstructure; but they break in with something quite irrelevant, destroying the most interesting discussion on the most puerile pretence, as a feather whisk might knock down a Sevres vase. This form of bad-breeding is much in use among women when they are jealous, and want to make themselves unpleasant to each other. The poet or the lord, the bishop or the general, that grand name or this great fortune—the man who is the feminine cynosure and whose attention confers distinction—is talking to some one singled out from the rest. He has to be detached and made to transfer himself. Accordingly, one of the boldest of the discontented outsiders goes up to the charge, and in the midst of a talk on literature, art, politics, on his travels or her experiences, cuts in with a question about the next flower-show or the last murder; with Who? What? When? How? no nearer to the subject on hand than the moon is near to Middlesex. This is an offence of daily occurrence, even among well-bred people—human nature having the ugly trick of breaking out of the delicate swaddling-clothes in which education and refinement would fain confine it.

Sometimes your interlocutor is a mother abnormally occupied with her children, and unable for two consecutive minutes to free her

thoughts from the petty details of their lives. She does not even pretend to listen to what you are saying. All the time you are speaking, her eyes are wandering about the room, to make sure that Tom is not forgetting his manners, and that Jane is not making holes in hers—that Frank is where he should be, and Sarah not where she should not be—that Edith is not talking too much, and that Charley is not talking too little: it does not matter what she is anxious about, seeing that if it be not one thing it will be another. And you need not be offended, nor take her inattention as a slight special to yourself. The Golden-mouthed himself could not fix her thoughts, wandering as they always are over the pathless spaces of her maternal fear. She is one of the most disagreeable of the whole tribe of the conversational awkward-squad. You have nothing for it but to stop dead—in the midst of a sentence, if need be—until she has brought her roving eyes back to the point which presupposes attention, and appears to be conscious that you are speaking to her.

Others yawn in your face with frank and undisguised weariness; and some put up the transparent screen of a fan or two fingers; others, again, make that constrained grimace which accompanies the eating and the swallowing of the yawn, and think that their sudden gulp and hesitation will pass unobserved. Some give wrong answers, with their eyes fixed on yours, as if listening devoutly to all you say, and absorbed in your conversation. They have mastered this part of the form, and can look as if drinking in to the last verbal drop. The reality is analogous to that condition of Baron Münchhausen's horse with which we are all familiar, and which we express by the phrase: 'Going in at one ear and out by another.' One who had learned this art of looking attention without giving it, once fell into a pit whence was no possible extraction. 'Do you call gentlemen in England It?' said an English-speaking German who thought his sweet companion had been entirely interested in his talk. Her eyes—and what eyes they were!—had been all he could desire—fixed, listening, interested. Meanwhile, her ears had been occupied elsewhere. At her back, on the ottoman where she was sitting, was being carried on a conversation in which she was deeply interested. Before her sat her German, labouring heavily among the stiff clay-clods of his imperfect English. Her answer to his remark betrayed the absence of the mind underneath all the steadfastness of her bewildering eyes. 'Do you call gentlemen in England It?' he repeated with mingled reproach, sorrow, and—enlightenment. That random answer to his previous question cost her the offer of a spray of orange blossom—and him the pain of its refusal.

Beyond these rudiments comes the higher art reaching into grace, and needing enlightened intelligence for its perfection. The section which we have been considering belongs only to the grammar, the beginning, the mere infancy of things, like the New Zealander's tattoo for personal decoration, or his hideous idol for representative art. Beyond the good-breeding of attention comes the supreme art, we had almost said the science of conversation—of all things

the most difficult, to judge by its rarity at least in England. It is more common in France, where it is better understood, and where a good conversationalist is prized as a Master in his own degree. And be it observed—a good conversationalist is not the same thing as a good anecdotist, a good debater, a good talker—this last too often sinning with Coleridge in monopolising all the talk to himself, and granting only some 'brilliant flashes of silence' wherein the ruck may have their innings. A good conversationalist, on the contrary, is essentially reciprocal. He flings his own ball, but he catches the return and waits for its throw. He has a light touch, and that kind of skill which glances off rather than hits fair and square. He has also the power of suggestiveness and direction, as perfect in its way as the skill with which certain adepts can make a ball wind in and out of stumps and stakes by the clever twist of their first throw off. He is not one of those who run a subject to earth and finish it all the same as one would finish a fox; but he keeps it alive and going with the neatest, deftest, little fillips possible—as the Japanese keep up their paper butterflies with airy puffs of their flimsy fans, or as a thaumaturgist guides his spinning-plates with the tip of his forefinger. When it is all over, and you ask yourself what you have got by it, you are forced to confess, Nothing. You have been superficially amused, and for the moment interested; but you have learned nothing, and are no richer mentally than you were before the verbal butterfly began to flutter and the wordy plate to spin.

We in England, however, know but little of this kind of talk. We have men who argue, and men who assert; and we have men, and women too, who come down with a thud on the toes of all whom they encounter in the various walks of conversation. But of the light bright thrust and parry, the brilliant quarte and tierce, the flashing 'pinked' and quick *riposte* characteristic of the palmy days of Parisian society, we have but very little. For foils we use bludgeons; for paper butterflies, leaden bullets. We are too much in earnest to be graceful, and too anxious about our subject to be careful of our method. Hence we have better dialecticians than conversationalists, and better fighters than fencers. But really, say, at a dinner, or in the crowded corners of a fashionable *soirée*, you cannot go into the mazes of 'evidences,' nor discuss the value of esoteric Buddhism, nor yet winnow your sheaf of political economy, beginning with Adam Smith and ending with Henry George. You can only play with words and toss up airy bubbles of ideas. And he who can play with most dexterity, and whose airy bubbles have the brightest iridescence, is the hero of the moment and the master of the situation.

As a rule, authors are but dull dogs in conversation. They keep their good things for their books. Those who expect in literary society the feast of reason and the flow of soul, find themselves for the most part woefully disappointed. More is to be got out of the amateurist set—that fringe which would be if it could, and which hangs on to the main body as the best thing it can do in the circumstances.

But authors of the professional and bread-winning class will talk only of things already known, repeating what they have written, but taking care not to forestall what they have not yet printed. They, and all professionals of any denomination whatsoever, are also given to talk shop among themselves; and shop is usually disagreeable to the outsider.

We might do worse than cultivate Conversation as an Art. Time has room for all things in his hand, and life has need of variety. Desperately busy and terribly in earnest as we may be, blowing bubbles has yet its value. Moreover, the true art of conversation is a lesson in good breeding, which, in its turn, is the *fine fleur* of civilisation; and thus, from the rootwork of manner to the efflorescence of matter, there is something to be gained by the perfection of the art.

IN QUEER COMPANY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

If the following account of what happened to me a few years ago serves no other purpose, it may pass muster as an illustration of two old sayings, namely, that 'One half of the world does not know how the other half lives,' and that 'Truth is often stranger than fiction.'

It was late on a very cold afternoon during the winter of 1876-77, that I was hurrying westward along the Marylebone Road, congratulating myself upon having turned my back upon the bitter east wind, and comparing the climate of London towards the end of December with that which I had been enjoying exactly twelve months previously, when at Calcutta, as one of the Special Correspondents with the Prince of Wales. I had got nearly as far as the Edgware Road, when a man touched his hat to me and asked me for the wherewith to get a night's lodging. He did not look like an ordinary or a professional beggar. His clothes, although very shabby, were evidently well made. He looked so pinched and weary, that I stopped and fumbled in the ticket-pocket of my overcoat for a sixpence to give him. He stared at me very hard indeed whilst I was getting the money, and as I handed it to him, broke out with an exclamation of wonder, asking me whether my name was not so-and-so. I replied that it was; and asked him where he had ever seen me before. To make a long story short, this poverty-stricken man asking alms on the public streets turned out to be a gentleman I had known many years before, when he was a captain in one of our crack lancer regiments, and had a private fortune of his own of more than fifteen hundred a year. When I had last seen him, he was a man of little over thirty; but was now on the wrong side of fifty; and owing to want, care, hunger, cold, and dirt, looked very much older. He had always been a very fast man. Betting, cards, and doing bills at sixty per cent, had worked out their legitimate ends upon him. I had lost all sight of him for fully twenty years, but remembered having heard that he had been obliged to sell out on account of his many debts. All this, and much more too, he related when he came to my house, as I had told him to do, and helped him as far as it was

in my power, with a little money and some old clothes.

When I asked him what he intended to do for the future, he said that if he could only get a decent outfit and a few pounds for travelling expenses, he had an opening in Paris that would soon put him on his legs again. It so happened that I knew slightly two or three men who had been in the same regiment with this individual; and of these there was one who was very well off. I therefore wrote out an appeal for the poor fellow, sent it to the different parties; and was greatly pleased when I found that instead of realising, as I had hoped, some ten or fifteen pounds, the contributions sent me came to upwards of thirty pounds. With this money I first got the unfortunate man a fairly good outfit of clothes, and then made over to him the balance left, about six pounds, to use as he liked. He was exceedingly grateful; and asked me to express his thanks to those who had responded so generously to my letters. It was about a fortnight after I had met him on the Marylebone Road that he called to bid me farewell, and to thank me again for all I had done, which, after all, was merely having written some half-dozen letters, and taken a little trouble in getting his clothes as good and as cheap as I could. He told me that he was leaving for Paris that evening.

For five or six months I neither saw nor heard anything about him. At the end of that time I received a note from this individual, telling me he was in London, saying he would like to see me, and giving me his address at a respectable hotel near Leicester Square. I wrote an answer; and as I happened to be going into the neighbourhood, called at the hotel, intending to leave it there. But as the waiter told me that the gentleman was at home, and was then writing in the coffee-room, I went there, and found my former acquaintance, who seemed delighted to see me. He had evidently prospered since I last saw him. He was well, if perhaps somewhat flashily dressed; had what seemed to be a valuable pin in his neck-scarf, a thick gold chain from one waistcoat pocket to another, and two or three rings on his fingers. He looked more like a Frenchman than an Englishman; and would certainly have passed a better muster at Brebant's or in the *Café du Helder* than he could have done in a London club. But what showed more plainly than anything else that he had done well, and what pleased me greatly, was that he there and then pulled out a roll of bank-notes and insisted upon repaying me what I had collected for him from his former friends. It was in vain that I protested that those gentlemen had parted with their money as a gift and not as a loan; that I did not know where to find them at present; and that I begged he would not think of repaying me the small portion I had contributed to the amount. No; nothing would serve him but to make me take the money and to give it back as best I could to those who had assisted him in his great distress.

As a matter of course, I was very curious to know by what means he had, in some measure at anyrate, recovered his position in the world; or how he had managed to fill his empty purse. But to all my questions he gave the most evasive

answers. Remembering what his pursuits used to be long ago, I felt certain that he had got into some lucky vein of play or of betting, and that he was making a living either by cards or on the racecourse. But after a few days' observation of what he did, I was sure that I was labouring under a mistake. Just at that time of the year several of our great race-meetings were in full swing; but he never went near any of them; nor did he ever attempt to go back amongst the men who had been his companions long ago. I offered to get his name put down as an honorary or visiting member of one or two good clubs; but he invariably declined. When he asked me, as he often did, to dine with him, it was always at one, or other of the best foreign restaurants in London. When I called on him at his hotel, he seemed to be always busy either writing or receiving letters. One night I looked him up about eleven p.m. on my way back from the theatre. But they told me at the hotel he always went out between nine and ten p.m., and seldom came back before the small-hours of the morning.

In London, a busy man has little or no time to think of any one's affairs except his own; but I confess that this gentleman used often to puzzle me not a little. His seeming prosperity in money matters as compared with his former circumstances, and the singular life he led, caused me often to wonder what were the sources whence he derived his income, my curiosity being not a little increased by his evident desire to keep me in the dark as to the truth of the case. But the solution of a difficult social problem almost invariably comes to hand when least expected, and this case was no exception to the rule.

I had not seen my friend for some two or three weeks, when I received a note asking me to call upon him, as he had met with a bad accident and was confined to his bed. I accordingly went to see him; and found that he had slipped upon the street, had injured his knee somewhat severely, and was suffering great pain. He had called in a surgeon, who had ordered the most perfect rest for at least ten days or a fortnight; and having no other friend in London of whom he could ask a favour, he begged me to help him in certain matters of business which could not be neglected. As a matter of course, I offered to be of any service I could to him; and he said that the first favour he would ask of me was to go to a small news-agent near Soho Square and ask for any letters directed to 'T. D.; to be left till called for.'

I did so; and found there four letters so addressed, all bearing French post-marks, and took them to him at the hotel. He opened them with evident eagerness, and read them with an anxiety which he could not disguise from me, although he very evidently tried his best to do so. The contents of these communications seemed to give him great annoyance. After a short time, during which he seemed deep in thought, he wrote out a curious, mysterious advertisement, such as we read almost every day in the 'Agony column' of the *Times*, and asked me to get it inserted in three of the chief morning papers. I read what he had written, and wondered not a little what he meant. In the advertisement, 'Adventure' was requested to

'keep dark until Phillip wrote.' The sick man saw me smile as I read it, and looked very anxious and embarrassed, assuring me that there was no harm whatever in the hidden meaning of the notice. Having work of my own to attend to, I left him, saying I would call again the next day. But he begged so earnestly for me to come before post-time, that I consented to do so. He told me that he did not like intrusting his letters to the people of the hotel, who were either very curious or extremely neglectful on all such matters. I therefore returned in the afternoon, when he handed me two letters, which he asked me to post. They were both addressed to Paris, to persons with French-like names, and were to be left *poste restante* at different post-offices. The next day but one he asked me to go to the same small news-agent near Soho Square and ask for any letters that might be there for him. I found two, and brought them to him. He read them with great eagerness; and again wrote two letters, which he asked me to post for him, evidently not caring to trust the people of the hotel with his correspondence. This went on almost every day. On one occasion, he took out of one of the letters I brought him a draft from a Paris bank upon one in London for one hundred pounds payable to 'T. C. Dane, or order.' He indorsed it, and asked me to get it cashed for him, which I did. He evidently saw that I was not only puzzled as to what his mysterious business could be, but that I had serious thoughts of not coming near him again until I found out whether my doing so would compromise myself. And apparently acting upon a sudden impulse, he all at once opened out and made what I may call his confession to me.

'For some time past,' he began, 'I have seen that you wonder what my business is, and why I am so mysterious with regard to what I do and what I write. Well, I will now make a clean breast of it.'

He then told me that some two or three years previously, he had got into what he called 'worse than a mess' in Paris. He had somehow got mixed up with a gang of card-sharpers, without knowing to what an extent they carried on their dishonest practices, and had so far compromised himself, that the French police had him at their mercy. They had, however, let him off, holding over him the power they had to prosecute him at any future time, should they think he deserved it. But they made certain conditions with him; and these were, that he should go to London, and furnish them from time to time with all the information he could gather respecting certain receivers of goods, stolen in France, who resided in this metropolis. In order to do this the more effectually, he had managed not only to get acquainted with the leaders of a gang which worked for their friends in Paris, but he had also got himself received as one of them, and used to go to their meetings almost every night. The work, as he told me, had been most unpleasant, but it was nearly at an end; and the French police had promised that he should very soon be altogether free from his engagements with them.

To mix with people of whom little or nothing is known, and to penetrate into places which are hidden from the generality of mankind, has

always had a great charm for me. Mr Dane was not a little surprised when, instead of leaving him after I had heard his story, I told him he would do me a great favour if he took me to a meeting of his dishonest friends; and that I would pledge myself never to give any information that might lead to a single member of the band getting into trouble. After making some objections to my request, he at last consented; and said that the first night he could get out he would go to the meeting of the gang by himself, but would then make arrangements for me to accompany him the following evening. And thus it was that I managed to get into very 'queer company.'

If any one was to offer me one hundred pounds to show him where the place in which the thieves and receivers of stolen goods is or was situated, I could not do so, even if it was honourable to divulge what I had promised faithfully to keep secret. This much I may say, that having dined in the Strand, we walked up Catherine Street, and turned to the right when we came to the court that flanks the south side of Drury Lane Theatre. Here my companion stopped, took out of his pocket a pair of spectacles, and said, 'I must put them on before he could take me any farther. I did as he desired; and found the glasses to be so dark that I could not see an inch beyond my nose. My friend laughed; and linking his arm in mine, said he would conduct me safely; but that he was obliged to make it a point I should not be able to recognise the streets we passed through, even if I wanted to do so. As near as I could guess, we took some ten minutes to reach our destination, after I had put on the glasses. My companion then stopped, knocked in a peculiar manner at a street door, told me to take off the spectacles, and led me through what seemed to be a coffee-shop of the most humble kind. In a large room beyond this, there were seated six or seven men, who were not by any means all of the same type. Two or three were evidently Frenchmen, and were talking together with the usual volubility of their nation. The rest were scattered here and there. All were smoking. Some had cups of tea or coffee before them, whilst others seemed to be indulging in spirits-and-water. My companion was greeted by all present as a friend they had been waiting for and were glad to see. He introduced me to the party assembled as 'one of us, just come from Paris.' No questions were asked, nor, beyond one or two civil inquiries, was any particular notice taken of me. I was asked what I would drink, offered my choice of cigars or cigarettes; and then the meeting commenced to discuss, in an informal kind of manner, the business which had brought those present together.

From what I could gather, it seemed that there had been, a few days before, a robbery of valuable jewels in Paris; and that the difficulty of those connected with the affair was to get the plunder safely over to the United States. The London police had been put on the alert; but the thieves—or shall I call them the agents and helpers of thieves!—did not seem to fear them. They discussed very freely the relative merits of the French and English detective systems; saying, that in cases of housebreaking and murders, the latter rarely failed to bring the offenders to justice; but

that in cases of clever 'plants,' the former were much more to be feared.

'You never know,' said one Englishman present, with a round oath, 'where or when you may come across those horrible French spies. Why, we might have here, in the very midst of us, some one who is in their pay.'

I thought to myself how little these fellows knew that my friend who had introduced me into the room belonged to the very tribe whom they feared so much. But of the United States they spoke in the highest terms; or in very much the same manner that an artisan who could not earn the wherewith to pay for dry bread in this country, might praise some place in the Far West where industry was certain to gain an honest living. From what I gathered, it would seem that whenever a robbery on a large scale is carried out, the first object of those concerned is to get 'the swag' out of the country as soon as possible. Thus, the produce of a plunder in Paris is almost invariably taken to London, and *vice versa*. If the thieves can so arrange beforehand as to get away from where the theft has been committed within a few hours of the completion of their handiwork, they believe themselves to be all but safe, or at least the chances are about five to one in their favour. If they have the luck to get clear of Europe and safely land in America, the chances are that they will get clear altogether, realise a good price for their plunder, and make things pleasant all round. The United States, as I said before, is a capital country to go to; but South America is still better. In neither of these parts are many questions asked; but in the latter country the prices given are higher than in the north, and sales are more readily effected. In London, the market for jewelry is by no means good; for, as a rule, the stones have to be taken out of the setting; and the latter has to be secreted or instantly melted, else the police are pretty certain to get scent of the affair.

It must not be thought that those composing the very singular company amongst whom I found myself were at all in the burglar line. I don't believe that there was a single house-breaking implement to be found amongst them. From all I gathered, they were the receivers, and not the actual robbers, of valuable goods. They talked together of their common pursuit much in the same manner that so many brokers might converse respecting the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange, or a party of farmers might give their opinions respecting the coming corn or other crops. What surprised me most was the manner in which the company, one and all, spoke of what they called their 'business,' as if it was of the most legitimate kind; and I feel certain that they would have resented warmly the words of any one who threw the shadow of a doubt upon the propriety of their occupation. In what they said of things in general, they all appeared to be very much of the same way of thinking; or, at any rate, they expressed themselves as holding very much the same views. On one subject only did I hear strong language expressed, and that was when one of them—who, from what he said, seemed to have come from France very recently—gave an account of the manner in which the Paris detectives had found out a certain robbery, and had brought those who had perpetrated the same

to justice. For individuals in the pay of the police, or rather who belonged to the same, to disguise themselves and mix with the individuals who were more or less 'wanted,' they regarded as 'low' and 'sneaking' in the extreme. They were unanimous in their opinion that if the French system of detecting robberies was ever introduced into England, this 'would no longer'—as one of the party expressed himself—'be a country for any honest man to live in.'

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

So much information about everything is now so easily obtainable, that there is little excuse for enduring many of the small domestic worries to which housekeepers and others are often subjected. Why, for instance, need any one be inconvenienced by damp cupboards, when we read that a bowl of quicklime placed therein will speedily absorb the moisture? Some of us are nervous about beds not being well aired, and yet we have only to fill a large stone bottle with boiling water and put it into the bed, pressing the bolster and pillows round it in a heap. By this simple contrivance, it is comforting to learn, no one need fear giving a friend a damp bed, even if this is done only once a fortnight.

Flies are a familiar nuisance; but we are told of a foreign remedy in laurel oil, which, better than glass fly-catchers and others, will not only rid us of these pests, but preserves looking-glasses and picture-frames when coated with it. Jane the 'help' should derive satisfaction from the assurance that beetles may be effectually got rid of by sprinkling once or twice on the floor a mixture of pure carbolic acid and water, one part to ten.

It is not frequenters of restaurants only who wonder why the simple precaution of throwing red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pan—said to prevent odours from boiling ham, cabbage, &c.—is not oftener observed. Cooks are further reminded that in roasting meat, salt should not be put upon the joint before it is put in the oven, as salt extracts the juice; and that lime-water will improve the condition of old potatoes in boiling.

Eggs could be purchased with greater confidence if the German method of preserving them by means of silicate of soda was generally followed. A small quantity of the clear sirup solution is smeared over the surface of the shell. On drying, a thin, hard, glassy film remains, which serves as an admirable protection and substitute for wax, oil, gums, &c.

Economy in housekeeping would be facilitated by the better observance of what are known in common parlance as 'wrinkles.' For example, why purchase inferior nutmegs, when their quality can be tested by pricking them with a pin? If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture. It is worth recollecting that bar-soap should be cut into square pieces, and put in a dry place, as it lasts better after shrinking. If we wish to keep lemons fresh for some time, we have only to place them in a jar of water and change it every morning. In selecting flour, we are advised to look to the colour. If it is white with a yellowish straw-colour tint, we should buy

it; but if it is white with a bluish cast, or with black specks, we should refuse it.

Broken china can be mended with a useful glutine made with a piece of old cheese mixed with lime; and the wooden palings of the garden may be preserved from the weather by coating them with a composition of boiled linseed oil and pulverised charcoal, mixed to the consistence of paint. In this way wood can be made to last longer than iron in the ground. If we consult our health, we should plant the garden with odoriferous plants such as wall-flowers, mignonette, and other old English flowers and herbs, which have a remarkable power of developing ozone and purifying the atmosphere from miasmatic poisons.

Amateur joiners may derive comfort from the knowledge that nails and screws if rubbed with a little soap are easily driven into hard wood. The same household commodity, of a fine white quality, if rubbed over new linen will enable it to be more easily embroidered, as it prevents the threads from cracking.

A deal of breakage amongst glass and crockery can be prevented by the simple precaution of placing lamp-chimneys, tumblers, and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which some common table-salt has been added. Boil the water well, and then allow it to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed, they will resist any sudden changes of temperature.

Crape may be renovated by thoroughly brushing all dust from the material, sprinkling with alcohol, and rolling in newspaper, commencing with the paper and crape together, so that the paper may be between every portion of the material. Allow it to remain so until dry.

A better plan for removing grease-spots than by applying a hot iron is to rub in some spirit of wine with the hand until the grease is brought to powder, and there will be no trace of it. Every schoolboy is not aware that ink-spots can be removed from the leaves of books by using a solution of oxalic acid in water; nor does every housemaid know that 'spots' are easily cleaned from varnished furniture by rubbing it with spirit of camphor.

The elasticity of cane-chair bottoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new, if none of the canes are broken.

Marks on tables caused by leaving hot jugs or plates there will disappear under the soothing influence of lamp-oil well rubbed in with a soft cloth, finishing with a little spirit of wine or eau-de-Cologne rubbed dry with another cloth. When the white pianoforte keys become discoloured, we should remove the front door, fall, and slip of wood just over them; then lift up each key separately from the front—do not take them out—and rub the keys with a white cloth slightly dampened with cold water, and dry off with a cloth slightly warm. Should the keys be sticky, first damp the cloth with a little spirit of wine or gin. Soap or washing-powder must not be used. It is worth while keeping a supply of ammonia in the household, in case we wish to remove finger-marks from paint, or require to cleanse brushes or greasy pans. A teaspoonful in a basin of warm water will make

hair-brushes beautifully white; but care must be taken not to let the backs of the brushes dip below the surface. Rinse them with clean warm water, and put in a sunny window to dry.

Egg-shells crushed into small bits and shaken well in decanters three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly, but make the glass look like new. By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discolorations may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked. Again, are all of us aware that emery powder will remove ordinary stains from white ivory knife-handles, or that the lustre of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white of egg?

Nothing, it is said, is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia, finishing with a little whiting on a soft cloth. When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not in use every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in, and prevent the mustiness of the contents, familiar to hotel and lodging-house sufferers.

A BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

[In the month of May might be seen, at the Forth Bridge Works, South Queensferry, a blackbird sitting on her nest, which was built on an elevated projecting beam in the engineering shed, in close proximity to the driving-shaft, and immediately above a powerful steam-engine.]

She sits upon her nest all day,
Secure amid the toiling din
Of serpent belts that coil and play,
And, moaning, ever twist and spin.

What cares she for the noise and whir
Of clanking hammers sounding near?
A mother's heart has lifted her
Beyond a single touch of fear.

Beneath her, throbbing anvils shout,
And lift their voice with ringing peal,
While engines groan and toss about
Their tentacles of gleaming steel.

Around her, plates of metal, smote
And beat upon by clutch and strain,
Take shape beneath the grasp of Thought—
The mute Napoleon of the brain.

She, caring in nowise for this,
But, as an anxious mother should,
Dreams of a certain coming bliss,
The rearing of her callow brood.

Thou little rebel, thus to fly
The summer shadows of the trees,
The sunlight of the gracious sky,
The tender toying of the breeze.

What made thee leave thy leafy home,
The deep hid shelter of the tree,
The sounds of wind and stream, and come
To where all sounds are strange to thee?

Thou wilt not answer anything;
Thy thoughts from these are far away;
Five little globes beneath thy wing,
Are all thou thinkest on to-day.

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SOME CHEERING ASPECTS OF MORTALITY.

WHEN eminent men die, we are accustomed to say that the world has lost something; that their country or party is poorer; that none are left to fill their place, and other such expressions. But very seldom do we hear it said that the world gains when great men die; yet we have no hesitation in saying that the world often gains more by the death of leading men than it would do by their living indefinitely, or even much beyond 'the allotted span.' Again, it is not our custom to look forward to the day of our own death as a gain either to ourselves or the world. We somehow think that no one could exactly fill our shoes or act the part we have done; but as a matter of fact, our shoes may be better filled and our part better acted by the generation which follows. This fact ought to humble us a bit; and perhaps we need humbling, for there is just the trace of a tendency among moderns to underrate the men who have immediately preceded them, or who may be going off the far end of the stage as we take our places at the near.

Noble lives have often been spent to little purpose so far as their contemporaries were concerned. The fact is, 'No man is a hero to his valet,' nor is any man 'a prophet in his own country;' and as 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' it is only when the world's best men have been hid from sight in the greedy grave, that their influence has been felt in all its power. We are apt to hold even the oldest and best of our contemporaries in light esteem; but we reverence the ancients. Nay, many of earth's noblest sons have been bitterly blamed, and held up to scorn and derision in their lifetime; and not till death stepped in and took them away, did the world discover its mistake.

A poor shoemaker rises while others sleep, and searches among the wayside weeds of his native lanes, his only inspiration being his thirst for knowledge, and the joy of adding a few plants to

the known flora of his native land. His neighbours deride him, are doubtful of his sanity, and think his life a sad warning to the peasant lads around who may show signs of leaving the beaten path of the monotonous life their fathers trod. Unmindful of scorn, in defiance of fate, he goes forward in the thorny path he has chosen for himself, gaining knowledge that is quite new, making discoveries that were reserved for such as he, and at last becomes possessed of an herbarium famous for containing specimens to be found in no other. All the while he is unheard of, or heard of unfavourably; but when he grows old, and, tottering on the brink of the grave, hands over his precious scraps to the nearest university, he becomes famous. A coterie of appreciative men in far-away London collect something to relieve his pressing necessities, and—the matter ends. But he dies, and then the world gains—not the blood and toil stained herbarium, but the stimulating example of a hero's life, which, though it repelled the youth of his own time and district, becomes a burning and a shining light to lighten the path and fire the noble ambition of every youth who reads the story of the heroic struggles which bore him above the swamping waves of prejudice, of poverty, and of scorn.

When that amiable young man the Prince Imperial fell, done to death by Zulu assegais, there arose from nearly every heart in the civilised world a sigh of sympathy for his bereaved mother, and a tear was dropped by many, as they thought of the far-reaching possibilities blotted out by African savages. Yet who can doubt that that tragedy saved a whole nation of men, perhaps for generations, from a host of plotters against the destiny of their own country, not for Bonapartism, but for ends at once selfish, unpatriotic, and unworthy.

In the backwoods of America is born the son of a struggling farmer, who dies ere his son can earn a crust to sustain life. A noble woman, his mother, has a hard battle to fight in the rearing of her family; but bitter though the

conflict is, her heroism gains the victory for her in the unequal contest with want and weakness. Her son, sharing his mother's hard lot, showing her nobleness of character, determines to 'be somebody'; to serve the world in his day and generation; and, by efforts such as only heroes make, rises step by step in learning and in every art that dignifies man. From being a backwoodsman's son and from a condition of penury, he rises 'from high to higher,' till he fills the seat of a great Republic, and becomes

The pillar of a nation's hope,
The admiration of the world.

His influence for good is immense, and he promises to use it well. Suddenly, unexpectedly, a ruffian's shot lays him on his deathbed. The world, first shocked, and then moved by pity, cannot help exclaiming that this is indeed a kingly man. Bright as shone his light, it only lighted one nation before; but the flash of that pistol made him the observed of distant peoples. He dies; and the dead Garfield wields an influence for good such as a thousand living Garfields never could.

But it is not alone by the rich legacies of well-spent lives which men leave us when they die, that we gain. It is often necessary that even good men should be removed, to allow of the world's progress—much more bad men, especially if they wield a far-reaching influence. Of no men is this more true than of statesmen. When in Europe one man once heads a party, he generally remains leader while he lives. The world would not suffer from this, if the leaders of parties would move as the world moves; but they are apt to lag behind. When this is the case—and it is constantly occurring—a country may be brought to the very brink of revolutionary overthrow. At times, nations and dynasties have been saved, simply because death stepped in and removed the obstacle with which the body-politic threatened to come into collision.

Sometimes men pursue a certain course, not that it is right, not even that they think it is right, but because they stand committed to it. Oftener, men hold upon a course that everybody but themselves sees is wrong, believing it to be right; but it is only prejudice that blinds them. This is very apt to be true of us all. When once we have chosen our way, we generally keep on till death stops us. Our religion, our politics, our very prejudices, we rarely modify; and we seldom inquire why we hold certain religious or political creeds. Occasionally, a more than ordinarily strong-minded man has courage to think for himself, and even goes the length of acting for himself; but such cases are comparatively rare. Were men not mortal, were men even to live as long as did the antediluvians, progress in the world would be very slow. Threescore years and ten we may hold the world back, but no longer. We hold very different opinions from our grandfathers; but had they lived till now, it is doubtful if they would have greatly modified theirs. Enlightened as we think ourselves, it is quite probable that the generation that puts a century hence may wonder how we managed to rub along in our benightedness!

Many men are morbidly fearful of being thought inconsistent, and will rather hide their opinion

than run the risk of being thought so. Though a man may cling thus to what he may have reason to believe is not quite correct, for fear of being inconsistent, nobody will blame his son, far less his grandson, for maintaining exactly the opposite to his father's opinion. Thus, as men die, errors die; as they are swept from the stage of life, their opinions are replaced by more forward ones, held by the men who fill the shoes of those that went before.

As the Angel of Death is the destroyer of prejudices, so is he the healer of national animosities. The Scotsmen and the Englishmen who fought so fiercely and hated so bitterly at Bannockburn and at Flodden are long since gone, and in their place there is a living race of Scotsmen and Englishmen who belong to one nation, and are proud of each other. Eighty years ago, Frenchmen and Englishmen hated and fought as fiends hate and fight; but death has taken the haters away, and a new race of Englishmen and a new race of Frenchmen to-day regard each other in a very different way. To-day, the Frenchman spends his surplus hate on the Prussian, and the Prussian returns it with not a little insolence, by way of interest. But Death has a drug that is potent enough to quench even their animosities; and when he has had time to practise his art, there will remain Germans and Frenchmen ready to acknowledge that there is room enough in Europe for both; to respect the greatness of each other, and to exchange, not rifle-shots, but friendly greetings.

For centuries, misgovernment has sown evil seed in unhappy Ireland, and the result is a race of Irishmen smarting under a sense of wrong, and crying out accordingly. Were men to live for ever, were memories to live for ever, Ireland never would be pacified. Bit by bit, justice is being done to Ireland, and man by man, death is removing those in whose breast the sense of wrong swelled till it has developed into fury. By-and-by their hatred will be extinguished; in course of time, the animosities between landlord and tenant will be buried. Death sits final arbiter in many a strife.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—WHIRLWINDS.

MISS HADLEIGH was always effusive in her welcomes, and on the present occasion she was more effusive than ever in her reception of Madge.

'I have been dying with anxiety to see you, dear; and if you had not come to-day, I should have gone to Willowmere, or sent for you.'

'I am glad to have come at the proper moment, then—when you wanted me.'

'Oh, it is most, most fortunate!' (She found a difficulty in discovering a sufficient superlative, and so doubled the one at her command.) 'And it concerns you as much as us, for it is about Philip and his uncle.'

Madge had not been excited with curiosity about the cause of Miss Hadleigh's anxiety to see her; and even now she was not disturbed, although more interested, when she learned that Philip had something to do with it.

'Has anything particular happened?'

'We don't know yet, dear; that is what vexes us. Philip has not been here for—oh, ever so long; and such strange things are being said about them in the city, that a friend of mine' (a pretty simper here) 'considered it to be his duty to come out expressly to tell me and ask if I knew anything.'

'But what is being said and who has told you?' inquired Madge, still undisturbed, and even inclined to smile, having experience in the young lady's way of revelling in exaggerations on the most trivial occasions.

'Alfred—that is Mr Crowell, you know.'

The correction was made with a little self-conscious smile, as if she were saying: 'Of course you know that I have the right to call him Alfred.'

Madge bowed.

'Well, Alfred tells me that people are saying that Mr Shield's great fortune is a great bubble swindle; and something about bulls and bears, that I don't understand; and that poor Philip will never be able to meet the engagements he has made in the belief that this man possessed millions. He has been dreadfully deceived; but nobody will believe that; and Philip will have to suffer all the blame, because the thing has been so cunningly done that nobody can touch Mr Shield. He is not a partner, and is in no way responsible for what Philip said or did. . . . It is perfectly frightful, and has made me so nervous that I really don't know what I am doing ever since Alfred went away. Alfred is so generous and so brave—he has gone to search for Philip, and see if anything can be done to help him out of the mess.'

Making all allowance for probable and possible exaggerations, this news was startling, and it was rendered more so by the excited interjectional manner in which it was conveyed. But it obtained additional significance when she remembered what Philip himself had said of his worries, and what had passed between her and Mr Beecham. No doubt, Philip, desiring to spare her anxiety, had made too little of his difficulties, had avoided details, and left her to believe that they were only of such a nature as to involve temporary embarrassment, which could be overcome by coolness and resolution. Alfred Crowell, being under no constraint, had blurted out the truth—or rather, he had found the rumours of such importance as to induce him to make a special journey to Ringsford to inquire into their truth. That he should make the rumours an excuse for an extra visit to his betrothed was out of the question. He came and went at will.

If it were true, then, that Philip had fallen into or been led into such desperate trouble, what was she to think of Mr Beecham's assurances that no harm should come to him? And she had pledged herself to remain silent!

These things passed through her mind as the panorama of a whole life appears in one picture to the eyes of a man who is drowning. But with the same rapidity came the suggestion of what should be done.

'You ought to seek the advice of your father.' The voice was a little husky, but the manner was decisive.

Miss Hadleigh moved her hands—they were neat hands, and she was fond of displaying them—gently upward and stared in despondent astonishment.

'We dare not speak to papa about anything connected with Mr Shield. You can't know how badly papa has been treated by him, or you would never think of such a thing.'

'Then I must do it.'

She rose and made a pace towards the door as she spoke.

'Oh, you must not do it, dear, for your own sake!' cried Miss Hadleigh, alarmed at the idea of anybody venturing to speak to her father on a subject which he had absolutely forbidden to be mentioned. 'You will bring us all into trouble if you do. You *do* know that papa did not want Philip to have any dealings with this dreadful person, and Philip would take his own way. You could not expect papa to be pleased with his disobedience; and you *cannot* expect him to be ready to give advice now, when his former advice was neglected. If you have any notion of papa's way, you must understand that he would only be angry, and say that he spoke at the right time, and it was no use speaking now.'

'I shall not bring any trouble upon you,' said Madge quietly; 'and although I see how unpleasant the subject must be to your father, I wish to speak to him. Do not be afraid, Beatrice.'

She took Miss Hadleigh's hand in both her own and looked kindly in the flushed face. But although Miss Hadleigh was afraid of her father, she could not endure to be assured by another that she need not be so. Consequently, her shoulders went up, and her chin went up, and her brows came down a little, whilst her tone became slightly supercilious.

'Oh, it is not on my own account that I advise you not to speak to him about this most painful business. I was thinking of *you*; for it *will* be a little awkward if you make him angry and refuse to help Philip, even when he has got rid of this most extremely disagreeable relative. But of *course* you can please yourself. I do not think my brother will be grateful to you afterwards, when he learns how careful I was to warn you. . . . Shall I inquire where papa is?'

'If you please,' said Madge, attempting to smile; 'but you are not to be vexed with me, Beatrice.'

'Not at all, dear,' was the response, in a slightly hysterical note, as the bell was rung with emphasis; 'my anxiety is entirely to save you disappointment.'

'I must risk that.'

The servant who answered Miss Hadleigh's summons informed her that Mr Hadleigh was in the library.

'He spends nearly all his time there now,' said

Miss Hadleigh, when the servant had departed with his message; 'he goes to town seldom, and often does not go out of the house all day.'

She was interrupted by the appearance of her father; and he was so rarely seen in the drawing-room, except for a few minutes before dinner—and not always then, unless when there were guests present—that she was startled by the sudden apparition. Moreover, she had calculated that he would send a message to the effect that he was engaged, or that he would see the visitor in the library, and in either case, she would have been protected from the suspicion of having any share in bringing about the interview. She was determined that she should not be forced to take any active part in it, and not being prepared with an excuse, she said plainly: 'Madge wants to speak to you,' and went out of the room.

Mr Hadleigh's cold face never indicated the emotions of his mind or heart; but his eyes, which followed Miss Hadleigh until the door closed upon her, turned slowly to Madge, met hers, and noting her disturbed expression, seemed to ask for explanation.

'You so rarely ask to see me, Miss Heathcote, that I am afraid something unpleasant has occurred.'

'I am sorry to disturb you,' she began quietly, but the undercurrent of agitation was revealed by the hesitating awkwardness of her manner.

'You ought rather to say that you know I am willing to be disturbed whenever you wish to see me,' he rejoined, with that suggestion of a smile which appeared at times to her and to no one else.

'Thank you—thank you. But have you not heard that Philip is in difficulties?'

'What kind of difficulties—about money?'

'Yes, yes; and his uncle, it is said, will not help him, or cannot. But you can, and will, if it should be true.'

Her hand touched his arm trustfully, as if to signify that her hope of safety lay in him. He placed his hand on hers.

'I know nothing of Philip's affairs, and have forbidden any one in the house to speak about them to me. He and I have settled matters between us: he has chosen his course, and is to abide by it. You are aware that it is not the course I should have liked him to follow; and being as it is, I cannot interfere with him.'

'But if you learn that he has been deceived and is on the brink of a great misfortune—of ruin, which will bring disgrace with it—you would not refuse to guide him!'

For an instant there was a gleam in the man's eyes, as if he rose in triumph over a fallen foe.

'You must tell me what you mean,' he said, controlling whatever evil passion had stirred within him and speaking in his ordinary measured tone. 'What you say would be very alarming, if I did not think that you must be mistaken in regard to Mr Shield. As for Philip's speculation, I did not think it had much chance of success, although it seemed to me worth trying, if it afforded him pleasure, and if—as I understand—the success or failure of his project was provided for. Has he told you that the failure has come so quickly?'

'No; he has not told me that failure has come upon him, but that he feared it. The men, the work, and all the calculations of expenses seemed to have gone wrong when he last spoke to me. Within this hour, I learned that it was reported in the city that he would be unable to meet the engagements he has made.'

'You must not mind city reports about new concerns, Miss Heathcote, for they are frequently the result of nothing more than the whispers of rivals who speak of what they wish to happen. Rumours are seldom circulated about an old established business without some good grounds for them. But for Philip's business, you will have to prepare yourself for all sorts of ridiculous rumours. You must admit that his experiment is peculiar enough to provoke them.'

'Then you do not think they can be true,' she said, drawing a long breath of relief.

'That would depend upon their source, as I am trying to make you understand. You need not in any case be anxious until you have definite information from Philip himself. I do not like to speak about Mr Shield; but, eccentric as he is, I do not think he would leave him in the lurch, when he knows that so long as Philip continues to hold the position of his heir, I shall do nothing for him.'

'Not even if Philip had been deceived?'

'Not even then. . . . But I will do anything for you.'

'And that will be the same thing,' she said, her face brightening.

'Not quite,' he observed with a coldness that was almost harsh.

But she did not observe the difference of tone and manner: she only felt that here was the opportunity to make Philip's rumoured misfortunes the means of bringing about what Philip most desired—the reconciliation of his father and Austin Shield.

'You say you would do anything for me,' she said after a moment's reflection, her expression becoming very serious as she lifted her eyes to his with pensive inquiry.

'I have said it.' The coldness had left his voice, and in its stead there was a subdued fervour, which indicated how much he was in earnest.

Then she looked at him steadily for a minute—still with that pensive inquiry in her eyes.

'You were kind—most kind and generous to me, when you desired that I should stop Philip from going to Mr Shield. You were kind, too, in the calmness with which you accepted my explanation why it was that I could not comply with your request. I am grateful.'

'Do not speak in this formal way,' he interrupted—a very unusual breach of manners for him. 'Tell me what it is you want, and if it is in my power, it shall be done.'

'It is quite within your power'—she was speaking very slowly—'but as I understand, you will find the task a most disagreeable one.'

'That does not matter. Try me.'

'Your readiness to promise makes me afraid to speak.'

'That is not fair to me, when you say that the task is quite within my power.'

'It is, it is; and it has been in my mind for months to ask you to do it.'

'If it is to serve you, have no hesitation in asking.'

'It will be a great service to me, because it will add very much to my happiness and to Philip's. I know—I have been told by yourself and others—that your relations with Mr Shield were of an unpleasant nature.'

As she made an awkward pause, he bowed his head slightly, and the cold expression was beginning to appear on his face again. Her voice was not quite so steady as at first when she continued:

'Well, will you prove to me that there was something more than a mere good-natured desire to please, when you said that you were ready to do anything for me? Will you agree to forget, or forgive, whatever misunderstandings there were between you in the past, and consent to offer your hand in friendship to your wife's brother?'

Mr Hadleigh stood quite still and silent for a little. Whatever surprise or displeasure he might be feeling, there was no indication of either on his face. He was again the hard stern man he appeared to the people around him. Madge did not like this change, and became pale as she remembered the terrible charge which was laid against him. She almost trembled with fear lest she should find it true; and then there was a flush of anger with herself for pitying one who could be so heartlessly cruel.

'Do you know the man?' he asked quietly by-and-by.

'Yes; I have met him.'

'And like him?'

'I do; and believe him to be our friend, no matter what may be said about him.' Even in her present excitement she was surprised at the singular coincidence in the nature of the questions asked by Mr Beecham and Mr Hadleigh about her acquaintance with them.

'Is it at his suggestion that you have made this proposal to me?'

'He is entirely ignorant that I had any such intention.'

'And if you had told him, he would have scoffed at the idea that I was capable of saying—even for your sake—Yes; I am ready to give him my hand in all friendliness, if he is willing to accept it.' The sad smile which lightened and softened his features appeared again. 'Have I satisfied you that I am ready to do anything for you?'

She was astounded by his sudden change of manner and ready consent to become reconciled to his enemy. Then her face brightened, and there was something approaching to an hysterical note of joy in her voice as she exclaimed: 'Then you are innocent! It is not true that you had any part in the ruin of his friend George Laurence—it is not true that you had anything to do with the report of Mr Shield's marriage which destroyed my mother's happiness! Oh, I am glad—glad and grateful!'

And in the impulse of her gladness, she would have clasped his hands; but he looked startled and drew back, as a guilty man might do. Her astonishment took another turn: was it possible that he yielded so readily to her proposal because he wished to make atonement for the past?

He recovered himself instantly, and took her hand.

'I see, Miss Heathcote, that Mr Shield has told you his version of these unhappy events,' he said anxiously; 'and in justice to myself, I must tell you mine.'

ELECTRICITY FOR NOTHING!

WE recently received an invitation to witness, in London, a new method of producing electricity for lighting and other purposes 'free of cost.' The announcement that anything, with the exception, perhaps, of the air we breathe, can in these days be had for nothing, tempted us without delay to pay a visit to 31 Lombard Street, where, at the offices of Mr H. A. Fergusson, the new system was to be seen at work. Here we found a number of the now familiar incandescent globes dispersed about a large room, together with some small motors for driving sewing-machines, &c., the whole or any number of which could be put into operation by the turn of various switches. These lamps and motors all derived their electrical energy from a primary battery contained in a cupboard. Upon looking into this cupboard, we saw a number of wooden trays, lined with sheet-copper, piled one above the other like a nest of drawers; and we were told that each tray represented one cell of the battery. Further examination showed that the constituents of each cell were a plate of zinc, placed horizontally above a dark layer of oxide of copper in a solution of caustic potash. Coming to the question of cost, or rather of alleged freedom from cost, we learned that the cells were easily charged in the first instance, and that when once charged, would remain without attention for at least a month. During this time the battery would furnish a current. In the process, the copper would be gradually exhausted; but by a simple operation, could be brought back to its pristine state, and would be ready once more for another month's work. Meanwhile the zinc would gradually be dissolved to form oxide of zinc. Now, one ton of metallic zinc can be transformed in this way to a ton and a quarter of oxide—a valuable white pigment—and as the oxide sells for a greater price than the original zinc, the promoters have some ground for their statement that electricity can be produced by this battery free of cost.

Unfortunately, recent experience of electric-lighting schemes has made the public very cautious in their reception of any new thing of an electrical nature, and there is little doubt that for some time really promising schemes will suffer for the shortcomings of their predecessors. It is, too, by no means the first time that a battery has been brought forward with the intimation that it will pay its own cost by the value of its by-products. But the effect upon the price of such by-products of glutting the market with them, is generally omitted from the calculations. Hitherto, such schemes have proved illusory; though it by no means follows that they must always do so. We have the example of gas manufacture before us, where, by careful working, the cost of the gas could be more than covered by the value of the other products of the coal.

A great deal of valuable information on the subject of primary batteries for electric lighting may

be gleaned from a paper recently read before the Society of Arts, London, by Mr Isaac Probert, and which has since been published in that Society's *Journal*. (We may here point out that the word 'primary,' as applied to batteries, has become necessary in quite recent times, to distinguish those which furnish a direct current from those which, under the name of accumulators, storage or secondary batteries, require charging, in the first instance, from another battery, or dynamo-machine. The current so stored can be afterwards utilised, as convenience may dictate.) This paper records in a lucid manner the numberless attempts which have been made to utilise primary batteries; but, except for experimental purposes, the cost has always proved prohibitive. The unhealthy fumes given by such batteries as those of Grove and Bunsen—which were, until lately, practically the only forms that could be used for electric lighting—also limited their use to situations where the fumes could do no harm. In process of time, Faraday's grand discovery, that electricity could be generated by a magnet, and the ultimate outcome of that discovery—the introduction of the Gramme machine and its hosts of fellows—gave for a time the *coup de grace* to battery projects, and for a long time they were heard of no more. But why was this? Let the question be answered by the practical illustration given by Mr Probert, which we must quote—for want of space—in a very condensed form.

Let it be supposed that a house is furnished with one hundred incandescent lamps, the electric energy for which is provided by a dynamo-machine and its necessary companion, a steam-engine. The mechanical energy required for the work is, say, twelve and a half horse-power. This is of course derived from the combustion of so much coal; and if there were such a thing as a perfect engine where no heat was wasted, the amount of fuel required would be very small indeed. But, as a matter of fact, with an ordinary engine the weight of coal required to furnish the power given would be about fifty-six pounds per hour—costing, say, sixpence. Giving the lights a working period of five hours a day all the year round, we have a cost for fuel alone of forty-five pounds. Then we have to take into account the first cost of the machinery, the interest on that cost, annual depreciation, and attendance. We need not dwell on the separate estimate for each item, but may state the total yearly cost of the installation at one hundred and forty-seven pounds, or nearly thirty shillings per lamp.

Now, let us assume that instead of a dynamo-machine and its motor, a galvanic battery is employed, and that the amount of energy furnished is the same as before. In this case, we shall owe our energy to the combustion of zinc in lieu of coal; and instead of obtaining the oxygen for the process from the air, which costs nothing, we must of necessity get it from an acid, which costs a great deal. The total amount of zinc dissolved per hour in the acid, to furnish the current required for our one hundred lamps, will be about thirteen pounds-weight, the cost being nearly three shillings. Added to this sum must be the amount expended on acids, the cost of attendance, prime cost of apparatus, interest, depreciation, &c., bringing up the total annual charge to

seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds ten shillings, or seven pounds eleven shillings and eightpence per lamp.

These figures will be both interesting and instructive to many persons who wish to have some idea of the probable cost of changing their old lamps for new ones; but they serve our present purpose in pointing out the reason why the battery current has been superseded for lighting purposes by the far more economical dynamo-machine. Still, it is not every one who requires so many as a hundred lamps; and for smaller installations, an efficient, easily managed, and cheaply working battery would have a wide application. But it must be remembered that electricity can now be had at comparatively little cost to light a dozen lamps or so by employing a small dynamo-machine driven by a gas-engine. Inventors of batteries must, therefore, remember that they have rivals in the field, and that if they would successfully compete with them, they must offer something as cheap and efficient. Hitherto, this something has not appeared. But human nature is sanguine, and the most sanguine of mortals perhaps is one in whom the inventive faculty is highly developed. In spite of previous failures, no fewer than one hundred and fifty patents for primary batteries have been taken out during the past three years. Some of these are acknowledged improvements upon past models. Many batteries now before the public cannot be critically examined, for they employ fluids the nature of which are kept secret. (Of course this objection cannot apply to a patented invention, for one of the conditions of granting protection is that the invention must be so described in the specification that any intelligent workman can understand its nature and construction.) Others cannot be well described without diagrams and technical details of no interest to the majority of our readers.

To return to the primary cell of Mr Fergusson—which, by the way, is called the Domestic Primary Battery—and putting aside all its claims to produce electricity for nothing, we may broadly state that it possesses many advantages. It is compact enough to be put away in any odd corner; it is constant in its action; it seldom requires recharging, and such recharging is a simple operation; and lastly, it has the very rare merit of giving off no fumes whatever.

TERRIBLY FULFILLED.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THURSDAY evening came, and with it Captain Ferrard; and the two shook hands with a certain guarded cordiality, as of prize-fighters about to 'get to business.' But the dinner was a good one; Ferrard thawed considerably under the influence of a bottle of old Johannisberg, and enjoyed himself more than he had anticipated. His host treated him with much deference, and seemed considerably impressed by his conversation. The captain was consequently in great good-humour with himself and all the world, and exerted himself—as, to do him justice, he well knew how—to be agreeable and amusing and to make a favourable impression. He was surprised also to find that this auctioneering father-in-law

of his was really a very entertaining fellow. He overflowed with anecdote of a certain highly flavoured kind, and was full of curious experiences; he talked a good deal of 'shop,' about pictures and precious stones and such matters in the way of his trade, but it was amusing 'shop,' and served to introduce many strange and out-of-the-way facts and incidents.

The truth was that Mr Cross was taking a good deal more wine than usual, whereby he was ably seconded in his loyal resolve to think as well of his son-in-law and to be as friendly and open with him as possible. The pleasingly insinuating ways of the gallant captain were not without their effect, and the auctioneer began to feel more favourably disposed towards him than he had at one time thought possible. He appeared, now that one knew him, to be an open-hearted, good-humoured sort of fellow, one who was nobody's enemy but his own, who was more sinned against than sinning, and so on. In his then condition, it seemed to Mr Cross that he had perhaps been rather too hasty and prone to think evil. His daughter, as he well knew, had her 'little tempers,' and might herself to some extent have contributed to her wedded unhappiness. No doubt the young man would be amenable to reason, and with judicious management and some outlay, might make a tolerable son-in-law after all.

The talk at last centred itself upon diamonds, and Ferrard was in the midst of an animated description of those belonging to certain family connections of his own, when the auctioneer interrupted him.

'I know all about the Frayer diamonds,' he said—'no one better. But I wouldn't mind laying you a wager that I could show you some, and not far off either, that would beat them hollow.'

'I think you would lose your money,' said Ferrard.

The auctioneer regarded him with vinous solemnity. 'Look here, my boy,' he suddenly said; 'I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm sorry we should have been at odds so long. Perhaps I may have something else to say to you to-morrow, and perhaps you may be glad to hear it—I can't tell. Anyhow, to prove to you that I'm in earnest, I'll show you to-night what I wouldn't show to any other man alive. Just you come with me.'

'Are you going to let me have a sight of the wonderful diamonds?' laughed Ferrard, as he followed his host into the hall.

'That's just what I am going to do, and a little more besides. But first of all, you give me your word as an officer and a gentleman that you'll tell nobody about anything you may see to-night. Promise!'

'By all means—of course,' assented Ferrard carelessly. He was becoming a little bored, and had no expectation of seeing anything out of the common.

'That's all right. Put on your hat,' said Mr Cross, taking his lantern from a cupboard and opening the hall-door.

They were absent about half an hour. When they returned, Ferrard was in a state of dazzled amazement. He did not in truth know which

most to wonder at—the number and beauty of the gems, the ingenuity of their safe keeping, or the fatuous folly of the man who, even under the influence of wine, could impart such a secret to a person of whom he knew next to nothing, except that—as the captain frankly confessed to himself—he did not bear the best of characters. And he fairly hugged himself at the thought, that if he played his cards well, the wealth which was capable of affording such surprises as this might one day be his own.

'I am glad we did not bet, Mr Cross,' he said, 'for I cannot afford to lose. They are far the most splendid diamonds I have ever seen. I must really thank you for giving me such a sight, and especially for the confidence you have placed in me, which I hope is an earnest of our future friendship.'

'Wait till to-morrow—that's all I say—wait till to-morrow,' said the auctioneer thickly. 'I'm hardly fit to talk business just now. But I will say,' he continued, laying a heavy hand on Ferrard's shoulder, 'though I always knew, of course, that you were quite the gentleman, I never thought I should have taken to any man, least of all to you, as I have done. We had best be going to bed—it's late; and I must have an hour in the City to-morrow, before I meet Amy at London Bridge.—Good-night, and pleasant dreams, my boy.'

Some men, the worship of Bacchus visits with heavy and dreamless slumber; others it renders wakeful and uneasy. This latter was the case with Mr Cross. He tossed and turned, courting sleep in vain; and thirst and dyspepsia supervened on excitement. His thickly crowding thoughts took a gloomy and despondent tone. Now that he was sober and sorry, he anathematized his folly in betraying the secret of his safe, so closely guarded through long years, even from his nearest friends, only to be blurted out in a moment of ill-judged confidence to a mere stranger, of whom he knew nothing but ill. All his old dislike and distrust of Ferrard returned, intensified by the consciousness that that gentleman had gained a distinct advantage over him. He determined that, although he would not altogether go back from his implied promise, he would hedge its fulfilment about with such conditions as should insure an entire change in Ferrard's habits and mode of life, and should oblige him to cast in his lot with the class to which his wife belonged. In this way alone, he considered, could he ascertain whether it would be possible to trust the man and to secure peace, if not happiness, for Amy; and at the same time to patch up to some extent her husband's shattered plans. At last he rose from an almost sleepless bed, feeling ill and worried, and more disposed than ever to repeat his wish for Captain Ferrard's speedy dissolution.

When guest and host met at the breakfast-table, the manner of the latter, to Ferrard's surprise, had totally changed. He was nervous and irritable; he complained that he was growing old, and said that a bottle or two of wine overnight would not once have affected him in this way. He ate little, but drank a good deal of coffee, and kept fidgeting nervously with several keys which lay beside his plate, putting them

into his pockets, taking them out again, dropping them on the floor, and grumbling at his own awkwardness; altogether, behaving like a man considerably off his balance.

'I've been up and about, for all I took too much last night,' he said; 'and sent my traps off to the cloak-room at London Bridge before you were out of your bed, young man. I've found time to take a look at the sparklers too,' he added, holding up two of the keys, fastened together by a ring. 'Always do, every day of my life, before I leave in the morning, and the last thing at night. Wouldn't leave it undone for anything you could mention. These diamonds—I meant them for Amy, poor girl; and if— But never mind about that just now.'

'As I understood you last night,' said Ferrard, who was growing impatient, 'you had something of importance to say to me this morning touching our mutual relations.'

'Well, I don't know—I don't know,' replied the auctioneer. 'You mustn't take everything for gospel a man says when he's had a glass.'

The captain's face grew long.

'Oh, you needn't look so glum. I'm not going back upon what I intended, though perhaps it may not be all you were expecting. I have felt uncommon sore about this business, Ferrard, I can tell you; and if you and I are to patch up a bad job, you'll have to make a fresh start altogether, and that's flat.'

Ferrard remained silent.

'I'm pretty plain-spoken, and I tell you straight that I can't bear an idle man, and won't have anything to do with one, if I can help it. All the same, I want to be friends with you, and let bygones be bygones; and so this is what I offer. Cut the West End, and racing and billiards and gallivanting, and come into the City. I'll employ you in the business. If you give your mind to it and work hard, you'll soon find your feet; and then I'll take you into partnership. When I go, you will have it all to yourself; and a very pretty penny it will be in your pocket. Your father will stop your allowance, of course; but you and Amy can live here with me, free; that'll save you a good bit; and giving up your expensive habits will save you a lot more. Till you are in the business, I'll allow you—ah, I'll allow you three hundred a year; and altogether, you'll be better off in this way than you've been for some time.—Don't say anything now' (not that the captain had any such intention, being stricken literally dumb); 'think it over, and make up your mind by the time I come back.'

He gathered his keys together with a good deal of unnecessary clatter, and locked them into a leathern wallet, muttering something about leaving them at his bank. Then he looked at his watch. 'Hillo! I have not got another minute. You must excuse me, captain—don't hurry over your breakfast, but I must leave you at once—there's a deal to be seen to before we start. Good-bye; don't move; and think it over—think it over.'

He had shaken hands, talked himself into the hall, and slammed the front-door, before the captain had been able in the slightest degree to grasp the situation, so utterly confused and astounded was he at this sudden wreck of his

hopes. Anger had no place whatever in his mind. At another time, he might have been both amused and indignant at the offer which had been made him and at the manner of its making. The picture of himself as an auctioneer's clerk, with the prospect of becoming in time, if he were good, a real auctioneer, might have struck him as exquisitely ludicrous; yet, though a gambler, a spendthrift, a debauchee, he was no fool; and it was just possible that, considering the splendid reward in prospective, he might at any rate have seemed to assent, in the hope of making better terms after a while. But now, there was no room for any such speculations, for absolute ruin stared him in the face. The auctioneer had supposed him to be hard pressed for money; but what was the real nature of the pressure, he was far from imagining. In a short while, a certain acceptance for a heavy amount would fall due, renewal of which had been definitely and decidedly refused on the very day of Amy's visit to her father. Unless that acceptance were taken up on presentation, it would forthwith be known that the signature of one of the indorsers had never been written by that gentleman; and in that case, the career of the Honourable James Ferrard would be most unpleasantly terminated. This was more than suspected by the holders of the bill; it was their reason for refusing renewal; and it was their intention to use it as a lever for extorting from the captain or his family, not only payment of the debt, but a goodly sum, by way of hush-money, into the bargain. Money he must have somehow, and that immediately, even if he had to appeal to his father; a last resource which, though audacious enough in general, he could not contemplate without dismay. Besides, the earl's affairs were themselves so desperate, and the amount was so large, that he had little expectation that assistance would be possible, even if the will to afford it were good. A faint hope of escape had been held out to him by the auctioneer's visit; and last night, from the friendliness of his host's manner and the extraordinary mark of his confidence, he had fully expected that, with a little management, the money would be forthcoming. But this chance was now utterly gone; and flight, suicide, or penal servitude seemed to be the only alternatives left to him.

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Ferrard presently rose from his chair, and put the keys in his waistcoat pocket. Then he left the house, stealthily, like one in fear.

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The few hours of night wore out, the bright summer morning was come. The blinking policeman drifted slowly up the street, and as usual inspected the door. All well. He thought he heard a distant cry, and raised his head to listen. The cry was repeated. Satisfied that it was very far off—nowhere near *his* beat—he smote his chilled hands together and sauntered away, to meet his welcome relief.

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speak at all. When she once began to babble of her wrongs, he turned upon her with positive anger; told her that he had come there for rest, not to be worried; that it would no doubt all be arranged comfortably on their return; and that, till then, she was to preserve silence on the subject. All this made Mrs Ferrard extremely dignified and sulky; but being a young person of no great depth, she simply concluded that Pa had a fit of indigestion, and contrived to amuse herself fairly well with shopping, drives, and promenades, in the company of certain friends of her maiden days who chanced to be at Brighton, and who were by no means averse to the society of a lady of title. At all events, the life was a pleasant contrast to that which the Honourable Mrs Ferrard had enjoyed of late in the company of her lord and master.

The truth was that Mr Cross was very ill both in body and mind. He had, though he knew it not, been ailing ever since his daughter's flight; and the perplexity and distress he was now enduring were telling upon him fearfully. He had quite lost faith in the success of his plans; calmer reflection told him that it would be vain to hope that the leopard could change his spots in the manner he had proposed. Ferrard's blank silence at the breakfast-table, and the fact that no letter had been received from him since, bore out this opinion.

But what caused him greater trouble and alarm than anything else was the manner in which the idea of Ferrard's death had taken hold upon his mind, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, until it had assumed the pitiless tyranny of a fixed idea. Night and day it was all before him—the uselessness of the man's existence, the evils which would cease with it, the chances for and against its duration, the various causes which might perhaps terminate it. And through all, a fierce and devouring longing for its termination, such as he dared not now acknowledge to himself. He was maddened at the difficulties in his way, horrified at the tendency of his thoughts; and there were times when he felt that the safest and easiest thing to do would be to row himself out a mile or two from the beach and hide his troubles and temptations for ever under the careless waves.

They had only been at Brighton five days, when Mr Cross, to his daughter's surprise and chagrin, announced his intention of returning to town at once. Amy expostulated, but in vain; he declared that he was sick of the place; that it was doing him no good—which was quite true; that he must get back to work and occupy his mind. Finding opposition useless, Mrs Ferrard made her preparations with the best grace she might, and they took the noon-train to London the same day.

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into his pockets, taking them out again, dropping them on the floor, and grumbling at his own awkwardness; altogether, behaving like a man considerably off his balance.

'I've been up and about, for all I took too much last night,' he said; 'and sent my traps off to the cloak-room at London Bridge before you were out of your bed, young man. I've found time to take a look at the sparklers too,' he added, holding up two of the keys, fastened together by a ring. 'Always do, every day of my life, before I leave in the morning, and the last thing at night. Wouldn't leave it undone for anything you could mention. These diamonds—I meant them for Amy, poor girl; and if— But never mind about that just now.'

'As I understood you last night,' said Ferrard, who was growing impatient, 'you had something of importance to say to me this morning touching our mutual relations.'

'Well, I don't know—I don't know,' replied the auctioneer. 'You mustn't take everything for gospel a man says when he's had a glass.'

The captain's face grew long.

'Oh, you needn't look so glum. I'm not going back upon what I intended, though perhaps it may not be all you were expecting. I have felt uncommon sore about this business, Ferrard, I can tell you; and if you and I are to patch up a bad job, you'll have to make a fresh start altogether, and that's flat.'

Ferrard remained silent.

'I'm pretty plain-spoken, and I tell you straight that I can't bear an idle man, and won't have anything to do with one, if I can help it. All the same, I want to be friends with you, and let bygones be bygones; and so this is what I offer. Cut the West-End, and racing and billiards and gallivanting, and come into the City. I'll employ you in the business. If you give your mind to it and work hard, you'll soon find your feet; and then I'll take you into partnership. When I go, you will have it all to yourself; and a very pretty penny it will be in your pocket. Your father will stop your allowance, of course; but you and Amy can live here with me, free; that'll save you a good bit; and giving up your expensive habits will save you a lot more. Till you are in the business, I'll allow you—ah, I'll allow you three hundred a year; and altogether, you'll be better off in this way than you've been for some time.—Don't say anything now' (not that the captain had any such intention, being stricken literally dumb); 'think it over, and make up your mind by the time I come back.'

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absences, though never before of such duration, was less surprised than her father, who was not only astonished, but greatly cast down at what seemed to be an additional evidence of Ferrard's rejection of his plans, and determination to continue the old courses.

'There, it's no use talking,' he said at last. 'He'll come home some time, I suppose; and when he does, send him on to me at once, d'ye hear, Amy? Tell him—ay, tell him that I've altered my mind—that I have proposals to make to him which will suit him much better than the last. I must try and hit on something else. And if he's not back to-morrow, come over and let me know in the evening, will you? There, good-bye; and keep up your spirits, my pet—father'll see you all right, don't you fear.'

He kissed her and departed. He must get home, and quietly think matters over. Suppose the fellow had bolted for good and all? What was to be done in that event? It required careful consideration, and should have it at once.

He called at the bank on the way home, to get his keys. The parcel, tied with string and sealed with his own seal, was delivered to him just as he had left it. He drove to his house, where he found several letters awaiting him. Like a good man of business, he set to work to dispose of all lighter matters, before addressing himself to the consideration of the weightier. He opened and glanced at the letters; he took up the parcel, once more examined the seal, tore off the paper, unlocked the wallet, and spread the keys on the table. All right. Was it? Surely there was something wrong?

What could it be?

He puzzled over the keys again and again, but without result. He seemed to be constantly on the verge of detecting the deficiency, whatever it was; but the clearness and readiness of his thinking powers had of late in great measure departed, and it continued to escape him. At last he thought that he must be the victim of a nervous delusion, and with an effort, turned his thoughts to other matters. He would first, according to custom, visit his diamonds; then he would answer such of the letters as required a reply; then he would be at leisure to reflect upon the next step to be taken with regard to his son-in-law. And once more the dominant wish rose in his mind, filling it like a poisonous mist.

He took his lantern and the keys, and went to the strong-room, which he entered, closing the doors as usual carefully behind him. What was it, as he turned towards the safe, that sent him staggering back to the wall, his eyes starting from his head, his hair crisping with horror? The drawer full of papers lay on the table. The iron semicircular handle projected from the crifice. It was in an upright position—it had not been turned to the horizontal one. And the safe was closed.

He saw the whole sequence of events in one agonising second of time, as drowning men are said to review instantaneously the whole course of their past lives. It was the absence of the duplicate keys which had puzzled him in the study; and their absence at once explained the absence of Ferrard. He now remembered how, while at breakfast, just before leaving the house,

he had placed all his keys, as he had then supposed, into his wallet; how he had then and there put the locked wallet into his pocket, and had driven straight to the bank, where, without opening it, he had made it into a parcel, sealed it with his signet, and handed it to the manager, taking his receipt. The parcel had been given back to him exactly as he had left it—of that he had assured himself. Only one thing could have happened. The duplicates had never been in the wallet at all. Unused to their presence, he had doubtless left them behind; and the wretched man whom he had so insanely trusted had stolen them, had the same night entered the strong-room and the safe, and—

What would he have to face, when that massy door should glide away? The dingy face of the picture, guardian of the deadly trap and its awful secret, seemed to sneer and gibe at him, daring him to seek an answer to the question.

Stay! There was one hope. He might have carried away the keys in his hand or his pockets, and dropped them in the street, or left them on the bank counter. If this were so, some common marauder might have met with his deserts—or, if he had recently entered, might even now be waiting to make a dash for liberty!

He approached the door, and listened. All was silent. He called in a quavering voice, which rang weirdly in the vaulted roof, 'Who is there?' No reply—no movement.

He sat down in the one chair, and tried to remember whether on that fatal night he had withheld from his guest the ultimate secret, of the necessity for half-turning the handle before withdrawing it. In vain. All was confused and dream-like. Either he had disclosed the secret, or he had not. If he had not—

He dragged the table desperately to the corner of the room and mounted upon it. Pushing at one end a stone seemingly as firmly fixed as its fellows, it revolved on a pivot. Thrusting his hand through the gap, he withdrew the second handle, and the safe-door glided back. One look was enough. The next moment, he was groping blindly for the door—for escape from the horror which was behind him.

His wish was terribly fulfilled! His daughter was a widow!

He crept into the sunlit street, with difficulty closing the heavy door. White and ghastly, he leaned one hand on the wall as he went, and gasped for breath. Two or three passers-by stopped and looked after him, expecting to see him fall. He did not do so, but gained the house, let himself in, staggered into the dining-room, dropped into a chair, and, for a space, knew no more.

When he regained his senses, he contrived to get to the cellaret and to swallow a heavy dose of brandy. This restored him sufficiently to enable him to think over his discovery and to settle his plan of action. He rang the bell.

'Something dreadful has happened,' he said to the parlour-maid, who had uttered an exclamation on seeing him. 'No, no; I'm not ill—only a bit upset. Get me a pen and ink and paper, and send John for a cab. I want him to take a letter.'

He wrote a line or two with difficulty, and addressed it to the Earl of Englethorpe. Having despatched his messenger, he remained in a kind of stupor until wheels were heard at the door and the earl was announced. Their greeting was of the briefest kind, though they remained together for a considerable time. Then they repaired to the strong-room. The auctioneer on his return was more composed than he had hitherto been, but his visitor was terribly agitated. Again they were closeted together. Various depositions from the kitchen, which by this time was in a ferment of the most unendurable curiosity, failed, in spite of enterprising approaches to the keyhole, to hear more than a low murmuring within. At length the earl departed; and then the dreadful event which had happened became known to the amazed and awe-stricken household. Mr Cross had, it was said, met Captain Ferrard just outside the door, and had been accompanied by him to the strong-room, where he had fallen down—in a fit, as the auctioneer had at first supposed; stone-dead, as he had perceived immediately afterwards. Without delay, Mr Cross had gone for a doctor, who had stated that death had been instantaneous—cause, apoplexy; and would in due course formally certify to that effect.

The body was put into a coffin within two hours, and removed to the Englethorpe town-house. The father of the deceased was the only mourner at the very plain and quiet funeral which took place soon after. There was no inquest, for the necessary medical certificate was actually obtained; how obtained, it is no concern of ours to relate. Money is powerful; in every profession and calling, there are those with whom it is all-powerful.

There was a little talk at first over James Ferrard's death. People were found to say that there was something queer about the matter, and to comment on the fact that nothing had been seen of the dead man for some days before his death. But it was speedily known that he was a defaulter on the turf, which fully accounted for his disappearance from his usual haunts. Nothing, therefore, came of these suspicions, though others of a different kind were rife enough, if rather vague. The earl sternly forbade all reference to the subject, even in his own household; it was understood that something awkward was behind, which for family reasons was to be hushed up. Hushed up it accordingly was; and in a fortnight's time James Ferrard, except to his creditors, was as though he had never been.

All this was, of course, distinctly wrong, and contrary to public policy. Yet a coroner's jury could only have dragged to light matters the disclosure of which would have inflicted cruel shame and disgrace upon a noble and hitherto stainless house. The blame of the death could have attached to no one save the dead man himself; least of all to Mr Cross. His evidence would have been that he had shown the diamonds and explained the mechanism, but that he could not remember, owing to his state at the time, whether he had called attention to the secret connected with the handle. It would have been clear, either that he had not done so, or that Ferrard had forgotten it. Beyond this, there

would have been absolutely nothing to connect him with the matter. He was in a different part of the kingdom during the whole period of the occurrence, as would have been conclusively proved. 'Accidental death' would have been the only possible verdict; and it would have been as clear as daylight that the felonious intention of the deceased had brought with it its own terrible punishment.

The auctioneer followed his son-in-law to the grave in little more than a year, a broken-hearted man. It was said that he never got over the shock received on the morning of his return from Brighton. This was undoubtedly the truth; yet, as we know, it was not all the truth. Though without his knowledge or design, yet in accordance with his morbid wish, and indirectly by his act, had Ferrard died a miserable death; and the auctioneer regarded himself as a murderer, though unpunishable by the laws of this world. An already enfeebled body was unable to resist the effect of the mental torture of ceaseless self-reproach, and the end was not long in coming.

But he lived to see Amy married to such a husband as he would have chosen for her in the old happy days, and to bestow upon her by will the bulk of his fortune. This did not, however, include the diamonds or the proceeds of their sale, which he distributed before his death among the London hospitals. Amy and her husband lived in the house in the square; but the safe was sold, its ingenious mechanical arrangements destroyed, and the fatal vault and its ghastly associations bricked up together.

With much diminished hopes, owing to the death of the acceptor, the holders of the forged bill made their first cautious advances, in the hope that consideration for the honour of the family might still induce the relations of the deceased to pay a good price for silence. To their surprise, their exorbitant demands were paid in full without cavil or hesitation, and the acceptance redeemed. Where the money came from was a mystery; but it was observed that the earl always thenceforth spoke of the auctioneer as a most respectable and worthy man, to whom he was under the greatest obligations.

LIFEBOAT COMPETITION.

THE success of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution in the recent lifeboat competition will give general satisfaction. It is in the first place very gratifying that it should have won the substantial prize of six hundred pounds which was offered by the Committee of the International Fisheries Exhibition for 'the best full-sized lifeboat, fully equipped, and on a carriage, adapted to aid stranded or wrecked vessels from the shore in gales of wind, and through heavy broken seas and surf;' since it is now certain that the sum in question has been devoted to the best of all possible objects. It is also reassuring to know that the model boat of an English Institution which has not only earned a world-wide reputation for saving life at sea, but in a great measure makes up for our national shortcomings in this respect, should have held its own against all comers.

The competition was carried out under difficult

circumstances, and frequent postponements were necessary before the judges could declare the state of wind and weather to be satisfactory. The successful boat had to contend with two formidable competitors—the Hodgson Patent Lifeboat, and one built by Messrs Forrest and Son, of Limehouse; and the public interest in the experiment was considerably heightened by the fact that all three boats were exhibited in the International Fisheries Exhibition and had been examined by many thousands of persons. The Hodgson Patent Lifeboat in particular excited general curiosity from its novel construction; and the fact that it was claimed for it that it was uncapsizable, unimmovable, and reversible, gave additional interest to its behaviour in the water. It should be added that the boat in question was built as a ship's boat, and that it therefore had to contend under a disadvantage against the heavier and more serviceable pattern of the Institution. It was, however, almost a foregone conclusion that both of these boats would fail to wrest the palm of superiority from the model built on those familiar lines which have earned such a wonderful reputation off all our coasts and under the identical conditions of the competition.

Few boats can stand the terrible test of being launched from an exposed beach through mountains of surf, and fewer still prove manageable under either oars or sails in broken water. Further, the boats of the National Lifeboat Institution possess seven qualities which experience has proved to be essential, and in each of these they have some claim to be regarded as being as nearly perfect as possible. Thus they are buoyant, self-discharging, self-righting, stable and with great power of ballasting; and they possess speed, stowage-room, and strength of build. It is perhaps in this last respect that they especially excel. One of the greatest dangers to which lifeboats are exposed is that of being stove-in against wreck or rocks; and the present pattern of boat is designed so as to possess the greatest possible strength and elasticity compatible with portability.

It is, of course, only too true that lifeboat service is, and always must be, terribly hazardous. Nearly every winter some of the heroes who man our lifeboats lay down their lives in attempting to save those of others; but this is happily but seldom the fault of the boat. It may fairly be contended that human ingenuity has exhausted its resources in this direction, and that, with certain modifications to suit local requirements, the pattern of the Lifeboat Institution is the best possible; and that even when it has to yield the palm in some one or two particulars, the rare combination of qualities which it possesses still entitles it to be considered *facile princeps*.

Now that the loss of life at sea is attracting general attention, the work of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution seems to again call for marked recognition. At a time when the national conscience is being awakened to the inefficiency of the shipping laws to secure a reasonable measure of safety for seamen, it is refreshing to turn to the sixtieth annual Report of this inestimable society. Practical benevolence is always attractive; and the facts and figures which the Institution adduces in order

to justify its claim to public support, certainly point to a vigorous usefulness. Last year, lifeboats were launched two hundred and eighty-three times, saving seven hundred and twenty-five lives, and thirty vessels. It may be added that the number of vessels would doubtless have been greatly increased but for the imperative orders that the saving of life shall be the first consideration; and it is only on those comparatively rare occasions when it can be done without endangering the safety of the crew, that lifeboats render salvage services. Two hundred and thirty lives were also saved last year by shore-boats and other means, rewards being bestowed by this Institution; and this brings up the total of lives rescued to nine hundred and fifty-five. Further, in the sixty years ending 31st December 1883, the Institution has been instrumental in saving thirty thousand five hundred and sixty-three lives, and has recompensed these noble services by the payment of seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-four pounds as rewards, and the distribution of gold and silver medals. These figures are a sufficient testimonial to secure a substantial increase of support from a nation which is nothing if not maritime. Yet it is impossible to regard the present state of things as wholly satisfactory. It is a great thing that some hundreds of lives should be saved off our coasts every year; but it should not be forgotten that some thousands are annually lost. Thus, in the year 1880-81, two thousand nine hundred and twenty-three lives were lost in British or colonial vessels off British coasts; and in the year 1881-82, this number was increased to three thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight. Later figures are not yet available; but there is little hope that they will show a decrease. Again, a recent Board of Trade return shows that the total number of lives lost in British merchant-ships in the twelve years from 1871 to 1882 inclusive amounted to thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and twenty-two. These figures are simply appalling. Doubtless a large proportion of these poor fellows perished far away from help; but it is within common knowledge that much can be done, by strengthening the resources of the Lifeboat Institution, to diminish this terrible mortality.

Let any one take the wreck-charts for a few years past, and note those districts where clusters of black spots appropriately mark the scene of fatal wrecks. Let him then turn to the Reports of the Lifeboat Institution, and see what lifeboats were stationed there, and he will find that the number of fatalities are in an inverse ratio to the number of lifeboats. Thus, many stretches of coast which bore a terrible reputation only a few years back have, chiefly owing to the increased number and efficiency of the lifeboats stationed upon them, lately become much less fearful. But the total number of lifeboats now under the management of the Institution is only two hundred and seventy-four; and although we have the best reasons for believing that no effort is spared in this direction, it is notorious that a certain number of them are very old, if not unseaworthy, craft, which should be at once replaced by new ones. Indeed, no inconsiderable proportion of the funds of the Institution

is necessarily devoted to these purposes. Thus, last year, old lifeboats were replaced by new ones at Caister, Cardigan, Margate, Padstow, Swansea, Winchelsea, and Withernsea; while wholly new stations were established at Llanael-haiarn, Mablethorp, Port Erin, and Aranmore Island. Others are in course of formation. But, turning to the wreck-chart, it is easy to see at a glance how much remains to be done.

Legislation of a drastic character, with a view to diminishing sea-risks, is in contemplation; the necessity of new harbours of refuge is attracting more attention, and the very recent official Report in favour of building a harbour at Peterhead commends itself to everybody. But both these are matters which involve delay. In the meantime, with our enormously increased tonnage, and with the heightened competition which practically compels steamships to travel in any state of weather under the significant orders, 'Full speed ahead,' with the result that collisions are year by year becoming more frequent and more fatal, it is idle to hope for a decrease in the loss of life at sea. Our lifeboats have done good work, and will do good work in the storms to come; but it is a question which will sooner or later have to be answered, whether the time has not come when, at every point on the English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish coasts, fully equipped and serviceable lifeboats should be ready for use. This is not only perfectly feasible, but it is a national duty. The time has gone by when we can afford to be satisfied with an open verdict upon our drowned sailors and fishermen; and, apart from other considerations, such as the overloading of vessels, until we have done all that can be done to render rescue possible, we cannot be content with the selfish excuse that 'no one's to blame.'

IN QUEER COMPANY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

In the company to which I had been introduced, it was exceedingly difficult to ask any questions respecting the details, or working, of what I may call the profession to which all present belonged. But as the evening wore on, those present became much more communicative than they had been at first. Welsh-rabbits, devilled kidneys, and other supper-dishes were called for; and were followed by potatoes, which, if not intoxicating, had the effect of loosening men's tongues, and of making them talk of what they regarded as past triumphs, and of future success, which they hoped and believed would come to pass. Some of the stories related I remembered, and made rough notes of when I went home that night; but many more I forgot; for with the most earnest intention in the world, it is almost impossible to recollect tales that are told one after another, and with not a few interruptions between them.

There was one member of this respectable society to whom I happened to sit next, and who told me in an undertone that he had once held a commission in the Indian army. Without appearing to do so, I put in the course of the evening some half-dozen leading questions to

him, and found that not only was he telling me the truth, but that I remembered perfectly well the circumstances, some fifteen years previously, which caused him to be tried by a general court-martial and cashiered. He was evidently a leading spirit amongst those present. What his real name is—or rather was, for I learned by accident, a short time ago, that he was dead—I don't care to mention. Under the peculiar circumstances which brought me amongst those I spent the evening with, there may well be applied the old adage of 'honour amongst thieves.' And although only the younger son of a younger son, this man belonged to a family of which the head is a respectable baronet, not unknown in either the political or the fashionable world. But never once, throughout the whole evening, was this individual addressed by his right name, of which I am certain the rest of the company were ignorant. In fact, he never told me in so many words who he really was; it was only when he mentioned the circumstances connected with his court-martial and said to what corps he had belonged, that I remembered all about him. He appeared to be not only very popular, but quite a leading man, and an authority amongst those present. But it certainly seemed wonderful to see him, a well-born, well-brought-up man, who had been educated at Harrow, had afterwards held a commission for some years in the Indian army, and had risen to the rank of captain, so fallen as to have become not only a professional thief, but even to glory in his shame.

Throughout the evening, he told stories of his adventures in rascal-land, which were always listened to, and invariably applauded. In one of these tales he related how he had, some years previously, taken lodgings in a well-known street near St James's Square, calling himself Lord So-and-so. A 'pal' of his, who was 'in the swim' with him, had gone to a certain wealthy gentleman in South Kensington and had asked for the place of butler, giving a reference to the so-called 'lord,' who told the tale with great glee. The gentleman who had advertised for a butler was known to have in his house a considerable quantity of plate, and his wife to have a great deal of valuable jewellery. They were wealthy people, having lately returned from one of the colonies, where the gentleman had acquired a large fortune. The latter called upon the would-be nobleman to ask about the character of the butler.

'I received him,' said he who told the tale, 'with a kindly condescension and consideration which seemed to please him, and yet to make him very respectful. I gave Tommy—the sham-butler—an excellent character, saying that I had only parted with him because I was going to travel in the East for a couple of years. The party was quite satisfied, and quite agreeable to take him. Tommy got the place, was much liked, and remained there about two months. Then—winking his eye—there was a robbery of plate and jewels to a large amount. Tommy beat a speedy retreat, and I went to the States; and there Tommy met me. It was a good thing, a very good thing, was that plant, and a very simple one too. To this day, I don't believe the party has any idea that the noble lord in the

West End lodgings was a deceiver. He wrote to me to say how he had been robbed, and that he feared the butler had had a hand in the business. I replied—on paper with a coronet, if you please—that I was very sorry, but could hardly believe my old servant would have been guilty of such a crime. In these days the police were not very fly, and the whole affair was soon forgotten.

Another little adventure of the same kind which this ex-officer related of himself did not turn out quite so fortunate; or rather, as he expressed himself, he had 'very nearly come to grief.' He had gone to Paris, put up at a very good hotel, paid his way regularly, and had purchased from time to time a considerable quantity of jewellery at a fashionable shop; for which he had, as he expressed it, 'parted with the ready' to the extent of some two hundred pounds. When he thought that he had won the confidence of the shopkeeper, he ordered a number of bracelets, necklaces, and earrings, all of great value, to be sent to the hotel, intending to play off the old trick of taking the goods into another room for an imaginary lady—who was said to be ill in bed—to select from, and then to make off with the whole parcel. But the shopman who took the things to the hotel seemed to have some misgiving about the intending purchaser, and insisted upon following the latter into the inner room, where there was no lady at all, either sick or well. As the individual who told the story said of himself, he blundered over the affair, and did not deserve to succeed, for he ought to have secured assistance to work the affair properly. The shopman got angry and went away, threatening to expose him. But the intending thief was too sharp for him. He had already paid his hotel bill and had ordered a cab, so as to be ready for a start. He now took advantage of these preparations, and drove off to the Calais railway station, remained there a short time; then ordered another vehicle, made his way to the St Lazare station, got to Havre, and arrived safely in London.

But his regrets, when he told the story, at having expended two hundred pounds without making any profit, were curious to hear. Any one who listened to him, without hearing the first part of his story, would have imagined that he had lost the money in the most legitimate speculation. The company who heard his tale consoled with him, as if he was a merchant who had been unfortunate in some venture that he had tried and failed.

I was anxious to know what the company I was amongst thought of the London as compared with the French police in the work of detecting crime. But under the circumstances, it was a difficult matter to question them about. I was afraid to ask questions on the subject, lest I should be thought to display too much curiosity, and should awaken the suspicions of those amongst whom I was, and so cause them to suspect I was not one of themselves. But it so happened that I found the subject made easy for me. The newspapers had very lately been discussing the details of a robbery of bullion that had taken place on one of the French railways. To the company amongst whom I found myself, such a subject was as interesting and as certain to be dis-

cussed as the Two Thousand or the Derby would be at a sporting club. In this affair the thieves had been successful at first; but so soon as it became known, the French police had telegraphed to every seaport in France, and had set themselves to work in Paris to find out the culprits. They were successful, and managed to lay their hands upon the three men who had carried out the robbery. But this had been done in a manner which the company I was amongst that evening stigmatised as 'sneaking' and 'cowardly.'

In England, said one of those present, 'the police are hard upon a fellow when they catch him. But when they are trying to find the men they want, they are fair and above-board. They have no dirty spies; they act honourably. You can always tell pretty well when a plain-clothes officer is after you. But the French have a low, sneaking way of going to work. You never know but what the landlord of the hotel, or the waiter, or the porter, or the shopman who brings you a parcel, may not be a detective in disguise. No; give me Old England to do business in! Everybody here, even the police, is on the square.'

To this patriotic sentiment (!) there was a universal assent given.

'Yes,' said one of the party, who talked a good deal about Paris, and seemed, from what he said, to have 'done business' in that city to some extent; 'and that's not the worst of it. Why, I have known these French police employ women to spot down a fellow. There was two years ago a big affair in the Champs-Elysées. The chief hand in it was a New-Yorker called Johnson. He would have got clean away with everything, had it not been for a female with whom he associated. He was caught, and got what they call *travaux forcés* for ten years. He never could find out who it was that peached on him. But one of his French pals discovered, after he was taken, that this woman had been all along in the pay of the police, receiving money from them as well as from Johnson.—Do you call that fair-play?' he asked indignantly; to which a universal cry of 'Shame! shame!' was set up in reply.

There was one thing which struck me very forcibly throughout the evening I spent in what Frenchmen would call this eccentric company; and that was, how none of those present ever once compromised themselves by talking of any future 'business.' At any rate, such matters were never made a subject of general conversation. For some time after I first joined the party, I noticed that some one or other of them would go and talk to another individual in a low tone of voice; but those who thus spoke to one another evidently took great care that what they said should not be heard.

In England, we set great value upon the publicity given by the press to everything that takes place. The company in which I found myself on this memorable evening—or at any rate those with whom I spoke on the subject—praised this national peculiarity as much as, or even more than, most of us do. They said that the newspaper reports about 'plants' and the manner in which robberies are carried out, are, as a rule, the most utter rubbish; and that the daily accounts of what the police had or had not done in any particular case were of the utmost service

to them, and virtually kept them informed of what their enemies, the guardians of society, were doing. The more publicity given to all cases in which they were concerned, the better prepared were they to avoid places and persons that might be dangerous to their safety, from arrest and other troubles. Several of the party expressed themselves very earnestly to the effect that the English newspapers would always be allowed to publish the fullest details of what the police knew in cases of robbery. On the other hand, they abused the French government in no measured terms for not allowing similar intelligence to be made public; one of the company asking in a very sarcastic tone and manner, whether *that* was republican liberty, which put a stop to the press telling people facts which had really happened. From what was said on this subject, it would seem that the gentlemen who follow the profession of those amongst whom I found myself that night look upon publicity in all police inquiries as of the greatest use to them.

In the course of the evening I got my friend who had brought me to the place to ask one of the party, in a sort of offhand manner, whether he and his friends were not afraid of a detective officer coming amongst them and giving information to the authorities of all he saw and heard. The question was purposely put in a rather loud tone of voice, and at a moment when there was a lull in the general conversation, so that others might hear it. For answer, there was returned a general laugh; and then a burly, somewhat elderly man—who, if I may judge from his talk, must have had considerable experience in the profession—spoke up.

'Detectives!' said he. 'We don't fear no detectives here, in London. We know them all in their plain clothes, just as well as if they wore uniform. They acts on the square with us. They don't go a-making of themselves up to be what they ain't. They don't tell us what they are; but we know 'em well. Just let any one with eyes in his head go a-loafing round the police courts for a minute or two, and he'll know every detective in London.' After a short pause, this individual—who was evidently a sort of oracle amongst his fellows—continued: 'There's one thing I will say for the plain-clothes officers, you can't "square" them; and it's no use trying to do so. But then you have them in another way; you know them at first sight; and it would only be a duffer of the first water that would allow hisself to be taken in by them.'

To this my friend replied: 'Well, there *are* people who get taken in by them.'

'More fools they,' was the rejoinder. 'I don't think you'll find one of this ere company who has ever come to trouble through them, unless it were his own fault.'

As the night advanced, the persons who formed this assembly began to leave the place, singly and by twos and threes, bringing to a close the most extraordinary evening it was ever my lot to pass. On leaving the place, my friend linked his arm in mine, and took me through several narrow streets, none of which I recognised—crossing and turning very often—until all of a sudden we found ourselves on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in a few minutes more were in Fleet Street. 'My companion,

knowing that I wrote for newspapers and periodicals, asked me, as a personal favour, not to give any account of the affair until at least a couple of years should have passed. This I promised to do. And as more than seven years have elapsed since I passed that evening amongst the agents of thieves, my promise has not been broken. As for the person who was my guide that night, I only saw him once or twice afterwards. He came to call on me in the winter of 1878, and told me he was about to sail for America, but would not be away more than four or five months. But from that day to this I have never heard a word about him, and cannot tell whether he is dead or alive.

SOME INSTANCES OF EASTERN TRADING.

THE inevitable necessity that a Levantine or Asiatic feels to ask more than double the actual value of his goods, and allow himself afterwards to be beaten down to something less than half what he originally asked, is a cause of bewilderment to the untravelled Briton, and a continual sore ranking in the bosom of the unwary tourist who has fallen a victim. It is not only the unlicensed hawker who takes his wares on board ships as they put in to the various ports along their route, and whose prices are merely a speculation as to how great an extent his customer may be imposed upon; but in the regular shops and markets, this system of haggling is perfectly recognised; and a trader who fixed a fair price on his goods, and kept to the one price, would run considerable risk of losing his entire custom, as the satisfaction of having beaten down a tradesman, and forced him to strike off something from his original price, gives an appreciable flavour to the transaction. As an instance of how ingrained is this idea of trading, I remember a story a friend of mine in the navy told me of a Greek messman on board his ship, who was paying his first visit to England. The first time he went on shore to buy provisions, he was in a butcher's shop, and inquired the price of some prime beef he saw hanging up. 'Fourteenpence a pound,' was the reply. 'I will give you eightpence,' said he, in perfect good faith, and without a minute's hesitation. This somewhat startled the butcher; and it was only after a considerable amount of difficulty that the Greek was made to understand that his system of trading was not in accordance with English ideas. For long afterwards, he spoke of English shopkeepers as 'wonderful people—they have but one price.'

But the ship's hawker or the small shopkeeper in the East is different. For a good thorough-paced scoundrel in trade, he carries off the palm. He looks at his customer, making up his mind how much he may ask him, which is usually about three times as much as he thinks he may get, that being about five hundred per cent. beyond the actual value of the article. The year before last, when I was quartered in Alexandria, I went into a small *boutique* to buy a trifle I saw in the window. I asked the price. 'Ten francs,' 'Nonsense!' I said. 'Five, sir'—'Two'—'One franc only.' Eventually, I bought it for two large piastres (fourpence-halfpenny). Not a bad instance that of a sudden fall in the prices.

But it is the passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers who are the most readily recognised objects for fleecing purposes; so much so, that a special expression has been strung together to denote one of this highly favoured victim band. A few days after I was sent out to Aden, I had the imprudence to go out shopping on the day that the Peninsular and Oriental boat called into that port. I inquired the price of a few ostrich feathers. 'Seventy rupees,' the man said. 'Do you take me for a Peninsular and Oriental passenger-fool?' I asked, having been instructed by old hands as to the little ways of these innocent Arab dealers, and the proper responses with which to meet them. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he replied, and offered them to me for twenty-five rupees. I got them eventually for five.

But of all the stories of imposture of this description, none excels the following, which was told me by my naval friend mentioned above. Being on his way home from China, the ship put in at one of the Ceylon ports, and the usual crowd of hucksters invaded the ship. My friend had gone on shore, and only returned on board about half an hour before the time fixed for sailing. Coming out on deck, he was accosted by a be-turbaned, venerable old gentleman, who said he had some valuable stones for sale, if my friend would only look at them. He opened his case, and presented for inspection a small number of rubies and emeralds of various sizes, a fine collection of stones unset—the usual condition in which they are offered for sale in Ceylon—and said that the price was thirty pounds, apparently about their actual value out there. This was a large sum to my friend; so, after admiring the stones for some time, he said he was afraid he could not spend so much money. After considerable hesitation, and declaring that he should not make a penny by the transaction, the dealer lowered his price to twenty-nine pounds. My friend still considered, and was on the point of offering twenty-five pounds, as the stones would then have been a really good bargain, when the trader went down to twenty-eight pounds. My friend waited, and eventually twenty pounds was reached. A slight suspicion dawned over my friend's mind, and on the chance, he looked straight into the man's face and said: 'I will give you a shilling.' 'Very good, sir,' said the man, pocketed his shilling, handed in his 'precious stones,' and was over the side just in time before the ship got under weigh. The precious stones were mere glass.

'JERRY-BUILDING' IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

It has been generally thought that this peculiar style of building, that is outward show and inward rottenness, was a modern invention; but the public will be somewhat astonished to hear that a specimen of genuine jerry-work has recently been discovered in Peterborough Cathedral, of all places in the world. It will be remembered that early in 1883 certain ominous-looking rents and cracks showed themselves in the great central tower, and in the two eastern of the four great piers which supported it. After a careful survey by Mr Pearson, the architect of Turo Cathedral, it was determined at once

to take down the tower itself and these two piers; and it was during this operation that the amazing discovery was made that these great massive piers, which, with the two corresponding piers on the west, had to carry the enormous weight of the tower above, and which, of course, every one had supposed were of solid masonry, were found to be mere hollow shams—cases, in fact, so to speak, of Barnack ragstone, with no solid interior beyond a quantity of loose stones and rubble just thrown in, without mortar or packing, by which the outer casing of the piers was really weakened, instead of being in any way strengthened. This system was continued from top to bottom. Further investigations brought to light the fact that these great piers did not even rest on proper or firm foundations, but on sand and loose stones thrown in upon gravel, when a fine foundation on the solid rock might easily have been secured only two feet below. The two western piers were now examined, and were found to have been constructed in the same shameful manner; and it is almost a miracle that the tower has not collapsed long ago without sign or warning. Nothing but the strength and tenacity of the Barnack ragstone prevented so terrible a catastrophe.

All these four piers are now being rebuilt in the most substantial manner, and founded on the solid rock. The sum of twenty-one thousand pounds has already been secured for these restorations; but sixty-one thousand pounds will be required for the entire work, which it is proposed to raise by general subscriptions.

JULY.

SCARCELY a whisper stirs the summer leaves,
Or bends the whitening barley; sultry-ferce,
The July sunshine beats upon the sward,
The brown-parched sward, whose scorching grass-
blades thirst
For the life-giving rain!

The fuchsias droop;
The full-blown roses drop their withering leaves;
The thrush sits mute upon the apple-bough;
A drowsy silence, an unnatural calm,
Pervades the face of nature!

In the fields,
The cattle idly lie beside the hedge,
Seeking for shelter from the sweltering heat;
The blackbird, tenant of the farmhouse porch,
Listless and dumb, sits in his wicker cage;
The house-dog, curled, lies blinking in the sun,
Careless of passing tramps.

Hark! What is that?
A threatening rumble, muttered, sullen, low,
In the far-distant sky; a thunder-peal,
Telling of welcome rain!

Anon the drops,
The thick big drops, in quick succession fall
Upon the parching earth: the flowers revive;
The house-dog rises; and the cattle crowd
Beneath the meadow trees; a gentle breeze
Springs up, and rustles through the barley-ears;
The sultry air is cooled: the fresh earth awns
The power beneficent of healing rain!

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A SCOTTISH MARINE STATION.

THE ocean has been watched and studied for ages in innumerable aspects—it has been looked at from points of view wide asunder as the poles—it has been sung of by poets, and fished in by fishermen, and sailed over by sailors for thousands of years; but it is still a region of mystery and wonder. There are very many things about the sea which are quite unknown to this day; in fact, the science of marine phenomena is yet in its early youth, only emerging from its infancy. The study of the physical, chemical, and biological conditions of the sea has always been surrounded by a sort of 'halo of romance, a scientific glamour that almost led men to believe that such research was like fishing—valuable results might be looked for in return for little labour, if the proper opportunity could be found. But the opportunity only occurred at wide intervals, and then the happy few who were fortunate enough to form the scientific staff of such expeditions as that of the *Challenger* were regarded with unmixed envy by the many who were eager to do similar work if they could get the chance.

The wonders discovered by the chief scientific cruises of recent years have greatly increased the interest of the public in the science of the sea, and this public interest has quite lately assumed a tangible form in the foundation of the Scottish Marine Station for Scientific Research at Granton, near Edinburgh. To understand the importance and value of this Station, one must know something of the difficulties presented to any one who wishes to solve some special problem connected with the life which swarms in the waters around our coasts. He must rely on the help of fishermen for collecting specimens; and if he cannot go to the expense of hiring a boat and crew, he requires to content himself with any selection of their 'rubbish' which they may be pleased to make. Should he wish to examine any locality minutely, he must purchase a dredge

and tow-nets, leads and lines, and bottles and boxes to contain the specimens which may be obtained. The difficulty is only half overcome when the work of collecting is over. It is impossible to convey the creatures alive to any distance; and after a few attempts to do so, the naturalist either hires a room in the fishing-village for his work, or gives up the study of marine life altogether; unless he steer a middle course, and content himself with a bare enumeration of species and a description of the external appearance of his specimens.

The individual who is desirous of making chemical or physical observations on the wide sea is in a still more evil case. His apparatus is more costly and more complicated than that of the biologist; it is less easy to manage in a boat not specially adapted for the purpose; and the immediate vicinity of a laboratory is of the first importance. The obstacles, in fact, are so numerous, that observations of this nature have been almost entirely neglected in Great Britain. Now and then, it is true, the fire of scientific enthusiasm burns strong enough in a man to enable him to overcome all difficulties, and to carry on a brilliant research with complete success to a satisfactory conclusion. The work of such men is monumental; but they do not appear many times in a century. The name of one marine chemist is associated with Edinburgh; it is that of Dr John Murray, who in the year 1816 made a series of researches on sea-water collected at Trinity. His work settled a most important point of theoretical chemistry, and it is referred to as of value to this day.

That the progress of marine research was hindered by the trouble and expense of carrying it out—and in honesty it must be said that the latter was always the more powerful deterrent—has long been apparent; and for many years attempts, more or less successful, have been made to remedy this state of affairs. In response to energetic appeals from various learned Societies, government has repeatedly lent gunboats for scientific purposes, and the *Porcupine*, *Lightning*,

Triton, and other ships have done much good work. The culmination of government enterprise was reached in 1873, when the *Challenger* was fitted out for an entirely scientific cruise, and circumnavigated the world investigating the phenomena of the ocean everywhere. How much was accomplished by the three years' voyage can only be realised by those who are familiar with the thirteen large volumes which have been already published describing the collections and observations; but the general reader may form an idea of the magnitude of the work done by reflecting that specialists have been engaged in examining and describing the collections since the return of the ship in 1876, and that this work is still in progress.

Since the return of the *Challenger*, a number of short scientific trips have been made in the vicinity of the British coast by gunboats and hired vessels; and the results of these have been such as to show the extreme advisability of something more permanent being set on foot. The success of the Marine Observatories at Naples and at Marseilles, and of the small movable laboratory kept up for two summers by the university of Aberdeen, proved that Marine Stations were practicable and desirable. It was the consideration of the difficulties in the way of young men who wished to devote themselves to the examination of marine phenomena, but who were unable of themselves to meet the great expense of such work, that led Mr John Murray, Director of the *Challenger* Expedition Commission, to start a Marine Station in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. A submerged quarry on the shore at Granton, which quarry has been in communication with the sea for nearly thirty years, was selected as the site, and a floating laboratory was formally opened there during the festivities of the Edinburgh University Tercentenary celebration this spring.

The Marine Station has now been open for several months, and the working arrangements have attained a certain degree of completeness. The accommodation which exists at present includes a floating laboratory, 'the Ark,' where zoological, botanical, and chemical work is being carried on by the permanent staff and other investigators. There is also a steam-yacht, the *Medusa*, fitted out with all the arrangements for trawling, dredging, sounding, and taking the other necessary observations. She is manned by an efficient crew, and has the advantage of the services of an engineer who was on the *Challenger* during her scientific cruise. The *Medusa* is a capital seaboard, though, from her small size, when in rough weather, she sometimes tries the sea-going capabilities of the workers. The creatures brought up by the dredge or trawl are kept alive in boxes, the water in which must be changed at intervals, though, when there is a heavy sea and a head-wind, as often happens, this service is performed by the waves, which break over the bows in magnificent spray showers, very beautiful to watch from the dry security of the after-cabin. On arriving at the Ark, the animals are transferred to aquaria or glass dishes, in which a constant current of thoroughly aerated sea-water can be kept up, and in these they live very happily. The larger specimens are usually placed

in wire cages moored to the Ark, where they enjoy all the advantages of life except freedom. For short excursions in the neighbourhood of Granton, there is a good sailing-boat, the *Raven*; and work in the haven in which the Ark lies can also be carried on by the little *Dove*, and the two Norwegian skiffs belonging to the Station, whose names, *Appendicularia* and *Asymptote*, are mystifying to the uninitiated. A row round the quarry at low water reveals the immense richness of the vegetable and animal life which inhabits its waters. There are growths of sponges of different colour, with gracefully interlacing branches like a coral grove, where bright-hued sea-anemones spread their tentacles, and crabs and other crustacea crawl and swim about at their pleasure. And not only are the commoner forms of marine life abundant; rarer species may be found frequently. The beautiful nudibranch mollusc *Eolus* lives in the quarry; and the great fifteen-spined stickleback builds its nest there, and it has been seen keeping guard over its door while its mate and young remain comfortably within.

The work which is being carried on at the Marine Station at present is divided between four workers. Mr J. T. Cunningham, the naturalist in charge, is making a research into the development of the Teleostian fishes, the great group to which most of our food-fishes, such as the cod, herring, and haddock, belong. Mr J. R. Henderson has commenced to form a collection of all the animal life of the Firth of Forth; while Mr John Rattray is proceeding with a similar collection of the algae or seaweeds, and is also making a detailed study of the diatoms of the district, a piece of work which has never previously been attempted. Mr Hugh Robert Mill has charge of the daily meteorological observations at the Station, and he is working at the chemical and physical study of estuary-water, examining the variations in saltness and in temperature which occur from the fresh water to the open sea, and comparing them at different seasons. The work at the Station is thus seen to be purely scientific; and the results which will ultimately be obtained must be of great practical importance. Any scientific man is welcomed to work at the Station on special problems, without charge, and several gentlemen have taken advantage of the privilege.

It may give a better idea of the working of the various departments if the actual methods employed be shortly described.

Zoological specimens are collected in various ways. The 'trawl' is a wide-meshed net tied up at one end. The net's mouth is attached above to a stout wooden beam that unites two iron runners; the lower side is a strong cable, the ground-rope, which rubs along the sea-bottom. The fish, alarmed by the ground-rope, rise up and are caught in the net, which is carried along so rapidly that escape is impossible. In using the trawl the vessel must steam quickly, and the ground trawled over must be free from rocks. It is only employed for the capture of the larger kinds of fish, such as flounders, haddock, and cod. The dredge is the true naturalist's implement. It is a small-meshed net, closed at one end, and fixed to a rectangular iron frame at the other. When drawn along, it scrapes the

bottom, and brings up everything that it encounters, mud and shells, and all living creatures that are not quick enough to get away. After a run over good ground, when the dredge is hauled up—an operation that is performed on the *Medusa* by a gun-metal wire-rope and a steam winch—and emptied on deck, the profusion of animal life that lies in a struggling heap before one is quite bewildering. There are pectens and oysters, alcyonarians (usually known as 'dead-men's-fingers'), sea-anemones of all sizes and colours, swimming-crabs and spider-crabs and soldier-crabs, whelks and mussels, zoophytes and algae, ascidians (commonly called 'sea-squirts'), sponges, sea-urchins, star-fishes of every kind from the magnificent sun-star, 'rose-jacynth to the finger-tips,' to the common brittle-star and 'five-fingers,' and there are other things more than can be numbered. The dredge and trawl explore the bottom, but are useless for collecting specimens from the surface or intermediate depths; and 'tow-nets'—bags of muslin or canvas sewn on hoops and drawn after the vessel—are employed for this purpose. The creatures caught in the tow-net are usually small; when the contents of the net are placed in a bottle, the water seems full of bright spots darting about in all directions; but under the microscope the specks discover themselves to be beautifully formed crustaceans shining in glassy armour. But the tow-net often catches larger things. An exquisite transparent *medusa* or jelly-fish, its umbrella several inches in diameter, rayed with purple, and carrying a fringe of graceful pendent tentacles, is often brought on board its namesake; and hosts of smaller species of these beautiful creatures are always to be found. It is in the tow-net, too, that the floating ova of fishes, about which there has been so much discussion recently, are caught.

The chemical and physical work done at sea is chiefly the collection of samples of water and the observation of temperature. Water from any moderate depth is collected by lashing a bottle to the sounding-line and lowering it to the proper point; the stopper is then pulled out by a cord and the bottle allowed to fill. The water in the bottle is not changed in its ascent, as the mouth is narrow and it always hangs vertically. When the sea is rough or the depth is great, it is necessary to employ some other means. The 'slip-water-bottle' is convenient for most purposes. It consists of a brass disc covered with india-rubber, and supporting a central column to which the line is attached. This is lowered to the required depth, and then a hollow brass cylinder, open below, but closed above except for a hole that just allows the line to pass, is allowed to slip down the line. The base of the cylinder strikes on the rubber-covered disc, and securely incloses a sample of the water, which is run off by a stop-cock into a bottle after the whole has been hauled on board. The water must always be brought to the laboratory in stoppered bottles, which are entirely filled, and have had the stoppers tied down from the moment of collecting.

The temperature of surface-water is usually taken by drawing a bucketful and placing an ordinary bath-thermometer in it for a few minutes. The precautions of hanging the thermometer in

the centre of the bucket and placing it in the shade must be observed. Temperature at greater depths may be observed in several ways. Three methods have been tried at the Marine Station. The first is by means of a 'cistern-thermometer,' used by the late Sir Robert Christison for ascertaining the temperature of the water in the deep Scottish lochs, which was presented to the Station by Sir Alexander Christison. It consists of a thermometer, the bulb of which is in the centre of a conical copper vessel capable of containing about five pints. When this is lowered into the sea, the water passes through the instrument; but on hauling up, the valves on the upper side are closed, and it is brought on board full of water from the greatest depth it had reached. Experiment shows that the water has not had time to change its temperature in the few minutes that elapse between collecting it and reading the thermometer. A more common instrument, though one not found so suitable for use in shallow water, is the Miller-Casella thermometer, the form chiefly employed on the *Challenger*. It is a self-registering thermometer with a maximum and minimum arm, which register the highest and lowest temperatures met with in each immersion. As the temperature of the sea almost invariably decreases with increase of depth, the lowest temperature is considered to be that of the lowest point reached.

The third form of thermometer has been found the most convenient, and, with some modification, the best for the purposes of the Station. It is Negretti and Zambra's deep-sea thermometer, and its principle is that when the temperature of the water is attained by the thermometer the instrument is made to turn over; the mercury column always breaks at the same point, a contraction near the bulb; the part which had been beyond the bulb remaining in the inverted tube, which is graduated so as to show the temperature at the moment of inversion. Its great advantage is that no subsequent change of temperature affects the instrument until it is set again. Its great defect is that it is difficult to be sure when it has turned over. The simple and ingenious inverting mechanism of Magnaghi is hardly trustworthy; but an improvement has been effected, in consequence of the experience gained at the Scottish Station, which makes the turning of the thermometer, or of any number of thermometers on the same line, a matter of certainty.

The transparency of the water is measured roughly by noting the depth to which a large white disc continues visible when immersed. In the course of a trip from Grangemouth to the Isle of May, the colour of the water was observed to vary from dirty yellow to clear blue-green; and the disc, at first visible only three feet below the surface, was seen at a depth of six feet at Inchgarvie, at fifteen feet off Inchkeith, and at no less than sixty feet a little east of the May. Although the water of the upper reaches of the firth has been rendered muddy by the admixture of river-water, that at the May Island remains beautifully clear.

The routine-work of a biological and chemical laboratory is not of much interest to most people. For every day of collecting, with its fresh sea-air and new sea-sights, there must be

several spent on the Ark in preserving the specimens, pressing plants, dissecting, mounting microscopic objects, observing densities, analysing water, calculating results, and such things; and all this work does not always tend to preserve an odourless atmosphere.

It is not intended that the Marine Station shall long continue of its present small dimensions. The experiment, so far as it has gone, has been so successful that it is now proposed to erect a large house on shore near the quarry, where there will be commodious laboratories, large aquaria, and rooms for the accommodation of the workers. In the meantime, Mr Irvine of Royston has generously given the use of an old manufactory which stands close to the sea beside the quarry. It was formerly used as a tannery, and so contains a number of large water-tight tanks built in the ground. There is a steam pumping-engine; and a very simple modification of the existing pipes will secure the supply of abundance of sea-water. The tanks will be used for experiments on fish-breeding; and the buildings in the works can be employed as laboratories without much alteration.

The Marine Station is intended to be a centre from which branches will extend to other parts of the country. It is in contemplation to erect a permanent marine observatory on the Clyde; and there will also be a portable station, probably a floating laboratory on the plan of the Ark, which can be taken to any part of the coast where it is desirable to make an extended series of observations.

The Granton Station is, with the exception of an annual grant of three hundred pounds from the Scottish Meteorological Society, entirely supported by voluntary subscription; and the heartiness with which the appeals to the public have been responded to by donations of money, apparatus, and material, shows how thoroughly the people of Scotland realise the importance of the work which is being done. The Government Grant Committee of the London Royal Society has made certain allowances to the members of the scientific staff for special researches; but this is not in any sense a government endowment of the Station, the Treasury having definitely refused to give any money for such a purpose. Although government support is an extremely desirable thing, the willing aid of an enlightened public is still better, and the Scottish Marine Station at Granton has this aid.*

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE OTHER SIDE.

It seemed very curious to Madge that she should become the confidant of those two men, with whose fate that of her mother had been so sadly associated. She was thrust into the ungracious position of arbiter between them; she had to decide whether or not the one was false and treacherous, or the other the victim of his own hasty passion and self-deceived in his accusations. She was satisfied that Mr Beecham had spoken

* We will be glad to receive and acknowledge any donations in aid of the Granton Marine Station.—*Ed. C. J.*

under the conviction of the truth of what he told her; and Mr Hadleigh had just shown her that—if innocent—he could be magnanimous, by his willingness to meet in friendliness one whom he had so long regarded as his implacable foe.

The position involved so much in the result to her and to Philip, that she felt a little bewildered, and almost afraid of what she was about to hear. But she could forgive: that knowledge steadied her.

Mr Hadleigh with his formal courtesy asked her to be seated. He stood at the window, and she could see that the white gloom of the coming snowstorm was reflected on his face.

'May I inquire where you have met Mr Shield?'

She was obliged to reply as she had done to a question put by Philip, which, although different, was to the same purport: 'I may not tell you yet.'

'Philip knows that you have met him?'

'No.' It was most uncomfortable to have to give these evasive answers, which seemed to make her the one who had to give explanations. She observed that Mr Hadleigh's heavy eyebrows involuntarily lifted.

'I ought not to have asked. Pardon me.'

Something in his tone and manner plainly showed that he had penetrated her secret and Mr Beecham's.

'I am sorry not to be able to give you a direct answer.'

'It does not matter,' he said with a slight movement of the hand, as if he were putting the whole subject of her acquaintance with Shield aside. 'I know, from the exclamation you made a little while ago, that he has told you with all his bitterness why he and I have not been friends.'

'There was no bitterness, Mr Hadleigh, but much sadness.'

'I am pleased to hear it, and I will try to give you my explanation in the same spirit. First about George Laurence. I never heard his name until after my marriage; and it is therefore unnecessary to say that when I did hear it, and learned the nature of his former relations with my wife, it was not possible for me to receive him in my house, or for him to regard me as a desirable acquaintance. There were unfortunate consequences following upon this peculiar position; but they may pass. They made my life a hard and solitary one.'

He paused, and as he looked out into the dull atmosphere, the vague stare in his eyes, as if he were seeking something which he could not see, became pathetic. Madge began to understand that expression now, and the meaning of the melancholy, which was concealed from others under a mask of cold reserve. She sympathised, but could say nothing.

'I never spoke to the man, and saw him only a few times. But acquaintances of mine, who thought the news would be agreeable to me, told me of his ways of life and predicted the end, which came quickly. The mistake made by Philip's mother and Mr Shield was in believing that it was not until after her marriage that Laurence neglected his business and took to dissipation. Men who had known him for several years previous to that date informed me that his

habits were little altered after it. Nights spent in billiard-rooms and other places; days wasted on racecourses and his fortune squandered. He attempted to retrieve all by one daring speculation. Success would have enabled him to go on for a longer or shorter time, according to the use he made of the money; failure meant disgrace and a charge of fraud. He failed, and escaped the law by taking poison.

'Are you sure of this?' ejaculated Madge, startled and shocked by this very different version of the sentimental story she had heard.

'I will show you the newspaper report of the inquest, and a copy of the accountant's report to the creditors on what estate was left. They will suffice to satisfy you that there is no error in anything I have said.'

'Why was it that Mr Shield, who was his most intimate friend, knew nothing of this?'

'He must have known something, but not all. His ways were quiet and studious, and what he did see, he did not regard with the eyes of experience. I do not think that Laurence attempted to deceive him; for men who fall into his course of life soon become blind to its evils and consequences; and so, without premeditation, he did deceive him. Mr Shield, being a man as passionate in his friendships as in his hates, would listen to no ill of his friend. But there is one thing more which I have never repeated, and never until now allowed any one over whom I had influence to repeat. You, however, must learn it from the lips of one who witnessed the scene.'

He rang the bell, and Terry the butler appeared. It was one of Mr Terry's strict points of discipline in his kingdom below stairs that without his sanction no one but himself should answer the drawing-room bell. Obeying a motion of the master's hand, he advanced with a portly gravity becoming the dignity of his office.

'You were an attendant in the Cosmos Club about the date of my marriage?' said the master.

'I was, sir, then, and for six months before, and a good while after.'

'You recollect what was said about the marriage a few evenings after it took place?'

'Perfectly, sir, because you told me to write it down, as you thought some day it might be useful to you.'

'The day has come. Tell us what you heard.'

'There was a small dinner-party in the strangers' room, and I had charge of it. The gentlemen were particularly merry, and in fact there was a remarkable quantity of wine used. Your marriage, sir, was mentioned; and Mr Laurence, who was the gayest of the company, although he took less wine than any other gentleman, proposed the health of the happy couple. I recollect his very words, sir. He says: "I was in the swim for the girl myself; but this beggar, Hadleigh, cut me out; that was luck for me, so here's luck to them;" and the toast was drunk with perfect enthusiasm. Mr Laurence made away with himself some time after; and I heard the gentlemen whisper among themselves, when referring to the sad event, that it was a question of doing that or of doing a spell of penal servitude. That's all, sir.'

The master nodded: Mr Terry bowed and

retired with the portly gravity with which he had entered.

Mr Hadleigh turned to Madge. The butler's story produced the effect desired: she was convinced, for she felt sure that no man who loved could speak so lightly—or speak at all—of the woman he loved in a company of club bacchanalians.

'But why did you not tell this to Mr Shield?' was her reproachful exclamation.

'Because he would not listen to anything I had to say. From the time of the marriage until after the death of Laurence, we never met. Then he came to me, mad with passion, and poured out a volley of abuse. I was patient because he was her brother; and silent because it was as hopeless to expect a man drunk with rage to be reasonable as one drunk with alcohol. In his last words to me he accused me of murder. We have never spoken together since. —Do you think me guilty?'

'I do not believe it,' she replied decisively; 'nor would he have believed it, if what you have told me had been made known to him in time.'

'I am grateful to you,' said Mr Hadleigh, bending his head; 'but I perceive you do not know Mr Shield. Time and solitude alter most men, and they must have had a peculiar effect upon him to have enabled him to make such a deep impression on you. He used to be obstinate to the last degree, and once he had formed an opinion, he held to it in spite of reason.'

'He must be changed indeed, then, Mr Hadleigh. I am sure that when he had had time to think, he would have understood it all but.'

She paused; and his keen eyes rested searchingly on her troubled face.

'I know what you would say, and I see that you have doubted me. Ah well, ah well; it is a pity; but that, too, shall be made clear to you, I trust.'

She looked up again hopefully.

'Oh, if you will do that!' The tone was like that of an appeal.

'It can be done, I think. . . . You have been told that it was I who, in my enmity to Shield, took advantage of his long absence and silence to set abroad the report that he was married. I did not. The story was on the tongue of everybody hereabouts for months, and I, like the rest, believed it. There are only two men who would have said that I spoke the falsehood—the one is the man who invented it; the other is Shield himself.'

'You knew the man?'

'I did.'

'Then why, why did you not denounce him in time?'

'Because I did not know him until after your mother's wedding; and then I thought she would learn the truth only too soon for her peace of mind.'

'How did you discover him, then?'

'The scoundrel revealed himself. He came to me, and insolently told me that, knowing the state of affairs between Shield and me, he thought he would do me a good service. So he had given him a blow which he would not get over in a hurry. I knew something of the man, and at once suspected his meaning. I inquired how he

had struck the blow; and he explained that it was he who had brought about matters so that when Shield came home he found his sweetheart already married to somebody else.

Poor Madge was weeping bitter tears in her heart, but there were none in her eyes: they were full of eagerness and wonder. She was drawing nearer and nearer to the truth, which would enable her to effect the purpose Philip so much desired.

'It is the advantage of my nature,' Mr Hadleigh went on calmly, 'that I can listen to a scoundrel without losing temper. On this occasion, I asked how he knew that Shield had returned. "I have seen him," he said; "and he is cut up enough to please even you. Now, having done this job for you, I expect you to give me something for my trouble."—"How much?"—"A hundred is not too much to ask for the satisfaction of knowing that your bitterest foe has got it hot."—I asked him to write down that he had been the first to report in the village that Austin Shield was married, although at the time he had no authority for the statement.—"That looks like a confession," he said.—"Exactly. I mean it to be one."—After thinking for a moment, the fellow said: "All right; it won't matter to me, for to-morrow I am off to the diggings."

Mr Hadleigh stopped and looked out at the window again, as if the scene he was recalling even now filled him with indignation. He resumed:

'When he had written the memorandum and signed it, I told him my opinion of his villainous transaction, and threatened to have him horse-whipped through the village. At the same time I rang the bell. Although disappointed, "Bah!" said he; "I always thought you were a sneak, without the pluck to give the fellow who hates you a hiding. Shield has the right stuff in him; he gave me the money for telling him that you employed me to tell the lie. That paper you swindled out of me isn't worth a rap. You have no witnesses."—He got out of the room before I could reach him, and escaped pursuit. . . . He was right; the paper was useless to me.'

'Who was the man?'

'Richard Towers. Your aunt will tell you what a scamp he was.'

'But what motive could he have for such a cruel wrong?'

'Unknown to Shield, he was his rival; and it was his own satisfaction he sought in spreading the falsehood, as it was his own interests he served by endeavouring to make capital of it out of both Shield and me by playing upon the unfortunate misunderstandings between us.'

Madge was now calm and thoughtful. She, too, saw what a powerless instrument the villain's memorandum was unless it could be proved that he had written it. Who would not say Mr Hadleigh himself had written it, to escape blame?

'Have you got the memorandum still?' she asked suddenly. 'Will you give it to me?'

'But it is useless, except to satisfy those who trust me that I had no part in the disgraceful affair.'

It is not quite useless, Mr Hadleigh. There are letters bearing that man's name amongst my grandfather's papers, and Mr Shield can compare one with another. That will be enough to assure

him that you are blameless, even if he be so ungenerous as you imagine. Give me the paper.'

A clever thought; and Mr Hadleigh was struck by her quickness in seeing it and the energy with which she took up his cause. He did not know that she was working for Philip.

'You will make a good advocate,' he said with that far-off look in his eyes. 'You shall have the paper. It is in the safe in my room.'

'Thank you, thank you! I will wait here till you send it to me.'

(To be continued.)

THE LARGEST STATUES IN THE WORLD, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A PIECE of interesting news comes to us from Egypt regarding a discovery recently made in Lower Egypt, by Mr Flinders Petrie, of the fragments of a colossal statue of King Rameses II., which, calculating the height from the fragments which remain, must have stood considerably over one hundred feet in height! The material employed is granite; and the executing of such a work in such a material, and when completed, rearing it into position, must have involved a profound knowledge not only of high art but of engineering skill. Is it possible that the statue could have been cut out whole in one piece? If so, what lever-power did the Egyptians possess to raise such an enormous weight into a perpendicular position?

Certain it is that these ancient builders knew well how to get over, and did get over, prodigious difficulties, as witness their obelisks, and the enormous stones which compose the platform of the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. As there is no stone quarry near, how these vast stones could possibly have been conveyed thither in the first place, and then raised to their position, has been an enigma to all modern architects and engineers by whom the temple has been critically examined, and who have freely confessed that, even with all our modern science of steam-cranes, hydraulic jacks, and railways, the transport and raising of such immense cyclopean masses would have undoubtedly presented many serious difficulties, if indeed it could be accomplished at all.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember Mr Poynter's grand picture in the Royal Academy of London, a few years ago, entitled 'Israel in Egypt.' It represented an enormous mass of sculpture mounted on a wheeled truck, dragged along by hundreds of the unfortunate captive Israelites, who are smarting under the whips of their cruel drivers. Mr Poynter had good authority for his 'motive-power' as shown in his picture. So far as we can discover from ancient works or ancient sculptures, the hugest stone masses were transported mainly by force of human muscles, with few mechanical expedients. Levers and rollers seem to have been almost, if not altogether, unknown. The mass was generally placed on a kind of sledge, the ground over which it was to pass lubricated with some oily substance, and the sheer strength of human shoulders was then applied.

The most colossal and by far the most remarkable statue of modern days is that most elaborate and rather eccentric gift of the French

nation to the people of America. Not only is it remarkable for its enormous height and gigantic proportions, but for the very singular and ingenious manner in which it has been constructed, so singular, indeed, that at first sight it is somewhat difficult to comprehend the manner in which it has been built up piece by piece, especially when we mention that the several pieces of copper composing the figure have not been cast. How, then, have they been made? This we will try to explain.

The statue is a female figure of Liberty, having on her head a crown, and holding aloft in her hand a torch. The figure is one hundred and five feet high; but, reckoning the extreme height to the top of the torch, the marvellous altitude of one hundred and thirty-seven feet nine inches is reached. The statue is to be reared on a pedestal of solid granite eighty-three feet high, so that the entire work will rise to the immense height of two hundred and twenty feet nine inches! The artist is M. Bartholdi (the family name, by-the-bye, of the great composer best known as 'Mendelssohn').

Having first carefully constructed a model in clay about life-size, this was repeatedly enlarged until the necessary form and size were obtained. The next step was to obtain plaster-casts from the clay, and these casts were then reproduced by clever artists in hard wood. The wooden blocks were then in their turn placed in the hands of coppersmiths, who by the hammer alone, it is stated, gave the copper sheets the exact form of the wooden moulds or models; and thus, in this peculiar and laborious manner, the outside copper 'skin' of the statue was formed and, to all outward appearance, completed. But as the copper is only one-eighth of an inch thick, an inner skin is also provided, placed about a foot behind the first, whilst the intermediate space will be filled in with sand, especially at the lower extremities, to give the whole a steadfast foundation.

The stability of the figure will not, however, be left to depend solely on these sheets of thin copper and loose sand; and therefore the interior, from top to bottom, will be strengthened by a framework of girders and supports, by which the whole will be knit together in one firm, compact, unyielding mass. As the sheets of copper and the interior framework are simply secured in the ordinary manner by rivets, when it is desired to remove this metallic mountain, all that has to be done is to unrevet the several plates, take down, and pack on board ship for New York.

It is proposed to place this gigantic 'Liberty' on Bedloe's Island, a very small islet lying about two miles south of the Battery and Castle Garden, the lowest point of the island of Manhattan on which the city of New York is built, so that travellers approaching the city by water on that side will get a fine view of the statue of 'Liberty enlightening the World.'

This mighty work of art, after many years of close and anxious labour, has recently been formally handed over by M. Jules Ferry to the minister of the United States, as a free gift from the people of France to the people of America—a token of love and admiration from the one republic to the other—and measures are

being adopted to take the statue to pieces, with a view to its immediate transmission to New York, in which go-ahead city we shall doubtless soon hear of its final erection.

If Mr Flinders Petrie's discovery of the remains of the gigantic statue of Rameses II. in Lower Egypt, one hundred feet high of solid granite, is the largest statue of antiquity, the 'Liberty' of M. Bartholdi may certainly take rank as the most colossal production of modern days.

A GREENROOM ROMANCE.

IN THREE SCENES.—SCENE I.

MR PERCY MONTMORENCY was seated in front of a looking-glass in his dressing-room at the Pantheon Theatre, habited in the costume of Charles Surface, with the perruquier in attendance. The name of 'Montmorency' was merely a *nom de théâtre* assumed by Harry Stanley when he adopted the somewhat singular resolution of 'fretting and strutting his hour' on the boards of a metropolitan theatre; for Mr Stanley was the only child of his father Colonel Stanley, and consequently heir to that gallant officer's estates in Yorkshire and elsewhere. For the rest, he was three-and-twenty, undeniably good-looking, and endowed with considerable abilities. Having completed the arrangement of the powdered wig, the perruquier withdrew a pace and contemplated the effect with well-simulated admiration. 'Mr Charles Mathews never looked the part better, sir.'

The actor seemed to coincide in the opinion of his flattering attendant, for he rose, and surveyed himself in the glass with admiration, which he made no attempt to conceal.

'A good house, Jackson?'

'Capital, sir. But a little cold. They'll warm up when you go on, sir.'

'Tell the call-boy I want him, Jackson.'

Jackson withdrew; and Montmorency surrendered himself to a mental soliloquy, which assumed somewhat of this form: 'I wonder what my father wishes to see me about? The same old story, I suppose—the folly and wickedness of the step I have taken. Well, of one thing I am certain: I am much better off in my present position, than wedded to that Barbadoes girl, Miss Anstruther, in spite of her money-bags, and whom I have never seen.'

These reflections were put an end to by the entrance of the call-boy.

'If a gentleman giving the name of Colonel Stanley should call, show him in here.'

'He is outside, sir,' replied the boy.

'Show him in at once,' whereupon there entered a small wizen-faced old gentleman, with snow-white hair, and supporting himself on a stick. Montmorency advanced, shook hands with a great show of cordiality, and placed a chair, on which Colonel Stanley slowly seated himself, gazing round the small apartment with an unfeigned expression of curiosity. 'So this is a theatrical dressing-room. You are pretty snug.'

The room certainly deserved the encomium of the old colonel. Paintings in oil and water colours nearly covered the walls; fancy pipes and cigar-boxes and scent-bottles littered the

tables; a case of champagne reposed in one corner, while in the other was a small pile of seltzer water.

The colonel, after indulging in a sigh, proceeded: 'I have called, Harry, before I return to Yorkshire, to make one more appeal to you to give up your present mode of life, settle down as a landed proprietor in your native county, and marry Miss Anstruther.'

It was now the turn of the young man to sigh as he replied: 'Impossible, my dear sir. I am already wedded—to the stage.'

'That may be; but unions can easily be dissolved by a divorce, especially in these days.'

'Not where the contracting parties are so attached to each other as I am to my profession. No, sir. If a man could take a wife on lease, for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, the case would be different. But the feeling that my lot in life was fixed—cut and dried, so to speak—the matter won't bear a thought.' The young man felt strongly inclined to indulge in a stage-walk, but the limited area of the apartment forbade such a physical relief. If the reader should consider the remarks of the actor somewhat flippant, it must be borne in mind that no one whose character did not fall under that definition would have acted as Harry Stanley had done.

The old man scowled as he resumed: 'I wonder you can respect yourself, dizenod out and painted like a mummer at a pantomime.'

'I am of the same calling as the glory of England, Shakspeare the actor.'

'And poet—you forget that, sir—poet, sir,' sharply retorted the colonel.

'I can assure you, sir, we have men of good family playing very small parts to-night. Trip took honours at Oxford, and Backbite is a Cambridge man.'

'Pray, sir,' replied the colonel, 'if that be the case, why do you all sail under false colours? Why resign the honoured name of Stanley for the Frenchified one of Montmorency?'

The young man bowed as he responded: 'Out of deference to the shallow scruples of the narrow-minded portion of Society.'

'Of which I constitute a member, eh?'

It was in a more conciliatory tone that his son took up the argument. 'Pray, sir, let me ask you a question. Do poets and novelists never adopt a *nom de plume*? Did not Miss Evans style herself "George Eliot," the late Governor-general of India, "Owen Meredith," Mademoiselle de la Ramée, "Ouida," Dickens, "Boz"?''

'That'll do,' interrupted the colonel. 'Then one fine day you will be falling in love, as you call it, with one of these artful and painted sirens, and I shall find myself grandfather to a clown or a pantaloon! For, of course, you will bring up your offspring to the profession, as you call it, as if there were no other profession in the world.'

His son and heir drew himself proudly up as he replied: 'No, sir; I trust I shall never forget that I own the honoured name of Stanley.'

The colonel remained silent for several moments ere he observed: 'I shall never understand why you declined even to see Miss Anstruther.'

'Because the very fact that the lady was labelled my future wife,' replied his son, 'would have caused me to detest her at first sight.'

The old colonel rose from his seat. 'I can see very plainly that I am wasting both your time and my own.—I suppose you will have to do a little "tumbling" presently.'

'I do not make my first entrance till the third act. If you will go in front, you can have my box.' Montmorency rang the bell as he spoke, and when the call-boy appeared, directed him to show his visitor into box A.

The actor was indulging in a sigh of relief, when a head appeared at the half-closed door, and a voice exclaimed: 'May I come in?'

Montmorency bounded from his chair as he seized hold of the extended hand and drew the owner into the room. The new-comer was a young man of about the same age as the actor, and was habited in modern evening dress. Montmorency wrung the hand of his friend Vallance, and forced him into a seat. 'Delighted to see you, Jack! Have a weed and a seltzer?'

In a few seconds the two young men were similarly occupied, and immersed in the consumption of a couple of choice Partagas.

The actor opened the ball. 'You must have met an elderly party in the passage. That was the governor. He is very irate because I won't fall in love by word of command, and marry Miss Anstruther, whom I have never seen.—By-the-bye, you have seen her. What is she-like?'

'A lovely girl,' replied Vallance. 'I met her at a ball at Scarborough, soon after her arrival from the West Indies. Faith, Harry, you might do worse.'

'And might do better; eh, Jack? But your ideas of beauty are so opposite to mine, as I remember of old. Now, if you wish to see a perfect vision of loveliness, go in front and see Fonblanque, the Lady Teazle of to-night.'

'You mean Miss Fonblanque, I presume?'

'Exactly. The prefix "Miss" is frequently omitted in theatrical parlance. She is bewitching!'

Vallance shakes his head. 'Have a care, Harry. It would be a pity if you allied yourself with some unknown adventuress, after refusing the rich Miss Anstruther.'

'Well, to be candid, Jack, I am afraid of myself. If I did not constantly call to my mind the fact that I am a Stanley, I should speedily succumb to the charms of the divine Fonblanque, so there is some benefit arising from birth after all.'

'And how long do you mean to pursue this mad freak of yours?' inquired Vallance.

'Till I hear on good authority that the troublesome Miss Anstruther is engaged, or married.'

'And then?'

'Why, then I quit the mimic stage as suddenly as I entered upon it.'

'Meanwhile!' ejaculated Vallance with an incredulous smile.

'Meanwhile,' replied Montmorency loftily, 'I contribute to the "gaiety of nations," as Johnson said of Garrick; and therefore consider myself a far better member of society than a successful general, who has killed so many hundreds of his fellow-mortals; or a lawyer, who has set whole families by the ears in order to

fill his pockets; or a doctor, who, as Tobin says, spends the greater part of his time in writing death-warrants in Latin.

Vallance examined his finger-nails for a few seconds, and after an embarrassing pause, said: 'Harry, I am about to make a confession.'

'I cannot promise you absolution, Jack.'

Vallance proceeded: 'On the memorable night when I first beheld Miss Anstruther at the ball at Scarborough, I fell over head and ears in love with her.'

'You fell in love with her, did you!' repeated Montmorency, in a tone of some annoyance. 'You mean with her banking account. Remember, you are in the confession box.'

'On my honour, no!' replied Vallance. 'As you are aware, I could not afford to marry a penniless girl; but if I were as rich as Rothschild, and Miss Anstruther a pauper, I would marry her to-morrow, if she would have me.—You do not seem to like the idea?'

'Humanity is a strange compound, Jack. It grates upon my sense of propriety that any one else should step into my shoes and wed the woman intended for my wife, yet whom I have vowed never to marry.'

'Why, what a dog in the manger, you are!'

'I would not so much mind if a stranger were to win the heiress; but to know her as your wife, Jack, for the remainder of my existence, to repent probably of my obstinacy—You are not in earnest, Jack?'

'Ah, but I am!' replied Vallance, inwardly murmuring: 'May I be forgiven the lie!'

After a brief mental struggle, Montmorency continued: 'Well, success attend you. You are a lucky fellow to walk off with such a prize; while I—I shall remain a humble stage-player.'

'Remember the peerless Fonblanque, Harry.'

'Ah! you are right. There is beauty, talent, wit, elegance, refinement, all enshrined in the admirable Lady Teazle of to-night. I shall now no longer hold back. To-night I shall know my fate. You have applied the touchstone.'

The shrill voice of the call-boy now uttered the words 'Charles Surface.'

'There is my call. So adieu for the present. Go in front, and call for me at the end of the show; and we will have a steak at the *Albion* together, and drink to the speedy nuptials of my *bête noire*, Miss Anstruther.'

'With whom?'

'Any one! I care not—no offence, Jack—so I am free.'

Vallance proceeded straight to box A, and having tapped at the door, found himself face to face with Colonel Stanley, who eagerly exclaimed: 'Well, Vallance, has my plan succeeded?'

'I fear not, sir.'

'Give him a second dose the first opportunity. I never knew it fail. If you want to make a man fall in love with a particular woman, tell him she is half engaged, and she will instantly go up twenty per cent. in his estimation. That is how I came to marry his mother. Directly my father told me that Fred Spencer was mad after her, and that she was half inclined to marry him, I rushed to the attack, stormed

the fortress, and carried off the prize! I wasn't going to let that puppy Spencer march off with her. A fellow with not a tithe of my personal recommendations.' Here the colonel paused, as he beheld the countenance of his auditor completely engrossed with the scene; for in the lovely Lady Teazle of the play, Jack Vallance had recognised the West Indian heiress, Emily Anstruther!

SCENE II.

Along one of the tortuous passages leading to the dressing-rooms, a gentleman is conducting a lady, preceded by the dresser. They have evidently come from the audience part of the theatre, as they are both in modern evening dress. Presently the dresser pauses at a door, and after tapping, enters; and returns to invite the lady to invade the sacred precincts of the dressing-room of Miss Fonblanque, the representative of Lady Teazle. After a few whispered words to her escort, the lady accepts the invitation, and in another moment is clasped in the embrace of the actress. 'My dear Julia!'

'My darling Emily!'

Certainly, Lady Teazle fully deserved the rapturous praises of Montmorency. Her lovely dark eyes shone all the brighter from the contrast to the powdered wig; while her splendid figure was displayed to the utmost advantage by means of her handsome brocaded dress.

'And so you recognised me under these tinsel robes, Julia?'

'Your voice is unmistakable; I should have known it anywhere, Emily.—When do you intend to return to your own sphere?'

'First tell me, Julia, how you managed to penetrate these sacred precincts?'

'Oh! my husband, who knows everybody, said he could at once accomplish it, directly I told him you were my old schoolfellow at Barbadoes.—Now, answer me my question, there's a dear!'

'I have found my proper sphere; I am free, popular, and admired. Instead of one admirer, I have hundreds, and the number is increasing nightly. What can woman wish for more?'

'I'll tell you, Emily: a nice husband, and domestic bliss.'

The actress indulged in a scarcely audible sigh. 'That might have been my lot. I mean the domestic bliss part of the affair, if I had not had it dinned into my ears from morning till night that there was only one road to happiness—a union with Mr Stanley, whom I have never seen.'

'You might have liked him very much.'

'Impossible, my dear Julia. The very fact of a man being ticketed like a prize animal at a show, and then his being introduced to you as your certain and future husband, would be quite sufficient to make me detest him.—No, Julia; when I marry, I will myself make the selection, and he must be one who is ignorant that his intended is a rich heiress.'

'That will not be a very easy matter to accomplish, Emily.'

'Listen, Julia, and I'll tell you a secret. There is a young man acting in this company—a Mr Percy Montmorency. He is all I could wish—

handsome, clever, accomplished, and vastly agreeable.'

'Then you have made your selection?'

'Not so, Julia. His profession renders our union impossible. He may be heir to a peerage; he may be a lawyer's clerk. There is the most delightful mystery as to our antecedents, we play-actors! For instance, who would suppose that I was the rich West Indian heiress, who utilised her amateur theatrical talents, and adopted her present profession? And all in order to escape being pestered into an unwelcome and distasteful marriage. Heigh-ho! I wish I had never seen this captivating fellow.'

Mrs Sydney sighed as she rejoined: 'Ah, Emily, there is the danger of your present mode of life. Before you know where you are, finding yourself over head and ears in love with some handsome fellow, even of whose very name you are ignorant. As to the position in society of his progenitors, that is a point which would require the research of the Society of Antiquaries.'

The actress looked solemnly in the face of her friend, and taking both her hands within her own, replied: 'Julia, there is a fascination in the life of a successful actress, of which you can form no conception. There is the delight of selecting the costume you are to wear on the eventful evening. No trifle to a woman, as you will admit. Then there is the actual pleasure of wearing it, not for the sake of some half-dozen friends, whose envy in consequence is a poor reward, but the object of admiration to hundreds of spectators nightly! Then, instead of monotonous domesticity, executing crewel-work to the accompaniment of the snoring in an armchair of a bored husband, we have the nightly welcome from a thousand pair of hands, and the final call before the curtain amidst an avalanche of flowers! Your name on every tongue, your photo. in every print-shop in London, and your acts and deeds the subject of conversation at every dinner-table in the metropolis!'

Mrs Sydney shook her head with a melancholy smile as the actress finished her oration. 'I am still unconverted, Emily.'

'Quite right, Julia. If we were all actresses, there would be no audiences.'

The inexorable call-boy here put a compulsory finish to the interview between the two friends, with the words 'Lady Teazle.'

SCENE III.

Montmorency was seated in the greenroom at the conclusion of the play, engaged in that absent train of thought known as a brown-study. The more he saw of the fascinating Fonblanque, the more he was captivated. Every hour spent in her society but served to rivet more closely the chain which bound him to her. Should he condescend and make her an offer of his hand, she would naturally be influenced by a profound sense of gratitude, when she discovered that she had married a man of fortune and a Stanley! Whereas, if he had married the rich Miss Anstruther, he would have had her money-bags perpetually thrown in his face. A silver-toned tremor fell on his ears. Looking up, he beheld the subject of his cogitations.

'Allow me to congratulate you, Mr Montmorency, on your Charles Surface this evening. A double call before the curtain, and well deserved.'

'You are pleased to flatter me. The plaudits of the house to-night render any praise on my part of your Lady Teazle unnecessary. I regret that I am fated to lose so charming a compatriot.'

Was it fancy that Montmorency imagined he detected a paler tint on the cheek of the actress, as she replied: 'You are not going to leave us?'

'I fear so.'

'Wherefore?'

'You are the last person to whom I can confide the cause of my sudden departure.'

Lady Teazle cast down her lovely eyes for a brief space, and then, in a voice in which the smallest possible tremolo was perceptible, whispered: 'Are you not happy here?'

'I fear, too much so,' sighed Montmorency.

'I have been living in a fool's paradise lately.'

'How? In what way, Mr Montmorency?'

'I am in love.—You start. You do not believe in an actor, who is always simulating affection, ever falling under the influence of a real and veritable passion.'

'You wrong me; indeed, you do. The artistic nature is, and must be, more acutely sensitive than that possessed by ordinary mortals. Do I know the lady?'

'You see her every day—when you contemplate those charming features in the glass. Yes; it is *you*, Miss Fonblanque, whom I love, whom I adore!'

How can we describe the flood of sensations which agitated the bosom of the heiress, as she listened to the avowal of affection from the lips of the only man she had ever loved! In low and trembling tones, she managed to reply: 'Mr Montmorency, you are not rehearsing a scene in some new comedy?'

'I was never more serious in my life.'

By this time, the pride of the Anstruthers had come to the assistance of the heiress. 'I grieve very much that I cannot accept your offer. It is impossible.'

'Impossible! Why?'

'That I cannot explain.'

'We are both members of the same profession, and so far equal.'

'Pardon me,' said Lady Teazle. 'You know nothing of my antecedents, and'—

'And you know nothing of mine, you would say. Charming equality! Say, Miss Fonblanque, may I hope?'

It was now the turn of the actress to sigh. 'It would be cruel, to raise hopes which can never be realised.'

Montmorency let fall the hand which in his ardour he had seized, and drew himself proudly up. 'That is your fixed answer?'

'It is.'

Montmorency once more took possession of her taper fingers, and raising them to his lips, uttered the word 'Farewell!' and hastily left the green-room.

The dark melting eyes of the heiress gazed after his retreating figure, and large drops of moisture gathered in them. 'I have half a mind

to call him back,' she mentally whispered.—'No! I must remember I am an Anstruther.'

Sinking on a couch, Lady Teazle felt her brain spinning round; then presently raising her eyes, she beheld—Mr Vallance!

'Have I not the honour of speaking to Miss Anstruther?'

'Since you recognise me, it would be affectation to deny my identity. Mr Vallance, may I ask you to preserve my secret?'

'From all save one individual—Mr Montmorency. Surely you knew that in the Charles Surface of this evening you beheld your rejected lover, Mr Stanley?'

A film came slowly over the eyes of Miss Anstruther. 'You are not joking, Mr Vallance?'

'The matter is too serious for jesting. But I will break a confidence. He loves you. He told me so half an hour ago.'

The heiress could scarcely forbear a smile, as she reflected that her ears had drunk in the soft confession only five minutes ago. 'Mr Vallance, will you do me a favour? Will you ask Mr Stanley to step here for a few minutes? But remember, you must on no account reveal my identity.'

'You may rely upon me, Miss Anstruther. I do not know what steps you mean to adopt; but there is no time to lose, for old Colonel Stanley is in front, and will, if he has recognised you, at once inform his son.'

'That is my fear; so haste.'

Almost before the heiress could mature her plans, the rejected one appeared before her. He was very grave, and bowed with an air of deep humility, as the actress thus addressed him: 'Mr Vallance and I are old acquaintances, so I commissioned him to ask you to return for a short time. I feel very anxious about our scenes in the *Hunchback* to-morrow. Would you mind running through the *Modus* and *Helen* scenes? I mean the second one.'

Montmorency bowed. 'With pleasure.'

It would have been a lesson for half the actresses on the stage, could they have beheld the manner in which the saucy coquette of the play coaxed her lover, lured him on, fascinated him, and enveloped him in such a spell of witcheries, that no *Modus* that ever breathed could have been proof against her seductive wiles. The scene came to an unexpected termination, for Montmorency suddenly caught her in his arms, and as he held her clasped tight to his breast, exclaimed in rapid and excited tones: 'This is not acting! If it be, you are the greatest actress that ever trod the boards. You love me! I see it in your sparkling eye; I read it in your blushing cheek! Say, am I not right?'

Emily Anstruther remained perfectly passive in the arms of Harry Stanley, as she murmured 'Yes!'

The enraptured couple were so completely absorbed in reading love in each other's eyes, that they had not observed the entrance of two gentlemen, Colonel Stanley and Mr Vallance.

The old colonel was the first to speak. 'Speak, sir! Is this a scene from a play?'

By this time the heiress had left the sweet anchorage of her lover's arms, and advancing to

the old man, said: 'Do you not recognise your godchild, Emily Anstruther?'

But surprise had taken away the power of speech from the colonel.

His son interposed. 'I trust Miss Anstruther will acquit me of any guilty knowledge of this fact—will believe that I believed she was merely Miss Fonblanque the actress.'

Emily Anstruther here cast down her eyes, while a deep blush mantled over her face and neck. 'I am afraid I am not equally innocent; for Mr Vallance informed me that I had refused my hated lover. But I have enough confidence in his love for me, to hope for his belief in my unselfish love for him.'

'So you see, dad,' exclaimed the younger Stanley, 'Love not only rules the court, the camp, the grove, as the poet says, but does not disdain to flutter his wings in the green-room.'

Author's Note.—This story having been dramatised, and the provisions of the law as regards dramatic copyright having been duly complied with, any infringement of the author's rights becomes actionable.

HUMOROUS DEFINITIONS.

A SMART, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. Wit itself has not inaptly been called 'a pleasant surprise over truth;' and wisdom, often its near ally, is, in the opinion of a clever writer, 'nothing more than educated cunning.' 'Habits are what we learn and can't forget,' says the same author, who also defines silence as 'a safe place to hide in,' and a lie as 'the very best compliment that can be paid to truth.' 'Show him an egg and instantly the air is full of feathers,' said a humorist, defining a sanguine man. 'A moral chameleon' is a terse reckoning-up of a humbug. Man's whole life has been cynically summed up in the sentence, 'Youth is a blunder; middle life, a struggle; and old age, a regret.'

Whimsical definitions are sometimes quite as neat and telling as those of a smarter kind. Dr Johnson confessed to a lady that it was pure ignorance that made him define 'pastern, the knee of a horse;' but he could hardly make the same excuse for defining pension, 'an allowance made to any one without an equivalent.' A patriot, some writer tells us, is 'one who lives for the promotion of his country's union and dies in it;' and a hero, 'he who, after warning his enemies, is toasted by his friends.'

Of juvenile definitions, 'dust is mud with the juice squeezed out;' scarcely so scientific as Palmerston's definition of dirt as 'matter in the wrong place.' A fan, we learn, is 'a thing to brush warm off with;' and a monkey, 'a small boy with a tail;' 'salt, what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on;' 'wakefulness, eyes all the time coming unbuttoned;' and 'ice, water that stayed out too late in the cold and went to sleep.'

A schoolboy asked to define the word 'sob,'

whimpered out: 'It means when a feller don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself.' Another defined a comma as 'a period with a long tail.' A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of 'responsibility,' so he said: 'Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers, and one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button.'

'Give the definition of admittance,' said a teacher to the head-boy. This went from the head to near the foot of the class, all being unable to tell the meaning of it, until it reached a little boy who had seen the circus bills posted about the village, and who exclaimed: 'Admittance means one shilling, and children half-price.'

'What is a junction, nurse?' asked a seven-year-old fairy the other day on a railway platform.—'A junction, my dear?' answered the nurse, with the air of a very superior person indeed: 'why, it's a place where two roads separate.'

To hit off a jury as 'a body of men organised to find out which side has the smartest lawyer,' is to satirise many of our 'intelligent fellow-countrymen.' The word 'suspicion' is, in the opinion of a jealous husband, 'a feeling that compels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know.' A good definition of a 'Pharisee' is 'a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights;' of a 'humbler,' one who agrees with everybody; and of a 'tyrant,' the other version of somebody's hero. An American lady's idea of a ballet-girl was, 'an open muslin umbrella with two pink handles;' and a Parisian's of 'chess, a humane substitute for hard labour.' Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is 'a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong.'

Of definitions of a bachelor—'an un-altar-ed man,' 'a singular being,' and 'a target for a miss,' are apt enough. A walking-stick may be described as 'the old man's strength and the young man's weakness;' and an umbrella as 'a fair and foul weather friend' who has had 'many ups and downs in the world.' A watch may be hit off as a 'second-hand affair;' spectacles as 'second-sight' or 'friendly glasses;' and a wig as 'the top of the poll,' 'picked locks,' and 'poached hare.' And any one who is troubled with an empty purse may be comforted with the reflection that 'no trial could be lighter.'

'Custom is the law of fools,' and 'politeness is half-sister to charity'—the last a better definition than that which spitefully defines polite society as 'a place where manners pass for too much, and morals for too little.' 'Fashion' has been cleverly hit off as 'an arbitrary disease which leads all geese to follow in single file the one goose that sets the style.' An idea of the amusement of dancing is not badly conveyed by the phrases 'embodied melody' and 'the poetry of motion.'

The 'Complete Angler' as a definition of 'a flirt' is particularly happy. Beauty has been called 'a short-lived tyranny,' 'a silent cheat,' and 'a delightful prejudice;' while modesty has been declared 'the delicate shadow that virtue casts.' Love has been likened to 'the sugar in a woman's teacup, and man the spoon that stirs it up; and a 'true-lover's-knot' may not inaptly

be termed 'a dear little tie.' Kisses have variously been defined as 'a harmony in red,' 'a declaration of love by deed of mouth,' and 'lip-service.'

'Matrimony' was defined by a little girl at the head of a confirmation class in Ireland, as 'a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world.'

'Being,' said the examining priest, 'the answer for purgatory.'

'Put her down!' said the curate, much ashamed of his pupil—'put her down to the foot of the class!'

'Leave her alone,' quoth the priest; 'the lass may be right after all. What do you or I know about it?'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NEARLY seven millions sterling have been already expended upon the Panama Canal works, and according to all accounts, there is plenty to show for the money. The channel is being dredged out by enormous machines, which scoop out the softer earth and operate upon the debris of harder rocks, after the latter have been blasted. Colon, the Atlantic terminus of the canal, has, from the miserable and dirty little village which it presented some years ago, sprung into a prosperous town. The dry season has unfortunately been an unhealthy one, and there has been an epidemic of marsh-fever; but altogether we may take the general report of the Canal works as a satisfactory one. There is little doubt that the great work of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will be accomplished within very few years.

News has been received by the Geographical Society that their intrepid explorer, Mr Joseph Thomson, whose departure some months ago on an expedition to the region east and north-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza we briefly chronicled at the time, has safely returned to Zanzibar. Little is at present known as to what he has done, further than that he has successfully carried out his programme with the most satisfactory feature that the work has been done without any loss of life except from disease. We may look forward with great interest to Mr Thomson's account of this his third successful expedition, the more so, as this time he has journeyed in a region of Africa untraversed by any previous explorer, and about which, therefore, the knowledge possessed by our best geographers is open to improvement.

From a paper recently read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, by Mr G. H. Stayton, upon the Wood-pavements of London, we glean the following interesting particulars: The metropolis comprises nearly two thousand miles of streets, of which only fifty-three miles are at present laid with wood. Most of the wood used is in the form of rectangular blocks of yellow deal, principally Swedish. Neither elm nor oak will stand changes of temperature sufficiently well to fit them for this purpose; but pitch-pine answers well, and so does larch; though the supply of the latter limits its use. Creosoting the blocks has no value as a preservative, and the wood is now used plain, the

joints being filled in with cement. The average cost of laying wood-pavement is about ten shillings and sixpence per square yard, and the expenses of maintenance compare very favourably with Macadam and other systems of pavement. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' even in the matter of wood-pavements, for we find, on reference to a *Mechanic's Magazine* dated 1858, that wood-blocks, placed grain uppermost, as in all modern systems, are distinctly advocated as having many advantages over granite roads, diminution of cost and durability being among those stated.

It has become customary to speak of the present epoch as the 'Iron Age,' in order to distinguish it from those two long periods of human interest known respectively as the Stone Age and the Bronze Age. But future historians may well be tempted to substitute the word steel for iron, for it is an undoubted fact that improved processes of manufacture, and the resulting easy and cheap production, are causing steel to be widely substituted for its parent metal. In railways, steel rails are now almost entirely replacing iron ones, and that modification of the metal known as 'mild steel' is finding great favour just now among shipbuilders. The Board of Trade have lately had representations made to them that the superiority of steel over iron for shipbuilding purposes should be officially recognised; and that this request is well grounded, the following instances will go far to prove. A steamer wrecked on the coast of the Isle of Wight remained for ten days in stormy weather perched on a ledge of rocks without breaking up. 'If,' says the engineer's Report, 'she had been built of iron instead of steel, there is not a doubt that she would have gone to pieces. The agent of another vessel wrecked at New Zealand last year reports to the owner that the vessel was eventually released from her rocky bed; 'but, with a large number of passengers, would have been lost, had it not been for the beautiful quality of the material of which she is built, known as mild steel.'

But there is one branch of the metal trade which shows a continually increasing activity, and which need not fear any rivalry from steel, and that is the tinplate trade. Many thousands of tons of this tinned iron—that is, thin sheets of iron coated with tin—are annually exported from this country, our best customers being the United States. We may presume that a large quantity of this metal comes back to us in the form of tins containing preserved meats, fish, and fruit. In Philadelphia, there are a number of factories for utilising these tins after they have been used. They are collected from the ash-heaps, the hotels and boarding-houses. The solder is melted and sold, to be used again; the tops and bottoms of the tins are turned into window sash-weights; the cylindrical portions are rolled out flat, and are made into covers for travelling trunks, and are used for many other purposes. The industry is said to be a very profitable one, for the expense of gathering the tins is covered by the sale of the solder, and the capital required is small. Such ingenious applications of waste materials most certainly deserve to succeed.

What is known as 'flushed glass' consists of common white glass blown with a layer of coloured glass superposed on its surface, which surface can afterwards be eaten away in parts by the application of fluoric acid, so that any ornament or lettering can be executed upon it. The same principle in an extended form has lately been applied by Messrs Webb of Stourbridge to the production of most beautiful vases in what has been aptly called cameo glass. The vase is first blown in glass of three different descriptions, fused together, forming eventually three distinct layers of material—the innermost of a semi-opaque colour, the next white, and the outside of a tint to harmonise with the first or innermost. Now comes the artist's work. The design being drawn upon the surface, the outer colour is removed so as to leave but a tint, deep or light as may be wanted in certain parts; next, the white is cut into so as to show up where required the ground colour behind. In this way the most intricate design is produced with the most artistic results. The operator employs not only fluoric acid, but makes use of the steel point, and also the ordinary emery wheel commonly used for engraving and cutting glass. Two of these vases are, as we write, on view at Mr Goode's, South Audley Street, London.

The first cable tramway laid in Europe has been opened on the steepest bit of road near London—namely, Highgate Hill, and is pronounced on all hands a complete success. It is to be hoped that the system will become as common in this country as it is in America, where not only steep gradients are thus dealt with, but level roads, such as our horse trams already traverse. The boon to horses would be immeasurable. At the present time, on British tramways more than twenty thousand horses are at work. The labour is so hard, that about one quarter of this number have annually to be replaced. This annual loss absorbs forty-three per cent. of the gross earnings, a consideration which will appeal more eloquently to the feelings of many than will the sufferings of the poor horses.

Referring to the epidemic of smallpox in London, a correspondent of the *Times* gives a valuable suggestion. He tells how an epidemic of the same dreaded disease was quickly stamped out in a South American village some years ago, and although our great metropolis bears but small resemblance to a village, the remedy in question might nevertheless be tried. Huge bonfires of old creosoted railway sleepers were made in the streets, and gas-tar was added occasionally to stimulate the flames. In the meantime, every house where a death or recovery occurred was lime-washed. With these precautions, which are manifestly applicable to other zymotic diseases, the visitation speedily vanished. Concerning this all-important subject we may have something further to say in a special paper.

Meanwhile, there is no kind of doubt that the spread of infectious disease is attributable in great measure to personal ignorance, commonly called carelessness, as well as to that entire indifference as to the welfare of others which is so common to human nature. Some time since, an advertisement appeared to the

following effect: 'Should this meet the eye of the lady who travelled (by a particular train) with her two boys, one of whom was evidently just recovering from an illness, she may be pleased to learn that three of the four young ladies who were in the carriage are very ill with the measles.' This is supported by a statement contained in a recent letter in the *Times*. A lady, finding that her boys, on recovering from a severe attack of scarlatina, suffered much from dandruff (the scales which separate from the scalp, and which, in fever, are a prolific source of contagion), took the sufferers to a leading West End hairdresser's, so that their heads could receive a thorough cleansing with the machine-brush!

We would in this connection draw attention to a novel system of providing for smallpox cases with the least amount of risk to others, which is established by the Metropolitan Asylums Board of London, and which will undergo in time further development. In addition to the five hospitals in different parts of London which have been opened whenever a fresh epidemic has broken out, there is a very elaborate ambulance system, by which a suitable carriage with a nurse and porter is despatched, as soon as notice is received, to the patient's place of residence and removes the patient to the nearest hospital. This has been at work for some years; but in addition there are three ships moored on the Thames opposite Purfleet, two of which are hospital ships, the third being used as a residence for the staff, and containing offices, kitchens, workshops, &c. Some four miles inland there is a convalescent camp, consisting of tents for about one thousand patients, each heated and lighted by gas, and suitably fitted for the purpose in every way.

To convey patients to the ships, an ambulance steamer runs as often as required, being fitted up as a travelling hospital, with beds, &c., and having a medical and nursing staff. Patients are removed to the river-side either direct from their homes, or from the hospitals, usually on comfortable beds, and carried on board the steamer, and thence down the river. Another steamer brings the recovered cases back; and when landed, they are conveyed in special carriages to their homes, free from infection in person and clothing.

So far the problem of how to provide for an epidemic of smallpox in London is in a fair way of being solved, by a system which, though still in its earliest stage, is daily undergoing development and improvement. When yet another steamer is fitted out, there will be no difficulty in coping with a much larger epidemic than has visited London for many years, and at the same time treating patients with an amount of attention almost unknown till now.

The proposal to revive the art of lacemaking in Ireland, to which we adverted some months ago, has now received more definite form. A scheme has been framed under the auspices of many influential persons, the chief features of which are as follows: Original designs are to be purchased under the advice of the best authorities on the subject. These designs will be sent to the lacemaking centres for execution. The specimens will then be exhibited and offered

for sale. The expenses to set this machinery at work will amount to about five hundred pounds, much of which is already subscribed. Full information as to the project can be obtained from Mr Alan Cole, of the South Kensington Museum.

Dr Von Pettenkofer has, according to the *Lancet*, been lately paying attention to the poisonous action of coal-gas on the human system, and a few notes of authenticated cases may be serviceable to those who pay little heed to an escape of gas so long as it does not in their opinion assume dangerous dimensions. The cases quoted all refer to escapes of gas into dwelling-houses after passing through a layer of earth, and we may note that such escapes are difficult of detection, for the earth robs the gas in great measure of its tell-tale odour. At Roveredo, three women were killed in their sleep by an escape from a broken pipe under the roadway thirty-five feet distant. At Cologne, three of one family were carried off by a similar escape at a distance of ninety-eight feet. At Breslau, a case is reported where the escape was no less than one hundred and fifteen feet away from its victim. It would seem that the dangerous constituent of coal-gas is carbonic oxide, which usually forms about eight per cent. of the vapour conveyed to our houses. Whether this noxious ingredient can, like other impurities, be eliminated in the process of purification at the gas-works, we do not know, but the question is certainly worth the attention of the authorities.

The Observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, which our readers will remember was opened in October last, will be completed this summer. The observations already made confirm the anticipations as to the value of a high level station, and the completion of the structure will add to the efficiency of the work done, for hitherto the observers have been cramped for space. A shelter for tourists forms part of the scheme, and travellers will be able to obtain light refreshment there, and if they desire it, can telegraph from the highest point in Britain to their friends below. The cost of completion will absorb about eight hundred pounds; but this estimate does not include the heavy outlay for carriage of materials on horseback up the bridle-path already constructed. It has been suggested that visitors on horseback using this path should pay a toll of five shillings—a modest sum, when it is considered that the expenses of maintenance are much increased by the soil being loosened by the horse's hoofs, especially when the ground is in a soft condition.

The small Chinese colony established at the International Health Exhibition is one of the principal attractions of the place. Visitors have now the opportunity of tasting various strange dishes which before they had only heard of by report. The much extolled bird-nest soup can be had here, together with shark-fins, *beches de mer* (sea-slugs), edibles made of different seaweeds, shredded cucumber peels mixed with vinegar, and various other delicacies, which, we trust, are nicer than they seem to be by mere description. We may note that the South Kensington executive have already arranged for an Exhibition to follow on the present one. It is to be called the Exhibition of Inventions, and will

include all kinds of appliances, one entire division being devoted to musical instruments.

A long-felt want by paper-rulers and others has now been supplied by the new Patent Automatic Paper Feeding-machine. It has been invented by Mr William Archer, 204 Rose Street, Edinburgh—a paper-ruler who has spent his spare time during the last ten years in working it out, and who has now succeeded in patenting a Ruling-machine which is allowed to be the most accurate in use for feeding the paper in a continuous stream, or feeding to grippers at given intervals. It can be worked either by hand or steam-power, and it renders unnecessary the employment of boys or girls as paper-feeders. It can also be applied to hot rolling-machines; and it is expected that it will also be turned to use in connection with printing, &c.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE NEW ORGAN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE old-new, or the new-old, organ of Westminster Abbey was formally tried on the 24th of May, at the usual afternoon service, after which a recital, which served to exhibit the extreme beauty and power of some of the new work, was given. The new organ has fifty-six speaking stops, besides many mechanical stops, couplers, &c., and is placed in two lofty blocks, like the one in St Paul's Cathedral, at the west end of the two choir screens, only that in this case the player sits between the two over the doorway of the choir. The magnificent oak case, designed by Mr Pearson, has not yet been erected, because the funds for the purpose—about fifteen hundred pounds—are not, as we write, yet collected. The principal bellows are blown by a gas-engine, and are placed in a vault below the cloisters, the pipes conveying the air being nearly one hundred feet in length. A curious arrangement exists to connect the keys with the pipes, which is done by tubes, through which, on the key being pressed, wind, under heavy pressure, is admitted, and acts instantly on a small bellows at the other end of the tube. This, on being inflated, pulls down the pallet or valve under the sound-board, and thus gives air to the pipe. This clever system is said not to get out of order or to be affected by changes of temperature.

It may be interesting to state that this organ was in the first instance built by Schreider and Jordan so far back as 1730. Exactly a hundred years after (1830) it was added to by Elliott; and again in 1848 and in 1868, Hill made many additions; and it has now been almost completely reconstructed by Messrs Hill and Son, of the same well-known firm. It may fairly be considered, with that in St Paul's Cathedral, and All Saints, Margaret Street, to take rank as one of the finest church organs in London.

THE ANTHROPOMETRICAL LABORATORY AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

Without intending the smallest disrespect to our numerous readers, we will venture to say that more than one will be inclined to ask the very obvious question, 'What is anthropometry?' Well, this fine-sounding, Greek-adapted name

signifies the art of describing and recording, in a schedule provided for that purpose, the particulars appertaining to the condition, functions, powers, and capabilities of the human body and limbs. Every person visiting the Laboratory at the Health Exhibition can have his or her schedule filled up with a statement, ascertained on the spot, of his name or initials, age, sex, occupation, place of birth, colour of hair and eyes, height standing and sitting, weight, length of span of arms, strength of squeeze and of pull, swiftness and weight of direct fist-blow, capacity of chest, lungs, and breathing, as measured by a spirometer, acuteness of vision as measured by a test type, conditions of colour-sense, and acuteness of hearing. The ascertaining of these particulars, and any others of a like nature bearing immediately on the principal question, seems to be the especial business of the art of anthropometry. It may be objected that the collecting of these facts, though interesting enough to the individual practised upon and his family, can be of no possible use beyond that limit, or indeed anywhere else; but the gentleman who has originated this novel and ingenious scheme (Mr Francis Galton) proposes to keep a duplicate of the filled-up schedule which each person operated on will receive; and by this means he hopes to obtain a very large number of facts and statements, which will doubtless be ultimately arranged and tabulated, and made good use of by the originator, who may possibly submit them to the Registrar-general, or to the Statistical Society, for enrolment amongst their curious records. It is, at anyrate, in spite of its somewhat alarming Greek name, an interesting experiment.

ADVICE TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

A correspondent in New South Wales writes to us as follows: 'Australia offers a wide field for the capitalist and the manual labourer, but I should not advise others to try their fortunes here. For educated persons, male or female, without capital, Australia is a death-trap. Such persons would, according to my observation, do far better in America, or in the English settlements in China. In China, young gentlemen possessing no other fortune than a good education, are soon employed in the warehouses and stores by the Chinese merchants, who value Englishmen whenever they can get them to take charge of the more responsible parts of their businesses. The Chinese Customs' Departments also are open to educated young Englishmen. But in Australia, brains are not a marketable commodity; strong arms are more sought for. The streets of Sydney are thronged with hundreds of educated young Englishmen, who have come out here persuaded by their friends that work is easily got, as well as money, which is not the case, except in one or two kinds of labour. I know of scores of temperate young gentlemen out here who have done all they could to find employment, and failed; and at last have had to seek relief in the Refuge. Some commit suicide out of sheer despair.

'No one, unless he can swing a pickaxe well and is possessed of plenty of muscular strength, with not too much refinement in him, should think of coming out here to earn

his bread, much less make his "pile," unless he has some capital, say a few thousands, to start a warehouse, or take up land and go in for sheep-farming. Sometimes young educated men, who bring good letters of introduction and good characters also, are given government situations, as I am thankful to say was the case with me. But I should warn any educated young man who has no friends here or capital, against coming to Australia. Even where he brings letters, he often has great trouble to get a situation, as there are so many colonials' sons hanging about doing nothing. The towns are overloaded with men, and the country is left untouched for want of capital in the majority of those who come out here.

"Servants of all classes do well here; ten shillings per week and board and lodging is the usual wage for female servants good or bad; and one pound per week with board and lodging for male servants. Governesses are an utter failure; hundreds are doing nothing here now; and when they do get employed, they don't do much better than at home; sixty pounds with board and lodging is the usual salary; but they have to act as nurses often as well, for that sum.

"My advice to young gentlemen and ladies who are thinking of giving up their situations at home and emigrating to Australia in the hopes of getting work and good salary, is—Don't."

A CURIOUS DISEASE.

The *London Medical Record* quotes some information regarding a strange disease that is met with in Siberia, and known to the Russians by the name of 'Miryachit.' The person affected seems compelled to imitate anything he hears or sees, and an interesting account is given of a steward who was reduced to a perfect state of misery by his inability to avoid imitating everything he heard and saw. One day the captain of the steamer, running up to him, suddenly clapping his hands at the same time, accidentally slipped, and fell hard on the deck. Without having been touched, the steward instantly clapped his hands and shouted; then, in helpless imitation, he, too, fell as hard, and almost precisely in the same manner and position as the captain. This disease has been met with in Java, where it is known as 'Lata.' In the case of a female servant who had the same irresistible tendency to imitate her mistress, the latter, one day at dessert, wishing to exhibit this peculiarity, and catching the woman's eye, suddenly reached across the table, and seizing a large French plum, made pretence to swallow it whole. The woman rushed at the dish and put a plum in her mouth, and, after severe choking and semi-asphyxia, succeeded in swallowing it; but her mistress never tried the experiment again.

ANOTHER UPHILL RAILWAY.

The *Hôtel des Alpes* at Chillon, and the *Hôtel de Mont Fleury* at Montreux, Switzerland, are situated at no great distance apart; but the difference of elevation between the two is over two hundred feet, and the incline very steep. To get over this difficulty, it is intended to call

in the aid of that mighty power which has of late so prominently come to the front—electricity. After a long series of carefully conducted experiments, it has been determined that an uphill railway shall be constructed between the two hotels named, to be driven by electricity. An electric motor will be placed on a car to drive a cog-wheel; this wheel will gear into a central cogged rail, and by this means draw or pull the car up the ascent. Conductors placed beside the central rail will convey the current of the generator, which will be kept going by a five-horse-power locomotive engine. It is, however, in contemplation to drive the dynamo not by steam, but by water-power, abundance of which, descending from the hills, can be had close by, and only requires utilising. This railway will in many points resemble that up the Righi, only that electricity will be its driving-power instead of the odd-looking little engine so well known at the latter place; and when it is completed, it will certainly be a great boon to travellers frequenting these beautiful spots.

EVENING ON THE LAKE.

UPON the mountain-top the purple tints
Fade into mist; and the rich golden glow
Of the low-setting sun sinks to a gray
Subdued and tender.

Home the eagle hies,
Swift, to his eyrie, his broad pinions stretched,
Bearing him onwards, seeming motionless
The while with rapid wing he cleaves the air,
As ship the waters: now the grousecock crows
On heathered knoll his vesper lullaby
To his dear mate.

And from the silver lake,
Cradled in mountain-setting, echoing comes,
With rippling music on the air, the plash
Of dipping oars; and voices deep and low,
Mingled with women's trebles, tuneful break
The evening silence!

Grand indeed it is
To be amid these mountain solitudes;
And yet there is a sense of rest and calm,
Soothing the spirit—stealing o'er the heart
Like the soft notes of an Æolian harp,
Falling like balm upon the troubled soul,
And making the most worldly man to feel
That there is over earth a higher heaven!

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BIRD MIGRATION.

THE migration of birds is a subject that has excited the attention of naturalists of all nations from very early times, and many theories have been advanced to account for the mysterious periodical movements that take place among the feathered tribes, although it can hardly be said there is one which fully explains these movements. Some writers affirm that they are entirely due to temperature; others, that they are caused by a want of food; while others, again, assert that they are traceable, within certain limits, to a hereditary impulse which guides birds in following lines of flight over seas where at one time all was land.

There can be no doubt that originally, birds, like other animals, were actuated to a great extent in their periodical shiftings by the main considerations of food and temperature. As familiar examples of this, we have only to remember that species which are reared within the Arctic Circle are compelled to quit their birthplaces as soon as the brief summer is past—their haunts becoming wrapped in snow, and their feeding-grounds converted into a dreary expanse of ice; while in our own country, every one knows that swallows and other soft-billed birds are obliged to leave us at the close of autumn, and repair to climes where there is not only greater warmth but abundance of insect life, on which their subsistence depends.

Another theory, however, may be adverted to, as showing the phenomena in a more suggestive and poetical light—namely, that put forward by the aged Swedish poet Runeberg, who believes that birds, in undertaking their vast and toilsome journeys, are solely influenced by their longing for light. When the days become shorter in the north, birds make up their minds to go southwards; but as soon as the long northern days of summer set in, 'with all their luminous and long-drawn hours,' the winged hosts return to their old haunts. There is evidently something in this theory, because, in the case of the insectivorous

birds, there is little diminution of food in their southern hunting-grounds to compel them to seek a change; and even with regard to marine birds, it seems quite possible that fishes and other migratory creatures in the sea on which they prey are influenced to a great extent by some such impulse as this theory indicates. The longing after light, moreover, is well exemplified in imprisoned plants, which, though firmly rooted in the ground, instinctively strain towards the light, and spread upwards in search of an outlet from the surrounding darkness. The Swedish poet, therefore, may, after all, be nearer the truth than some naturalists are willing to allow.

But whatever may be the true theory, it is certain that at the close of each summer, whether it be within the Arctic Circle or in the temperate region of Britain, where observations are now being made, vast flights of birds are seen passing southwards, and again in early spring proceeding northwards, with unvarying regularity; and it has consequently become a matter of considerable interest to ornithologists, as well as to naturalists at large, to record such observations as may help to throw light upon the question as to what species share in the general migration and how their movements appear to be influenced.

In *Chambers's Journal* for December 1876, a suggestion was made that the light-keepers of our lighthouses might be enlisted in the cause of science by making notes of their observations concerning birds and other animals, as by that means new facts would certainly be added to our stores of knowledge; and Messrs J. A. Harvie Brown and John Cordeaux—two well-known ornithologists—subsequently undertook of their own accord the circulation of carefully prepared schedules among the keepers of lighthouses and lightships situated on the English and Scottish coasts, with a view to investigate the migratory movements of birds. The results, which were both interesting and valuable, were published in the *Zoologist* for 1880, but were immediately thereafter reprinted in a convenient

form for reference. Subsequently, it was found that the scheme was somewhat beyond the limits of private enterprise, and application for aid was therefore made to the British Association at its meeting at Swansea, in the autumn of the same year. This led to the appointment of a Committee of Naturalists, whose Report, issued in 1881 (London: Sonnenschein and Allen), was so encouraging, that when the Association again met at York, a larger Committee was appointed, and a wider interest given to the investigations by their extension to the coasts of Ireland. A subsequent Report on the migration of birds, containing a mass of interesting information on the points referred to, has recently been issued as the work of this Committee; and judging from its contents, it may reasonably be expected that the results of such investigations will become more and more important as the work proceeds.

From the returns given by the light-keepers, it would appear that birds, prior to crossing the ocean, follow closely the coast-line in their journeyings, and that during the two periods named, a continuous stream passes to and from their summer quarters, broken, it may be, by a sudden change of wind or other vicissitude of weather, and thus causing 'throbs' or 'rushes,' as they have been termed, but steady as a rule—the hereditary impulse being too powerful to admit of anything but a temporary deviation or delay on these great highways of migration.

It seems strange that while such movements are taking place, persons resident but a few miles inland may be unaware of the winged multitudes that in this way pass within a short distance of their homes. Yet a great deal of information may be gathered by close observers who are willing to visit the seacoast at daybreak about the time the birds are on the move. The present writer well remembers seeing large flights of birds of different species arriving in early spring on the shores of East Lothian for a succession of years. Among these, the swallows were conspicuous even at some distance out at sea, the main body passing northwards in undeviating flight, while numerous detachments left it and came landwards, to people the haunts in the country which they had occupied the previous year. The same was observed in the case of wheatears, redstarts, and golden-crested wrens—the last-named being particularly interesting from their tiny size. Occasionally goldcrests would come in great numbers, and immediately on alighting, would flutter in the morning sunlight among the rocks and walls near high-water mark in search of insect prey, paying no heed to the presence of any one watching their motions. Again, in the autumn months, buzzards, owls, and woodcock would arrive simultaneously, and pitch upon the rocks at low water, as if glad to touch the nearest land; and even wood-pigeons (supposed by the country folks to come from Norway), which delight only in dense woods and fertile fields, and which suddenly appear in vast numbers in severe British winters, settled in crowds upon the stony beach without any preliminary survey of the ground. Observations like these can be made on almost any part of the east of Scotland, and it is gratifying to find them verified

in a remarkable degree by the returns from the light-keepers, which not only show the closeness with which birds follow the coast-line, but also indicate the points of land from which they speed seawards in their adventurous flight. Thus, it is found that arrivals and departures take place at Spurn Point and on the coast of Forfarshire—the inference being, if the theory of a former land-communication be true, that an ancient coast-line must have extended east or north-eastward probably from Holderness to Southern Scandinavia and the mouth of the Baltic. There is also reason to believe that similar points of arrival and departure exist in the north-east of Aberdeenshire, judging from the occurrence of so many rare birds, whose presence there at the migration season can hardly otherwise be accounted for.

Among other interesting facts brought to light by the present series of investigations we find that, with very rare exceptions, young birds of the year migrate some weeks *in advance* of the parent birds, and that the appearance on our coasts in autumn of many species, such as the wheatear, fieldfare, redwing, hooded crow, goldcrest, and woodcock, may almost be predicted to a day. The punctuality, indeed, with which certain birds return to us in the fall of the year is remarkable—one species regularly taking precedence of another according to the time required for their self-dependence. Shore-birds apparently reach this stage earlier than land-birds, as it has been observed that the young of the knot, gray plover, godwit, and sanderling—birds which nest in very high latitudes, and are the last of the migrants to leave in spring—are amongst the first to come to our shores.

The most interesting of all the stations from which returns have been sent is the small rocky island of Heligoland, situated in the North Sea, about forty miles from the mouth of the Elbe. Here the tired wing of many a feathered wanderer finds a resting-place. Lying almost directly in the line of migration, the island has been periodically visited by birds in incredible numbers, many of them belonging to species of extraordinary interest. Attracted by the lighthouse, which occupies the highest point of the island, and throws out on dark nights a blaze of light 'like a star of supreme brightness,' many thousands of birds of all kinds pitch upon its treeless surface, where they have scarcely any shelter from the weather, and where they become at once a prey to the wants of the islanders, who capture them in vast numbers, and use them as food. Mr Cordeaux, in an interesting communication to the *Ibis* for 1875, states, that on the evening of the 6th of November 1868, three thousand four hundred larks were captured on the lantern of the lighthouse before half-past nine o'clock; and on the same evening, subsequent to that hour, eleven thousand six hundred others were taken—making a total of fifteen thousand. For this holocaust of these charming songsters, no words of deprecation are strong enough, though their capture was probably regarded as a lawful addition to the larder of the captors, and probably such visitations had been so regarded ever since the lighthouse had begun to lure the poor creatures to an untimely fate! In this way also, no doubt, many a feathered rarity was consumed.

Fortunately for science, however, this little island has numbered amongst its resident population an observer of rare intelligence, Mr H. Gätke, whose leisure hours have been employed for nearly thirty years in registering the occurrence of the birds which have either made the rock a temporary resting-place or been seen crossing it in their migratory flight. Mr Gätke first visited Heligoland as an artist; but having secured an official appointment there, he afterwards made the island his permanent home. During the interval, he has collected and preserved with his own hands upwards of four hundred species—a collection containing examples of the avi-fauna of the four quarters of the globe. Strange as it may appear, birds have touched here whose proper homes are wide as the poles asunder—birds from the burning plains of India and the arctic lands of desolation. The Far West, too, has contributed its land and water birds; and from the barren steppes of Siberia, tiny warblers have joined the moving throng. As instances of the abundance of what are called 'British birds,' mention may be made of flights of buzzards numbering thousands which passed over the island on September 22, 1881; while flocks of equal numbers rested on the cliffs, and a 'great flight' of hooded crows, which crossed in the same direction. As for the starling—a bird which has become extraordinarily plentiful in this country during the last thirty years—it is referred to as making its appearance in a 'great rush,' which no doubt accounts for a flock, recorded some time afterwards as coming from the east, by a light-keeper on the English coast, 'estimated to contain a million starlings, making a noise like thunder, darkening the air.' All these birds were doubtless of Scandinavian origin, and had in the case of each species travelled in a compact body along the coast-line until they reached North Germany, where they had to some extent become broken up, many of the birds being induced to alter their flight westwards in the direction of the British coasts. As a natural consequence, the earliest observers of their arrival in this country would be the light-keepers at Spurn Head on the Yorkshire coast; and the records from this station show that the buzzards and hooded crows at least, reached us from Heligoland in somewhat less than twenty-four hours.

Another important post of observation is the lighthouse on the Isle of May, in the Firth of Forth,* from which one of the reporters has obtained records of species of more than ordinary interest, the intelligent keeper there having sent him no fewer than seven closely filled schedules, principally referring to autumn migrations. Seventy-five species have already been identified from this station; but in addition to these, numerous entries refer to 'small birds' of various descriptions, regarding which and other accidental visitors, more will be known as the investigations proceed, arrangements having been made for the preservation and transmission to the mainland of all the species that occur at the station. The occurrence of the blue-throated warbler here—a very rare bird in Britain—suggests the possibility of other interesting forms being sent from this locality.

* See article 'The Isle of May and its Birds,' in *Chambers's Journal* for September 22, 1883.

In summarising the material received, the compilers of the Report confess that the migrations of seagulls are most erratic and difficult to tabulate. In certain years, however, these are unquestionably regulated by the movements of the fish upon which they feed. The late Professor MacGillivray has recorded that, in the winter of 1837, a flock of seagulls computed to contain not short of a million birds made its appearance in the Firth of Forth; and it must be within the recollection of at least one of the reporters that in 1872-3 similar if not even greater numbers visited the firth, the most common species being the kittiwake and lesser black-backed gull. In this memorable invasion, unusual numbers of glaucous and Iceland gulls made their appearance, birds of such note among ornithologists as to be marked objects when they do occur; and the entire assemblage was suggestive of a migration controlled by the movements of fishes—the waters of the firth being at that time swarming with sprats. The 'catches' of the local fishermen were so heavy as to necessitate their sale at a trifling sum per cartload to the neighbouring farmers, for the purpose of manuring their fields.

There is not much, we apprehend, to be gathered from the appearance of skuas, petrels, long-tailed or ice ducks (*Harelda glacialis*), and other species whose haunts are exclusively marine, as their occurrence inshore signifies in nearly all cases continued rough weather at some distance from land. There are no seafaring creatures, indeed, that delight more in storms than ice-ducks and petrels; for them, the huge green waves or churned masses of foam have no terrors; they are for the time being at home amid the wildest waters—the petrels on the one hand flitting silently over the turbulent billows, rising as they advance, and falling in their wake with contemptuous ease; the ducks, on the other hand, careering aloft during a sudden blast, and sounding their bagpipe-like notes, as if deriding the war of elements. Very different is the experience of the tender songsters that traverse the dreary waste of waters; sorely tried in their powers of flight, they are not unfrequently caught by adverse gales and driven hundreds of miles out of their course, to be finally swallowed by the pitiless waves.

In connection with this subject, and as bearing upon the question of former land-communications, reference may be made to an extremely interesting paper on the Migration and Habits of the Norwegian Lemming, read before the Linnean Society of London by Mr W. D. Crotch in 1876. In this communication, Mr Crotch shows that the lemming, which is a small rat-like animal, occurring in abundance in many parts of Norway, assembles periodically, although at irregular intervals, in incredible numbers, and travels westwards until the sea-coast is reached; after which, on the first calm day, the vast multitude plunges into the Atlantic Ocean, 'and perishes, with its front still pointing westwards.' Such a voluntary destruction in the case of a single species is perhaps nowhere else to be found in the history of migratory animals, and it seems difficult to understand how the annihilation of so many migratory hordes through a 'suicidal routine' should not

ultimately lead to their extinction. Mr Crotch tells us that no survivor returns to the mountains; indeed, so formidable is the migration and its effects upon the poor fugitives, that we are told by Mr Collett—a Norwegian naturalist—of a ship sailing for fifteen hours through a swarm of lemmings which extended as far over the Trondhjems fiord as the eye could reach.

Mr Crotch rightly, we think, concludes that land existed in the North Atlantic Ocean at no very remote date, and that when dry land connected Norway with Greenland, the lemmings acquired the habit of migrating westwards for the same reasons which govern more familiar migrations. The inherited tendencies, therefore, of this little creature are opposed to the so-called instinct which impels quadrupeds as well as birds to change their quarters in quest of food and warmth, unless we conclude, with Mr Crotch, that in the case of the lemming, such instinct has persistently failed in its only rational purpose.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XL.—MADGE'S MISSION.

THE glow of happiness on Madge's face seemed to brighten even the gloomy atmosphere outside. She had done something for Philip—something that would not only give him pleasure in the highest degree, but which he would regard as an important practical service. For she had no doubt that she would be able to convince Mr Beecham of the groundlessness of all his charges against Mr Hadleigh. Then the two men would meet; they would shake hands; all the errors and suspicions which had separated them would be cleared up, forgiven, and soon forgotten in the amity which would follow. How glad Philip would be. She was impatient to complete her good work.

Miss Hadleigh entered the room hurriedly.

'Goodness gracious, dear, what charm have you used with papa that you have kept him so long with you? I never knew him stay so long with anybody before.'

'The only charm used was that the subjects we had to talk about were of great interest to us both,' Madge answered, smiling.

'Oh, how nice.—They concerned Philip? What does he say?'

'That we are not to pay attention to the rumours until we have definite information from Philip himself.'

'Was that all?' Miss Hadleigh was disappointed, and her expression of curiosity indicated that she was quite sure it was not all.

'No,' said Madge softly, wishful that her answer might have been more satisfactory to Miss Hadleigh.

The latter did not endeavour to conceal her surprise; but she did successfully conceal her feeling of pique that Madge should have been taken into the confidence of her father about matters of grave moment: she was sure they were so, for she had passed him on his way to the library. She had never been so honoured.

'I suppose I must not ask you what the other

subjects were, dear?' she said, with one of her most gracious smiles. She meant: 'You certainly ought to tell me.'

Madge was spared the necessity of making a reply; for Mr Hadleigh, instead of sending the promised packet, had brought it himself. When he appeared, his daughter was silent. That was generally the case; but on the present occasion the silence had an additional significance. She was struck by a peculiar change in his expression, his walk, and manner. As she afterwards told her betrothed, it quite took her breath away to see him coming into the room looking as mild as if there had never been a frown on his face. The dreamy, seeking look had vanished from his eyes, which were now fixed steadily on Madge.

'I have brought you the memorandum, Miss Heathcote, and you are free to make what use of it you may think best.'

'I hope to make good use of it,' was her answer as she received a long blue envelope which was carefully sealed.

'Of course you understand that you are at liberty to open this yourself, or in the presence of others whom you think the contents may affect.'

'I shall first find one or two of the other letters,' said Madge, after a moment's reflection, 'and then I shall place them with this packet, sealed as it is, in the hands of the gentleman it most concerns.'

'I am satisfied. What I am most anxious about is that you yourself should be convinced. Do not forget that.'

'I am already convinced.' No one could doubt it who saw the bright confidence in her eyes.

'That is all I desire; but of course it will be a pleasure to me if you succeed in convincing others. I have told them to have the carriage ready, as I thought you might be in a hurry to get home.'

'Indeed I am; and thank you.'

Amazement as much as courtesy kept Miss Hadleigh mute until the leave-taking compelled her to utter the usual formalities. Mr Hadleigh saw Madge to the carriage, and there was a note of tenderness in his 'Good-bye'—as if he were a father seeing his daughter start on a long journey from which she might never return.

What was the mysterious influence the girl exercised over this man? Under it he had been always different from what he appeared to be at other times; and under it he had consented to do that to which no one else, except Philip, had ever dreamt he could be persuaded.

'I shall be glad when they are married,' he repeated to himself as, when the carriage had disappeared, he walked slowly back to the library.

Aunt Hussy was somewhat startled when she saw the Ringsford carriage and Madge come out of it alone.

'Is anything wrong at the Manor?' she asked; but before she had finished the question she was reassured by the face of her niece.

'No, aunt; but Mr Hadleigh thought I should have the carriage, as I was in a hurry. I have had a long talk with him. He has made me very happy, and has given me the power to make others happy.'

They were in the parlour now, and Aunt Hussy smiled at the excitement of the usually calm Madge.

'Is it extra blankets and coals for the poor folk, or a Christmas feast for the children?'

'No, no, aunt: it is something of very great importance to Philip and to me. Philip's uncle has all these years believed that it was Mr Hadleigh who spread the false report about him; and that is why he will not agree to have anything to say to him. Now, Philip has set his heart upon making them friends, and I can do it!'

There was a brightness in the girl's voice and manner which Aunt Hussy was glad to see after those days of pained thoughtful looks.

'How are you to do that, child?'

'By showing Philip's uncle who the real traitor was. His name was Richard Towers, and Mr Hadleigh says you knew him.'

'Richard Towers,' echoed the dame gravely, and looking back to the troubled time calmly enough now. 'We did know him, and we did not like him. He was one of the worst lads about the place, although come of decent people. He borrowed money from my father, and thought he could pay it back by wedding his daughter. He would not take "no" for an answer for a long time. But at last he came to see that there was no chance for him, and he spoke vile words. I do believe he was the kind of man that would take pleasure in such evil work.'

'He did do it. I have the proof.'

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That was the worst word the good woman had for the man. Then Madge, without betraying the confidence of Beecham, gave her a brief outline of her conversation with Mr Hadleigh. Aunt Hussy naturally concluded that it was Philip who had suggested that she should speak to his father, and asked no questions. With her mind full of wonder at the way in which the wicked are found out sooner or later, she went to the dairy whilst Madge wrote a hasty note to Mr Beecham. She asked simply what was the earliest hour at which she could see him.

She gave the note to young Jerry Mogridge with strict injunctions that he was to bring back an answer, no matter how long he might have to wait. Jerry promised faithful obedience, and privately hoped that he might have to wait a long time, for the taproom at the *King's Head* was a pleasant place in which to spend a few hours.

Then Madge went to the garret, which had been a storehouse of wonders to her in childhood, for there the lumber of several generations was stowed. It was a large place, occupying nearly the whole length and breadth of the house, with a small window at each end, and one skylight. She knew exactly where to find the oaken box

she wanted, for she herself had pushed it away under the sloping roof near one of the windows. It was not a large box, and she had no difficulty in dragging it forward, so that she had the full benefit of the light. She had the key ready; but as it had not been used for years, she found it was not easy to get it to act. At length she succeeded, and raising the lid, disclosed a mass of old letters neatly tied in bundles, and old account-books ranged in order beside them.

The letters were not only neatly tied but duly docketed, so that, as Madge rapidly took out bundle after bundle, she had only to lift the tops to see from whom they had come and when. The light was failing her fast, and Aunt Hussy would on no account permit a lighted lamp or candle to be brought into the garret. She strained her eyes, and endeavoured to quicken her search. At length she found two letters, both dated in the same year—the year of her mother's marriage—and bearing the name Richard Towers. With a breath of satisfaction she drew them out from the bundle. What their contents might be did not matter: all she wanted was to secure fair specimens of the man's handwriting.

After relocking the box and thrusting it back into its place, she descended to the oak parlour. The lamp was on the table, and she lit it at once. Her first impulse was to open those letters and read them. But that would be to no purpose, as it was not in her power to compare the writing with the memorandum in the blue envelope she had received from Mr Hadleigh. Of course she was at perfect liberty to open that too, and it was natural that she should feel an inclination to do so. This feeling, however, was brief. She had decided to deliver the undoubted letters of Richard Towers and the packet with its seals unbroken. So she secured them all in one cover, which she addressed to Austin Shield. It was not to pass from her own hand except into that of the person for whom it was intended.

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Philip, and to make him glad when he came, with her news that his father had given his consent to the reconciliation.

But Philip did not visit Willowmere that night.

ANCIENT ROCK-HEWN EDICTS.

HAVING had the good fortune, some years ago, to find myself in the grand old Indian land, in company of friends so exceptional as still to take keen interest in all matters relating to native customs and Indian antiquities, I hailed with delight their proposal that we should devote some weeks to leisurely wandering among the chief points of interest along the line of railway, and thus with ease and comfort see more of the country than many old Indians have explored in their long years of exile. One of the chief cities where we made a prolonged halt was Allahabad—that is, 'the City of God'—now the point of junction for the railway from Bombay and from Calcutta, but dear to the natives of India as the meeting-place of the sacred rivers the Junna and the Ganges, and consequently a very favourite place of pilgrimage, where countless multitudes annually assemble from every part of Hindustan.

Immediately above the junction of the sacred rivers stands the old fort of Allahabad, a grand mass of red sandstone, built by the great Emperor Akbar. It now contains a very large English armoury—great guns and little guns, and cannon and mortars, and all manner of weapons. Here it was that the English found refuge during the Mutiny; and our friends showed us the balcony, over-hanging the river, to which they thankfully hauled up any morsels of food or firewood brought to them by the faithful old servants, whom, however, they had been compelled to dismiss, with the rest of the native attendants, from within the walls of the fort. The mutiny in this city was very quickly crushed by the timely arrival of General Neill with his 'Madras Lancers'; not, however, till after one awful night, when, the doors of the jails having been broken open, three thousand miscreants were turned loose to lend their aid in burning and plundering the city. Upwards of fifty Europeans were massacred that night, including eight young cadets who had only just arrived from home. In the centre of the fort stands a very remarkable monolith, surmounted by a lion. It bears an inscription in the ancient Pali character, and is known as the Lat or Stone of Asoka, a mighty emperor who lived about 250 B.C., and who, having embraced the tenets of Buddha, inscribed his decrees on sundry great pillars which he erected in divers cities. One of these is at the Buddhist caves of Karli, and is called the Lion-pillar. It is a sixteen-sided monolith, surmounted by four lions. Another exists at Delhi, in the ruined fort of Toglucluk, though it is called after Feroze, a very modern emperor, whereas Asoka was, as

we have seen, a mighty prince of pre-Christian ages. His pillars are sometimes surmounted by lions, sometimes by human figures, overshadowed by the seven-headed cobra, or some other emblem of power, such as the mystic umbrella—symbolical of Buddha—of which sufficient trace remains to be recognised, though time and weather have in the course of two thousand long years worn away the distinct form. Very similar pillars are at the present day erected in Nepaul, whereon are placed statues of kings, sometimes shaded by an umbrella made of metal—and in one instance, by the serpent hood.

From the reign of Asoka, the stone architecture of India dates its origin. He is said to have left eighty-four thousand buildings of various sorts, as the marks of his footprints on Time's sands. To him is attributed the great tope at Sanchi, that mighty relic-shrine, whose huge stone portals are to this day a marvel of mythological sculpture, the details of which have now been made so familiar to us all by casts, photographs, and description (see Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*, and also the great plaster casts at the South Kensington Museum)—sculptures representing the primeval worship of sacred serpents and holy trees, and displaying wheels, umbrellas, and other symbols more particularly suggestive of the new faith—that of Buddha—which Asoka established as the religion of the state. This mighty despot having determined that the new maxims which had become binding on his own conscience should henceforth be law to his subjects, proceeded to inscribe them on stone in every corner of his dominions, that the wayfarer might read them for himself.

Thus it is that, besides finding his edicts engraven on his buildings and pillars, they are also found inscribed—as on imperishable tablets—on great rocks scattered over the country from Orissa to Peshawur. One of these huge boulders, twenty feet in height and twenty-three in circumference, lies in the lonely jungle in the district of Kathiawad in Western India. Here the emperor states, that being convinced of the iniquity of slaying living creatures, he will henceforth desist from the pleasures of the chase. Henceforth, no animal must be put to death either for meat or sacrifice; and this law, which the emperor appoints for himself, is to apply to all his subjects, who are in future to feed only on vegetables. His protection of the brute creation applies not only to their lives; medical care is to be provided for all living creatures, man and beast, throughout the whole empire, as far south as Ceylon. Wells were to be dug, and trees planted, that men and beasts might have shade and drink. The emperor forbids all convivial meetings, as displeasing to the gods or injurious to the reveller. He declares that he will himself set the example of abstaining from all save religious festivals. On this huge 'Junagadh Rock,' as it is called, allusion is also made to four contemporary Greek kings. The date thus obtained is proved to be about 250 B.C., which just corresponds with that of Asoka himself.

The edicts go into various other matters. They inculcate the practice of a moral law of exceeding purity; they enjoin universal charity; and bid all men strive to propagate the true creed. To

this end, special missionaries were to be sent forth to the uttermost parts of the earth, to preach to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, that they might bring those 'which were bound in the fetters of sin to a righteousness passing knowledge.' Nevertheless, a liberal margin was to be allowed for diversity of opinion, and nothing savouring of religious persecution was to be tolerated. At the same time, the domestic life of the people was subject to the strictest censorship, overseers being appointed to report on every act in the life of every subject. These domestic inspectors attracted the particular attention of the Greeks who visited India in the train of Alexander the Great, who first turned the attention of Europeans to the then unknown Indian land, and pursued his career of conquest as far as the banks of the Sutlej, making himself master of the Punjab, and establishing Greek colonies at various places. These Greeks described the domestic monitors as 'Episcopi,' and asserted that their duty was to report, either to the king or the magistrates, everything that happened in town and country—an office which they seem to have filled wisely and with discretion. We may here observe that there must be some confusion in this chronicle of ancient days, inasmuch as Alexander the Great is stated to have died at Babylon in the year 323 B.C., a hundred years before the date usually assigned to the death of Asoka.

But Asoka's pillar has been to us as a talisman, transporting us backward for twenty centuries, to those remote days, which we now hear of as a dream of the past, when Buddhism first arose, and, like a mighty wave, for a while overspread the whole land. Hinduism is now, however, the chief religion of this north-west province.

The pillar is not the sole representative of diversity of creed that exists within the huge Mohammedan fort, a fort now held by Christians, who have fitted up one of Akbar's buildings as a military chapel, where, we believe, service is held daily. Half-way between this Christian church and the Buddhist pillar there still exists a Hindu temple of exceeding sanctity, though how the Mohammedans came to tolerate its existence within their fort is a marvel quite beyond comprehension. It is a foul temple of darkness, extending far underground, and roofed with low arches. We descended by a flight of dark dirty steps, dimly revealed by a couple of tallow candles; and we followed the old soldier who acted as our guide, and who led us along dark passages, and did the honours of various disgusting idols, stuck in niches, some as large as life, others quite small, but all alike hideous, and all adorned with flowers, and wet with the libations of holy Ganges water, poured upon them by the faithful. The flowers are the invariable large African marigold and China roses.

Each image is generally smeared with scarlet paint, to symbolise the atonement of blood that should be offered daily, but which most of the worshippers are too poor to afford. This substitute for the sacrifice of blood is common all over India, where a daub of red paint administered to the village god is at all times an acceptable act of atonement. These village gods, however, are generally placed beneath some fine old tree, with the blue sky overhead; but this disgusting temple was one which you could not

enter without a shuddering impression of earthly and sensual demon-worship.

Here we were also shown a budding tree, supposed to be of extraordinary antiquity; a fiction by no means shaken, though the Brahmins frequently substitute a new tree. So holy is this temple, that when, at one time, all natives were excluded from the fort, one rich Hindu pilgrim arrived, and offered twenty thousand rupees for permission to worship here. The commandant, however, had no authority to admit any one, so was compelled to refuse his prayer, in spite of so tempting a bait. It was with a feeling of thankful relief that we emerged from that noxious and oppressive darkness into the balmy air and blessed sunlight.

We spent some pleasant hours in one of the balconies overhanging the river, while in the cool room within, fair women with musical voices accompanied themselves on the piano, in Akbar's old quarters; and so we idled away the heat of the day till the red sun sank into the water, behind the great dark railway bridge, a bridge which the Brahmins declared the gods would never tolerate on so sacred a river as the Jumna, but which nevertheless spans the stream in perfect security. It was a vast undertaking, as, owing to the great extent of country subject to inundation during the rains, it was necessary to construct a bridge well-nigh two miles in length. The Indian railway has certainly necessitated an amazing amount of work, on a scale so vast as to test engineering skill to the uttermost, and in no respect more strikingly than in the construction of these monster bridges, one of which, across the Soane, is about a mile and a quarter in length, while that on the Sutlej, between Jellunder and Loodiana, is about two and a half miles. On the sandbanks just below the fort, huge mud-turtles lay basking, and the gentlemen amused themselves by taking long shots at them from the balconies, whereupon the creatures rose and waddled into the water with a sudden flop. These sandbanks are favourite haunts of crocodiles—*muggers*, as they are called—which, however, declined to show on this occasion.

Perhaps the pleasantest of our afternoons at Allahabad was one spent in watching the evolutions of the native cavalry, Probyn's Horse, a beautiful regiment, whose graceful dress, and still more graceful riding, were always attractive. On this occasion they were playing the game of Naza Bazi, or the Game of the Spear, when, riding past us singly at full gallop, they with their long spear split a wooden tent-peg driven hard into the ground. Then they picked a series of rings off different poles; afterwards, with unerring sword, cleaving a succession of oranges, stuck on posts, as though they were foemen's skulls. Next followed some very pretty tilting with spear against sword. We had only one fault to find—their strokes were so unerring that they never allowed us the excitement of a doubt! Altogether, it was the prettiest riding imaginable, and a beautiful game, though the practice of suddenly pulling up short, when at full speed, on reaching the last peg, thereby showing off splendid horsemanship, must often injure the good steed. As we watched this beautiful sport, we all agreed in wishing we could see it introduced into England. That wish has since then been fulfilled,

and I learn with pleasure that many of our own cavalry have attained such perfection in this game of skill as to be no whit behind the most accomplished of Indian horsemen.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

A PRISONER had escaped from Dartmoor Prison. During a dense fog, which had suddenly enveloped a working convict-gang, one of them—a man notorious for being perhaps the most desperate character amongst the many desperate ones there—had contrived to escape, and, for the present at all events, had eluded capture.

It was not a particularly pleasant piece of news for us to hear, considering that we had, attracted by a very tempting advertisement, taken a small house for the summer months not very far distant from the famous prison itself. We were tired of seaside places; it seemed as if we should enjoy a change from our every-day life in London more, if we were in some quiet secluded spot, far from uncompromising landladies, crowds of over-dressed people, and bands of music. Every day we scanned the papers, with a view to discovering something to suit us; and our patience was at last rewarded by coming across the following advertisement, to which I promptly replied: 'To be let for the summer months, a charming Cottage, beautifully situated on the borders of Dartmoor, containing ample accommodation for a small family, with every convenience; a good garden and tennis-lawn; also the use of a pony and trap, if required; and some choice poultry. Terms, to a careful tenant, most moderate. Apply to A. B., Post-office, &c.'

The answer to my inquiries arrived in due time; and everything seemed so thoroughly satisfactory, that I induced my husband to settle upon taking the place for three months, without a personal inspection of it previously. The terms were two pounds ten shillings a week, and that was to include the use of the pony-trap, the poultry, and several other advantages not set forth in the advertisement. The only drawback—rather a serious one—was that Mr Challacombe, to whom the place belonged, had informed me that it was about three miles from a station. However, with the pony-trap always at hand, even that did not seem an insuperable objection. He expatiated upon the beauty of the scenery; the perfect air from the heather-clad moors; and lastly, requested an early decision from us, as several other applicants for the Cottage were already in the field.

To be brief, we agreed to take it; and on a scorching day in July, our party—consisting of two maid-servants, my husband, and myself, and our only olive branch, a most precious little maiden of three years old—started from Paddington Station *en route* for Exeter, where we were to branch off for our final destination, Morleigh Cottage. The pony-trap was to meet us; and Mr Challacombe had promised that we should find everything as comfortable as he could possibly arrange; and as sundry hampers had preceded us, I had no fears as to settling down easily as soon as we should arrive.

The journey to Exeter by an express train was by no means tedious; we rather enjoyed it. As

our branch train slowly steamed into the wayside station, we seemed to be the only passengers who wished to alight; and presently we found ourselves, with the exception of a solitary porter, the sole occupants of the platform. At one end of it lay a goodly pile of our luggage, which the said porter had in a very leisurely manner extracted from the van.

The pony-trap was to meet us; and as Mr Challacombe had assured us it would not only hold four grown-up people and a child, but a fair amount of *impedimenta*, we were under no anxiety as to how we were to reach Morleigh Cottage.

'Is there anything here for us?' my husband inquired of the porter.

'No, sir; not that I knows of.'

'From Morleigh Cottage?' Jack explained.

'No, sir,' he repeated. 'But chance it may come yet.'

'Chance, indeed,' I echoed in a low tone. 'It will be too disgraceful, Jack, if Mr Challacombe has forgotten to desire the carriage to be sent.'

We both proceeded to the other side of the station, and gazed through the fast-falling twilight up a narrow road, down which the porter informed us the pony-trap was sure to come, if it was coming at all—which did not seem probable, after a dreary half-hour's hopeless waiting for it.

In the meanwhile, we beguiled the time by asking the porter some leading questions with regard to the surroundings, &c., of Morleigh Cottage; all of which he answered with a broad grin on his sunburnt, healthy face.

'How far is the Cottage from here?' Jack inquired.

'Better than six miles.'

'Six miles!' I exclaimed!—'O Jack, Mr Challacombe said it was about three.'

'It's a good step more than that,' observed the porter, with a decided nod of his head.

'It is a very pretty place?' I said interrogatively.

'It isn't bad, for them as likes it,' was the guarded and somewhat depressing response.

I felt my spirits sink to zero. I had persuaded Jack to take it; he had suggested that we should go to see it first; but the advertisement had been so tempting, and the idea of the other longing applicants had made me so keen to secure it, that I felt whatever it was like, I must make the best of it, and contrive that Jack at least should not repent of having been beguiled by me into, as he expressed it, taking 'a pig in a poke.'

'The pony-carriage is sure to come,' I said in a confident way, once more straining my eyes up the deserted road. As I uttered the word 'pony-carriage,' I detected a distinct grin for the second time on the man's face, which was presently fully accounted for by the appearance of our equipage coming jolting down the deeply rutted road. Imagine a tax-cart of the shabbiest, dirtiest description, with bare boards for seats, and the bottom strewn with straw; the pony, an aged specimen, shambling along, with a harness in which coarse pieces of rope predominated. It was a pony-trap, with a vengeance.

I could almost have cried when it drew up, and I saw Jack's critical eye running over all its shortcomings. And it was all my fault.

It was too late to recede from our bargain now; all that we could do was to bundle into

the horrible machine, and endure as we best could an hour's martyrdom driving to Morleigh Cottage.

Our groom was a civil boy of about fifteen, clad in ordinary working-clothes. He managed to sit on the shaft or somewhere, and to drive us back, as Jack of course had no idea of the direction; and, judging from the solitariness of the scene, we should not have been wise to depend upon chance passers-by to direct us.

Arrived at last, we found the Cottage was just two shades better than the trap. It was a tiny abode, as desolately situated as it was possible to conceive; the only redeeming point about it being that it was clean.

The next morning, which happened to be a very wet misty one, we surveyed our garden and domain generally. The tennis-lawn was spacious enough, and the garden, to do Mr Challacombe justice, was well stocked; but the place itself was like the city of the dead—so silent, so quiet, so lonely.

But as the weather improved, we got out most of the day, which rendered us very independent of the small low-roofed rooms. Jack and I took long walks, and occasionally we utilised the pony-trap, taking with us our little Rose and her nurse.

We began to think soon of asking some of our relations to visit us; and the first to whom I sent an invitation was an elderly cousin, who resided in London, and who was in rather delicate health. I candidly explained the out-of-the-way nature of the place we were in, but descanted upon the great pleasure it would be to have her, and my entire conviction that the air would do her an immense amount of good. She came; and it was very fortunate for me that she did so, as about three days after, a telegram had reached us requesting my husband to lose no time in returning to town, in consequence of one of his partners being taken ill. It was raining when he left us; and I watched the wretched shandrydan disappear down the road with feelings I could scarcely repress—a sense of foreboding evil seemed to oppress me. I tried in vain to shake it off, but only partly succeeded in doing so. Cousin Susan endeavoured to console me by reminding me constantly that Jack had promised to return in a day or two.

Jack had just been gone for one week, when Rose's nurse, a pleasant girl of about twenty, came to my room and informed me of the occurrence I have already alluded to—'A prisoner had escaped.'

Nothing could have frightened me more, and I was afraid it might alarm Cousin Susan, so I charged Margaret on no account to let it reach her ears. Very likely, even now the man was captured; it was rare, indeed, that a convict ever escaped; but I had heard stories of their eluding capture, until, driven by sheer starvation, they often surrendered themselves to any stray passer-by, to whom the reward might or might not be of some consequence.

That very morning, we had arranged to drive to rather a distant spot to get some ferns. I would fain have deferred the expedition; but Cousin Susan was already preparing for it, so I could only have postponed it by giving my reasons; and the chance of encountering the con-

vict seemed too small to risk terrifying her by telling her of it at all.

It was a lovely morning when we started, and Cousin Susan became quite enthusiastic over the 'frowning tors and wind-swept moors.'

'Don't you admire them, Helen?' she said.

'They are very grand,' I admitted.

'Oh, so lovely, so wild!' said Susan.

I was glad she liked them.

The ferns were to be found in a sort of ravine, which was reached by a narrow lane; on one side was almost a precipice, overhanging a streamlet, now nearly dry, but one which the winter rains soon transformed into a torrent; on the other side was a wood, composed principally of stunted oak-trees, with hardly any foliage, and singularly small; but all around the trees was a thick sort of underwood.

We had left Tom the stable-boy with the trap by the roadside, and I had privately resolved not to let my cousin penetrate further into the ravine than I could help; but she was so charmed with its wealth of rare ferns, that she skipped from one point to another with an amount of dexterity and nimbleness I had never before given her credit for.

'I do think we might collect quite a hamperful, Helen!' she said, kneeling down as she spoke to dig up a root most energetically.

'We had better come another day, then,' I responded. 'I don't want to be late of getting back, so, if you don't mind just taking a few specimens—when Jack is with us, we can come again.'

'Now or never!' gaily rejoined my cousin, little imagining how soon her own words were to be applicable to ourselves. She pounced joyfully upon her ferns, and had collected quite a small heap, when I suggested that we had better tell Tom to tie the pony to a gate, and come up to carry them down for her.

'O no!' said Cousin Susan. 'I will carry them myself. Do help me here just a minute, Helen.'

By this time we were some distance up the ravine; the walk was narrow and winding; we had gone farther than even I had intended. I bent down to give her the assistance she wanted in raising up some lovely lichen from the trunk of a dead tree. As I did so, my eyes wandered some distance from where we were standing towards a fallen tree. I fancied—perhaps it was only fancy—I knew I was in a very nervous state, and apt to imagine, but I fancied I saw a movement just beyond the tree—it was within twenty paces of us. I felt my face grow icy cold; my veins seemed chilling; for a moment I feared I was going to faint. Death must be something like what I felt on that sunny day in August when I stood in the Devonshire ravine with my unconscious cousin. I looked again. There it was more distinctly visible than ever—a line of drab-coloured clothing, and presently a side-view of the most villainous-looking countenance it was ever my fortune to behold. If I could, without alarming her, get my cousin to retrace her steps about ten yards, we should have turned a corner, and then I could tell her enough to hurry her onwards. I knew she was nervous—more so, perhaps, than myself; but I knew we were in imminent peril while in such close proximity to this desperate

and, from his very escape, doubly desperate man.

'Susan,' I said—my voice seemed so hard and dry and strange!—you have passed all the best ferns here.'

'O no; I haven't,' said Susan joyously, approaching two steps nearer the crouching convict.

'Am I to throw these away?' I continued, holding out one of her best specimens, and, as carelessly and indifferently as I could, moving one, two, three steps nearer the corner.

'No; of course not,' she exclaimed, hurrying towards me now. 'Why, Helen, what are you thinking of?'

I moved a few more steps on; and in a few more, Susan and I would both be out of sight of that fallen tree.

'There is a much better one here,' I said, keeping my face well averted, for I felt if she looked at me she would see its ashy paleness.

'Where?' she asked. 'Wait a minute, and I'll come for it.' To my horror, she retraced her steps towards her heap of ferns, and carefully counted them, whilst I waited in a state of terror words cannot describe. But she came at last, and I tottered with her round the fateful corner.

'Don't be frightened,' I said; 'but come quickly; ask no questions. Do as I tell you, Susan.'

She paused, affrighted. 'Good gracious, Helen, have you seen a wild beast?'

'Worse,' I murmured. 'Do not run, but lose no time.'

I ventured to glance behind. Nothing was visible; but every moment was precious; we must reach the pony-trap and Tom. Once all together, the convict would surely not venture to attack us, and I knew that being on the high-road, alone would in itself insure our safety. But we had not reached it yet; a long rough narrow path had to be traversed. If the man suspected we had seen him, nothing would be easier than for him to overtake us and make short work of us. I thought of Jack, of Rose, of my happy life. Everything seemed to float through my mind as I half led, half dragged Susan after me. We had gone perhaps a shade more than half-way, when I once more turned round, in the distance, on the path over which we had just passed. To my unutterable consternation, I beheld the convict hurrying towards us.

'Run, Susan!' I panted—'run for your life!'

Another twist in the road hid us momentarily from his sight; but I knew he was after us, running now as fast as, or perhaps a good deal faster than we were, though we were now both of us flying along at a pace which only the peril we were in could have enabled us to sustain.

'For your life!' I repeated. 'Run, Susan!'

I held her hand. Narrow as was the path, we managed to struggle onwards together and to keep ahead of our pursuer. Mercifully, we had had a good start; and it had only been on second thoughts, some minutes after we had disappeared, that the man had elected to follow us. I felt if I once let Susan's hand go, she would be lost. Ever and anon, she stumbled; once she nearly fell; but she recovered herself well, and though panting terribly, showed no signs of succumbing.

But he was overtaking us; I heard him coming faster and faster, nearer and nearer. I heard him breathing behind us, and I felt another instant and he must be upon us.

'Help!' I shrieked.

'Help!' echoed poor exhausted Susan, in a still shriller treble.

I heard an oath, awful in its profanity, hurled at us; but the steps seemed to pause.

'Help! help!' I shrieked again.

We plunged forwards. I heard as in the distance the sound of horses' feet galloping towards us. Another moment and we were on the high-road; Susan speechless, her dress half torn off her with our terrible race, her hat gone, and otherwise in a dishevelled condition; I feeling faint and sick—but safe—thank God! both of us quite safe—with not only Tom, seated in the shandrydan, staring in mute amazement at us, but with three stalwart mounted warders, who were even then in quest of the convict.

They captured him an hour afterwards, after a terrific struggle, which was made all the more terrible from the fact of his having possessed himself of a knife, with which he attempted to stab the warders.

Jack came back the next day; and as his partner's illness had assumed rather a serious aspect, he told me he must give up Morleigh Cottage, and we could finish our holiday at Eastbourne or some place nearer town. 'I never could leave you here again, my darling,' he said; 'after such an escape, I can't risk another.' So we all, Cousin Susan included, returned to our cosy house in Seymour Street, and afterwards proceeded to the seaside, where in due time Susan and I both fully recovered from the shock we had received in that Devonshire ravine.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LAW.

III. MASTER AND SERVANT.

THE relation of master and servant depends entirely upon a contract of hiring and service. If the contract is not to be fully performed within the period of one year, it is void if not in writing; and this necessity for a written contract is not confined to cases where the service is intended to be for more than one year. If a servant be hired on Monday for the term of one year, to commence on the following Saturday, the contract ought to be in writing, as a verbal contract would be void on the ground indicated above—namely, that it was not intended to be fully performed within one year from the date on which it was entered into. If, however, the service was to commence on the Monday on which the verbal contract of hiring was entered into, no such objection would arise.

Assuming that a valid contract is entered into, there are still some peculiarities attached to certain kinds of service, which do not affect others. Thus, in England, both domestic servants and agricultural labourers are usually engaged for a year; but the former class may put an end to the engagement at any time by giving one month's notice; while the latter are irrevocably bound for the entire year, unless the hiring be determined by mutual consent. This difference is

founded upon universal custom, which has the force of law. Probably the custom had its origin in early ages, and was founded upon considerations of convenience. The work of an agricultural labourer is distributed very unequally over the year, being much more heavy at some seasons than at others; and therefore it is reasonable that a man who receives wages by the year should not be allowed to take his money for the light season, and leave his situation when the work is heavier. Domestic servants, on the other hand, have their work more evenly distributed over the entire year, although they also have sometimes to do more work than at other times, but not to the same extent as agricultural labourers; and being brought into more immediate contact with their master's family (especially the mistress), it might in many cases be very unpleasant to be obliged to carry into full effect the hiring for a whole year. Hence, either master or mistress on the one hand, or domestic servant on the other, may at any time give 'a month's warning,' and so dissolve the engagement. In Scotland, domestic servants are generally hired for a month or for 'the term,' which is half a year, but agricultural labourers for a year, as in England.

The more highly paid class of servants, such as managers, cashiers, clerks above the grade of copyists, &c., are generally engaged for an indefinite term, subject to three months' notice. Such an engagement as this, although it may possibly continue for several years, need not be in writing, because it may be dissolved within the year; and it is only when a contract which is entire and indivisible cannot be fully performed within that time, that writing is necessary. It is, however, desirable that the terms of the engagement should be in writing, for the sake of certainty and in order to avoid misunderstanding. Copying-clerks, journeymen, and persons occupying positions of a similar kind, are usually subject to one month's notice. In all cases, the obligation as to notice is reciprocal, and equally binding on both parties, mutuality being essential to the agreement. There is, however, one distinction which has a substantial reason for its existence: a master may pay his clerk or manager three months' salary, or his journeyman or copying-clerk one month's salary, and dismiss him immediately; but the servant must give the proper notice, and cannot throw up his engagement by sacrificing salary in lieu of notice. The reason for this is obvious: if a clerk gets his salary without working for it, instead of working out his notice, he is not in any way injured, but may be benefited by the prompt dismissal; for he may obtain an engagement elsewhere before the time when the notice would have expired. But it would be difficult to estimate the loss which might be sustained by a master in consequence of the sudden withdrawal of a confidential clerk or manager. For any breach of contract an action of damages will lie at the instance of either party, and the measure of damages will be the probable loss to the servant before he can find a new situation, or to the master before he can find a new servant.

Whenever a person is hired without any stipulation as to notice, the engagement will be subject to any custom which may exist in the particular trade or business for which he was

engaged. In some branches of business, commercial travellers claim to be engaged absolutely by the year, and this custom has been proved and allowed in court; a traveller obtaining a verdict for the balance of his year's salary, when he had been dismissed in the middle of the year. Ordinary labourers, engaged by the week, are only entitled to one week's notice; but miners are by custom required to give, and are entitled to receive, fourteen days' notice.

Gross misconduct on the part of the servant is in all cases a sufficient reason for dismissal without notice; and generally, if the misconduct be sufficient to justify this extreme course, the wages actually earned by the offender are forfeited, and he or she cannot recover the same by legal proceedings. A manager who imparts his master's secrets to a rival in business; a cashier who cannot account for the cash intrusted to his care; a journeyman who recklessly destroys any of his master's goods—may all be summarily dismissed. So also may any kind of servant who persistently disobeys his master's orders, or frequently absents himself without leave. A female domestic servant who without reasonable cause stays out all night, or who is known to be guilty of immorality, is within the same category. It is scarcely necessary to add that any dishonest act by a servant, such as misappropriating his or her master's money or goods, ought to be followed on detection by immediate dismissal, even though it may not be thought necessary or desirable to prosecute the servant.

In the absence of any special agreement on the subject, a servant cannot be compelled to make good the loss occasioned by accidental breakages; and any deduction from the salary or wages earned in respect of such breakages would be illegal, unless the master were to establish a claim for reparation in respect of fault or gross negligence; just as in the case of a lawyer or a doctor who has bungled the duty intrusted to him through want of skill or due care.

The death of the master terminates the contract. In England, the servant may be paid wages up to the time of his master's death, if the executors do not retain his services, which would amount to a new hiring so far as relates to notice; but in Scotland he is entitled to be paid wages and board-wages up to the end of his engagement, unless a new situation should in the meantime be procured for him either by himself or the executors. He is at any rate entitled to be kept free from loss, because he was ready to fulfil his part of the contract.

On the bankruptcy of the master, each clerk or servant, labourer or workman—if the assets be sufficient—is entitled to be paid in full the salary or wages due to him in respect of services rendered to the bankrupt during four months before the date of the receiving order, if the amount do not exceed fifty pounds, before any dividend is paid to ordinary creditors. For any excess, the servant must rank against his master's estate as an ordinary creditor, with whom he will rank for dividend thereon. This right of priority is, however, subject to the right of the landlord to distrain for the rent due, not exceeding a twelvemonth, and is shared with the collectors of rates and taxes within certain specified limits. If the net amount of assets in

hand, after paying expenses, should be insufficient to cover the preferential payments, the money must be divided among the parties entitled, by way of preferential dividend. In Scotland, the farm-servant's claim for wages is preferable to the landlord's claim for rent.

A master is liable for any damage done to the property of strangers by his servant in the course of his ordinary employment, but not otherwise. For example: a groom who is sent out by his master with a horse and carriage, and drives so negligently as to injure another person's horse or carriage, renders his master liable to an action for damages. An engine-driver who disregards a danger-signal, and causes a collision, involves the Railway Company in a liability for reparation to every passenger who may be injured. But a master is not liable if the servant act beyond the scope of his employment; if, for example, the groom were accidentally to wound a passer-by with the gamekeeper's gun, or even if the gamekeeper himself were voluntarily to wound a poacher, unless it were proved that he was actually ordered by his master to do it.

Before January 1, 1881, a master was not liable to an action for damages in respect of any injury sustained by any person employed by him through the negligence of a fellow-servant; though he might be held responsible if the accident which caused the injury were caused by his own negligence. But the law has been altered, and a workman is now entitled to compensation for accidental injury sustained by reason of the negligence of any foreman or superintendent in the service of his employer; or of any person whose orders the workman was bound to obey; or by reason of anything done in compliance with the rules or bylaws of the employer, or in obedience to particular instructions given by any person duly authorised for that purpose: or in the case of railway servants, by reason of the negligence of any signalman, pointsman, engine-driver, &c. But the right to compensation is not to arise in case the workman knew of the negligence which caused the injury, and failed to give notice to the employer or some person superior to himself in the service of the employer; nor if the rules or bylaws from the observance of which the accident arose had been approved by the proper department of the government; neither would a workman who by his own negligence had contributed to the accident be entitled to compensation: the common-law rule as to contributory negligence being applicable. In case of any accident which is within the provisions of the Act, notice of the injury must be given to the employer within six weeks, and any action must be commenced within six months after the occurrence of the accident; or in case of death, proceedings must be taken within twelve months from the date of death. The compensation must not exceed in amount three years' earnings; and the action must in England be brought in the County Court; in Scotland in the Sheriff Court; and in Ireland in the Civil Bill Court; the proceedings in each case being removable into a superior court at the instance of either party. The benefits of the Act do not extend to domestic or menial servants, but are available for railway servants, labourers agricultural and general, journeymen,

artificers, handicraftsmen, and persons otherwise engaged in manual labour.

In case of the illness of a servant—unless such illness be caused by his or her own misconduct—the master cannot legally refuse to pay the wages which may accrue during the time of such illness; but the service may be terminated by notice in the usual way; the principle being that no man can be held accountable for what is beyond his own control. The servant being willing to do his duty, but rendered unable to do so by circumstances beyond his own control, he must not be punished for such inability by being deprived of his wages. A master is only liable to pay his servant's medical attendant when the master has employed him, but not when the doctor is employed by the servant himself.

A master may bring an action against a stranger for any injury done to his servant, whereby he (the master) suffers loss or inconvenience, or for enticing his servant away, and inducing him to neglect or refuse to fulfil his engagement.

When a servant applies to any person for a new engagement, it is usual for him to refer to his previous master for a character, as it would be objectionable for a stranger to be employed without some means of knowing whether he was competent and respectable. In answering inquiries as to character and ability, it is necessary to be very careful to say neither more nor less than the exact truth. If an undeserved bad character be given, the servant may recover damages, on establishing malice and want of probable cause, in an action for libel or slander, according to the mode in which the character was given, in writing or verbally. On the other hand, suppression of unfavourable facts may have still more serious consequences. If a servant be known to be dishonest, and his master ventures to recommend him as trustworthy, he will render himself liable to make good any loss occasioned by subsequent acts of dishonesty which may be committed by the servant in his new situation, and which without such recommendation could not have been committed. When nothing favourable can be said, the safest way is to decline to answer any inquiries on the subject. But it would be unfair to adopt this course without adequate cause, for such refusal would inevitably be construed as equivalent to giving the servant a bad character, and would frequently prove an obstacle to his obtaining another situation.

HEROINES.

Most of us have heard of a certain thoughtful little girl who took Time by the forelock, and decided that if women must have some profession to turn to, she would be a Professional Beauty. There are thousands of girls, older and wiser, who yearn to be heroines, and have quite as vague notions about it. There are countless women, with characters still fresh and plastic, who find existence but a dull level. Life is a narrow lane to them. They would like mountaineering. They want adventure. They sigh to be heroines.

What are heroines, after all? Let us look for the reality, and not for a dream, or we shall go

mountaineering, and be lost among shadows when the darkness of age begins to fall. In the real life we are all living, how does one get to be a heroine? Are there any, and where are they? Who shall tell us? Can the novelists? For the most part, no. The ordinary sort of fiction is full of ambitious flecks and flaws; how can it know and describe the most delicate and intricate, the most minutely beautiful of human characters? There is a novel in which the hero exclaims pathetically that he was 'a Pariah' until he married. Could the inventor of the Pariah invent anything but a heroine to match him? The fiction that excels in the highest qualities falls short here. The best describer of life, even if his conception of this character be perfectly just, must be content with merely hinting it, for his space has limits. Instead of describing in half a page the colour of eyes, hair, and dress, and afterwards ten adventures and two dozen conversations, he could hardly be expected to write for one character a whole shelf of detailed volumes, and to gather his notes with the minuteness of a census-taker.

Let us look elsewhere. Several women have passed the old turnstile to public life, and got in somehow on men's tickets. Their insignificant sisters peep over the wall, and observe that men who outside were the soul of chivalry, begin to elbow the ladies within, and ungallantly assert in self-defence that the ladies have elbows too. The insignificant sisters will not enter; but if they tried to reason about it, they would be 'stumped out' in a moment by the others on the platforms inside. 'When I hear a woman use intellectual arguments, I am dismayed,' says a wise thinker from beyond the Atlantic; and the insignificant crowd aforesaid and the majority of the world agree with him in this; and those outside the wall find out all at once that a woman's unreasoning nature is no insignificant charm. 'Her best reason, as it is the world's best, is the inspiration of a pure and believing heart. She is happiest when she devotes herself, obedient to her patient and unselfish nature, to some loved being or high cause; and glory itself, says Madame de Staël, would be for her only a splendid mourning-suit for happiness denied.'

Shall we turn from the platforms, and look to intellectual culture? We see at the outset that it cannot be necessary to heroism; for all human nature's highest prizes are open to all, and great intellectual culture belongs to the few. Besides, there can be such a thing as learning too much, and knowing nothing worth knowing. In America, where life is lived double-quick, and where every product from a continent downwards is of the largest size, there are crops of overtaught girlhood ripe already for our inspection. Women of the middle classes there can discuss the nebular hypothesis or the binomial theory, as ours talk of lacework and the baby. Mr Hudson, in his recent *Scamper through America*, declares that to converse in the railway cars with ladies returning

from Conventions and Conferences was a genuine pleasure, an intellectual treat. But he adds, that though one could revere them, almost worship them, to love them was out of the question. 'Practical passionless creatures, they seemed to constitute a third sex. Where were the girls? We never saw them. We did meet with young ladies of twelve and thirteen, with jewel-laden fingers, and with vocabularies of ponderous dictionary words; but, like their mothers and elder sisters, they were such superior beings, that one longed for a lassie that was not so very clever—one who had something yet unlearned that she could ask a fellow to tell her about.'

We have failed in the novels, on the platforms, and at the learned Conferences. Shall we carry our search to the haunts of human suffering next? There are hundreds of women, banded together or working singly, to whom every form of sorrow and helplessness is an attraction. They do not deal in dry statistical philanthropy, but in loving compassion. They are not 'women with a mission,' because the woman with a mission flaunts it before the world, and gets more or less in everybody's way; but these desire to remain unknown, never counting the debt humanity owes to them. The wounded soldier on the battlefield knows them well enough; and the criminal in prison; and the sick, the poor, the aged, the young children. Sacrificing a whole life to the common good, they are heroines; it is beyond doubt. But not the heroines we seek, whose sphere is to be something more homely, easy, and attainable for all. However, these women, whose lives are compassion, have given a light upon the track. It dawns upon us, that in womanly heroism, self-sacrifice is the essence, and hiddenness marks it genuine.

Far different is the typical woman with a mission, whose type, dashed off with a few strokes by the pen of Dickens, flits across our memory from *Bleak House*, and provokes a sigh and a smile. Again, Mrs Jellyby, with her dress laced anyhow like the lattice of a summer-house, is writing in a room full of disorder, with her philanthropic eye fixed upon the savages of Borrioboola, South Africa, while her own little boy is outside, kicking and howling, with his head stuck between the area railings. Again, Mr Jellyby employs his evenings in leaning his head feebly against the wall; and when poor Caddy is married, we hear him giving her all he has to give—the beseeching advice: 'My dear, never have a mission!'

Even Mrs Jellyby may help us in our search, by sending us flying in the opposite direction. We have had light on our path—hiddenness is the seal, and unselfishness is the essence, and we are searching for the heroines of home. Their distinction does not depend, as in fiction, upon adventures, lovers, or beauty. If it did, they could be heroines only till the end of youth and volume three; but in the real world they shall be heroines not only till the time of gray hairs and careworn brow, but for ever and a day.

There is nothing in creation more beautiful than a true heroine, and nothing so hard to find. Not that they are scarce. They crowd the world as daisies dot the summer fields. But they are hidden, and hidden precisely where a thing wanted is most unlikely to be found—too close

to us, just straight before our eyes. Not in the world of romance, or in the crush of public life, or in the clear cold air of science; but in the narrow lane where we started, in the monotonous routine of common daily life, that seems to be hedged in from all interest—there are the heroines to be found. Their heroism is made up of trivial details, the shabby atoms of uneventful life. If it be objected that the heroic means something greatly above the ordinary level, we would answer, that their whole life is above the level; that the essence of heroism—sacrifice—has become to them an unconsciously acting second nature, and that all that is life-long is surely great. But sometimes trivial incidents can become in themselves heroic. Whoever heard in a novel of heroism with a crushed thumb? All the finest things are true. It is told of the late Viscountess Beaconsfield, that on the night of an important speech by her husband, then Mr Disraeli, when they were seated in the carriage together to drive to the House of Commons, the servant closing the door, crushed her thumb. She uttered no cry, left the bruise untouched, and acted and spoke as if she was at ease. Hours after, when she descended from the Ladies' Gallery, he discovered the agony she had been enduring, in order not to spoil his speech; and in after-years, when the Viscountess was dead, he still told the touching little story in her praise.

But to return to our heroines of commonplace life. Their greatness does not even need striking incidents. Their worth makes precious those trivial atoms of which life is composed, and what began as an unpretending patchwork, ends as a complete and precious picture, like the splendid mosaics of Venice or Rome. This is why one might defy the first of novelists to describe the loveliness of such a life; its daily parts are positively too small to pick up.

For each one of us there is some face enshrined in memory, whose influence is lofty as an inspiration, whose power is a living power, whose love has been stronger than death, and will light an upward path for us even to life's end. Why is all this but because she whom we loved was a heroine? And what were her characteristics? One answer will serve for all—Tenderness, gentleness, self-forgetfulness, suffering. The last characteristic may not be universal, like the rest. But the highest love can only exist where suffering has touched the object loved. It is one of the compensations for the manifold sorrow of this world of ours. The fire of trial seems to light up every beauty and attraction. The life that not only loved much but suffered much has a royal right of influence as long as memory lasts—an influence which cannot belong to any life which suffering has not crowned.

Now we have sketched our heroine, easily recognisable, but herself never dreaming or caring to think that she is one, or her glory would be frail as a bubble. The poorest woman knitting on her cottage threshold can have this glory for her own; for there is no true-hearted woman, rich or poor, who cannot walk her simple life lovingly enough to leave enshrined for others, as a living influence, such a memory as we have described. And what sceptre has so sweet a

power as that—an immortal influence through the hearts we have loved most? Compared with this, what is fame but an echo, and what is the heroism of romance but an unreal shadow!

ARMY SCHOOLS.

THE valuable advantages these institutions offer to soldiers and their children will, we trust, be evident from the perusal of the following short account of their organisation. With regard to children, these schools will soon have little to do; for the new system of short service promises to do away almost entirely with the married soldier. A soldier is not allowed to marry till he has served seven years, subject to certain qualifications of good conduct; but as the great majority of men are passed into the Reserve before they reach that length of service, the proportion of married soldiers is very small, and rapidly becoming more and more reduced in number. It is rather with the men themselves, therefore, that the military schoolmaster and his assistants have now principally to deal.

Every regiment or dépôt has its school. The schoolmasters are trained at Chelsea; and though non-combatants, they are subject to the usual army regulations. They now rank as warrant-officers, and, on the whole, are an able and estimable body of men. Occasionally, educated and promising young soldiers are selected from the ranks and sent to the training college to qualify as schoolmasters. Their number is, however, very limited; the great majority of the schoolmasters enter the army through the college, joining it as civilians; consequently, a schoolmaster cannot be reduced to the ranks. If he misconduct himself seriously, he is liable to be tried by court-martial and dismissed. Such cases are very rare. The army schoolmaster retires with a pension on attaining twenty-one years' service, though, under certain conditions, it is possible for him to prolong his engagement. If of more than ordinary ability, he is often promoted to the higher rank and more important position of Sub-inspector of Army Schools.

Assistants are allowed in these schools according to the numbers in attendance at them. There is usually one school-assistant to about every twenty men or children attending. In dépôts, where the soldiers are mostly recruits, the attendance is often very large, with a correspondingly increased number of assistants. The latter are picked out from among the better-educated men in a regiment; they receive extra pay, and are exempt from the ordinary drill and duty of the rank and file, giving their time and attention to the working of the school and the details connected with it. Many well-educated men, who are not otherwise well suited for non-commissioned officers, are employed in this way in imparting instruction to their more illiterate comrades.

Every recruit on joining a dépôt has to attend school until he satisfies an examiner—sub-inspector—of his familiarity with certain elementary subjects. Examinations for this purpose are held at intervals. There are four classes of certificates granted to candidates on passing the necessary examinations. Supposing a man to be competent to pass the fourth or lowest standard,

he becomes exempt from further school attendance. But if ambitious of being made a non-commissioned officer, or of securing one of the other good berths, of which there are many open to intelligent men, it is advisable for him to hold on till he gains a higher certificate. For example, to be promoted to the rank of corporal, the aspirant must be in possession of a third-class certificate; to attain to a sergeant's position, he must have one of the second class. Thus, a considerable proportion of the men in a regiment are kept under instruction; and as soon as one batch has been passed out of the school, other candidates appear. A few unfortunates, entirely destitute of education when they enlist, are often long in obtaining the desired certificates. After a year or two's attendance, they are probably dismissed from school as 'useless.' Such hopeless ignoramuses—happily not so numerous now as formerly—are a bugbear to the school staff: they soon cease to make any attempt to learn, and are simply in the way of the more intelligent or persevering men. Of course, to such, the school-work is a species of punishment. But let us glance at the quantity and quality of the learning implied in obtaining the certificates.

To satisfy the examiner, the entirely uncultured youth has in the first place to set himself resolutely to learn to read. Then he must be able to write to the extent of transcribing a few lines from a book. With the mysteries of the four elementary rules of arithmetic he must display a tolerably intimate acquaintance. To men who can already read and write, the latter does not prove an insuperable obstacle. Having furnished a moderately good 'paper' on these not very exacting subjects, he in a few days receives his fourth-class certificate, and leaves the school in triumph. But if he aspires to a third-class certificate, a man of this kind has yet much to do. As a matter of fact, very few attempt more from mere love of self-improvement; an eye to advancement in the ranks acts as the stimulus to further study. Writing fairly well to dictation is a part of this next higher step, and often proves a serious difficulty. Arithmetic will include the compound rules and reduction; and on a man passing this standard, a third-class certificate is granted. The possession of this qualifies the holder for the rank of corporal. But to the corporal, further promotion is necessary. No corporal would go to so much trouble, besides having to perform the ordinary duty attached to his rank in regimental affairs, except as a step towards the coveted chevrons of the sergeant. To attain sergeant's rank may be taken as the aim and ambition of all corporals; and the latter are the men who, as we have seen, try to get the third-class certificates. But a sergeant must, by the regulations, have a second-class certificate. To the comparatively untutored corporal, this object entails his continued use of the school, and an increased demand of the schoolmaster's instruction. In short, to a man whose education has been more or less neglected in early youth, this second-class test is a pretty stiff one; it requires a considerable amount of application for a time before he can present himself for examination with a reasonable chance of passing. He must

be able to write fluently and correctly a moderately difficult passage to dictation; and take down military orders with due care to arrangement and spelling. A long list of terms connected with military matters—such as 'commissariat,' 'aide-de-camp,' 'manœuvre'—has to be written and spelt correctly. The arithmetical part of the examination consists of the ordinary rules as far as and including decimals. Besides, he must be able to work out a debt and credit account, a military savings-bank account, and a mess account. Withal, he must read with fluency, and write a good legible hand. Such is the necessary scholastic attainment of the modern sergeant. The ordeal would probably have terrified his predecessors of a quarter of a century ago.

There remains still the certificate of the First class. This is obtained by a comparatively small number of men. It enters into details which would be, to many, insurmountable difficulties; and as the possession of it is not compulsory for any non-commissioned rank, it is not much sought after. A few of the originally better-educated men do, however, go in for it. As a passport to the higher grades of clerkships, or even to eventual commissions, it is desirable. The examination includes an extra subject, such as a language, or geometry; the whole of arithmetic; and a searching test as to spelling and composition.

The reader will see that, from the above description, the second-class certificate is the important one to possess. Men having got it, are available for all the higher kinds of non-commissioned officers, as colour-sergeants, sergeant-majors, &c. The work of preparing men for this is perhaps a very important part of the business of the school, and is generally undertaken mainly by the schoolmaster himself.

In an army school the men are divided into classes according to their several abilities or stages of advancement. A special class is usually composed of men preparing themselves for the next examination for sergeants; another lot looking forward to being made corporals are engaged in the necessary work for third-class certificates. Then there are still more elementary classes for men trying to get themselves exempted from school attendance by passing the fourth class; and lastly, are the complete 'ignoramuses' who are labouring at the alphabet or assiduously making pot-hooks. The duration of the daily attendance is from an hour to an hour and a half; but other duties frequently break in upon this, and men are not able to be present every successive day. As attendance is compulsory, the men are paraded and marched to school as for any other duty; but the room is open in the evening for those anxious to push on with their work—the latter being, so to speak, volunteers, and nearly all non-commissioned officers. From this it will be seen that men really desirous of picking up a serviceable education have ample opportunity of doing so, especially when we consider the large share of spare time which the soldier has in ordinary circumstances on his hands.

All the schools are furnished with maps, books, and everything essential for carrying on their work. Where there are children, they are

supplied with these requisites. Children, however, from being at one time the more important, have now become a secondary element in army schools. The present writer was connected with a school having an average attendance of two hundred men, but no children. This was in a dépôt, and the men were almost without exception recruits. A small number of children in barracks were sent out to the Board School, leaving the school staff to devote its whole attention to the adults. At one time several regiments would have been required to furnish such a numerously attended school as the above, when recruits came in at the rate of perhaps about twenty annually. But short service has filled regiments up with recruits, or at least with very young soldiers, which, together with other circumstances, has given more ample employment to the schoolmaster. If we compare the number of recruits who join a regiment with that of the certificates of education granted in the same corps, we speedily find that the school department has not been asleep; and especially is this the case when we consider what is the educational standard of most men who enlist. We hear a good deal from time to time concerning the superior class of men that now seek to enter the army; but, practically, from an educational point of view, recruits are not so very different from what we have seen for many years past. It will yet be long before the army schools are abolished.

Among some statistics, we lately noticed some figures relating to the standard of education of soldiers. In this statement, a large percentage—fifty-seven per cent. of the whole rank and file—was set down as of 'superior education.' This probably referred to the men in possession of the two highest kinds of certificates, as holders of the third class could hardly be included under such a heading. The reader may perhaps be inclined to smile at the use of such a high-sounding term; though that such a large proportion of the ranks are educated even to this degree appears on the whole to be very creditable indeed. It certainly offers an undoubted contrast to the state of affairs at no very remote period.

INCANDESCENT LAMP LIGHTING COLLIERIES BY ELECTRICITY.

This is an interesting and important experiment has just been tried with great success at the Park colliery, South Wales. The arrangement consists of a number of Swan incandescent lamps distributed throughout the workings, both under and above ground, in the workshops and engine-houses. The bottom of the mine is thus admirably lighted, and the whole of the workings as far as the main engine roads. The power is supplied by a six horse-power Marshall engine, fitted with Hartnell's patent automatic expansion gear, driving a Crompton-Burgin self-regulating dynamo.

We believe we are correct in stating that this is the first attempt to illuminate the whole of the interior of a colliery pit, and its workings and offices, by this useful medium; and it is impossible to over-estimate the value of an incandescent light, and yet one of extraordinary brilliancy, in such a place as a coal-mine, subject

to the escape of gases which are liable at any moment, on coming in contact with an unprotected flame, to occasion an explosion involving terrible and deplorable consequences. Now, this is one source of danger which the use of this system of lighting prevents; and if this is found to succeed, it is to be hoped that it may be adopted in all underground works, where the advantage of a brilliant light to work by is recognised; a marvellous contrast to the safe but gloomy and light-obstructing 'Davy.' There can really be no reason why this plan should not be universally applied to mines, unless the objection may be on the score of expense, for when once the necessary driving-machinery is built, the rest is simple enough, and the advantages almost untold.

A LAST 'GOOD-NIGHT.'

Love, I see thee lowly kneeling,
Clasped hands and drooping head,
While the moonbeams pale are stealing
Sadly round my dying bed.
Dearest, hush thy bitter weeping;
Lay thy tearful cheek to mine,
While the stars, their death-watch keeping,
Softly through the lattice shine.
Through the trees, low winds are sighing,
And my hand, so worn and white,
On thy clustering hair is lying.
Love, my only love, good-night!

Ah! I hear thy broken sobbing.
Faint and low, thy voice hath grown;
And I feel thy fond heart throbbing,
Oh, how wildly, 'gainst mine own!
Dear, my spirit still delaying,
Loves to hover near thee now,
Like the moonbeams fondly straying
O'er thy pallid cheek and brow.
Yes, my soul, to share thy sorrow,
Pauses in its heavenward flight,
And will comfort thee to-morrow.
Love, my dearest love, good-night!

Now, for one sweet moment only,
Fold me closely to thy breast.
When thy life seems dark and lonely,
Oh, remember I am blest!
Though thy voice with grief be broken,
Smile once more, and call me fair.
Darling, as my last love-token,
Take this little lock of hair.
Feeling these, thy last caresses,
Tears must dim my failing sight.
Kiss once more my wandering tresses,
Then a long, a last good-night!

Shades of death are round me closing;
Tears and shadows hide thy face;
Still I fear not, thus reposing,
In thy faithful, fond embrace.
Though thou lingerest broken-hearted,
All thy thoughts to me shall soar;
We shall seem but to be parted;
I'll be near thee evermore.
Brightly on my soul's awaking,
See, yon gleam of heavenly light!
Now, behold the morn is breaking.
Love, my faithful love, good-night!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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WATER.

WATER bears a very important part in relation to the human system and preservation of health. It combines with the tissues of the body, and forms a necessary part of its structure. In the case of a man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds, one hundred and eleven would consist of water. It enters very largely into the composition of our food. Although water is so important a factor in our existence, and although its vitiation often gives rise to that deadly pestilence, typhoid fever, yet, strange to say, there are comparatively few people who possess any trustworthy information respecting its primary sources and purest forms. The object of this paper will be to afford our readers some useful hints respecting the various kinds of water and their relative purity, also to mention certain wise precautions requisite in order to avoid impure water.

The first great source of water is the ocean; the sun shining upon the surface, its heating rays combine with and send out a certain amount of vapour. The atmosphere, like a sponge, absorbs the vaporous water, forming clouds, which are driven by the wind east, west, north, and south. When the clouds arrive in a cooler atmosphere, the vapour condenses, and descends in the form of rain or snow, being ultimately absorbed into the earth, giving rise to different varieties of water; or it pours down the mountains, and forms rivulets, and ultimately rivers. Thus we have rain, spring, and river water. We may here mention that Dr Normandy discovered a process by which seawater can be distilled and rendered fit to drink. In nature, water is never found perfectly pure, as that which descends in rain is to a certain degree contaminated by the impurities contained in the air, as spring-water is by contact with various substances in the earth. These impurities are not always perceptible. Thus, the clearest and brightest waters, those of springs and pellucid rivers, even when filtered, are never pure. They

all contain a greater or less percentage of saline matter, often so much so, indeed, as to form what are termed mineral waters. Amongst the purest natural waters hitherto discovered is that of the Loka in North Sweden. It contains only one-twentieth of a grain (0.0566) of mineral matter per gallon. The water supplied to the city of Edinburgh contains from seven to fourteen grains in the gallon; whilst that of the Thames near London contains about twenty-one. Rain-water, if collected in the country, is the purest; but when obtained in or near large cities, becomes impure from passing through a vitiated atmosphere.

It is, however, on spring and river water that we depend for our daily supply, and a due consideration of these waters is manifestly a matter of no small moment.

Well-water, as also that of some springs, especially when obtained in or near towns, although cool and clear, and at times sparkling, is to be avoided. The solvent power of water being so great, it takes up many impurities from the soil through which it passes. In the neighbourhood of dwellings and farmyards, the water often is impure, and unfit to drink. Wells in the vicinity of graveyards are particularly to be avoided. Mr Noad found a hundred grains of solid matter to the gallon of water taken from a well in the vicinity of Highgate Church, London. Besides mineral substances, decaying vegetable impurities are usually found in wells. The water that supplies the surface-wells of London is derived from rain, which percolates through the gravel and accumulates upon the clay. Now, this gravel contains all the soakage of London filth; through it run drains and sewers, the surface also being riddled with innumerable cesspools.

River-water being derived from the conflux of many springs with rain-water, unless close to large towns, is decidedly preferable to well-water; but it is liable to a certain amount of contamination, by holding in suspension a considerable quantity of animal, vegetable, and earthy matters. This, according to Dr Paris, is unquestionably

the case in water supplied from the Thames by the Grand Junction Water Company. Be it known that Thames water is never used in London breweries, but Artesian-well water, brought up from a depth of several hundred feet.

Besides vegetable and animal impurities in water, there are two other substances which are usually considered foreign to pure water—namely, saline and mineral. The saline are often present in such large proportions as to render water medicinal, as illustrated by those of Cheltenham, Leamington, and Harrogate, numerous other varieties existing on the continent. Brighton water, although sparkling, contains a great deal of bi-carbonate of lime, which, being soluble, filtering is ineffectual to remove. When boiled, however, the carbonic acid is driven off and the chalk precipitated. Such water when boiled is fit for drinking purposes.

A simple but not infallible test for ascertaining animal or vegetable contaminations in water is to put fifteen or twenty drops of permanganate of potash solutions, or Condy's fluid, into a tumblerful of water. If the water is free from such impurities, the permanganate will retain its beautiful red colour. Should the water contain organic matter, the red hue soon disappears, and in proportion to its contamination will be the discoloration.

Bad water is far more dangerous than impure air; the air may be dispersed by ventilation and change of atmosphere; whilst water when vitiated is a constant source of mischief. Snow-water when collected in the open country equals rain-water in purity. It has been supposed by some to be unhealthy; but such belief is totally unsupported by any reliable evidence. The practical observations of Captain Cook on his voyage round the world demonstrate beyond all question its wholesomeness.

Lake-water is collected rain, spring, and occasionally river waters. Its transparency, however, is not to be relied on as evidence of purity. It is often contaminated by both vegetable and animal matter, which, owing to its stagnant nature, have become decomposed. According to Dr Paris and other authorities, endemic diarrhoea often arises from drinking lake-water, a circumstance which tourists would do well to bear in mind.

Should much lime be present in water, as in that supplied by the Kent Water Company, boiling alone will not soften it; but by the addition of a little soda during the boiling, the lime of the gypsum is precipitated. Marsh-water is certainly the most impure of all water, being loaded with decomposing vegetable matter. Many diseases have without doubt been occasioned by its use.

The receptacles in which even the purest water is kept are of the utmost importance in a hygienic point of view. The noted colic of Amsterdam was believed by Tronchin—who wrote a history of that epidemic—to have been

occasioned by leaves falling into leaden cisterns filled with rain-water and there putrefying. Van Sweiten also mentions an instance where a whole family were affected with colic from a similar cause. The acidity arising from decomposing leaves in water dissolves part of the leaden receptacle, and such water oftentimes thus induces lead-colic.

The sources of contaminated drinking-water are very numerous, and may affect the water at its source, in its flow, in its reservoir, or during distribution. When stored in houses, it is especially exposed to risk, and this is the most important argument in favour of constant service. Cistern stowage lessens the risks incidental to intermissions; but at the same time the success of this plan entirely depends upon the receptacle being properly made and frequently cleansed. An eminent physician told the writer that he believed typhoid fever often originated from the stagnant water in dirty cisterns being used for drinking purposes.

We have now arrived at the most important part of this paper—namely, the most effectual means for obtaining pure water.

For the purification of water, various methods have from time to time been suggested, with more or less success. Perhaps the most efficient for attaining so desirable an end is by passing it through layers of charcoal, a substance eminently useful in preserving water from corruption, by abstracting therefrom both vegetable and animal matter. Nevertheless, where there is reason to suspect the presence of much injurious contamination, the process of boiling previous to filtration should never be omitted. The water subsequently must be agitated in contact with the atmosphere, with a view to the restoration of its natural proportion of air; otherwise, it is insipid and tasteless. In China, water is seldom drunk until it has been boiled. According to the advice of a distinguished court physician, those who travel on the continent should studiously avoid drinking water, especially that contained in the bedroom bottles of hotels. The same authority is also of opinion that typhoid fever is often thus caught whilst travelling. Natural mineral waters, such as Apollinaris, are, he considers, the best to drink whilst travelling. Lastly, those who are desirous of drinking the purest water should take distilled water, which possesses the following advantages: (1) Great purity; (2) High powers as a solvent of all animal and vegetable substances; and (3) The material assistance which its remarkable solvent properties exercise in favouring a healthy digestion. It also assists in eliminating calcareous matter from the system; hence its undeniable utility for vesical concretions. To those who are unable to obtain distilled water, we would most strongly urge the importance of boiling all drinking-water, and then filtering through charcoal, previous to use. The charcoal through which water is filtered ought frequently to be replaced by a fresh supply, as otherwise it becomes choked up in time by impurities, which at last escape into the water. Under such circumstances, even filtered water may become contaminated.

Were this simple precaution more generally adopted, according to the latest teachings of science, many a life liable to be destroyed by typhoid fever would most assuredly be saved.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLII.—PULLED UP.

'THE strain is proving almost too much for me,' Philip wrote. 'I have no doubt that my scheme is practicable; and even if I fail, somebody else will carry it out by-and-by. But at present the men do not understand it, and are suspicious that my promises will not be fulfilled. So that the harder I strive to put matters right, the more wrong they seem to go. The losses are bringing me to a crisis, and the worry which is the consequence of daily disappointment is driving me out of my wits. Sleepless nights and restless nervous days began long ago, although I have not told you; and I have been obliged to swallow all sorts of rubbish in the form of narcotics. At first they gave me sleep, and that was a gain, notwithstanding the muddled head-achy feeling they left me next day.'

'O yes; I have seen the doctor. Joy is a capital fellow. He came in by accident, and when he saw me, gave me good advice—as usual, the advice which could not be followed. He told me that I ought to have absolute rest of mind and body, and to secure it, ought to throw up everything. A good joke that—as good as telling a soldier that he ought to run as soon as he sees the chance of catching a bullet in the wrong way!

'Do not be afraid, though: I will take a long rest, when I get things a little straight here.

'One of my present worries is that Kersey has deserted—as I feared he would. Says he is going to Australia or Manitoba, but will give no explanation. That girl Pansy is no doubt at the bottom of it, and I do not think even you can set it right. If my suspicions are correct, she is the fool of her own vanity. She has thrown over an honest fellow, because she is thinking of a man who has no more notion of having anything to do with her than of trying to jump over the moon. I am sorry for her—especially as she deprives me of the best man about the place.

'As for Wrentham, he irritates me. He sees my anxiety, and yet he comes and goes as gaily as if the whole thing were a farce, which should not disturb anybody's equanimity, no matter how it ended. And then he has that horrible look of "I told you so" on his face, whenever I attempt to make him seriously examine the state of affairs.

'The fact is I begin to repent having ever asked for his assistance. He is much more interested in speculative stocks than in the business which ought to occupy his whole attention at this juncture.

'But, there—I am in a highly excited condition at present, and no doubt misjudge him. He does everything required willingly enough, although not in the spirit which seems to me necessary to the success of my plans.'

The letter was not finished, and so far it

did not give a full account of his sufferings mental and physical, or of the gravity with which Dr Joy had warned him that he must pull up at once, or prepare for insanity or death. The good little doctor had never before pronounced such a decided verdict, for, with professional discretion and natural kindliness, he avoided a decisive prognosis unless the result were inevitable. Philip had promised obedience as soon as he got over the present difficulty—promised to take whatever drugs the doctor prescribed, and begged him in the meanwhile not to frighten the people at Willowmere (of course the doctor understood he meant Madge) with any alarming reports.

Philip was writing in his chambers late at night, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Wrentham. The visit had been expected, and therefore excited no surprise. Philip was struck by a change in his visitor's manner, which, although slight, was enough to render the description he had just written of him a little unfair.

Wrentham's face was not that of one who was gaily taking part in a farce. Still his bearing suggested the careless ease of a man who is either endowed with boundless fortune or a sublime indifference to bankruptcy. It might be that, being conscious of Philip's dissatisfaction, he assumed a more marked degree of nonchalance than he would have done if there had been confidence between them.

Philip did try to keep this rule in mind—that when your suspicions are aroused about any person, you should make large allowances for the exaggerations of the meaning of his or her actions, as interpreted by your own excited nerves, and for the altered nervous condition of the person who is conscious of being suspected. But somehow, the rule did not seem to apply to Wrentham. In favour or out of favour, he was much the same. He was a cool-headed or light-hearted gambler in the business of life, and took his losses as coolly as he took his winnings—or feigned to do so; and this feigning, if well done, has as much effect upon the looker-on as if the feeling were genuine.

'Any news?' Philip inquired, as he put his letter into the desk and wheeled round to the fire, by the side of which his visitor was already seated.

'None; except that our friend appears to consume an extraordinary quantity of B. and S. But Mr Shield could not be seen by any one this evening. The man first told me he was out; so I left your note and said I should return in an hour. Then I marched up and down near the door, on the watch for anybody like your uncle. I did not see him, but I saw a friend of mine arrive.'

'Who was that?'

'You know him—Beecham, who has been living so long at the *King's Head*.'

'That was an odd coincidence.'

'Yes, it seemed so,' rejoined Wrentham, with the tone of one who sees more than he reports. 'Very odd that the day after your uncle leaves the *Langham* and takes up his quarters in this quiet private hotel, Beecham should bundle up his traps, quit Kingshope, and come to settle in the same house.'

'Has he left our place, then?'

'So he says—for of course I spoke to him. He does not know where he is going to, or whether he will return to Kingshope or not. I said it wasn't fair to his friends to vanish from amongst them without a hint, or giving them a chance to express their regret at losing him. He said it was a way he had of making up his mind suddenly and acting on its decision instantly. He hoped, however, to have the pleasure of seeing me again.' With that he shook hands and bustled into the hotel before it came into my head to ask him if he knew Mr Shield.'

'How could he know him?' muttered Philip a little impatiently, for this episode interrupted the account of Wrentham's endeavours to obtain a reply from his uncle as to whether or not he would consent to see him on the following day.

'Don't know how exactly; but there are lots of ways in which they might have met. Beecham has travelled a bit in all sorts of odd corners of the earth. Anyhow, I think they know each other.'

'Well, well, that is no business of ours.—Did you see Mr Shield at last?'

'No; but I got this message from him with his compliments. He regretted that he could not see me, but the letter should have immediate attention.'

'That is satisfactory,' said Philip, relieved.

Wrentham looked at him critically, as if he had been a horse on which a heavy bet depended.

'You are easily satisfied,' he observed with a light laugh; but the sound was not pleasing to the ears of the listener. 'Before being satisfied, I should like to have his answer to your note, for everything goes to the dogs if he declines to come down handsome.'

'He will not refuse: he is pledged to it. But it is horrible to have to apply to him so soon.'

'Ah, yes; it is nasty having to ask a favour. What do you mean to do if he should say "No" plump, or make some excuse?—which comes to the same thing, and is more unpleasant, because it kind of holds you under the obligation without granting you the favour.'

'I don't know,' answered Philip rising and walking up and down the room uneasily.

'Well, I have a notion,' said Wrentham slowly, as he drew his hand over his chin; 'but it seems scarcely worth mentioning, as it would take the form of advice, and you don't care about my advice, or you wouldn't be in this mess. . . . I beg your pardon: 'pon my honour, I didn't mean to say anything that would hurt you.'

'What were you going to say?' was Philip's abrupt response.

'I was going to say that you ought to find out what Beecham has to do with him. Of course I have been pretty chummy with the old boy; but I never could get behind his eyes. You can learn what he is up to without any trouble.'

'Me!—how?'

'By asking Miss Heathcote.'

'Miss Heathcote! What nonsense you are talking. She knows no more about the man than I do.'

'Oh!—There was a most provoking tone of

amused surprise in this exclamation.—'You think so?'

'I am sure of it.'

Wrentham, resting his elbows on the table and his chin on his thumbs, whilst the tips of his fingers touched in front, stared at him seriously.

'Then you don't know what friends they are?—that they have been meeting daily—that they correspond?'

Philip did not immediately catch the significance of voice and manner, he was so much occupied with other matters.

'I daresay, I daresay,' was the abstracted answer; 'he is always wandering about, and they like him at Willowmere. . . . Do you think we can manage to prepare the full statement of accounts by the morning?'

The mention of accounts did not please Wrentham. He jerked his head back with the grand air of one who, being accustomed to deal with large totals, could not think of giving his mind to petty details.

'Oh, well, if you don't mind, I have nothing more to say. As to the accounts, I don't see what you want more than your books. They are made up, and the totals will be quite enough for Mr Shield. They are what, as you know, I always expected them to be—most confoundedly on the wrong side. I warned you'—

'Yes, yes; I know you warned me, and others warned me, and the thing has turned out as bad as you croakers could wish. That is due to my mismanagement—to a blunder I have made somewhere, not to any weakness in the principle of my scheme. Taking the position as it is, I want to find out where I have blundered.—I do not mean to give in, and will go on as hard as ever, if we can only tide over the present mess.'

'That's right enough,' ejaculated Wrentham with an outburst of good-natured admiration; 'but in the meanwhile, the first thing to do is to get over the mess.'

'Ay, how to do that,' muttered Philip still marching up and down.

'The shortest way is to make sure that Mr Shield's mind is not prejudiced against you and your work at the same time.'

'Oh, stuff. Who wants to prejudice him against me?'

'I say, find out what Beecham is after. Maybe he is your friend: in that case, so much the better; and if he is not, then you will be able to deal with him more promptly, if you have discovered his trick in time. Ask Miss Heathcote about him. She ought to tell you all she knows.'

Philip halted, head bowed, eyes fixed on the floor, and the words buzzing through his brain.—'She ought to tell me all she knows.' Certainly she ought, and would. Then, for the first time, there seemed to reach his ears as from a distance the voices he had heard behind him at the 'dancing beeches,' and he recalled Madge's agitated face as she told him that she had been intrusted by this man with a secret which she must not at present share with him. He had disapproved of her conduct at the time; he disapproved of it still more strongly now, although he regarded it as nothing more than a mistake

into which she had been betrayed by her sympathetic heart.

'Very well,' he said sharply, 'I shall ask Miss Heathcote what she knows about him. What then?'

'Why, then we shall know where we are,' Wrentham answered gaily. 'To be sure, if you receive a message from Mr Shield to-morrow morning that it is all right, there will be no necessity to trouble Miss Heathcote.'

It was one of the anomalies of his association with Wrentham—or one of the effects of the weakness which the strain upon his nerves had produced—that Philip was influenced by him on those very points on which he would have least expected himself to be subject to influence by any one. It is true that whilst he had been all along aware of his manager's want of sympathy with his work, he had discovered no reason to suspect his honesty—and this might account for the anomaly.

So, it was Wrentham who had persuaded him that the time had come to apply to Mr Shield for assistance at a critical juncture in his speculation; and it was Wrentham who persuaded him that he ought to learn from Madge the nature of the secret confided to her by Beecham.

'He won't think much more about the accounts to-night,' Wrentham was saying mentally as he went down-stairs. And his step was not so jaunty as usual when he got into the street.

MUSHROOMS FOR THE MILLION.

Is there any one in England who does not esteem mushrooms as delicious esculents? Their flavour commends them to most palates, and their value as food is quite on a par with many other vegetables. Few of the other varieties of edible funguses are approved of by English people, partly through ignorance and prejudice. Yet in many countries in Europe, about thirty kinds, closely allied to the mushroom in flavour and excellence, form the chief diet for thousands of the peasants during the summer months, either fresh from the meadows or preserved in vinegar and oil.

We may, then, be very thankful to any one who instructs us how to grow mushrooms so that they may be as plentiful as cabbages, and within the reach of any cottager who has a garden and can buy a load of manure. A very practical little treatise on Mushroom-growing has been published by Mr Wright (price one shilling) at the office of the *Journal of Horticulture*, 171 Fleet Street, London, from which we propose to give a slight sketch of his plan, recommending the purchase of the work to those who desire to follow out his directions. It would seem to be a most profitable investment in these days, when the farmers have so much reason for complaint, as the remuneration far exceeds that of any other vegetable. Fruit-crops as well as vegetables are seriously affected by winter-cold, high winds, and spring frosts; and from twenty to forty pounds an acre is an average value of the profits arising from either. In Cornwall and Devonshire, the early potatoes and valuable fruits

may give from one to two hundred pounds an acre, but this is very exceptional. Yet mushroom-growing exceeds even this profit.

We will turn now to Mr Wright's actual calculation, founded on the well-ascertained fact, that a mushroom-bed two and a half feet wide and one yard long, and situated in the open air, yields produce of the value of fifteen shillings, and that the cost of production is five shillings per yard. There have been seasons when the price was very high and an extraordinary crop produced, the returns having amounted to forty-five shillings the yard. The average price to be got in London is one shilling per pound-weight. Take the width of the beds at two feet and a half, with five feet of space between each bed, which is necessary for moving freely between the beds. There are four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards in an acre, which would allow of nineteen hundred and thirty-six yards for beds; these, at fifteen shillings a yard, give a profit of fourteen hundred and fifty-two pounds; from which deduct rent, eighteen pounds, and cost of production at five shillings a yard—leaving the very profitable balance of nine hundred and fifty pounds. The purchase of the spawn, if not grown on the ground, would be an additional cost of one shilling a yard. From October to July, seven thousand pounds-weight were really despatched to market from a length of five hundred yards, and sold for three hundred and sixty-seven pounds, besides the ketchup that was made from the overgrown specimens.

The next question is, how to grow this valuable article of commerce. First of all, the stable-manure (used as a basis) must be of the best kind, to which oak or beech leaves may be added, as they induce a steady heat; but the large soft leaves of the sycamore, &c., are unsuitable. A slight sprinkling of tan, with a very small quantity of salt and guano, may be advantageous; an ounce of each to a barrowful of the material will be sufficient. However, many successful growers use none of these things, but depend entirely on well-prepared manure and good spawn.

The best time for beginners to prepare their beds is towards the end of July or in August. In three weeks the manure will be ready for forming into ridges; in another week, spawn may be inserted. Eight weeks after, the mushrooms will appear, and continue bearing for three months. Now for the preparation. Take the manure as it comes from the stalls, the greater part consisting of straw more or less discoloured. When on the ground, fork it over, casting aside the long clean straw only; the remainder, forming a mixture of half and half, should be mixed and piled into a heap, as if for a hotbed for a frame. Very little water, if any, will be needed. In four or six days the fermentation should be in full force and the mass hot. The work of turning and purifying now begins. Every lock of straw and flake of manure must be separated and thoroughly incorporated, the outsides being placed in the centre. From four to six turnings on alternate days are necessary. Thus the mass is sweetened and the straw broken with the least possible loss of ammonia. A little practice will guide to the knowledge of when the beds are in a right

condition; the appearance and the smell form the best indications. There should be an inseparable mass of straw and manure, a slightly greasy tinge, and a warm brown colour. A lump drawn from the interior should not smell offensively, but possess a pungent and somewhat agreeable scent, with a slight odour of mushrooms. If these features are not present, another turning is required. Texture, heat, purity, and moisture, are the four important requisites—sufficiently moist to be pressed into a mass, and yet not a drop of water to be squeezed from it.

The site for the bed is the next consideration. Shelter from cold winds is a great advantage; a garden-wall to the north and a hedge on the south is the best position; but by the use of wattled hurdles, admirable results have been obtained. The sheltered nook of any garden or homestead may be better used for this purpose than for any other kind of produce. If the soil be good in quality, it is well to remove it where the beds are to be made to the depth of several inches, and place it on a heap, to be laid afterwards on the top of the beds. The excavations can be filled with rubble, which insures a dry foundation, as water should never accumulate on the surface. As mentioned previously, the beds should be two feet and a half wide at the base, six inches at the top, and two feet and a half high. At this angle, the soil will adhere to the sides, and much of the rain will pass off freely. But where the rainfall is great, they must be protected with canvas coverings over the straw at the top. A couple of sticks a yard long will prove an easy guide to the form. Insert them two and a half feet apart, and draw the tops to within six inches of each other, and there is the outline of the bed. Soon, however, a line will only be needed; the eye can do all the rest. Larger beds may be made; but let the sides be as steep as possible, firm, and smooth, that the rain may not penetrate. In addition to its being heavily beaten with forks, it must be twice trodden down—once at the depth of eighteen inches, and again when three feet high. The appearance will be that of a thatched roof in miniature, and is quite a work of art for smoothness and outline. To prevent the bed drying in the centre, holes should be bored with an iron bar, about ten inches apart, along the ridge to the bottom of the bed, and a few sticks put in afterwards, to indicate the temperature.

There are many varieties of mushroom seed, or spawn, as it is termed. Large quantities are imported from France, where it is made up in flakes, instead of bricks, as with us. Good virgin spawn made up in bricks is decidedly the best, but the price is as high as two guineas a bushel. Mr Veitch, King's Road, Chelsea, or Mr Barter, Harrow Road, London, and many others, may be relied on for the small quantity which would be required for a beginner. The lumps are nine inches long and six wide; sixteen of them make a bushel. They are composed of soil and manure. When partially dried, the spawn is inserted, and under a genial heat it penetrates the entire mass. Kept cool and dry, the vitality lasts for years. A good mushroom brick when broken should resemble a mass of silvery cobwebs. In growing these esculents for the market, it is most advantageous to use the spawn liberally and in large

lumps. A brick may be divided into eight parts, and inserted about nine inches apart, level with the surface of the ridges. Holes should not be made, but the manure held up with the left hand, the lump pushed in with the right; there are then no interstices for the accumulation of steam, which is fatal to the mycelium. The time for sowing is when the heat of the bed is decreasing, but has not fallen below eighty degrees an inch below the surface.

If the bed be in the right condition, the spawn will begin to spread in three days, after which the top layer may be covered with soil. A little litter may cover the bed previously, if the heat requires it. The kind of soil is not an unimportant matter, and strong turfy loam yields the best produce, such as a gardener would use for growing chrysanthemums and roses. From this, mushrooms are frequently cut weighing half a pound. These are termed 'broilers,' and are much in demand in the foreign hotels in London. The top layer from a pasture in which buttercups rather than daisies are plentiful, forms an excellent soil. It may even be enriched with bone-meal, if light and sandy, but on no account with ordinary manure, as some unwelcome fungi might spring up. The thickness of this covering of soil must be from one to two inches. It may be slightly moistened before putting on, not after, lest dry fissures should form and the heat escape. The whole should be made firm and smooth, but not plastered like a cement floor. The temperature of September is a guide to the heat required to be kept up, as that is the month when mushrooms grow naturally in the open air. An average of fifty-eight degrees must be considered the highest, but they will be found among the grass meadows as low as forty-seven degrees. On a mild day in January, a bed was beginning to bear largely in the open air under a layer of straw nine inches thick. Cold does no real injury to mushroom beds; it only stops their growth, but does not destroy the spawn. They may even be frozen through, and yet, when the spring melts the frost, they will bear. Too high a temperature is much more destructive, and the cause of many failures.

After all this preparation is made, the routine of management consists in maintaining the beds at an equable temperature, watering them at the right time, and gathering the crops. Sufficient straw has been shaken from the manure when first brought in to cover the beds; it is the best that can be used, and when dry, its peculiar nature seems to agree with the mushrooms better than clean sweet straw or hay. If the weather be mild, six inches of litter will suffice; whilst during a prolonged frost, two feet or more, with mats, canvas, or some such material, will be required. The proper temperature can be determined by the hand; if there is the slightest warmth felt when placed on the soil under the straw, that is right; or if the thermometer be laid there at night and has risen to fifty degrees in the morning.

During fine weather in summer, autumn, and spring, the beds require frequent watering. The soil should never become dry, and the time chosen must be early in the afternoon on a sunny day. The covering on the beds will then be warm; and on this—not under it—water must be

sprinkled in sufficient quantity to percolate through and gradually moisten the soil. Immediately after, the beds must be covered with mats, to prevent the evaporation, and the vapour that will be generated will result in a warm, humid atmosphere, so suitable for the growth of mushrooms. The mats may be removed in the morning. Beginners should endeavour to have beds beginning to bear in April or October; they are not profitable after June, as, owing to the nitrogen they contain, mushrooms speedily decay in hot weather, and become very indigestible.

When the beds are partially exhausted by continuous bearing, a free application of liquid manure, heated to a hundred degrees, may be given, and one or two ounces of salt added to each gallon. It is a well-known fact that sowing salt over grass and pastureland often produces an enormous crop of mushrooms, whilst on other parts of the same land not one is to be found. In a small farm the author is acquainted with, mushrooms grow abundantly among the potato and turnip crops, whilst none are found in the neighbourhood; the only difference being that the farmer sowed two hundredweight of salt per acre every year. Of course, the spawn is there, but the salt develops its growth.

After all this preparation, the pleasant time of gathering the crop will come; and here knowledge and care are alike requisite. The old plan was to cut off the mushroom above the soil; now, it is pulled by hand, and if the stump be left close to the surface, it is at once scooped out with a knife, leaving a round cavity as large as a walnut. This plan increases the productiveness of the beds; for if the threads of the mycelium are not broken, they expend their strength in masses of mould or fungus. On the other hand, when scooped out, small tubercles form, and develop into mushrooms, a fine ring appearing round each cavity. When gathering, a small portion only of the bed should be uncovered, especially in cold weather, and re-covered as quickly as possible. It is not unusual for nine or ten pounds to be gathered at once; and in the case of young beds, the crop may be cleared off twice a week. As a rule, a good bed will yield ten gatherings—seven large, the first and last two lighter. It is well to separate them into two baskets, if intended for the market—one for buttons and cups, the other for broilers, as it saves time at the weighing-table. The stems should always be retained, as the mushrooms keep sound for a much longer period. To the salesman, the packing is of consequence. One pound is put into each punnet—the baskets which every one knows, made of shavings. But few are aware what a large trade there is in these little articles, or where they are made. It is to Brentford or Hammersmith that we must go to see the juvenile population busy at work making these cheap and useful articles. They are sold in rolls of three dozens, of different sizes—'deep pounds' and 'flat pounds,' which may be bought for from four to six shillings the gross of Mr. Nicholls, 377 Goldhawk Road, Hammersmith. After the loose soil has been taken from the stems, the mushrooms are neatly packed and tied down with raffia, the best and cheapest tying material, and then placed in wooden packing-cases for transmission to towns. Everywhere, in large centres, the greengrocers are glad to receive them,

as the demand is greater than the supply, the price varying from one shilling to two shillings the pound from October to June.

Whenever the supply is too large, good unadulterated ketchup finds a ready market, and mushroom-growing is profitable if only for the juice alone. What is now sold as mushroom ketchup is rarely pure, bullocks' liver being one of the usual component parts. The spent beds are most valuable for manure for the land or for potting the higher class of plants, and are by no means exhausted. The manure often lies for months during decomposition before it is fit for the land. Why should not this be utilised? It is a most suitable investment for market-gardeners who are not far from a town, and for cottagers who hold a few acres, keeping one or two horses and cows. If they can make poultry pay, much more mushrooms. Clergymen and professional men are not unwilling to aid something to their income, and might do much in their parishes to improve the condition of the working-classes by thus making use of what too often lies wasting in the farmyards.

This is but a sketch of Mr Wright's little book, which should be in the possession of all who intend to be mushroom-growers.

A YARN OF THE P. AND O.

As there were but very few passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Sicilia*, outward bound for the Far East, we did not anticipate the usual amount of fun and festivity which are, strangely enough, more remarkable features of life on outward-bound than on homeward-bound steamers. But what we missed in frolic we certainly had made up to us in the shape of excitement. We numbered about a dozen in all; but of these, three only need individual description.

The principal personage, in accordance with the ancient dictum that a woman is at the bottom of everything, was a pretty young widow, a Londoner, who was on her way to join her friends living in Shanghai. The worship of the fair sex is nowhere more ardent than aboard ship, partly, perhaps, because its members contrive to put on under such exceptional circumstances their most captivating airs and graces; and chiefly, it must be admitted, although the admission is ungallant, because, beyond eating and sleeping, there is little else to do than to offer homage to whatever goddess presents herself. Hence Mrs Fuller, as she was named, reigned sole and unapproached monarch of the ship. Had she been other than she was, she would have occupied this position; but being tall and fair and graceful, she assuredly merited every tribute of admiration laid at her feet. The darts she unconsciously shot around fixed themselves most firmly in the hearts of the remaining members of the prominent trio to be described. The first was a young Englishman named Goodhew, going out to the consular service in Yedo; the other was a young Irishman named MacWhirter, going to the same city in the Japanese government Telegraph Department. Goodhew was as typical an Englishman as was MacWhirter a typical Irishman, indeed, more so, for Mac was a victim to a most

un-Milesian failing—he could not take a joke. Goodhew was a big, broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed, fair-haired fellow, who ate like an alderman, was always laughing when he was not eating or sleeping, and was half the life and soul of our little community. Terence Mac-Whirter was the other half. He could sing a capital song and tell a capital story, his story-telling powers eclipsing his song-singing, inasmuch as with the gravest conceivable demeanour he would endeavour to foist upon us the most palpable fiction as the most solemn truth. 'As true as o'm standing here,' was a concluding phrase of his, which soon became a catchword on board, and synonymous with what was most extravagant and improbable.

The apple of discord which the fair Londoner was destined to throw amongst us fell between Goodhew and Mac, who, long before she joined us at Brindisi, had singled out each other as opponents upon the one particular question of belief or disbelief in ghosts. Strangely enough, Goodhew, who had won the Humane Society's medal for saving life, was a firm believer in the theory that the departed from this life revisit their old haunts. Equally strange was it that Mac, although a fervid, imaginative Irishman, pool-pooed ghosts and omens and visions and dreams and second-sight as being unworthy of the consideration of a practical nineteenth-century human being; and the more instances Goodhew quoted in support of his creed, the more violently would Mac exclaim: 'Now, look ye here, Mister Goodhew; o'i'll stand the man an onlinaited dinner up to a couple of sovereigns who can prove that he has ever seen a ghost; an' if a man can show me a ghost, bedad, o'i'll show him what o'i'll do wid it!'

The arguing matches and disputes between the two opponents formed our principal amusement during the tedious passage from Southampton to Brindisi. Then Mrs Fuller came on board, and their antagonism assumed a new shape. Goodhew helped her on board. Score No. 1 for the Englishman. But Mac lent her his cane-chair, and equalised matters. Goodhew sat next to her at table; but Mac sat opposite, which was as good, for in talking to her, he was obliged to raise his voice, and by so doing obtained a monopoly of the conversation. To her credit it must be said that she behaved exactly as a young lady placed in such peculiar circumstances should behave. She showed no partiality to one more than to the other. She laughed heartily at Mac's jokes, and listened attentively to Goodhew's quiet common-sense and common-places. If one of them gained a trifling advantage one day, it was made up to the other the next; and so, whilst conscientiously she believed she was pleasing both, in reality she was stirring up a fire between the two which was fated ultimately to burst into a tragedy.

So matters went on. By the time Alexandria was reached, we, the audience, agreed that Goodhew held a slight advantage, inasmuch as the passage across the Mediterranean having been stormy, poor Mac spent the greater part of his time in his berth; whilst Goodhew, who was a good sailor, was brought into uninterrupted contact with Mrs Fuller, who was also *mal-de-mer* proof.

It may be imagined that when we were sick of quoits and 'bull-board' and deck-cricket and walking-races, the little comedy played by the trio formed our chief amusement. Its ups and downs, its various phases, its situations, were subjects of attentive watchfulness on our part. We were like a party of special correspondents taking notes of an important campaign. We received from one another news of victory or defeat, of attacks foiled, of successful stratagems, of bold strokes, of new moves, with as much earnestness as if our own interests were at stake with the issue of the contest. If one of us hurried forward with a joyful face, it was not to tell of a confident prophecy on the part of the skipper that we should have an easy time in the monsoon, or that we should make Aden ahead of schedule-time; but to relate some splendid stroke on the part of Mac, or an admirable counter delivered by Goodhew. Occasionally, there were uninteresting lulls in the conflict, and during these periods we were driven to our wits' end for amusement, and the time passed slowly and heavily; but when the battle was in full swing, the long hours of the tropical day sped but too quickly. Our doctor took an especial interest in the drama, and by virtue of his official position, was enabled to see far more of its ins and outs and by-play than we outsiders, and often when matters seemed to slacken a bit, would infuse fresh life and fire by some adroit, mischievous remark.

Open hostility soon became the order of the day between Mac and Goodhew. Hitherto, they had been simply cold and distant to one another, interlarding their conversation profusely with 'Sirs' and 'I beg your pardons'; but by the time we reached Penang, they were hardly civil to each other. The climax was reached at Penang. According to the usual custom, a party was made up to visit the celebrated waterfall. Most of us went: Skipper, Doctor, Mrs Fuller, Goodhew, Mac, and half a dozen of us outsiders. We arrived at the waterfall after the well-known broiling ascent, rhapsodised over it, sketched the joss-house, partook of a sumptuous tiffin beneath its roof, and were about to return to the quay, when Mrs Fuller espied a dead buzzard floating in the waters of the pool. 'Oh, how I should like a few feathers from that beautiful bird!' she exclaimed.

Mac and Goodhew rushed to execute the commission. We outsiders never dreamed of interference, as we foresaw an important scene in the drama. Mac was armed with his walking-stick, Goodhew had seized a long bamboo stem. Mac was upon one side of the pool, Goodhew on the other, and the buzzard floated in the middle between them.

The faces and figures of the two men were perfect studies of sternness and resolution; they stretched and craned, they knelt, they floundered, they hopped up and jumped down; for the time-being the entire universe of each of them was concentrated in that palm-shaded pool. But the bird stuck resolutely in the middle, in spite of coaxing and flopping and all sorts of cunning endeavours to waft it to one side or the other. Suddenly a puff of wind carried it towards Mac. His face lighted up with joy, and he uttered a smothered 'Hooroo!' In a moment his walking-

stick was under it, he was slowly but surely pulling it towards him; when there was a vision of a sort of fishing-rod in mid-air, a momentary struggle and splash, and Goodhew triumphantly dragged it towards him. Mac made a desperate dash at the retreating spoil, missed his footing, and fell plump into the pool. Our long-restrained feelings were no more to be kept in, and the laughter which followed awakened the echoes of the solitary Penang waterfall. To emerge from the water, hatless, dripping, and vanquished, was humiliating enough for poor Mac; but when he looked at Mrs Fuller, and saw that she was endeavouring to stifle immoderate laughter with her pocket-handkerchief, his cup of misery was full, and without another word, he strode off ahead of us on the path leading to the Settlement, and was soon lost to view.

We sailed that evening for Singapore. Mac was not visible. Next evening, however, as we were sitting on deck after dinner smoking our cigars and gazing at the peerless panorama of the tropical heavens, we saw him come on deck. We hushed our talk, for we felt that something was pending. Goodhew was sitting by Mrs Fuller's chair—that is, poor Mac's chair—at some distance from us. Mac seeing this, strode up and down the deck behind them. Presently, Mrs Fuller rose, wished us good-night, and disappeared below. We nudged one another, watched round the corners of our eyes, and listened.

Mac strode up to Goodhew, who was approaching us. 'Mister Goodhew,' he said, 'oi call that a dirty mane trick!'

'What do you mean, sir?' angrily retorted Goodhew, stopping short.

'Oi mane what oi say, sir,' said Mac. 'It was a dirty mane trick. Mrs Fuller asked me to get the bird for her, and oi got it; and you come in with a pole like a mast, and you fish it out under me very oyes!'

'Under your very stick, you mean, Mac,' said Goodhew, laughing.

'No matter what oi mane!' exclaimed the infuriated Irishman. 'Oi mane, that when one gentleman receives a commission from a lady, and another gentleman executes it by a mane trick, the other gentleman's no gentleman at all at all—but a cad, Mister Goodhew, a cad!'

'I say, Mac, draw it mild,' said Goodhew, in his turn irritated; 'we're not all bogtrotters here!'

'Is it bogtrotter ye're callin' me!' exclaimed Mac in a frenzy. 'Bedad, oi'll tache ye to call a MacWhirter a bogtrotter, ye spalpeen!' And he sprang at Goodhew furiously.

Goodhew seized him by the waist, and in another minute would have certainly dropped Mac overboard, had we not all jumped up and interposed. Mac danced and kicked and struggled and used every vilifying expression he could. Goodhew also was endeavouring to wrest himself from our grasp; but we held on, and the opponents seeing that they could not get at each other, gradually desisted from trying.

'Doctor!' said Mac, after a breathing-space, 'this is an affair for immediate settlement.'

'Pooh! my dear fellow,' said the officer, 'who can fight duels on the deck of a P. and

O. steamer? Better wait till we get to Hong-kong; there's plenty of room there.'

'Hong-kong be it then,' said Mac.—'Mister Goodhew, oi'll send ye me card in the morning.'

'All right, Mac,' replied Goodhew, who was recovering his good temper. 'Send as many as you like. But don't you think we're a couple of fools, to be going on in this absurd way about a trifle?'

'A trifle ye call it?' roared Mac. 'An' if there's a fool hereabouts, it isn't Terence MacWhirter; but ye needn't travel very far to find him.'

The doctor whispered in Goodhew's ear. The latter nodded and smiled, and said: 'All right, Mac. You challenge me to a duel. I accept it. Pistols?'

'Of coorse,' replied Mac. 'Ye didn't think oi mane fishing-rods? Insulting a MacWhirter's no trifle, oi tell ye.'

So they separated.

It may be imagined that the chief topic on board during the interval between Singapore and Hong-kong was the approaching duel. Mac had given out more than once that he was no novice; and he certainly had shown himself a dead-shot with a rook-rifle at bottles or pieces of wood; but whether, considering the extreme excitability of his nature, he would preserve his calmness on the field of battle sufficiently to make any use of his accomplishment, we were inclined to doubt. Goodhew had never fired a pistol in his life; but there was an easy, calm confidence about him that foretold no want of nerve on his part.

'Pat,' said the doctor, on the evening before our arrival at Hong-kong, 'haven't you a qualm of conscience about going to shoot this poor fellow?'

'Faith, doctor,' replied Mac, 'the odds are even. If he wins the toss, he shoots me.'

'You're not afraid of the consequences of manslaughter?' continued the doctor. 'I don't mean the judicial consequences, but the remorse, the fear of being haunted'—

'Doctor,' said Mac, 'oi took ye for the only sensible man on the ship, and ye go and talk blarney about haunting and all that. Oi tell ye, doctor, oi'm not a believer in spirits; and if oi kill Goodhew, and his ghost makes a pother about me afterwards, oi'll have to settle him as well. Look ye, doctor, ye and the whole lot of 'em want to get me off this duel; but oi've been insulted; and if oi put up with it, oi'll not be worthy of the name of MacWhirter at all at all.'

The next evening we steamed into Hong-kong harbour. Mrs Fuller was on deck, admiring the effects of the great mountain shadows upon the moonlit water, and of the innumerable twinkling lights from the shore, which mount up and up until they seem to mingle with the stars.

Mac was standing by her chair. 'Mrs Fuller,' he said, in a low impressive voice, 'this is a beauteous scene. It reminds me of Dublin Bay or the Cove of Cork. It is a sad scene.'

'A sad scene, Mr MacWhirter!' said Mrs Fuller. 'Why, I was just thinking it was a gay scene, with all those lights, and'—

'It is a sad scene for those who are looking

at it for the last toime, Mrs Fuller,' said Mac in an almost sepulchral tone.

'Gracious! Mr MacWhirter, what do you mean?' asked Mrs Fuller. 'What a dreadfully uncomfortable thing to say!'

'Oi mane, Mrs Fuller,' replied Mac, 'that this toime to-morrow noight there'll be one less passenger on board the *Sicilia*.'

'Why, of course, Mr MacWhirter; for I suppose our little company will be broken up here, and it is never pleasant separating from kind friends.'

'Ye mistake me,' said Mac. 'The moon that will shoine to-morrow noight will look upon the corpse of either Mister Goodhew or of Terence MacWhirter; and it'll be all for the sake of yerself, Mrs Fuller.'

Mrs Fuller saw that Mac was serious, and the idea flashed across her mind that the two rivals for her hand were about to fight a duel on her account, so she resolved to take the earliest opportunity of speaking to the captain about it.

She did speak to the captain, who spoke certain words to her in return.

Very early the next morning, before even the sun had peered round the corner of the Victoria Peak, the captain's gig put off from the *Sicilia*. In it were the captain himself, the doctor, Goodhew, Mac, and we outsiders. We were soon alongside the Bund, and in a few seconds were being whisked away in the direction of the Happy Valley as fast as chairmen could take us. We went swiftly by the cemetery gate and the Grand Stand to the extreme end of the Valley, where there was no chance of interruption.

After each of the combatants had been armed with one of the captain's pistols, the doctor measured fifteen paces. The coin was spun into the air. Mac won the toss, and took up his position, as did Goodhew.

'Captain,' said Goodhew, 'if—if I fall, you'll find a memorandum as to the disposition of my property in a tin box in my cabin. Here's the key.'

'At the word Three,' said the captain, 'Mr MacWhirter will fire.'

Mac raised his pistol, half closed his left eye, and took aim.

'One! Two! Three!'

He fired. Goodhew, with a cry, pressed his hands to his head, and then fell like a stone with one deep groan. The red stain on the right temple told Mac the fatal truth. The Irishman's vaunts and threats had been justified.

'You've done it, Mac!' whispered the captain in a voice of agony. 'Come away as fast as you can. The doctor will attend to the poor fellow, if life still remains.'

And so Mac and the captain hastened away, leaving Goodhew on the ground, with us gathered around him.

As we were to shift over to the smaller steamer which was to convey us to Yokohama the next day, and were to bid farewell to Mrs Fuller and the captain and the old *Sicilia*, the banquet that evening was of an unusually lavish description: the champagne went merrily round with jest and gibe, as if there had never been such a being as poor Goodhew in existence. Even Mac aroused himself after a few glasses, although at first

he was rather solemn, and remarked: 'Ye're a rum lot, all of ye. If oi'd been killed instead of Mister Goodhew, ye'd have enjoyed your dinner and drink all the same. Oi'm sorry for him; but it'll be a lesson to Sassenachs not to insult Oirishmen.'

Then Mrs Fuller's health was drunk, and the captain's, and every one else's, and not until a small-hour of the morning did we think of breaking up.

'I say, Mac,' said the doctor, 'aren't you afraid of seeing poor Goodhew to-night?'

'Whisht, doctor; ye've taken more than's good for ye!' was the contemptuous reply.

As the ship's bell tolled two o'clock, we prepared to turn into bed, when the saloon door opened quietly, and a tall figure, ghastly white, with a crimson patch on its face, glided a few inches in. Mac was seated next to the door, and saw it. His cigar fell from his fingers, beads of perspiration burst upon his forehead, and he trembled violently.

'What on earth is the matter, Mac?' we asked.

'Why!—Don't ye see? There, at the door!—Him! Mister Goodhew!' stammered Mac.

'Nonsense, man; you're dreaming. There's nobody there at all!' we said.

'Strikes me you've had a drop too much, Mac,' said the doctor, quietly.

The figure still stood there with its eyes fixed on Mac, who, after remaining for a few moments petrified with horror, rushed with a shriek into his cabin.

Such a night as the poor fellow passed will never be known to any one but himself, although it was manifest that he was undergoing extreme agony by the groans and smothered cries which we heard for a long time after he had turned in. He was not visible at breakfast the next morning; nothing was seen of him during the process of transferring passengers, mails, and baggage from the *Sicilia* to the Yokohama steamer; and we began to fear that the poor fellow had really been affected by what he had seen, and had taken some rash step. However, about an hour before our starting-time, it was reported that Mac had come on board. There was a festive assembly in the saloon, the captain, doctor, and officers of the *Sicilia* being our guests, although an unusual spruceness in the general costume proclaimed that the affair was something more than a mere return of the compliment paid us by the captain of the *Sicilia* on the previous evening.

The doctor had risen to his feet, was clearing his throat preparatory to an important speech, when the saloon door was pushed open, and Mac looked in—not the careless, swaggering Mac of past days, but Mac haggard, weird, scarcely human, with unkempt locks and bloodshot eyes. Goodhew was seated next to the pretty Londoner. 'Hillo, Mac, old fellow; come in, come in; you're just in time,' he said.

'By the powers!' exclaimed Mac, 'ye're not dead, Mister Goodhew!'

'No, old fellow,' replied Goodhew, with a laugh. 'But if your pistol had carried a bullet, I should have been.'

'But the blood on your forehead—I saw it!' cried Mac.—'And Mrs Fuller—she's wid ye, I see!'

'No, no, Mac; wrong this time,' returned Goodhew, smiling. 'There was no blood on my forehead; and it isn't Mrs Fuller that's beside me.'

'Whisht, man! I'm not draming now; I know what I'm talking about,' exclaimed Mac. 'D'ye mane that there was no blood on your forehead after I'd hit ye, and d'ye mane that it isn't Mrs Fuller alongside of ye at all?'

'Yes, old fellow,' said Goodhew, rising, and stretching out his hand to the bewildered Irishman. 'The mark on my forehead was only a little red paint carried in the palm of my hand, and ready to be slapped on the moment you discharged your deadly weapon; and the lady'—

'Yes, yes, the lady?' interposed Mac with eagerness.

'The lady was made Mrs Goodhew about a couple of hours back,' calmly replied the Englishman. 'Give us your hand, and drink our healths.'

Mac did both, and ever after remained a firm friend of Goodhew's, although always a little touchy on the subject of ghosts.

SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING IN SHETLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.*

A RELATIVE of mine, now dead, used to be a mighty seal-hunter. It was before the days of the modern 'arms of precision,' long before breech-loaders were in common use, and even before the Enfield or Minié rifles were invented. In those days, the old muzzle-loading rifle was found to be not a trustworthy weapon; he therefore used a very thick metalled fowling-piece, which was deadly up to sixty or eighty yards. He had a splendid boat, which he named the *Haff-fish*, about seventeen feet of keel, a capital sea-boat, equally good for sailing and rowing, safe, therefore, in bad weather and rough sea, and at the same time handy to manage when rapid movements might be required, such as landing in narrow creeks, or on slippery shelving rocks, or shallow beaches with a surf on. His crew was composed of four picked men from amongst his fishermen tenants, and his henchman, who was as much friend and adviser as servant, a man of great natural sagacity, intelligence, and fertility of resource, and of prodigious bodily strength; all of them first-class boatmen, expert pilots, familiar with every rock and reef and tideway on the coast and amongst the islands, and withal steady, bright, intelligent fellows. Master and men, all save one, gone now! With this crew, my uncle was wont to start on his seal-hunting expeditions. He would be absent for a week, sometimes more, if the weather should turn out unfavourable; for the distance from his residence to the haunts of the seals was considerable. The first day would be spent amongst the nearest islands; and in the evening he would land, and spend the night in the hospitable mansion of one of his brother lairds, where he was always a welcome guest, his boatmen at the same time making good their quarters at very small cost in the nearest fishermen's cottages. Next day, and each day while the expedition lasted, he would explore new hunting-ground,

spending the nights at some other friends' houses; and so he would hunt all the islands in Blummel Sound and Yell Sound, the Holms of Gloup, the Neeps of Gravaland, the long line of precipitous coast on the west side of Rooneas Hill, the Ramna Stacks, and even the distant Vee Skerries, and other places well known as the principal haunts of the seal. Sometimes, of course, the weather, always fickle in those latitudes, would put a stop to all sport. Not often, but sometimes, even with the most favourable weather, he would return 'clean.' At other times he would bring back a number of very substantial trophies of his prowess. In some seasons he would bag—boat I should rather say—as many as forty or fifty. In ten years, during which he kept a careful record of the number he shot, he secured close upon three hundred of both species, and of various ages and sizes, besides killing a considerable number more, which sunk, and he was unable to recover. The most he shot in one day was eleven, ten of which he secured. Not a bad day's sport.

I have often heard him tell with pride the story of the most deadly shot he ever fired. The weapon was a favourite fowling-piece charged with two bullets, which occasionally wrought great havoc. A small herd of tang-fish was lying on a rock within easy range of some large boulders in the ebb, close to the water's edge, to which, with infinite labour and circumspection, my relative had crept. Very cautiously, his piece on a good rest, he took a well-calculated aim at the seals, lying close together in a particularly favourable position, and fired. The first bullet killed no fewer than three, and the second ball struck, but did not kill two others, which floundered into the water and escaped; but the other three were secured.

The most extraordinary *how's* sport I have ever heard of was that of a young Shetlander, about three years ago. Reports of it had reached me; but they seemed so incredible, that I thought they must be exaggerated. I therefore wrote to the gentleman himself for the particulars; so I can vouch for the accuracy of what I am going to relate. I quote from his letter:

'My evening sport at Muckla Skerry was certainly a good one. I started from the Whalsay Skerries about five o'clock of an evening about the end of August or first of September 1881. When nearing the rock, I could see with a glass that it was almost covered with seals—I should say there would have been eighty or more—but all took to the water before a shot was fired, and while we were three to four hundred yards off, and were soon sporting about the boat, but keeping at a respectable distance. It had been perfectly calm for some days, and the sea was like a mirror. I fired eight shots from a short Enfield rifle with government ball cartridge. Two shots missed, and the other six secured a seal each. They were all shot in the water; and singular to say, every one floated on the surface till we took hold of it. One of them was a large fish, measuring six feet four inches long; the others would run from three and a half to five feet in length. . . . I feel certain I could have shot as many more, if we could have taken them in the boat; but the boat was only ten and a half feet keel, and I had four sturdy oatmeal-fed islanders with me, so that you can fancy how much freeboard we had when the six seals were

* Continued from No. 23, p. 364.

in our little craft. The time we were at the rock did not exceed forty minutes, and I think that half the time was expended in getting the largest seal into the boat. This was no easy matter, and attended with very considerable risk; but he was quite a prize, and we did not like to let him go.

Several things in this interesting and spirited account are, so far as I am aware, unprecedented in the annals of seal-hunting in this country. I have never known or heard of any one in so short a time and out of a single herd getting so many fair shots. When one gets amongst a lot of seals, swimming and diving around the boat, one shot is commonly all that you can hope for; and whether you kill or not, it is almost invariably sufficient to send the rest at once far beyond range. Then out of eight shots, to strike and kill with six, considering the expertness of seals in 'diving on the fire,' is, I believe, also unprecedented; and to cap all, that not one of the six should have sunk when shot, is extraordinary and unaccountable; for, as I have already said, they sink when killed in the water quite as often as they float, if not oftener. Anyhow, Mr A—— had the rare good fortune to encounter a splendid opportunity, and he made a splendid use of it.

A good dog is a useful auxiliary to a seal-hunter; but he requires a good deal of training to learn his work. Very soon he acquires the art of stalking; but most dogs at first are apparently afraid to lay hold of a dead seal floating in the water, and very commonly, when sent out to fetch him ashore, simply attempt to mount on him, and in consequence do harm rather than good by helping to sink him. But generally—not always, for some dogs we never could train to do the right thing—we succeeded in teaching them to retrieve. When we had brought a seal home, we used to throw it over the jetty or out of a boat with a stout cord attached, and encourage the dog to fetch him. Great praise was bestowed when he learned to lay hold of a flipper and tow the selkie shoreward; in this way, with a little patience and perseverance, the dog soon came to learn what was required; and many a seal was secured by his help, which without it might inevitably have been lost, for a seal shot in the water from the shore, which they often were, was very generally on the opposite side of an island or long promontory, where a landing had been effected; and it took many minutes before the boat could be got round; and by that time, but for the dog, the seal might have sunk.

We tried many breeds of dogs—Newfoundland, Retriever, St Bernard, Rough water-dog, and Collie; but after all, the best seal retriever of the lot was a Collie. When he comprehended what was wanted and how to do it, he did it neatly and thoroughly. I well remember the first seal I shot. I had landed on the weather-side of a small island. A cautious reconnoitring discovered a good-sized seal 'lying up' on a detached rock. Then I commenced the stalking, closely followed by my dog. But ere I could approach within range, one of those seal-sentinels and provoking tormentors of the seal-hunter, a herring gull, set up his wild warning scream. The seal

perfectly understood what it meant, at once took the alarm, plunged into the water, and disappeared. I sprang to my feet, rushed down along a little promontory, and then crouched behind a big boulder, in hopes that selkie would show his head above water and give me a chance at him. And he did. Raising his head and neck, he took a good look shoreward; but seeing nothing to account for the gull's persistent screaming, he turned round, and raised his head preparatory to a dive. I had him well and steadily covered; now was my chance. I pulled the trigger; no splash followed, which would have meant a miss; but the *boom*—that is, the smoothing of the water by the flow of the oil—told that my bullet had taken effect. 'Fetch him, old dog! fetch him!' I cried. In an instant he plunged into the sea and swam to the seal, which I could see was floating. Neatly he dipped his head under water, seized a hind flipper, turned it over his neck, and towed him towards the shore. Passing the rock on which I stood in his way to the beach, he turned his eyes upwards for the praise and encouragement I was not, it may well be believed, backward to lavish on him. Such a look it was! I shall never forget it, instinct with the brightest intelligence, joy, pride, triumph. Indeed, I don't know whether he or his master was proudest and happiest that day. Alas, that our noble 'humble friends' should be so short-lived!

I have not shot a great many seals. They are not now, nor were they in my younger and sporting days, so numerous as they were fifty or sixty years ago, when but a very few persons here and there owned a gun, which with scarcely an exception was only the old regulation flint-lock musket. But since the invention of percussion locks, and of the splendid rifles and breech-loaders of the present day, and still more since steamers and sailing-vessels have been constantly plying amongst the islands, where formerly they never were seen, the seals have not had so peaceful a time of it; slaughter and persecution, and the inroads of modern civilisation in general, have greatly diminished their numbers; at least they are not now so frequently met with in their old haunts, from which it is probable most of them have retired, to more inaccessible and therefore safer quarters. These remarks apply only to the common seal. The Great seal was never very numerous anywhere, and there is not much chance of his wild retreats being disturbed except by an occasional hunter.

I have shot only three Great seals; but the largest one certainly I ever saw, I might have shot, but did not—dared not, I should say. Thus it happened. It was at the Holms of Gloup—some outlying rocks and skerries off the north point of the island of Yell. There is a fine hellyer here. According to the usual practice, I had landed on an abutting point or promontory at the outer entrance to the hellyer, and sent the boat inwards. If a seal happens to be in the hellyer, he plunges into the sea, swims out under water, and very generally rises up at no great distance, to see what is the cause of the disturbance and noise—for seals, as I have said, are very inquisitive as well as shy—and in this way the sportsman in ambush often gets a capital shot. As the boat went slowly inwards, the men kept

shouting and peering into the darkness, all eyes directed towards the inner beach, which was dimly visible. Presently from my perch of some twenty or thirty feet, I saw, in the clear water, what they did not see, a rushing white figure coming outwards under water. Then, not thirty yards distant, the head and neck of an enormous haff-fish* rose above the surface. For time enough to have shot him five times over, he gazed at the boat, the back of his head turned towards me, and offering such a mark as I never had before or since. I covered him with the sights; my finger trembled on the trigger; I knew my weapon would not fail me. I knew I could kill him easily, and secure him too, even if he should sink, for the water was clear and shallow. But, as ill-fortune would have it, he was directly in the line between me and the boat, and I did not dare to fire. The boatmen never saw him, and of course I could make no sign. So the great ocean patriarch, having satisfied his curiosity, quietly withdrew under water.

I shall conclude with one other adventure of my seal-hunting experience. It was at the Neeps off Gravaland, on the west side of Yell. Here the coast-line is sinuous and precipitous, the cliffs in many parts being very high; and here there are many well-sheltered creeks, rather favourite haunts of the tang-fish. A cautious survey discovered twelve or twenty of them 'lying up' on a few detached rocks in one of these creeks, and of course, as usual, far beyond range from any point on the top of the cliff. To get a chance of a shot, it was necessary to scramble down to the beach and out amongst the great boulders left dry by the ebb-tide, a matter of no small difficulty, and also danger. I was accompanied by a young Englishman, who was very eager for a shot. Retiring a little from the brow of the cliff, we held a brief whispered consultation. 'Nothing for it,' I said, 'but to get down. Will you try it?'

'No,' he replied; 'I dare not. I always get giddy, looking down from great heights, and I could not possibly attempt a precipice like that. Do you really mean to venture?'

'Certainly,' I said; 'nothing venture nothing win.'

'Well, well,' rejoined he, 'you're to the manner born, and I wish you luck.'

One can't climb or descend a difficult precipice with boots, so I discarded mine, carefully charged my trusty old fowling-piece, and commenced the descent, well out of view of the seals. The task would have been no easy one at any time; but cumbered as I was with my fowling-piece, and obliged to double and twist in all directions, to avoid being seen, it was stalking under difficulties of no ordinary magnitude. After infinite toil and circumspection, I found myself about thirty feet from the bottom; but farther I was utterly unable to proceed without coming full in sight of the seals, who were as yet unaware of the proximity of danger. Continuing my downward course, they soon caught sight of me, and one

after another quietly slipped off the rocks into the water. I made my way to the beach, and crept out as far as possible amongst the great ebb-stones, behind one of which I crouched, in hopes of getting a shot at a seal swimming, for they kept bobbing up and down in the creek. At last one fellow did give me a pretty good chance, and I brought his gambols to a speedy close. To strip and plunge into the sea was the work of a minute. But before I reached him he had sunk. This was very provoking. However, nothing daunted, I returned on shore, retraced my way up the cliff, and then across a long stretch of barren moor, to the nearest fishermen's cottages at Whalfirth Voe. A boat was speedily manned by three obliging young fellows, and a pull of several miles brought us round to the creek. Having borrowed two stout piltock rods, I lashed them firmly together, and tied a ling hook to the point, and thus extemporised a capital gaff. We found the water not more than twelve or fourteen feet deep, and quite clear. I knew the exact spot where the seal had sunk; so we soon discovered him lying on the bottom, seeming not much larger than a good-sized cod, owing, I suppose, to refraction. I speedily gaffed him, and brought him to the surface. He proved to be a splendid animal, five feet nine inches in length, and very fat. The skin, a particularly fine one, I presented to my English friend; and the blubber was converted into oil, which kept our dining-room lamp burning brightly during many long nights of the succeeding winter.

SOME SACRED TREES.

THERE are few things more impressive to the thoughtful mind than the near contemplation of tall and large trees in full foliage. They are symbols of antiquity and endurance, yet also of the changes consequent on a constant renewal. Traditions gather naturally round an object which witnesses the growth and disappearance of generations. The memories of men long dead become connected with them; and the rude imagination pictures the souls of the departed as still lingering in the familiar groves, and haunting the favourite tree which sheltered them in the noonday heat and from the fury of the sudden tempest. Such fancies in untutored times naturally induced veneration for the object which inspired them, and such may have been the origin of tree-worship, which has been a prevalent form of idolatry.

In the East, the greatest veneration is paid to the Indian *Ficus religiosa*, the sacred and consecrated fig-tree or peepul-tree, which is held pre-eminently sacred by the Buddhists, and is revered also by the Hindus, the birth of Vishnu having occurred beneath its branches. It is the *Rarvasit*, the tree of knowledge and wisdom, the holy Bo-tree of the lamas of Tibet; it is met with in most countries of South-eastern Asia; but the descriptions of it in botanical hand-books are confused and misleading. It is a handsome tree, growing frequently to a great height, an evergreen, which puts forth its flowers in April, and the bark yields freely upon incision an acrid milk containing a considerable proportion of india-rubber. According to Balfour, the leaves are heart-shaped, long, pointed, and

* In our former paper, the Great seal or Haff-fish was inadvertently named *Phoca barbata* instead of *Halichoerus gryphus*, a mistake which we take this opportunity of rectifying.

not unlike those of some poplars; and as the footstalks are long and slender, the leaves vibrate in the air like those of the aspen. It was under this tree that Gautama slept, and dreamed that his bed was the vast earth, and the Himalaya Mountains his pillow, while his left arm reached to the Eastern Ocean, his right to the Western Ocean, and his feet to the great South Sea.' (Balfour's *Cyclopædia of India*.) This dream warned him that he was about to become a Buddha; and when its prophecy was fulfilled, he was again seated beneath the same tree.

In the year 250 B.C. a branch of this sacred tree was sent to the ancient city of Amūrādhapōra, in the interior of Ceylon, together with the collar-bone of Gautama, and his begging-dish with other relics. Here it was planted, and was known by the name of the Bo-tree. The highest reverence was paid to it for two thousand years, and it is to this day the chief object of worship to the pilgrims who every year flock to the ruins of this city. These ruins are of vast extent, and abound in intricate and magnificent carvings. 'An inclosure of three hundred and forty-five feet in length, and two hundred and sixteen in breadth, surrounds the court of the Bo-tree, designated by Buddhists the great, famous, and triumphant fig-tree.' It is declared to be the same tree sprung from the branch sent by Asoka from Buddh-gyā, and the amazing vigour and longevity of these trees make the assertion within the limits of the possible. 'The city is in ruins,' says Fergusson; 'its great dagobas (sanctuaries containing relics) have fallen into decay; its monasteries have disappeared; but the great Bo-tree still flourishes, according to the legend: "Ever green, never growing, or decreasing, but living on for ever for the delight and worship of mankind." There is probably no older idol in the world, certainly none more venerated.'*

A recent Indian periodical, describing the white elephant purchased by Mr Barnum, states that, under the terms of the deed of sale, the great showman was required to swear 'by the holy and sacred Bo-tree' that the animal, itself revered in the highest degree, should receive every kindness and consideration.

The next instance of a venerated tree is of a still more astonishing kind. Tsong Kaba, the founder of the Yellow Cap Lamas, who became Buddha in the early part of the fifteenth century, was endowed from his birth with miraculous white hair. At the age of three years his head was shaved, and the hair, which was fine, long, and flowing, was thrown outside his parents' tent. 'From this hair there forthwith sprung a tree, the wood of which dispensed an exquisite perfume around, and each leaf of which bore, engraved on its surface, a character in the sacred language of Tibet.' Whatever may be thought of this legend, it is certain that the tree which

it is concerned with actually existed in the days of the Abbé Huc, who visited it, and in whose Travels it is circumstantially described. It is situated at the foot of the mountain where Tsong Kaba was born, near the lamasery or Buddhist convent called Kounboun, which signifies the 'Ten Thousand Images,' and is a famous place of pilgrimage.

'This tree,' says the abbé, 'does exist; and we had heard of it too often in our journey not to feel somewhat eager to visit it. At the foot of the mountain on which the lamasery stands is a great square inclosure, formed by brick walls. Upon entering this, we were able to examine at leisure the marvellous tree. Our eyes were first directed with earnest curiosity to the leaves; and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment at finding that there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Tibetan characters, all of a green colour—some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. Our first impression was a suspicion of fraud on the part of the lamas; but after a minute examination of every detail, we could not discover the least deception. The characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves. The position was not the same in all: in one leaf, they would be at the top; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base, or side. The younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The bark of the tree and of its branches, which resemble that of the plane-tree, is also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of the bark, the young bark under it exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state; and what is very singular, these new characters are not unfrequently different from those which they replace. We examined everything with the closest attention, in order to detect some trace of trickery; but we could discern nothing of the sort. The tree of the Ten Thousand Images seemed to be of great age. Its trunk, which three men could scarcely embrace with outstretched arms, is not more than eight feet high; the branches spread out in the shape of a plume of feathers, and are extremely bushy; few of them are dead. The leaves are always green; and the wood, which is of a reddish tint, has an exquisite odour, something like cinnamon. The lamas informed us that in summer towards the eighth moon, the tree produces large red flowers of a beautiful character. Many attempts have been made in various lamaseries of Tartary and Tibet to propagate it by seeds and cuttings, but all these attempts have been fruitless.

'The Emperor Khang-hi, when upon a pilgrimage to Kounboun, constructed at his own private expense a dome of silver over the tree of the Ten Thousand Images, and endowed the lamasery with a yearly revenue for the support of three hundred lamas.' This tree is said to be still in existence.

In Hunter's *Annals of Rural Bengal*, there is the following interesting instance of tree-worship. 'Adjoining the Santal village is a grove of their national tree—the Sal (*Shorea robusta*)—which they believe to be the favourite resort of all the family gods (lares) of the little community. From its silent gloom the bygone generations watch

* 'Not long since,' said a writer some years ago in *Notes and Queries*, 'an old woman in the neighbourhood of Benares was observed walking round and round a certain peepul-tree. At every round she sprinkled a few drops of water from the water-vessel in her hand on the small offering of flowers she had laid beneath the tree. A bystander, who was questioned as to this ceremony, replied: "This is a sacred tree; the good spirits live up amidst its branches, and the old woman is worshipping them."'

their children playing their several parts in life. Several times a year the whole hamlet, dressed out in its showiest, repairs to the grove to do honour to the *Lares Rurales* with music and sacrifice. Men and women join hands, and dancing in a large circle, chant songs in remembrance of the original founder of the community, who is venerated as the head of the village pantheon. Goats, red cocks, and chickens are sacrificed; and while some of the worshippers are told off to cook the flesh for the coming festival at great fires, the rest separate into families, and dance round the particular trees which they fancy their domestic lares chiefly haunt.

Three principal deities are at this day worshipped by the people of Dahomey: the serpent-god, which Burton describes as a brown python, streaked with white and yellow, of moderate dimensions, and quite harmless. This is the supreme god. 'It has one thousand Danh'-si, or snake-wives.' These are maidens and married women devoted to the service of the serpent. The second deity 'is represented by lofty and beautiful trees, in the formation of which Dame Nature seems to have expressed her greatest art. They are prayed to and presented with offerings in times of sickness, and especially of fever. Those most revered are the Hun-tin, or acanthaceous silk-cotton, whose wives equal those of the snake; and the Loko, the well-known Edum, ordeal, or poison tree of the West African coast. The latter numbers fewer Loko-si or Loko spouses. On the other hand, it has its own fetich pottery, which may be bought in every market.' The god Hu, the ocean, is the youngest of the three deities; he is inferior both in power and age to the other divinities, and his turbulence is held in check by them.

The island of Ferro is the most westerly and the smallest of the Canaries. Fresh water is very scarce, and the moisture which falls from the leaves of the linden-tree is said to be collected to increase the supply. This seems to be the only foundation for a wonderful story told in Glass's *History of the Canary Islands*, concerning a 'fountain-tree,' which would certainly have received divine honours of the highest kind from all tree-worshippers. There grows, says the story, in the middle of the island a tree, 'called in the language of the ancient inhabitants, Garse—that is, sacred or holy tree—which constantly distils from its leaves such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every creature in Ferro. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called Til. The circumference of the trunk is about twelve spans, and in height it is about forty spans. Its fruit resembles the acorn, the leaves those of the laurel; but they are larger, wider, and more curved; they come forth in a perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. On the north side of the trunk are two large tanks. Every morning a cloud of mist rises from the sea, and rests upon the thick leaves and wide-spreading branches, whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day. This tree yields most water when the Levant or east winds have prevailed, for by these winds only the clouds are drawn from the sea. A person lives

on the spot, who is appointed to take care of the tree and its water, and is allowed a house to live in and a certain salary.'

The story is evidently told in good faith; and the power of condensing mist is possessed by various species of trees. The Garse, moreover, has been described by more than one traveller.

In conclusion, while tree-worship is, of course, essentially pagan, innumerable superstitions concerning trees have prevailed in Christian countries, notably in England. They are now almost extinct; but the traveller in remote country-places might still meet with some of those strange instances recorded in Brand's *Antiquities* and in the *Fragments* of Edward Moor.

IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

THE dreamy hush of a warm autumn noon, broken only by the sweet murmurous sound of the falling water as it leaps from its shining pebbled shallows into the rock-encompassed linn. What could give more peace and quiet delight than this? Let us sit for one brief half-hour under the fresh green hazels and drink in the varied charms of sight and sound. We are 'far from the madding crowd,' and have left all care leagues behind. Let us rest on this mossy bank in the delight of dreamy ease, with the delicious fragrance of the wild thyme wafted to us on the wing of the gentle breeze. We are here seeking rest, and that sweet dreamy pleasure which a mind can get when it is in the delicious equipose that repose and the beauties of nature can bring. The stream's melodious wanderings in this sunny hour are of more importance to us than all the anxious worldly sounds of a city's din; and the glowing petals of that wild red rose wooing its own shadow in the stream are better far to our eyes in our present mood than any of the exquisite studies of Salvator Rosa or Claude Lorraine. What wealth of light and shadow is given to us in the far-stretching umbrageous vista! Never had cathedral aisles more perfect and graceful roof, or more radiant lights from painted windows; and is not the music here of stream and hazel-haunting warblers sweeter and more heart-inspiring than the organ's swell? The interlacing branches through which the filtered sunlight comes, rendered in flashes of green and gold, are better than the Gothic roof of cathedral aisle or dome; and the eerie cry of the curlew commends itself more to our soul—in the midst of heather and mountains as we are—than would the richest chorus of human song.

This is not the time or place for preaching or moralising; but is it out of place for us to consider in this delectable hour the exquisite delight that we poor unworthy souls get by an intense reverence for the harmonies that nature has for us! This glen, these sheltering hazels, this melodious mountain rill, are all our own. For the time we are the possessors of these green grottos and flashing waves and bird-notes, which exceed in excellence anything that kings' palaces can give.

Every rustle of the breeze turns over for us a fresh leaf of Nature's wondrous, inexhaustible

book; and the flash of emerald from the kingfisher's breast, or the glorious note from the blackbird's mellow throat, gives us sudden and bright revelations of sweetness and joy, that we can call up with a lingering delight and tenderness of feeling when we are far away. Up the bed of the glistening stream there, at a perfect artistic distance, are the silent shadowy rocks, overlooking and guarding the deep and sullen linn, and working out Nature's will with a quiet watchfulness, and with a changeless solemnity and patience. And see! right above the sombre linn there are rainbow-fringed cloudlets of spray, brought down by the laughing stream, that comes with soothing unobtrusive din over its rocky ledges.

That sound of falling waters is like a lullaby, and contains in it more of the hush of rest than anything else in nature.

What a history this mountain stream must have had in all the seasons and the centuries! and how many hearts has it not gladdened in its lights and shadows and silvery song! Its waters have chiselled these overhanging rocks into a stern beauty, and those boulders have been moulded by them into a soft symmetry and grace. Its changes are like the mutations that belong to human life, now the roar of the torrent, and now the deep calm of the clear crystalline pool. The sportive trout has long leaped from the quiet breast of its limpid shallows, and its woodlands have resounded to the song of the mavis and blackbird. The swallows that have passed their winter amid the slopes of Carmel, the groves of Sharon, or the gardens of Damascus, may be those that are now skimming over the sunlit pools there in the hush of this noontide hour. But their aerial and graceful flight is as pleasing here to us poor rest-seeking pilgrims as ever it was to the eye of vizier or khan; and the cottage eaves in this glen echo the twitter to human ears as deliciously as do the frescoed piazzas of Athens, Venice, or Rome.

What a temple is here for the worship, with reverent spirit, with silent tongue, of the One who made and loveth all! Ferns and flowers, birds and wandering bees, sunshine and singing waters! What lessons of tenderness, natural piety, and reverence may we not get here! Yon shaft of sunlight, filtered through the hazels, striking the stream, and lighting its still bosom with emerald and gold, brings before us some of the finest lines of *Lycidas*, that peerless poem of the lights and shadows and music of Arcadia.

All around us, the brightness that fills the spirit, the deep shadows beneath scaur and tree, the sound of bleating upon the hills, and the melody of waters dashing past boulders or rolling with an onward, free, and joyous music over pebbled beds, lead us alike to reverence and gratitude. Nature is a gentle, sweet, and loving teacher. We shall never touch the hem of her garment in vain. She giveth us grace and sympathy and love.

But we must leave our bosky dell in the midst of this Highland glen. We can carry away, however, memories from it that shall be always our own. The indescribable yet fascinating music of the waters falling into the linn yonder is ours for ever now; so is the rock there, cushioned with the tender green moss,

that moss that comes in silence, and lays its gentle covering mantle over the mounds of our beloved dead. There, too, a few yards from us, is a still pool which might remain for ever in one's memory. How the shadows are reflected from the flowers! Here we have the fable of Narcissus told us again in this Highland dell. But that flower near us droops—it is almost touching its shadow: they have been wooing each other long. By-and-by they will clasp each other, and wooed and wooer will float away. But it is autumn, and flowers must wither and die. When our autumn departure cometh, may our passing away be as calm!

THE RIME OF SIR LIONNE.

'Hush, a little, for harp and rhyme;
This befell in the olden time.'

W. ALLENCHAM.

In days of old, as rimesters tell,
(Culvert, and petrel, and mangonel),
A maiden dwelt in a castle stout,
Guarded and walled, within, without,
And ever defeat and direful rout
To all her castle's besiegers fell.

No suitor the maid's proud heart could win,
(Pike, and halberd, and culverin);
She recked not of love-kiss, no vow, no sigh,
But her song had the ring of a battle-cry:
'O strong is my fortress—a maid am I—
And never a foeman shall enter in.'

But it fell in an evening windy-wet,
(Hauberk, and helmet, and bascinet),
A knight drew rein 'neath the castle wall;
Proud was his port, his stature tall,
His face held the gazer's eye in thrall,
And a lion of gold on his casque was set.

He winded a bugle silver-clear,
(Mace, and arblast, and baudoleer),
Singing: 'Yield up thy castle, fair May, to me:
Sir Lionne me hight, of a far countrie.
Now bounne thee, Lady, my love to be,
Or I take thee by prowess of bow and spear!'

In the pale, pale light of a crescent moon,
(Spear, and corselet, and musketoon),
She saw him there by the castle wall,
And shrilled to the warder a careless call:
'Ho!—let portcullis and drawbridge fall;
We would see this bold knight of a braggart tune.'

And oh! but the wind had changed, I trow,
(Falcon, and gauntlet, and good crossbow),
When, an eve from thence, in a fading light,
On the bastion-keep stood a maid and knight,
And, while to his heart he clasped her tight,
'Thou hast conquered, Sir Lionne!' she murmured low.

'I had vowed that no knight beneath the sun,
(Demi-pique, helm, and habergeon),
Beneath the sunlight, or moonbeam shine,
Should be lord of this castle and heart of mine:
But take me, dear love, I am only thine;
My fortress is taken—my heart is won.'

BRINHILD.

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CAVE-CHAPELS.

IN the biographies of the saints of the early Celtic Church it is frequently recorded that towards the close of their lives they left their monasteries and sought the seclusion of some lonely island or mountain solitude, in order to pass the evening of their days in undisturbed devotion and freedom from worldly cares. Joceline in his *Life of St Kentigern* also records that it was his custom to retire to a cave during Lent, so that, 'removed from the strife of tongues and the tumults of this world, he might hide himself in God.' Such retreats, whether they were used for periodical and temporary seclusion or for permanent retirement, were called in the ecclesiastical language of the day *Deserta*; and the frequent occurrence of this term in the topography of Scotland and Ireland—in its modern form of Dysart or Disert—shows how common the custom must once have been. Sometimes the recluse erected a habitation for himself of stones and turf, as St Cuthbert did in the island of Farne; but frequently he chose the shelter of a natural cavern or crevice in the rocks, as St Cuthbert is also said to have done at Weem in Perthshire. As the veneration for the memory of the saint increased with lapse of time, the sites of such hermitages naturally became places of pilgrimage, and troops of devotees were drawn to visit them by rumours of special benefits accruing to pilgrims of weak health, or peace of mind procured by the performance of special vows. In consequence of the peculiar prevalence of this mode of retirement in the primitive Celtic Church, cave-hermitages must have been exceedingly numerous in Scotland. But the thoroughness of the breach which the Church of the Reformation made with the traditions and especially with the superstitious practices of the past, has obliterated most of the traces of this early devotion; and it is only in a few isolated and exceptional cases that any of its associations have survived to our day.

St Ninian's Cave, near Physgill, in the parish

of Glasserton, Wigtownshire, is situated a little to the west of the wooded valley which terminates in the creek known as Porteastle. It is simply a triangular fissure in the rock, some ten or twelve feet wide at the entrance, and about fifteen feet in height, narrowing inwards until, at a distance of about twenty-five feet from the entrance, the sides of the fissure come gradually together. A rudely-built wall has been constructed across the mouth of the cave, of which the lower part still remains. On the occasion of a visit to the cave by the late Dean Stanley of Westminster, a small cross was discovered carved on a projecting part of the rock, and three others were subsequently made visible by the partial removal of the debris from the face of the rock. The form of these crosses is peculiar. They are equal-limbed crosses, formed by four arcs of circles intersecting the circumference of a circumscribing circle. Similar equal-limbed crosses, but bearing the hook-like curve at the right-hand corner of the upper limb, which constitutes the *chrisma* or monogram—the combined *Chi* and *rho* of the Greek word *Christos*—are found upon early Christian monuments at Kirkmadrine and Whit-horn in the same county, but nowhere else in Scotland. These monuments bear inscriptions commemorative of certain 'holy and distinguished priests'—Viventius, Mavorius, and Florentius. Their names are so different from those of the priesthood of the Columban Church, that they may be regarded as followers if not as contemporaries of St Ninian. But none of the crosses in Ninian's Cave present this peculiarly ancient characteristic of the *chrisma*, and these crosses may therefore be of a much later date than Ninian's time. They are not confined to the rock-face, but have also been carved upon several of the loose stones found on the floor of the cave.

In the month of June last the cave was thoroughly explored for the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire Archæological Association, under the superintendence of Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., and Mr. Cochran-Patrick, M.P., Secretary of the Association and of the Society of

Antiquaries of Scotland. They found that the whole floor of the cave had been regularly paved; and close to the entrance, but outside the external wall which converted the cave into a chapel, there was a large stone basin placed under a natural drip from the rock, which may have served as a holy-water vessel. A number of additional crosses were also discovered. On a stone which had been placed as one of the steps leading down to the paved floor there were four crosses in a line. On one of the stones of the pavement was an inscription in Roman letters, of which the word *SANCTI* could only be deciphered. Underneath the pavement and throughout the debris of the cave-floor there was a considerable accumulation of shells, consisting chiefly of limpets and periwinkles, mingled with splintered bones, evidently the refuse of the food of some earlier occupants. At a considerable depth immediately outside the wall of the chapel, the decayed remnants of a human skeleton were disinterred. Whether these were the bones of a hermit of the chapel who had chosen to be buried in the spot where he had ended his solitary life, or the remains of some victim of violence placed there for concealment, will probably remain unknown.

St Ninian, to whom the cave was dedicated, was the first who preached Christianity among the southern Picts. His life and labours are briefly related by the Venerable Bede, and more fully by Ailred, a Cistercian monk of Rievaulx, in Yorkshire. Ailred, whose *Life of St Ninian* was written in the second half of the twelfth century, states that he derived his materials from a certain barbarously written manuscript, presumably of much earlier date. He informs us that Ninian was born at Whithorn—then called Rosnat—and that he was the son of a Christian Prince. Having received his education under the care of St Martin of Tours, he subsequently went to Rome, where he remained till he was made a bishop and sent to evangelise the people of his native province. From St Martin he obtained masons to build a stone church in Galloway after the Roman fashion. As this was the first stone church erected in Scotland, the fame of Ninian's *Candida Casa*, or White House has been perpetuated in the Saxon form of Whitherne or Whithorn. The date of its erection is fixed by the fact that St Martin died in 397 A.D.; and St Ninian, having heard of his death while the church was being built, resolved to dedicate the finished edifice to his memory. Ninian himself, after a life full of labours, was buried in the church of St Martin which he had built; and Ailred mentions the stone sarcophagus which contained his remains as still existing in his day, and much venerated in consequence of the many miraculous cures said to be wrought upon those who devoutly frequented it. Pilgrimages continued to be made to the shrine of St Ninian down to the period of the Reformation. In a letter of King James V. of Scotland to the Pope, the king states that pilgrims from England, Ireland, the Isles, and adjoining countries came yearly in flocks to St Ninian's shrine at

Whithorn. That notable pilgrim King James IV. made special pilgrimages to this famous shrine, and his Treasurer has preserved an account of his disbursements on these occasions. From it we learn that the king made offerings in money 'at the Rude Altar; at the fertir (or shrine) in the outer kirk; at the reliques at the Hie Altair; at the Lady Altar; and in the chapel on the hill—at ilk place xliis. 4d.' And in 1505 he offered also 'ane relique of the king's awn silver' of considerable weight and value.

The number of dedications to St Ninian, scattered over the whole country from the remotest Northern and Western Isles to the Mull of Galloway, bear testimony to the widespread devotion to his memory which once pervaded the Scottish Church. The removal of a portion of the wall of the choir of the old church of St Congan at Turriff in 1861 brought to light a fresco-painting of St Ninian, robed as a bishop, with mitre and pastoral staff—the only relic of pre-Reformation work of the kind that has been discovered in Scotland. Neither in his *Life* nor in any ancient document has any reference been found to the occupation of the cave at Physgill by St Ninian; but Sulpicius Severus, who wrote a *Life of St Martin of Tours*, mentions that he had a little cell in the rock at Marmoutier to which he was accustomed to retire for prayer and meditation, and that many of his disciples also dug cells in the rock and took up their abodes in them. St Ninian being a disciple of St Martin, there is reason to conclude that in this respect he would follow the example of his master. But apart from this consideration, it is certain that from a very early period this cave has been traditionally associated with his name, and that this association was the reason for converting it into a chapel, where services would be held on the saint's anniversaries, pilgrimages performed, vows paid, and offerings presented. It is not unlikely that in its earlier days the chapel may have been ministered to by a resident recluse, as was often the custom in similar circumstances. For instance, we are told by Bower, the continuator of Fordun's *Chronicle*, that in crossing the Firth of Forth in the year 1123, King Alexander I. was driven by stress of weather to land on the island of Inchcolm, 'where at that time lived an island hermit, who, belonging to the service of St Columba, devoted himself sedulously to his duties at a little chapel there, content with such poor food as the milk of one cow, and the shells and small sea-fishes he could collect.' It is suggestive, too, that one of the copies of the *Scotichronicon*—that which belonged to the Abbey of Coupar-Angus—connects the island of Inchcolm with St Columba by saying that he lived in it for a certain time during his ministry among the Picts and Scots, just as the cave at Physgill is connected with St Ninian.

There is another cave-chapel on the Wigtownshire coast, which had a reputation scarcely less famous than that of St Ninian. St Medan's Cave, still locally known as 'The Chapel Co,' is an irregular rent in the cliff between Maryport and East Tarbert, about four miles from Drumore. In front of it are the remains of a wall about four feet thick, of rough stones and lime, still showing traces of the doorway, and one deeply played window. About twelve feet farther in

is the back wall of the chapel, reaching to the roof of the cave, but giving access, by a square-headed doorway four feet high and two and a half feet wide, to the small natural cell in which the cave terminates. Near the external entrance there are three pools or rock basins, within the tide-mark, and usually full of sea-water. The largest, which is about four feet in diameter, is known as 'the Body Pool,' and was used for the cure of internal and wasting disorders, being specially efficacious in cases of 'back-gane bairns.' The second pool, of an irregularly triangular shape, and about two feet long, was known as 'the Knee Pool,' and was considered effectual for the cure of diseases of the lower limbs. The third pool, a circular basin about six inches diameter and the same in depth, was used for sore eyes. The cave and its pools were largely frequented for curative purposes down almost to the commencement of the present century, and continued to be occasionally visited to a much later period. There are persons yet living who remember large gatherings at St Medan's Chapel, especially on the first Sunday of May, old style. St Medan, who is commemorated in the dedication of the church of Kirkmaiden, was one of the 'devout women' of the early Celtic Church of whom there is no distinct biographic record. The *Breviary of Aberdeen* states that she came from Ireland to Galloway, and ended her days near the blessed St Ninian. Mr Skene identifies her with Modwena, whose original name was Darerca, a convert of St Patrick, who died on St Columba's birthday, July 6, 519 A.D.

St Kieran's Cave is situated in the precipitous cliffs of Achinchoan Head, about three miles south of the site of the church dedicated to him at Kilkerran, in Kintyre, Argyllshire. It is one of many fissures occurring in the limestone rock on this coast, irregularly triangular in shape, spacious and lofty. A substantially built wall three feet thick has been constructed across the entrance. Immediately within the entrance is a rough boulder with an oval basin scooped in its upper surface, which is placed beneath a drip of water from the roof of the cave, and thus forms a reservoir, which may have answered the purposes of a hermit's well, a holy-water vessel for the pilgrims' chapel, and a curative or holy well for the superstitious uses of later times. Close by it is another boulder about two feet in diameter, the upper surface of which is prettily carved with a circular border of fretwork, such as is frequently seen on the early sculptured monuments of Scotland and Ireland, inclosing a hexafoil with its points connected by arcs of circles. A writer in the old *Statistical Account of Scotland* also speaks of the cross which St Kieran had cut upon the rock; but this is no longer visible. Kieran Macantsaor, or the 'carpenter's son,' was Abbot of Clonmacnois. In his youth he was a disciple of St Finan of Clonard; and in proof of the sanctity of his life, it is told of him that 'he never looked upon a woman, and never told a lie.' He was held in great esteem by St Columba, who is said to have written a hymn in praise of Kieran. He died at the age of thirty-three, and 'was likened to Christ, both on account of his age and that his father was a carpenter like Joseph Muire.'

A cave on the western shore of Loch Caolisport, also in Argyllshire, is associated with the name of the great evangelist of Scotland, St Columba. Like most other cave-chapels, it has the remains of a wall, with a doorway, constructed across the entrance. On a kind of rocky shelf close by the doorway is a rude circular basin, which probably served as the holy-water vessel of the chapel. Against the rock forming the east side of the cave is the altar platform, roughly but solidly built, and still standing—or at least till quite recently—to nearly its full height. On the smooth face of the rock above the centre of the altar platform is a cross carved in relief, of the Latin form, but with its arms and summit slightly expanding towards the extremities. This cross is placed a little to one side of the centre; but more nearly in a central position over the altar there are discernible the almost obliterated outlines of a much older cross which has been incised in the rock. At a little distance from the cave are the ruins of an ancient chapel dedicated to St Columba. It is a small plain edifice about forty feet by twenty-two, with one east window, and the remains of a window in each of the side-walls near the eastern end. The tradition is that St Columba, landing here on his way to Iona, established the chapel in the cave, which was ever afterwards held sacred to his memory, and that the chapel near it was subsequently founded in his honour. The cave was cleared out about two years ago by the proprietor; but no record of what might have been a most interesting scientific investigation appears to have been preserved. It is said that a great many burials were found in the floor of the cave—as many as sixteen or eighteen different skeletons are supposed to have been found—and underneath them the traces of a more ancient occupation of the cavern, probably in pagan times.

The cave of St Molio in the Island of Lamlash, or Holy Island, on the east side of Arran, is a natural cavity in the sandstone rock, about twenty-five feet above the present tide-mark. Traces of a rudely-built wall across its entrance are still visible. A shelf of rock within the cave is known as 'the Saint's Bed;' a large flat-topped rock close by with several step-like recesses cut in its circumference is called 'the Saint's Chair;' and a fine spring of pure water, which is known as 'the Saint's Well,' was formerly much resorted to for the healing virtues of its water. The Island of Lamlash appears in ancient documents as Helant-in-laysche or Almeslach, and this form of the name identifies it with St Molaisi or Laisren of Leighlin, a nephew of St Blane of Kingarth in Bute. His mother was a daughter of Aedhan, king of the Scots of Dalriada; and it is told of him, that in order to avoid being made king, he retired to an island in the sea between Alban and Britain—between the country of the Scots and that of the Britons of Strathclyde. This answers precisely to the situation of the Holy Island which is still associated with his name. There was a relic either of St Molaisi or of St Moluag of Lismore preserved in Arran down to the time of Martin's visit to the island in the beginning of the last century. This was the *Baul Mhuir*, a 'green stone, like a globe in figure, about the bigness of a goose-egg,' which

was much used by the islanders for curing diseases and 'for swearing decisive oaths upon it.' It seems to have been in the hereditary custody of a family of Mackintoshes, and had also the reputation of having been anciently a *vesillum* or battle-ensign of the Macdonalds of the Isles, carried with their host in their conflicts, in the belief that its presence would secure to them victory over their enemies. The cave of St Molio has several Runic inscriptions cut upon its interior—mere *graffiti* of occasional visitors at the time when the galleys of the Northmen frequented the western seas. Amudar, Ontur, and Sea-elk, who have left their names there, may have been pagans; but Nicolas of Haen, who carved the longest inscription, bears a good Christian name.

St Serf's Cave at Dysart, in Fife, derived its sanctity—as the town of Dysart has derived its name—from its having been the *desertum* or place of retirement of the saint during his seasons of meditation and prayer. The *Aberdeen Breviary* states that 'once upon a time the devil tempted the blessed St Serf with divers questions in the cave at Dysart; but confounded by the divine virtue, he went away; and from that day the said demon has appeared to no one in that cave, although the place is still held famous in honour of St Serf.' Andrew of Wyntoun, prior of St Serf's monastery in Lochleven, as in duty bound, gives, in his *Cronykill of Scotland*, a circumstantial account of this disputation with the Evil One:

Quhill Saynt Serf in till a stede
Lay eftir Maytynis in hys bede,
The devil came in full intent
For til fand him with argument;

proposing to the saint many of the questions of high theological speculation which presented themselves to the cultivated minds of the fifteenth century, and receiving orthodox, and consequently unanswerable replies to them all:

Thane sawe the devil that he coude nocht,
With all the wylis that he socht,
Ourcum Saynt Serf; he sayd than
He kend hym for a wys man;

and the saint becoming impatient of his flattery, commanded him to begone from his cave, and never more to annoy any one in it. This prohibition apparently obtained for the cave a reputation as of a place for ever freed from the temptations of the Evil One, and it continued in consequence to be used as a chapel, and largely frequented by pilgrims down almost to the Reformation.

St Adrian's Cave at Caiplic, also on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, consists of a cluster of contiguous cavities formed by the sea washing out the softer parts of the rock. The principal cavity bears obvious marks of artificial adaptation. It is somewhat irregular in shape, but large and lofty; and the foundation courses of a wall constructed across its entrance are still visible. Near the mouth of the cave, a kind of platform or seat is shaped in the rock, and a door cut through the rock communicates with a smaller cell on the south side. On the west side, a series of steps led up to a smaller cell, in the inner part of which was a kind of bench cut in the rock, which is said to have been the hermit's bed. In front of the cave, five human skeletons

were found, four of which were regularly buried east and west, the heads to the west, but without coffins. A considerable quantity of bones of oxen, sheep, and swine, and portions of deer-horns, were found mixed with the debris in front of the cave, evidently the refuse of the food of its occupants at some remote period. On the interior of the rocky walls of the cave, many pilgrim crosses are carved, some of the equal-armed form and surrounded with a border, but mostly of the Latin form. St Adrian, whose true name was probably Odran, is represented as having settled and laboured among the Pictish people of the east parts of Scotland. His settlement in the Firth of Forth is thus described by Wyntoun:

Adrian wyth hys cumpany
Togydld cam tyl Caplawchy.
Thare sum in to the Ile off May
Chesyd to byde to thare enday.
And some off thame chesyd be north
In steddis sere the Watyr off Forth.

At Pittenweem, St Monance, and other places along the coast as far as Fifeness, there are several caves which have pilgrim crosses and other symbols of archaic character carved upon their rocky walls. All of these seem at one time to have been occupied as places of retreat and devotion by saints or recluses of the early Celtic Church, and doubtless are the *stollis sere* (that is, the 'several places') referred to in Wyntoun's narrative. At Fifeness is the cave of Constantine, king of the Scots, who, after a reign of forty years, exchanged the sceptre for the pilgrim's staff, and 'died in the house of the Apostle,' that is, of St Andrew. At St Andrews itself is the cave of St Rule, or rather what remains of it, for it has been much destroyed within the last half-century. Sir Walter Scott describes the palmer in *Marmion* as bound to fair St Andrews:

Within the ocean cave to pray,
Where good St Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sang to the billows' sound;

and mentions that on one side of the cave there still remained a sort of stone altar. The *Aberdeen Breviary* states that St Gernadius, who settled at Kennedor, in Moray, lived in a cell partly natural, but artificially adapted for a habitation, in which he was wont to repose his wearied limbs on a bed of stone. His cave in the neighbourhood of Lossiemouth is distinguished by the holy well close beside it, which had a local reputation until quite recently, and is still known as St Gerardine's Well. St Baldred of the Bass, who sat upon the rock in Aldham Bay, and caused it to transport itself out of the fairway, had his cave also in the cliff opposite this rock; and traces have been found both upon the rock itself and in the cave of a long-continued occupation at a remote period.

Although the materials for the illustration of this long-forgotten phase of ecclesiastical life are so few and fragmentary, they suffice to reveal the presence in these early ages of a passionate fervour of devotion and a child-like simplicity of faith to which we are altogether strangers in these times. The systems and institutions by

which they were created and fostered 'are productions of old ages, not to be repeated in the new: they presuppose a certain rudeness of conception, which the progress of mere scientific knowledge puts an end to.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLII.—A LAND SHIPWRECK.

To be unhappy and alone at night in chambers is to have an opportunity of realising the sense of desolation in its bitterest degree. The double doors and double windows which secure the stillness that is of so much importance for working purposes, seem now to shut you off doubly from the world; from help if you are dying, and from sympathy if you live. The rumble of the heaviest wagon reaches the ears as a faint sound from afar off; no footstep is heard at all; and the adjacent chambers are silent as the tenements of the dead. You welcome the splash of rain against the window-panes—dull as that is—as if it were a friend come to speak to you in your solitude.

That is the time for thoughts of suicide to haunt a man if his mind is disturbed; and that is the time for cynical broodings on the vanity of life, the falsehood of friendship, and the fickleness of love. He sees in what miserable failure his most earnest efforts have resulted; he misinterprets the most trivial word and look of his friend, and he loses grip altogether of that faith which in healthier state enables him to find consolation in love. He recalls all the bitter things that have been written about women, and for the time-being believes them.

How was it, Philip asked himself, that he had fallen into this desperate position? He had laboured with all his might for others rather than for himself; his object was a noble one, and quite feasible, he was still convinced. Yet the social revolution he had dreamed of was as far off as ever, and he suddenly found that he was face to face with absolute ruin. Evidently his blunder lay in his miscalculation of the power of his capital. There had been disappointments with his fellow-workers, who, shrewdly counting the cost of material and the market value of the manufactured article, saw that the latter would barely realise enough to give them a fair ordinary wage in the best of times, to say nothing of the share of profits promised them. The cost of material was too high; and it was natural that they should conclude the cost was so fixed by arrangement with their chief in order to deprive them of what they now called their rights.

Philip saw the force of their argument, and began to inquire about the items of expenditure. Hitherto, he had been so deeply occupied in the organisation of his scheme, that he had left financial matters almost entirely in Wrentham's hands. Hints were given him that the prices he was charged were not the prices paid for materials, but that a large proportion went in secret commissions. As soon as he began to look into the question closely, he was met by the astounding fact, that he had reached the end of his capital, and had heavy liabilities

to meet almost immediately, as well as heavy current expenses to provide for. How to do this without applying to Mr Shield, he had been trying for weeks to find out; and the more harassed he became, the more impossible it appeared to work through the mess without assistance.

Then had come the last humiliation: he must submit to the immediate and entire overthrow of all he had been working for, and in which he had sunk the considerable fortune placed at his disposal, or he must seek the help which only a short time ago had appeared to him as an impossible necessity. He was bewildered, and could not understand how it came about. It should not have been so. He yielded to the necessity, however; but determined that when his course became clear again, his first task should be to institute a thorough investigation into the causes of his failure.

Through all this agitated survey of his position, how was it that the figure of Beecham continually obtruded itself? What could Wrentham have had in his head, when he urged him so strongly to find out from Madge all that she knew of the man's history and possible friendship with Mr Shield? He had not felt very keenly impressed by the suggestion during Wrentham's presence; but now, in the silence and alone with his chagrin, he became infected with Wrentham's suspicion. It had not occurred to him until now that there was something most incongruous and altogether incomprehensible in a girl consenting to accept from an acquaintance of only a few weeks a confidence which she could not disclose to her guardians or the man who was soon to be her husband.

If Beecham had been a younger man than he was, there would have been a ready and most bitter explanation of the mystery; but it was not available in the present case. And yet (so outrageously morbid had he become that he was capable of the thought!) women were such strange creatures, that there was no telling who might win their favour or by what charm it might be done.

Pah!—What madness was this?

He went to the front room and opened a window overlooking Gray's Inn Road. The stillness of the chambers had become intolerable. This was better; much better. There was more air; he could hear the rattle of cabs, and catch glimpses of hurrying foot-passengers on the opposite side of the way.

Why should he remain indoors, to be haunted by these horrible phantoms of doubt and suspicion? He knew they were phantoms, and yet he could not drive them from his brain. Sleep was impossible, and he was afraid to take more drugs, for he was conscious that they had already impaired his power of self-control. When would the morning come? The active duties he had to discharge would relieve him. He looked at his watch. Very little past midnight. Why, it seemed as if two nights had passed since Wrentham went away!

Well, he would try Dr Joy's specific, and endeavour to work or walk off this nervous frenzy. First he tried the work. There was much need that he should master the accounts and compare prices paid with prices quoted in

the markets. But the figures performed such strange antics before his eyes, that after an hour of vain endeavour to master their meaning, he impatiently closed the book and rose no wiser, or rather less wise, than he had been before he sat down.

He took himself to task. It was of the utmost importance that in the morning he should be cool and clear-headed; but he could not hope to be so unless he obtained sleep. Well, he would try the second remedy.

He put on his hat and overcoat and went out. It was not of any consequence to him in which direction he should walk, his sole object being to exhaust himself by the physical exercise, in order to induce healthy sleep. To distract his mind from its troublous ruminations, he turned instinctively towards those quarters where he was most likely to encounter signs of life.

He strode along Oxford Street and down Regent Street. But he was walking in a dream. The lights of the lamps were dim in his eyes, the figures which flitted by him were like shadows, and he could not have told whether they were men or women. The voices of those who passed him seemed to be muffled, and he scarcely distinguished any sounds. A hansom cab came rattling at full speed towards him: the horse slipped, staggered, fell. There was a commotion, and although, a minute before, the street seemed to be deserted, figures sprang out of the darkness, and there was a crowd at the scene of disaster.

He passed on, with that insensibility to the fate of others which characterises people when in dreamland. His feelings were numbed as his eyes were dimmed. The sense of humiliation at the utter failure of what he had believed to be so certain of success produced the one pain of which he was conscious, and which no drugs, fatigue, or reason had power to subdue.

If the money had been his own, he could have borne with comparative calmness the overthrow of his hopes and the ridicule of those who had from the first called his project folly.

But despite the assurances of Mr Shield and of Mr Shield's solicitors, Philip had never regarded the money otherwise than as held in trust; and the loss of it was as bitter as the destruction of the beautiful palace he had built in air.

The only bit of ballast left him was the dogged conviction that the principle which he had endeavoured to carry into practical effect was a right one, and would be turned to good account by some one more fortunate or more careful than he had been.

He set his teeth together and marched on. He began to realise how strangely numbed his sensations were, and how vague everything appeared to him. The rain had ceased, and the tiny pools in the roadway glistening in the lamplight seemed like great white eyes staring at him in pity. He passed down the Haymarket, nor did he slacken his pace until he reached the Embankment. There he halted and leaned over the parapet. He was not fatigued: the rapid walk seemed to have instilled new strength into him and had partially cleared the cobwebs from his brain. He was attracted by the lights gleaming in the dark fast-flowing river. Out

there, were black islets of barges, and on the opposite shore the fantastic outlines of buildings, showing like irregular ramparts against the dull gray sky. He was thinking of Madge, and the pain she would suffer on his account, when the worst was made known to her in the morning, perhaps, or next day.

'Got a copper to spare a poor cove as hasn't had a crust for two days?' said a husky voice close to him.

Philip started up. He was aware of the evil reputation of the Embankment and the character of the roughs who infest it after nightfall. A lamp close by showed him a miserable-looking wretch, ragged and hungry-eyed. He did seem to need help, poor fellow. Philip gave him a shilling, and was about to pass on. But a huge hulk of a fellow stood in his way.

'We want som'at more nor that, guv'nor. So tip us'—

The man went down as if he had been shot. Philip was in the mood for mischief, and he had not forgotten his practice with the gloves. So the first words of the ruffian plainly intimating his purpose, a well-delivered blow straight from the shoulder finished the sentence for him. Philip knew that it would have been madness to have given the man time to attack him, and as it was, the other man was already attempting to rifle his pockets. This one belonged to the sneak tribe, and finding his throat suddenly gripped by fingers that seemed to possess the strength of a vice, his hands went up to loosen them. He was hurled aside; and Philip hurried away with a sort of savage pleasure in having punished the brace of scoundrels, as well as disappointed them of their expected prize.

Near Blackfriars Bridge he met a policeman, to whom he briefly reported the incident. The man listened with stolid indifference.

'They are a bad lot about here, at nights, sir,' he said composedly; 'and it ain't a place for decent people at this hour.'

The constable's idea evidently was that decent people should keep out of the way of the roughs, not that it was his duty to keep the roughs from molesting the decent people who might be compelled to use the thoroughfare.

Philip entered his dreary chambers again. He felt better, but still he could not sleep.

LONDON HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES.

FROM the day when Rahere the troubador, in the year 1123 A.D., founded the hospital of St Bartholomew, the number of hospitals, dispensaries, infirmaries, and other institutions for the cure and medical treatment of the sick poor, has gone on increasing, till now it stands at considerably over one hundred and fifty for London and its district alone. This is altogether exclusive of the workhouse infirmaries. Besides hospitals and dispensaries, there are included in the above number institutions for the supply of surgical instruments, &c., either free, or at such reduced prices as bring them within the reach even of the very poor. Twelve of the London hospitals have medical schools attached to them, amongst which is one for the education of lady-doctors. Differences of opinion of course exist as to the medical

woman, some no doubt regarding her as a great acquisition, and one of the glories of the nineteenth century; whilst others would speak of her as an institution naturally to be expected in the dark ages, but quite an anomaly in a civilised age. Which of the views may be the correct one, we will not pretend to say. However this may be, in Henrietta Street stands the medical school for women, which is in connection with the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road.

The hospitals with medical schools attached undertake the treatment of almost every form of disease both surgical and medical. Still, there are some diseases which it is necessary should be treated apart in special hospitals, and the chief of these is that terrible scourge of past times, smallpox. Not only smallpox but scarlet fever and other infectious diseases have to be excluded from some of the hospitals of which we are speaking, inasmuch as they are not all provided with wards set apart for infectious cases. To get an idea, however, of the great variety of work undertaken by the largest hospitals, it may be well to glance at the various departments of medicine and surgery represented at St Bartholomew's Hospital, the oldest of these London institutions. In addition to the out-patients' rooms, and wards devoted to the treatment of ordinary medical and surgical diseases and accidents, there are the following special departments: A department for skin diseases; for diseases of the eye, ear, and throat; an orthopædic department; a dental department; a department for the special diseases of women; a maternity department; and lastly, in the case of this hospital, a ward for the treatment of cases of infectious disease. The average number of in-patients is estimated at over six thousand annually, and the out-patients at more than one hundred and fifty thousand. It will readily be believed that the work of the physicians and surgeons, both visiting and resident, connected with such an institution is by no means light. There are many other general hospitals in various parts of London, besides those having medical schools attached to them, but we cannot speak of them here. The nature of their work is much the same as that of the others, though of course the extent of it is more limited.

Coming next to the dispensaries—their name is legion. Almost every parish in London has one or more, and they are very abundant in the immediate suburbs also. Some of these dispensaries are free, others are to a greater or less extent self-supporting. It is, we hope, needless to say that the public dispensaries of which we are speaking are not to be confounded with the private dispensaries set up by medical men, quite legitimately, for their own benefit, but which are not unfrequently conducted upon the lowest of commercial principles. The public dispensaries of London, with their committees of management and staffs of physicians and surgeons—who in the case of the free dispensaries are almost invariably honorary—do excellent work, and are worthy of all, and more than all, the support which they obtain. Unlike the majority of hospitals, they undertake the treatment of disease at the patients' own homes; and by calling in the aid of the nursing institutions, they are able to supply not only medical attendance and medicine, but also trained nurses. Recently, an effort has been

made to increase the number of provident dispensaries; and this indeed appears to be one of the best ways of meeting the difficulty of supplying good medical treatment to the poor cheaply, without demanding of medical men more unpaid work. It has been estimated that the medical profession does more work without payment than the rest of the professions put together.

We will now say a few words concerning the special hospitals and dispensaries. And first, it is to be remembered that all are not of the same merit. Many of them may be said to be above praise; but some, it is to be feared, are almost beneath contempt. Indeed, the opinion of those in the medical profession best able to judge of the matter is, we believe, strongly opposed to the multiplication of special hospitals, except of course for those diseases which cannot be advantageously treated in the general hospitals. Enumerating now the special hospitals and dispensaries in their alphabetical order, first of all come those for the treatment of cancer, of which there are two. Then there are eight hospitals for children. A visit to the hospital in Great Ormond Street is calculated to make most persons enthusiastic on the subject of well-managed children's hospitals; and many readers will remember the glowing description given by Charles Dickens of the East London Hospital for Children. Of hospitals for diseases of the chest there are five. The physicians of the general hospitals do not, if they can avoid it, admit patients suffering from consumption. The air of a hospital in which wounds and diseases of almost every kind are being treated is ill fitted to give any good chance of recovery to a case of consumption, which requires almost more than anything else fresh air and plenty of it; and if such a patient gets no good, he only occupies uselessly the place of some one who might benefit greatly by admission. Chest diseases require, too, arrangements for the securing of appropriate temperature, and this it would not be easy to do in a general hospital. It is well, therefore, that there should be special hospitals for diseases of the chest, and it is to be regretted the number is at present quite insufficient. Still, these chest hospitals contrive to treat a very large number of patients in the course of the year, the average being estimated at considerably over thirty-two thousand.

There are six hospitals and infirmaries for the throat and ear; and three for diseases of the nervous system. Next we come to the fever hospitals—four in number. It is almost impossible to overrate the value of these hospitals. They not only tend to prevent the occurrence of epidemics, by removing the fever-stricken from the healthy, but they also save many from the untimely death that might have befallen them in their own ill-ventilated homes, and with the intermittent nursing which alone they could have secured. And further; even when the danger of death is past, the continuous care which can be given to patients in a hospital may restore many more to sound health, who in their own homes would only have escaped death to remain for the rest of their days miserable invalids.

The hospitals to be next mentioned are one for fistula and one for diseases of the hip. Then there are three buildings for the reception of

cases of incurable disease; two hospitals for lunatics; six lying-in hospitals; six for diseases of the eye; three orthopædic hospitals; one specially for accidents; six for skin diseases; four for smallpox—to which the remarks made on the fever hospitals of course apply; one for stone; three for women; and four for women and children.

We have said nothing concerning the convalescent hospitals. Most of them are of course situated in the country; but those anywhere near London are largely supplied with patients from the metropolis. Their value is immense, for they restore many patients to complete health, who, had they gone back to their work immediately after severe illness, and the bad hygienic conditions pertaining to their homes, might have sunk into a state of permanent ill-health.

There are a few other hospitals which may be alluded to, for, though they are not special as regards the diseases treated in them, yet they are special in other ways. Thus, there is the hospital at Greenwich for seamen; the French hospital for all foreigners who speak the French language; and the German hospital 'for natives of Germany, others speaking the German language and English, in cases of accident;' and lastly, there are a temperance hospital, a medical mission hospital, and one medical mission dispensary.

And now it might perhaps seem that London has hospitals enough; but those who have had some experience of the matter are not wont to say so. They freely admit that numbers of persons seek and obtain the help of hospitals who have from their circumstances no right to it, and these they would gladly see excluded; but they cannot admit that even then there would be hospital accommodation enough for the legitimate claimants. Nay, they may go further, and declare that there is, through the length and breadth of that 'great province of houses' which men call London, an urgent and increasing demand for more. An attempt to meet this demand so far was made a few years ago, when Pay-hospitals were opened in Fitzroy Square and elsewhere (as described in this *Journal* for October 13, 1880). This class of institutions might well be extended, as there are many patients both able and willing to pay for the treatment they require; and the still further development of such hospitals would greatly relieve the pressure presently felt by the purely charitable institutions.

IN A FLASH.

WHEN first I remember my aunt Barbara, she was over forty years of age; but she could never have been accounted a handsome woman. She was very tall and very angular, with a long thin face, the most remarkable feature of which was a Roman nose of commanding proportions. But as she had one of the kindest hearts in the world, her paucity of good looks seemed a matter of trifling moment to those who had the privilege of knowing her well. It was at my request that, some two or three years before her death, she wrote out the following narrative of an actual occurrence in her early life. I put

the manuscript away at the time, and did not come across it again till the other day. On looking over it once more, it seemed to me not unworthy of being transcribed for a wider circle of readers than that comprised by the writer's immediate friends and acquaintances.

You ask me to go back in memory (begins my aunt) to what seems to me now like a period of remote antiquity, when I, Barbara Waldron, was twenty-four years of age, and my sister Bessie five years younger, and endeavour to put down in writing the little story I told you by word of mouth a few days ago.

You must know, then, that in those far-off days, my sister and I were keeping house for our brother John, who at that time filled the position of steward and land-agent to Lord Dorrington. The house we lived in was a pleasant but somewhat lonely residence, about half a mile from the little country town of Levensfield. The house suited us for several reasons. In the first place, the rent was low; in the next, a large walled garden was attached to it, in which Bessie and I spent many happy hours; and in the third place, there was a side-entrance to Dorrington Park, by which my brother could take a short-cut to the Hall whenever he had business with his lordship, or his lordship had business with him. Our household was a small one, and besides ourselves, comprised only Mary Gibbs, a middle-aged woman, and her niece, a girl of sixteen. John's horse and gig were looked after by a young man named Reuben Gates, who did not, however, sleep on the premises. An important part of John's duties was to receive and pay into the Levensfield bank the rents due from the farmers and other tenants of property held under Lord Dorrington. One such tenant was a certain Mr Shillito, a corn and seed merchant, who was noted for his eccentricities. It was only in keeping with Mr Shillito's aggravating way of doing business that he should never pay his rent at the time other people paid theirs; that he should always pay it in gold and notes, instead of giving a cheque for the amount, as he was quite in a position to have done; and that he should make a point of bringing it himself, instead of naming a time when my brother might have called upon him; and finally, that he seldom arrived with the money till after banking-hours.

We come now to a certain autumn evening. Kitty had just brought in the tea-tray. It was growing dusk, almost too dusk to see clearly without the lamp; but Bessie and I liked to economise the daylight as much as possible, especially now that the long winter nights were so close upon us. John had come in for a cup of tea. This evening, he was going to drive over to Nethercroft, some ten miles away, dine there with some friends, and stay all night.

After dinner, there was to be a dance; and I was not without my suspicions as to the nature of the attraction which was taking him so far from home, although he laughingly pooh-poohed the soft impeachment, when I challenged him with it. John was in the act of putting down his cup and saucer, when we heard a noise of wheels outside, which presently came to a stand opposite the house. He crossed the room and peered through the window.

'It's old Shillito, come to pay his rent,' he remarked a moment later. 'Two hours after banking-time, as usual. What a nuisance he is!' He went down-stairs; and about ten minutes later we heard Mr Shillito's trap start off. Presently John came back. 'Ninety pounds, all in gold and notes,' he said. 'I've had to lock it up in my desk till morning.'

I may here remark that iron safes for the custody of money and other valuables were by no means so common in those days, especially in out-of-the-way country-places, as they appear to have since become.

'But the money will be quite safe in your desk, won't it, John?' asked Bessie.

'Safe enough without a doubt, seeing that no one but ourselves knows of its presence there. Only, as a matter of business, I should prefer to have had it in the coffers of the bank.' Presently he added: 'The old fellow was half-seas over, as he generally is; and I have no doubt, with so many houses of call by the way, that he will be soaked through and through before he reaches home. I wonder whether he goes to bed sober a night in his life?'

A few minutes later, John kissed us and bade us good-night. Bessie and I went to the window to see him start; but by this time it was nearly dark. He waved his whip at us as soon as he had settled himself in his seat, then he gave the reins a little shake. Black Beryl's heels struck fire from the stones as she sprang forward, the gravel scrunched beneath the wheels, and a moment later the shadows of evening had swallowed up horse and gig and driver. My sister and I pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains and rang for Kitty to bring in the lamp.

The evening passed after our usual quiet fashion. We worked a little and read a little and played some half-dozen duets, and chatted between times, till the clock pointed to half-past ten, at which hour we generally retired for the night. My last duty every evening was to go the round of the house and satisfy myself that all lights were out, that the fires were safe, and that all the doors and windows were properly secured. When this duty had been duly accomplished to-night, the drawing-room lamp was extinguished, and then Bessie and I took our bed candles and marched up-stairs, leaving darkness and solitude behind us. Mary Gibbs and Kitty had retired long ago.

My sister's room and mine adjoined each other, with a door of communication between, which generally stood partly open at night, for the sake of companionship. The windows of both

rooms looked into the garden, which ran in a wide strip along that side of the house, and was shut in by a wall some seven or eight feet high, beyond which were three or four meadows, and then the boundary-wall of Dorrington Park.

It was close on one o'clock—as I found out afterwards—when I woke suddenly from a sound sleep. The instant I opened my eyes the room was illumined by a vivid flash of lightning, and in all probability it was a peal of thunder that had broken my slumbers. Another flash followed after a brief interval, succeeded again by the deafening accompaniment. My sleep was effectually broken. I arose, flung a shawl over my shoulders, and crossing to the window, drew back the blind and peered out. As long ago as I can remember, lightning has always had a singular fascination for me. As a child, I loved to gaze upon its vivid splendours, and in this respect at least years have left me unchanged. A board creaked as I crossed the floor.

'Is that you, Barbara?' asked my sister from the other room.

'Yes, dear. I am going to look out for a few minutes. Is not the lightning beautiful?'

'Very beautiful; only I wish it were anywhere rather than here,' answered Bessie, who at such times was just as nervous as I was the reverse.

The flashes followed each other at intervals of about a minute. I had witnessed three or four when suddenly I gave a start, and an exclamation broke involuntarily from my lips. The last flash had revealed to me the figures of two men in the act of climbing over the garden-wall. One of the men was a stranger to me; but in the other, instantaneous as was the revelation, I recognised the somewhat peculiar face and figure of a man named Dethel, whom my brother had employed temporarily during the last week or two in the garden, our regular man being laid up at the time with rheumatism. There was something in the looks of the man in question which had set me against him from the first; but if we were all to be judged by our looks alone, what would become of us! For aught I knew to the contrary, Dethel might be an honest, hard-working fellow, with a wife and children dependent on him; but for all that, on the days he was working for us I carefully refrained from going into the garden.

And now, here was this man, and another with him, effecting a surreptitious entry of the premises at one o'clock in the morning! Such a proceeding could have but one end in view. Two questions at once put themselves to me. Firstly, were these men aware that my brother was from home for the night, and that only three helpless women and a girl were left in the house? Secondly, had they by some means become cognisant of the fact that a few hours previously Mr Shillito had paid my brother a considerable sum of money, which must necessarily still be somewhere on the premises? In my mind there was little doubt that both these facts were fully known to the men. My brother's movements were as open as the day, and Dethel had doubtless ascertained from Reuben the groom that his master would be from home on this

particular night; while as for Mr Shillito, everybody knew how he talked in his loud-voiced way about his most private affairs when he had taken more to drink than was good for him. At the bar of more than one tavern that evening, every one who might chance to be within hearing would not fail to be informed that Mr Shillito had just paid John Waldron his half-year's rent.

These thoughts flashed through my mind almost as quickly as that flash which revealed so much. Breathlessly I waited for the next flash. It came, shattering the darkness for an instant, and then it, too, was swallowed up. The men were no longer visible. Between the two flashes they had had time to drop on the inner side of the wall, where the thick clumps of evergreens which clothed that part of the grounds would effectually screen them from view. At that very moment they were doubtless making their way stealthily towards the house. What was to be done? Never had I realised so fully as at that moment how helpless a creature a woman is. Drawing my shawl more closely round me and putting on a pair of list slippers which I wore about the house in cold weather, I crept noiselessly out of the room. At the top of the stairs I halted and listened; but all was silence the most profound. The corridor out of which the bedroom opened was lighted at the opposite end by a high narrow window which looked into the garden. To this window I now made my way, and there, with one ear pressed to the cold glass, I stood and listened. Presently I heard the faint sound of footsteps, and then the subdued voices of two people talking to each other. Directly under the place where I was standing was the back drawing-room, which opened on the garden by means of a French-window; and although this window was secured at night by shutters, I had an idea that the security in question was more fancied than real, and was of a kind that would be laughed to scorn by any burglar who was acquainted with his business. If the men had made up their minds to break into the house—and with what other object could they be there?—the probability was that they would make the attempt by way of the French-window. Even while this thought was passing through my mind, the voices of the men sank to a whisper, and a low peculiar grating sound made itself heard. Evidently they had already begun to force the fastenings of the window. I crept back to my room, feeling utterly dazed and helpless.

'Is that you, Barbara? Where have you been?' asked my sister.

Going into her room, I sat down on the side of the bed and told her everything in as few words as possible. She was of a somewhat timid and nervous disposition, and my news visibly affected her. She sat up in bed, trembling and clinging to my arm.

'Perhaps,' she whispered, 'if we lock our bedroom doors and keep very quiet, they will go away without coming near us.'

'Why, you goose, it's not us they have come after, but Mr Shillito's ninety pounds,' I answered.

'And there's poor mamma's silver tea-service down-stairs; I hope they won't find that,' said Bessie.

I hoped so too; but there was no judging how much Dethel had contrived to ascertain respecting us and our affairs. I went to the corridor window again and listened. The noise made by the men was now plainly distinguishable. It seemed as if they were trying to file or cut their way through some obstruction. After listening for a few moments, I went back to my room and began almost mechanically to put on a few articles of clothing, asking myself again and again as I did so whether it was not possible to do something—though what that something ought to be I knew no more than the man in the moon. The nearest house was a quarter of a mile away; and even if I could have stolen out unnoticed by way of the front-door, before I could have reached the farm and brought back help, the burglars would have effected their purpose and decamped. Our pecuniary means at that time were very straitened. For some time back John had been paying off some old family debts; and the loss of the ninety pounds—which, as a matter of course, he would feel bound to make good—would be a great blow to him. If I could only have got at the money, and have hidden it where the burglars would not be likely to find it, I felt that I should have accomplished something. But the bag was locked up in John's strong mahogany desk, and was as utterly beyond my reach as if it had been in the coffers of the Bank of England, while yet it could hardly have been placed more conveniently ready to the hands of the thieves. To them the strong mahogany desk would seem a trifling obstacle indeed.

All this time, metaphorically speaking, I was wringing my hands, knowing full well how precious were the fast-fleeting moments, but only feeling my helplessness the more, the more I strove to discern some loophole of escape. Oh, the wretchedness of such a feeling! I hope never to experience it again in the same degree as I experienced it that night.

The lightning, if not quite so vivid as it had been a little while previously, still came in as frequent flashes, and by its light my sister and I made a hurried toilet. Our house stood a little way back from the high-road, from which it was divided by a tiny lawn and a low screen of evergreens. Once or twice in the course of the night one of the mounted constabulary would ride slowly past as he went his rounds; but I was without any knowledge as to the particular time when he might be expected, or whether, in fact, the time at which he might be looked for at any specified point did not vary from night to night. Still, there was just a possibility that he might put in an appearance at any moment; so I stationed Bessie at the window to keep a lookout for him, and be in readiness to raise an alarm the moment she heard the tramp of his horse's hoofs. For once in a way the lightning was something to be thankful for; each flash lighted up the high-road for a considerable distance on both sides of the house.

When this was done, it seemed as if everything possible had been done; and yet it was next to nothing. With both hands pressed to my eyes, I stood thinking as I seemed never to have thought before. Then it was that—as sudden, swift, and startling as one of those flashes which

were momentarily illumining the outer world—an idea shot through my brain, which for an instant or two seemed to cause my heart to stand still. And yet at the first blush it was an idea that had about it something so preposterous, so ludicrous, even, that had the need been at all less imminent, I should have discarded it at once as little better than the inspiration of a mad woman. But preposterous as the idea might seem, for the life of me I could think of no other, and every minute now was invaluable. There was no time for hesitation. I must discard it or adopt it, and that without a moment's delay. 'I will try it; it can but fail,' I said to myself with an inward groan.

On the toilet-table was a jar of white tooth-powder, which had been replenished the previous day. I shook out a quantity of this powder, shut my eyes, and proceeded to rub it thickly over my face, arms, and hands. That done, I drew the white coverlet off the bed, and draped myself with it loosely from head to foot; then I unbound my hair, which in those days was ebony black and reached below my waist, and shook it round my face and over my shoulders in 'most admired disorder.' I was now ready for the rôle I had made up my mind to enact.

Bessie has told me since that she thought I had taken leave of my senses. Just at the moment my toilet was completed, and as I turned and advanced towards her, another long, quivering flash lighted up the room. A low shriek burst involuntarily from my sister's lips, and she shrank away from me as though I were something altogether uncanny.

'O Barbara, dear, what is the matter?' she cried. 'Why do you frighten me so?'

'It is not you I want to frighten, but the men down-stairs,' I replied. Then, in a few hurried words, I told her my plan.

She would have tried to dissuade me; but there was no time to listen. Leaving her there watching by the window, ready to raise an alarm in case the mounted constable should pass on his round, I stole swiftly and noiselessly down the carpeted staircase, and only paused when I reached the corridor below. I could hear a subdued murmur of voices, and a moment later I was startled by a noise of falling glass. The burglars had succeeded in effecting an entrance. They and I were separated only by the drawing-room door, which, although locked, was an obstacle that very few minutes would suffice to overcome. With an indrawing of my breath I sped quickly past the door along the length of the corridor until I reached the opposite end, where there were two more doors, one of them being that of my brother's office, which also was locked, and from the lock of which I now withdrew the key. I have omitted to state that the window of John's office was secured by two stout bars, which was probably one reason why the thieves had chosen to effect an entrance at a point more readily adapted for their purpose. The second door at the end of the corridor shut off a short passage leading to the kitchen. This door I succeeded in opening without noise. I had decided to take my stand a little way on the inner side of it, and there await the course of events. By this time the men were busily at work forcing the lock of the drawing-room

door. A thin thread of light which shone from under showed that although the lightning was still as frequent as before, they did not find it sufficient for their purpose.

Scarcely breathing, I waited. I was too excited, too wrought up, the tension of my nerves was too extreme, to allow of any personal fear. It was all terribly real, yet with a strange, vague sense of unreality underlying it. I felt as if I should not have been surprised had I woke up and found the whole affair resolve itself into a dream; while yet fully assured in my mind that it was nothing of the kind. Suddenly the noise at the door ceased; the lock had been forced. The thread of light disappeared; for a few moments all was silence the most profound. Then a faint creaking, which at any other time would have been inaudible, told me that the drawing-room door was being opened and that the crucial moment had come. I pressed one hand over my heart, and for a few brief seconds an almost overpowering longing seized me to get back to my room at any cost and lock myself within. But it was too late; by this time the men were in the corridor. I knew it, although I could not see them.

'Where's the door we want?' I heard one whisper to the other.

'On the right—the first door we come to.'

As they advanced a step, I did the same.

'What noise was that?' asked one of them quickly.

'Don't be a fool. There was no noise.'

'I tell you there was.—Where's the glim?'

But the lightning was quicker than the bull's-eye. It came, smiting the darkness, and flooding the corridor with the blinding intensity of its glare. Then I saw the men, and the men saw me, but darkness had hidden us from each other again before they had time to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them.

One of them gave a gasp and whispered to his mate: 'What was that tall, white thing at the end of the passage? Seemed to me like a ghost.'

'Ghost be dashed! There ain't no such things.—Here's the glim. We'll soon see what it is.' As he spoke, the light of his bull's-eye lantern was turned full upon me.

I advanced a couple of paces, and the men fell back in speechless surprise and terror. I have often tried since to picture to myself the appearance I must have presented when seen at such a moment and by that uncertain light, with my ghastly, death-like face, my dilated eyes, my black, snake-like locks, my tall figure all in white, and with one extended arm and finger pointed direct at the men. I cannot wonder at their fright.

At this juncture came another flash, and a terrible peal of thunder startled the air and shook the house. At the very instant, impelled thereto by something within me that I was powerless to control, I burst into a wild peal of maniacal, blood-curdling laughter. One step nearer I advanced; but that was enough. With a loud yell of terror, the men turned and fled by the way they had come. I heard a crash of shattered glass; and after that, I remember nothing more till I came to my senses, to find Bessie supporting my head on her lap and pressing her smelling-salts to my nose.

But John's ninety pounds were saved, and it is hardly necessary to add that Dethel the ex-gardener was never seen in those parts again.

SPIDER-SILK.

It may not be inopportune to recall to the minds of our readers a somewhat neglected silk-source, which may perhaps at some future period form a profitable commercial undertaking. It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the beauty of the gossamer spun by the *Aranea diadema*, or common Garden spider, as the fairy-like tracery must be familiar to every one who has wandered through the woods in autumn, when the gauzy films festooned between and over the bushes were rendered prominent through saturation with dew or a sprinkling of hoar-frost. The thread produced by this little creature is estimated to be many times finer than the most attenuated filament of the well-known silkworm of Europe, the *Bombyx mori*; consequently, as may be imagined, the difficulty of obtaining such silk is so great that, except for land-surveying purposes, the web of spiders as a class has not been permanently utilised. For the latter object, the plan adopted by our surveying instrument makers* in order to secure small supplies of spider's line, is remarkably simple, and affords an illustration of how closely instinct in the lower creation sometimes approaches reasoning intelligence in the higher. Having caught the selected spider, it is immediately tossed backwards and forwards from hand to hand of the operator, until the impulse of self-preservation induces the emission of its thread. Meanwhile, a wire, bent double like a hairpin—the distance between the prongs being slightly greater than the diameter of the telescope to be fitted—is at hand to receive the silk. As soon as the filament appears, the end is attached to the wire and the spider dropped, when it immediately emits its thread with great rapidity, in the hope of reaching the ground and escaping. This is frustrated by a dexterous revolution of the extemporised reel, which winds up the line as fast as it is produced, until the spider's store of silk is exhausted. It is then allowed its liberty; and a touch of gum on each prong secures the silk in convenient lengths for future use.

Rather more than fifty years ago, it seemed as if a new and important trade was about to be inaugurated by the rearing of spiders for their silk, which the Society of Arts marked with their approval by awarding a medal to a Mr Rolt for his success in obtaining an appreciable quantity from the Garden spider. This gentleman accomplished his purpose by connecting a reel with a steam-engine, setting it revolving at the rate of one hundred and fifty feet per minute; when, after two hours' patience, he wound off eighteen thousand feet of beautiful white line of a metallic lustre from twenty-four spiders. Subsequent examination proved this thread to be only the thirty-thousandth part of an inch in

diameter, so that a single pound-weight was estimated to be sufficient to encircle the globe. Although this gentleman appears not to have pushed his interesting experiments much further, a Frenchman of Languedoc afterwards established a factory for producing and weaving spider-silk into articles of utility. He manufactured gloves and stockings which were much admired; but the difficulty of rearing a sufficiently numerous family of spinners within a reasonable space, on account of their extreme pugnacity, soon interfered with this budding industry, and led to its abandonment. No difficulty was experienced by M. Reaumur in collecting some five thousand spiders and immersing them in fifty separate cells; but unfortunately, on one occasion there occurred a scarcity of flies; a food-panic ensued, and the hungry and infuriated prisoners, escaping during the night, fell upon one another with such deadly ferocity, that when the anxious proprietor paid his usual morning visit, only a few gorged and bloated specimens survived. It seemed, indeed, so vain to expect European spiders to exist peacefully within sight and reach of each other without their usual employment conducted after their own fashion, that the hope of rendering them useful for commercial purposes gradually died away, and has for many years been almost wholly relinquished.

Certain species of foreign spiders, however, when examined with a view to their silk, offer a field of very considerable encouragement. In the island of Ceylon there is one described by Sir Samuel Baker as being two inches long, with a large yellow spot upon its back, which spins a beautiful yellow web two and a half feet in diameter, so strong that an ordinary walking-stick thrown in is entangled, and retained among the meshes. As might be expected, the filament, which is said to exhibit a more silky appearance than common spider's web, is easily wound by hand on a card, without any special care being exercised in the operation. A spider of even more formidable dimensions is alluded to in the fascinating work, *The Gardens of the Sun*, by Mr F. W. Burbidge. It is a large, black, yellow-spotted creature, measuring six or eight inches across its extended legs, and it spins a web strained on lines as stout as fine sewing-cotton.

The prince of the species, however, seems to be the *Aranea maculata* of Brazil, vouched for by Dr Walsh as having been seen and examined by him during his travels in that country. In this huge, ungainly, yet harmless and domesticated creature, we evidently possess a treasure of a silk-spinner, with which the non-nervous and practical among our colonial ladies, situated in moderately warm localities like Northern New Zealand, Queensland, and the Cape of Good Hope, might spend many a profitable hour when they became mutually acquainted. It is not only free from the vices of the European spider in not devouring its kind, but it actually exists in little harmonious communities of over one hundred individuals of different ages and sizes occupying the same web. Like the last-mentioned spider, this one is of similar colossal dimensions, and it spins a beautiful yellow network ten or twelve feet in diameter quite as strong as the silk of commerce. Regarding the toughness of this filament, the doctor

* In theodolites and other similar instruments for taking observations, lines of spider-silk cross the centre of the glass at right angles for certain purposes of observation.

says: 'In passing through an opening between some trees, I felt my head entangled in some obstruction, and on withdrawing it, my light straw-hat remained behind. When I looked up, I saw it suspended in the air, entangled in the meshes of an immense cobweb, which was drawn like a veil of thick gauze across the opening, and was expanded from branch to branch of the opposite trees as large as a sheet, ten or twelve feet in diameter.' Another traveller, Lieutenant Herndon of the United States navy, confirms Dr Walsh's account of this enormous spider, with the addition that he saw a single web which nearly covered a lemon tree; and he estimated its diameter at ten yards!

Probably the latest addition to our knowledge of spider-silk has recently come from the Paris 'Ecole pratique d'Acclimation,' a member of which has discovered an African species which spins a strong yellow web, so like the product of the silkworm as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. So promising a material as a fibre of commerce does this seem to be, that, after close investigation, a syndicate of Lyons silk-merchants has reported in its favour; the more so as there is said to be no difficulty in acclimating the spider in France.

In those gigantic spiders there is evidently the nucleus of an important industry of the future, which colonists might perhaps easily ingraft upon their ordinary sericultural or other occupations. If the period has scarcely yet arrived for the profitable utilisation of ordinary spider's web, surely something might be evolved from the less attenuated filaments just alluded to, which are strong enough to whisk a man's hat from his head and retain his walking-stick dangling in the air. There are doubtless difficulties to be surmounted, such as the feeling of repulsion, or even disgust, at being brought into proximity with monstrous spiders like Dr Walsh's pets; but as this species, unlike the *Lycosa tarantula* and other poisonous and dreaded kinds, is harmless to human beings, and as their silk would evidently become a valuable addition to the resources of the loom as well as the boudoir, any such feelings and other obstacles would probably soon be overcome. The French—always in the van in such matters, notwithstanding their comparatively limited colonial opportunities—are not likely to allow this curious and interesting occupation to go begging for want of experiment and patience. But Britain—with her numerous dependencies and myriads of active, scheming, inventive brains scattered all over the globe—occupies a peculiarly favourable position to test and localise such an industry.

THIEVES AND THIEVING.

THE days when Border moss-troopers made a raid on the well-stocked farmyards of Northumberland, or when Highland caterans swooped down from Rob Roy's country to levy 'blackmail' or 'toom a fauld' in the Lennox or in the Carse of Stirling, and departed, leaving burning byres or weeping widows behind, are for ever gone. Gone, too, are those later days when bold highwaymen of the Dick Turpin type—all well mounted and equipped, if we are to credit the legends that have come down to us—stopped

the mailcoach or the travelling postchaise, and made the terrified passengers hand over their valuables. The traveller of to-day, whether cyclist or pedestrian, may roam from John o' Groat's to Land's End without interruption from highwayman or footpad. The thieving profession has changed its character; and as now unfolded in courts of justice, it appears vulgar, prosaic, and mean. Indeed, we are doubtful if it was not always so. The pen of the novelist has thrown a glamour of romance around that as well as other features of former times, which we love to read about, but should not care to experience. But while this is so, the study of thieves as a class is far from being uninteresting. It has been our lot to see much of them and to learn more, from sources whose reliability is unquestionable.

There are many grades of intellect and ability among these Ishmaelites—from the low type of thief that lies in wait in our large towns for children going messages, and, beguiling them into a dark close, strips them of clothing and money—to the well-dressed, well-bred man of the world, who floats a swindling Company, has his office in a good locality, moves for a time in the best circles, and then decamps, carrying with him the capital of the elderly annuitant, or the hard-earned savings of the struggling tradesman. To her shame be it said, the child-stripper is generally a woman. Far more to his shame, the high-class swindler is generally a well-educated man, who occupies a good position in society, and has often only his own folly to blame for his having fallen to be a needy adventurer. They differ in degree, but not in kind; and though the law may call their offences by different names, the essence of the crime is the same in both cases.

It is sad to see mere children, charged with daring acts of pocket-picking or purse-snatching, brought before a court; but such is often their only chance of salvation from a life of crime. Smutty-faced, ragged little urchins many of them are, dressed in clothes and shoes a world too big for them; and yet, when the dirt is washed from their faces, there is the glance of keen intelligence, and often comely features, underneath. Brought up in the murky closes that yet occupy the older parts of most of our cities, surrounded by influences such as may be inhaled from drunken, swearing men, and tawdry, coarse, and unkempt women, how could they grow up other than they do? Perchance they are reared in low lodging-houses, where a clever theft or an artful dodge is extolled as worthy of the highest admiration, or where some old hand is assiduous in giving them training lessons in crime. Industrial and Reformatory Schools are worthy of all support, checking as they do the career of these young prodigals while yet there is some hope. Apart altogether from considerations of a higher nature, it is surely to the interest of the public that children should be trained into useful wealth-producing members of the community, instead of growing up to prey upon society when out of prison, and burden the rate-payers when in.

A large number of thieves are merely skirmishers or auxiliaries, as it were, on the flanks of the regular army. These auxiliaries do not

live wholly by crime, but have some ostensible occupation which they follow. At the same time, they never lose a good opportunity of stealing. In all large towns, the cinder-gatherer may be seen. Late at night and early in the morning she goes through the streets and lanes, probing with a long knife the depths and shallows of every dust-heap, and rescuing therefrom every scrap that will sell. Papers, rags, bones, cinders, and old boots are transferred with marvellous celerity into the depths of the capacious bag which she carries. Should a stray door-mat be lying handy, or an unsecured back-door give access to a green where clothes lie bleaching, her ideas of *meum* and *tuum* become straightway rather hazy, and the chances are that a theft is reported next morning. A large number of thefts of umbrellas and greatcoats from lobbies are the work of pedlars, beggars, or old-clothesmen, who loaf around and watch their chance. A smart 'professional' of our acquaintance, who is at present in penal servitude, was an adept at stealing greatcoats. He had a piece of wire with a sort of hook on one end, with which he could snatch them from lobby-pegs without making his own appearance. Each 'professional' has his own particular style of thieving in which he has graduated. These soon become known to the detectives, who, on learning the *modus operandi* of a theft, are often able to pounce on the person wanted, even when no description can be supplied.

One class of theft was very prevalent in Glasgow and neighbourhood some time ago. A man dressed like a tradesman called at a number of houses where the owners happened to be absent. (Of course the operator satisfied himself on that point first.) He represented that he had been sent by some well-known firm of upholsterers to measure a room for a new carpet, or by a joiner to repair the windows. In various instances, he got into houses, and generally found an opportunity to steal. Another thief well known in Dundee does the 'pigeon' trick. His method is to look out for an open window, ring the bell, and say that a pigeon has just flown away from him on the street and fluttered in at the window. Would they kindly search for it, or permit him to do so? Once in, ten to one but the clever thief manages to commit a theft before he goes out lamenting the loss of his bird, which, of course, cannot be found.

A decrepit youth used to go about the city in which the writer lives. This lad's legs were useless, so he had flat boards fastened with straps below his knees, and, assisted by short crutches, he crept along the pavement. He was a dexterous thief. If a lady stopped to look in at a shop-window, he could just reach her handbag or pocket; and if she was unwary, she was minus her purse in a few seconds, while the insignificant appearance of the thief disarmed suspicion.

Thieves sometimes quarrel in their cups, and if a detective happens to meet them before the heat of anger has passed off, spitefulness often induces them to give him valuable information. Criminals are almost always prodigal in spending their ill-gotten gains, and the old proverb, 'Lightly come, lightly go,' seems specially applicable to them. If in funds, they share freely with their needy brethren, probably with an eye to receiving

similar help when out at the knees and elbows themselves.

Stolen property is often stowed away in very curious hiding-places. A lame man was convicted at Leeds assizes last year of passing base coin. When apprehended, it was found he had a receptacle in his wooden leg, in which a considerable stock of the bad money was cunningly secreted. We have sometimes seen a considerable pile of coins unearthed from the voluminous folds of a ragged coat, trousers, or vest. Bank-notes, for obvious reasons, are capable of being stowed away in little space; and thieves often hide them in the cracked joints of a dilapidated old table, chair, or bed. Underneath a picture, or between the portrait and the back, appears to be a favourite place of concealment. Articles are often 'planked' in the chimney behind the grate; and a watch has even been tossed into a glowing coal-fire, when pursuit was close, although in at least one instance the latter device was unavailing. Two detectives were once searching the house of a well-known thief for some stolen jewellery. The scent was keen, and the examination searching. High and low they rummaged, but without success. From the air of the thief, the officers were satisfied the stolen property was concealed in or about the room. One of them observed that the interest of the 'suspect' got always most intense as they approached the window. Taking this as his cue, the officer narrowly examined the shutters, and even tore off the straps that kept in the window-sashes; but without result. Suddenly, a thought struck him, and lifting the lower sash, he scanned the outside of the wall closely. About three or four feet below the window-sill he saw a stone in the wall that appeared to be loose. Calling his comrade to hold him by the legs, he reached down, pulled out a small square stone, thrust in his hand, and found a nice little 'hide,' containing not only the articles he was in search of, but also other stolen property sufficient to connect the thief with several 'jobs,' and to procure him a long term of quiet contemplation.

A smart female thief once very nearly outwitted an officer by wrapping a crumpled and dirty five-pound note round a candle, and stuffing it into a candlestick, which she then obligingly handed to him. He searched a considerable time before discovering that he had the object of his search in his hand. Another detective, after in vain searching a house for some trussed poultry that had been stolen, cast one parting glance around, when his eye chanced to alight on a cradle in which a woman was vainly trying to hush a squalling baby. A thought struck him. He asked her to lift the child. The woman made some excuse, but the officer insisted, and was immediately rewarded by finding a couple of the stolen fowls.

A slight clue, sometimes discovered by the merest accident, often helps to unravel not only one, but a whole series of thefts. A peculiar button, a footmark, or a portion of dress, will spring a mine under the feet of a rascal who thought he was off scot-free. Of late years, thefts of money by young clerks or salesmen from their employers have become increasingly common. There are several causes for this. Beyond doubt the tastes and habits of the young men of

to-day are more expensive than those of their fathers. With small means, or no means at all, they dress up as 'mashers,' and smoke choice cigars, attend theatres, concerts, balls, and race-meetings. If often indulged in, these are rather expensive luxuries; and as the supply of youths anxious for genteel employment is always in excess of the demand, the salaries given are in many cases low. Then firms are sometimes very lax in the oversight of young men who have large sums of money daily passing through their hands. It seems so easy to take the loan of a small sum, which, of course, is to be put back again. After the first false step, the descent is rapid; and many a young man fills a felon's cell, or has to fly the country, under circumstances due to his master's carelessness as well as his own folly.

The plea of kleptomania is now put forward in defence of thieves much oftener than it used to be. Of course there are some cases in which kleptomania is indisputable, as, for instance, when we hear of a nobleman having to be watched by his valet to prevent him from pocketing his own silver spoons. We know a respectable bookseller who had for a considerable time, at intervals, been missing books from his shop. He was satisfied some of his customers were helping themselves, but he could not say which. At last his suspicions rested on a reverend gentleman of great abilities, but rather eccentric character. He watched him narrowly, and one day caught him in the act of surreptitiously carrying off a volume. The divine tried to explain it away; but the bookseller, after listening gravely, called a cab, and insisted on accompanying him home and examining his library. He hinted that otherwise he would be under the painful necessity of calling in the police. The clergyman made no further objection. They went to his house; and the bookseller brought back a number of valuable books, some of which he had not before missed, and said no more about the matter. The thief was a wealthy man, and had a large library; but he was a bibliomaniac.

Some thefts, however, are of a different character, and in these the plea of kleptomania, like that of insanity in cases of murder, is sometimes pushed rather far. Without attempting to argue the matter on scientific principles, it seems rather strange that kleptomania appears only to affect those who are rich enough to pay an able advocate, and that the morbid desire to steal something—instead of moving them to carry it off openly—appears to be accompanied by an equally morbid desire to secrete the article stolen.

We shall conclude this paper by one or two instances which show that thieving has also its comic side.

A fire was raging fiercely in a grocery store, and the owner, accompanied by an active staff of assistants, was trying to rescue some of the goods by removing them to one side. Immense cheeses and hams were lying about in tempting profusion. A keen-eyed thief had just secured a large Gouda, and was marching off with it, when he found himself face to face with a policeman. The rogue grasped the situation instantly. 'Here, policeman!' cried he, planting the cheese in X's arms before that officer knew what he was about; 'you had better take charge of that, or somebody'll

be carrying it off;' and in an instant the nimble rascal disappeared in the crowd.

One morning, a merchant who had come by rail from his country residence was hurrying along the street to his counting-house in a pouring rain. He had forgotten his umbrella; but spying, as he thought, a friend with a large one a little before him, he hastened up, and seizing the handle of the umbrella, jocularly observed: 'Hillo! is this mine you've got?' He had just had time to observe that the man was a complete stranger to him, and was about to apologise in some embarrassment, when the unknown saved him the trouble, by saying coolly: 'Oh, it's yours, is it? Pardon me; I did not know.' And he hurried off, leaving the astonished merchant in full possession.

About two years ago, a constable in a business part of London found a horse and van, about midnight, standing at the door of a grocer's shop. He approached, and saw several men in aprons, apparently carrying chests of tea into the shop. Remarking that they were late at work, one of the men replied: 'O yes; we're preparing for Christmas;' and the constable, thinking all was right, walked on. Next morning it was found the shop had been entered by thieves, who had carried off what they evidently took to be twenty-two half-chests of tea, most of which had been standing in the shop-window. The rogues had gone leisurely to work, and being caught by the constable, had employed themselves in carrying in some of the boxes, till he should pass. The reader may judge the surprise and disgust of the thieves, when they found that only one of the chests contained tea, and a second tea-dust, the remaining twenty boxes being merely 'dummies' filled with sawdust, with a sprinkling of tea on the top!

Nothing tends more to root out and lessen the number of nests of thieves than the exercise of the power vested in corporations to pull down old houses, which, densely populated with the poorer classes, become at last the abodes of filth, disease, and crime. The former inmates cannot stand the new sanitary and social atmosphere introduced by wider streets and purer air. They gradually betake themselves to other and more honest modes of employment, or seek for 'fresh woods and pastures new.' On the other hand, the exercise of a little prudence and common-sense by the general public would prevent an opportunity being given for the commission of a large number of petty but often very annoying thefts.

ST JOHN'S GATE.

A SHORT distance from the very heart of London, stands—for it has not yet been swept away by the builder's hand—one of the finest remaining relics of the ancient city. It is a heavy fortified gate, built of large blocks of freestone, and flanked by bastions. It has a fine groined Norman arch; and though it is now old and decayed, it is still strong, and shows us what its strength and stability have been in days gone by. It was built by, and belonged to, at one time, that famous order of chivalry, 'The Knights Hospitallers,' or 'Knights of St John of Jerusalem,' the great rivals of the Templars, and who did such good service

in the Holy Land in the time of the crusades ; and when Palestine was hopelessly lost, kept up their incessant war against the Infidel in Rhodes, and when driven from that island by the Turks—in Malta.

This order had at one time many religious houses scattered over Europe ; and their London priory, that of St John of Clerkenwell, has quite a history of its own to tell. It was founded in the year 1100 by a devout baron named Jordan Briset, this being the time that the first crusade, led by Godfrey of Bouillon, was going on. For a considerable time after this, we know little of the priory, save that the knights were growing in riches and arrogance, and thus were making themselves obnoxious to the people, although some of the old chroniclers tell us that 'they tended the sick and the needy.' In fact, they got to be so disliked by the common people, that in the riots which took place in the reign of Richard II.—in which Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball took so prominent a part, the last-named being a clergyman, who, in his harangues to the multitude, took for his text the rhyme,

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman ?

and made the people think that all the property of the rich was really theirs—the rebels made the Priory of St John a special mark of their fury, and after destroying houses and much property belonging to the knights, they attacked the place itself and burnt it to the ground ; and capturing the prior soon after, they executed him upon the spot.

For many years after, the knights were engaged in building a new priory ; but the work went slowly on, owing to the troubled state of the order at what was then their great stronghold, Rhodes, and the large numbers of men and sums of money required there to assist in keeping back the conquering Turks, who were fighting with great zeal under the victorious Sultan Solymán. Gradually, a fine church, whose bell is related to have had an exceedingly fine tone, was added to the priory ; and soon after the church was finished, Thomas Doekwra, who was then prior, built the gate ; this being in or about the year 1504, in the latter part of the reign of Henry VII., the first of the famous dynasty of Tudor sovereigns.

About the year 1540, Henry VIII. suppressed all the larger monasteries and private religious houses in England, and the venerable priory fell with the others. This was a severe blow to the prosperity of the order, and is said to have broken the heart of the valiant old L'isle Adam, the grandmaster, who held Rhodes till he could hold it no longer, and then, obtaining honourable terms from the Sultan Solymán, removed to the island of Malta, where the knights continued to be a powerful enemy to the Turks until 1798, when, 'through the treachery of the Maltese, and the cowardice of D'Hompesch the grandmaster, the island was surrendered to the French ;' and soon after this, most of the property still belonging to the order in many parts of Europe was confiscated by the various governments. Since then, the order, which had been gradually degenerating, has not had any political importance.

The priory, however, was not destroyed, like

most of its kindred buildings, at the Reformation, for even the bluff, matter-of-fact King Henry had some respect for the venerable old building ; and so, instead of destroying it, we are told that he used it for a military storehouse. In Edward VI.'s reign, however, a more ruthless and sweeping hand came to deal with it. The proud and ambitious Seymour, Duke of Somerset, at that time Lord Protector, had no kindly feeling for such places ; and the church and all the rest of the priory, with the exception of the gate, were blown up with gunpowder. The large blocks of stone were used to build Somerset's palace in the Strand in 1549. It remained till the year 1776, when it gave place to the present one, a building erected after the Palladian style, from the designs of Sir William Chambers.

We hear nothing more of the gate till the reign of James I., when that monarch bestowed the building on Sir Roger Wilbraham, who lived there for many years. Long after this, Cave the printer rented the old gate for a small sum, and here was first printed and published the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This was one of the first places to which Dr Johnson, then poor, and almost unknown, came, when he settled in the great city. Here he made his first literary efforts by helping Cave in his publication. Here also Garrick the actor first played, some of Cave's interested workmen taking the other parts of the pieces.

The old gate is now turned into a tavern, called *Old Jerusalem Tavern*, and inside may still be seen some interesting relics of the former days of the gate, when it was the chief entrance to the priory of one of the most powerful religious bodies in Europe. Who can look upon such a relic without being reminded of the great spirit of chivalry, that strange compound of barbarity and courtesy ; of the crusades, and the great changes which have taken place since the time of the prosperous days of the old priory ? and we cannot but feel thankful that we live in a happier, less troubled, and more enlightened age ; and as we gaze upon the grim old gate, think of the words of Shakspeare : 'To what base uses may we return.'

TWIXT DAYBREAK AND DAYLIGHT.

THE glint and glimmer of the daybreak shows
In the fast-reddening east ; the sable clouds
With roseate streaks and golden threads are lined ;
And the first early cock, awakening, rings
His shrill clear challenge on the breaking morn !

A voiceless stir of many murmurings,
From woodland, hill, and dale, and meadow, tell
The flight of slumber : now the cricket chirps
Amid the barley, and the skylark plumes
His wing for early rising ; passes by
The milkmaid to the pasture ; and the farm
Grows noisy with the many-varied sounds
Of rustic labour, telling that hath fled
The drowsy sweet forgetfulness of night !

Shadows of dreamland pass from earth away
Into the mystic world of things unseen ;
The stern necessities of daily life
Again their round commence, as, one by one,
Toilers awaken to the coming day !

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GROUSE.

EXACT statistics cannot be obtained of the number of grouse annually killed upon the Moors; but estimates of a reliable kind have occasionally been published, from which we learn, that as many as five hundred thousand annually reach the markets, in addition to the numbers given away as presents or 'consumed on the premises.' That this figure, large as it may appear to those who are not well versed in sporting matters, is not exaggerated, will be apparent when we mention on good authority, that on some days of August as many as sixteen thousand grouse (single birds) have been received by the London wholesale dealers; and that for days in succession, supplies of from two to ten thousand birds reach the metropolis to be sold to the retailers. But no matter how great may be the slaughter on the grouse-moors in any given year, the death-roll of the following season is frequently even greater. The grouse, in common with many other birds, protected or otherwise, is endowed with great powers of reproduction; and even when disease has on some occasions played such havoc with the birds, that on some vast stretches of heather only half-a-dozen brace may have been left to multiply and replenish, yet, in two or three seasons they will have increased with such rapidity as to be more numerous on that ground than they ever were before. Stories of nests being seen with as many as fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen eggs have often gone the round of the newspapers; but the usual number of eggs annually laid by each female may be fixed at not less than from seven to nine.

But the chief question is not so much the number of eggs produced, as the number of birds which are hatched and the percentage of these that become food for powder. The grouse has a hundred enemies lying in wait to do mischief—to destroy the nests, suck the eggs, or kill the tender brood; nor are the parents spared, when the enemy is their superior in strength and cunning. Let all who have the chance walk

the heather in June and July with an observant eye, and note the damage which has been done during the breeding season by foes, both quadruped and biped. See yonder carrion crows, how they sweep down on those spots of heather which are populous with nests and young ones! And what a delicious titbit for stoat and weasel do the day-old 'cheepers' afford! Many a gallant battle will be fought by the male grouse on behalf of his mate and her eggs, as he does not hesitate to defend them from the greedy crow, nor is afraid even of the bloodsucking weasel. Whenever danger threatens the home of his little family, the cock-grouse is up in arms, ready to do all he can for the protection of madame and her chicks. Before twenty-four hours have elapsed, the nest in which the young ones have been hatched seems to be no longer necessary for rearing purposes, and is consequently forsaken; and the parents and their family take to a nomadic life, travelling about with a rapidity which is wonderful, considering the tender age of the brood. It is also a curious circumstance that one or two birds of almost every nest come to maturity at an earlier date than their brothers and sisters—the percentage that displays this precocity of growth being about two out of every seven; and we have been told by shepherds that these are 'the cock's own birds.'

Both parents are attentive to their young ones, and tend and nurse them with assiduity and care; but the birds which are specially looked after by the male, come on, it is thought, the quickest. The father of the brood, however, seldom takes in hand to pay attention to more than three members of his family, no matter how numerous may be the total number hatched. The cock-grouse is a brave parent; but in addition to being courageous, he is cunning as well, and in times of danger frequently outwits his enemies by his superior resources. He is often able, when his brood is threatened, to find a safe hiding-place for them, or is skillful in devising other modes of escape from sudden danger.

But notwithstanding all the care which the

parent birds are able to bestow on their young ones, the percentage of mortality, as in the case of other wild animals, is always considerable. In the first place, there are 'the elements' to do battle with. A stormy spring-time will delay pairing; the birds are late ere they begin their work of egg-laying, and deluges of rain will wash the eggs out of the nests or drown the tender nestlings. Nevertheless, there is still a head of game left for the sportsman; and after the moors have been industriously trodden for a few weeks, there may yet remain a stock of birds sufficiently numerous to insure an ample supply for the sportsmen of the future.

The exact number of moorfowl that a given acreage of moor will feed and breed cannot be stated except by way of an estimate. Some shootings are much better stocked than others of similar size, probably because the breeding accommodation is good and the food more plentiful. To insure good sport on the Twelfth and subsequently, much requires to be done to a moor. It must be traversed by keepers, whose duty it is to trap and otherwise destroy the 'vermin'; patches of old heather must be burned to insure the growth of young shoots, upon which grouse delight to feed; and poachers and other trespassers must be dealt with. In some places where the heather is well cared for and systematically burned, and where the vermin are looked after, the return will be much more liberal than on moors that have been left to themselves, though, strangely enough, in some districts, one of several contiguous moors will often produce a greater percentage of birds than can be obtained on any of the others. Big bags quickly filled are the order of the opening day, and instances of modern sport will bear us out when we say that two guns have been known to kill two hundred and eighty single birds on the first or second day of the season; and we have known a small party to have shot in the course of ten days as many as nine hundred and fifty-two brace. On some of the English grouse moors, still larger bags are occasionally recorded. On the Wemergill moor, belonging to Sir Frederick A. Millbank, there were shot in four days in 1882 by seven guns on the first two days, and by four guns on the next two, four thousand eight hundred and thirty-three grouse. Some twenty years ago, a good sportsman was well contented with his sixteen or twenty brace of birds; but we shoot faster and closer nowadays.

All who have had occasion to take a moor for themselves or friends, know that the pastime of grouse-shooting is yearly becoming more and more expensive. 'The heather is cheap enough,' we are sometimes told; 'it ranges from about sevenpence to eighteenpence an acre;' and that certainly does not appear to be an expensive matter; but the extras mount up to a tidy sum before the season closes. No good shooting with a comfortable residence upon it can be obtained much under two hundred and fifty pounds for the season; but that sum, with travelling expenses hither and thither of family and servants, the payment of keepers and gillies, the entertainment of guests, and other items of expenditure, becomes largely augmented. There are always,

of course, shootings in the market at the most varied prices, from a share of a moor at perhaps twenty-five pounds, to a stretch of heather with palatial residence, and perhaps salmon-fishing, that costs a thousand pounds and upwards. Various terms are occasionally exacted besides the payment of a given sum by way of rent—the number of birds to be shot is specified, and the period of occupation strictly laid down in the articles of lease. There are, however, moors which are let on a pretty long lease for good rentals, where the tenant is, as it may be, put on honour, and shoots as few or as many birds as he pleases, it being understood, that when he quits the ground, he shall leave upon the heather as good a breeding stock as he found.

Yearly, or, as they may rather be called, season tenants, have often proved somewhat unscrupulous as to this factor of grouse-moor economy, and have been known to shoot every bird that could be found. It is because of such dishonourable conduct that landlords or factors have been compelled to lay down stringent conditions as to the number of birds that shall be slain during the shooting season. There are persons who make it their business to rent a moor in order that they may completely despoil the heather of its feathered treasures. In some instances of this kind of dealing, a large stretch of moorland has been depopulated in the course of a few days, the lessee being assisted in his deadly work by a band of confederates, and the grouse hurried into the market—this being of course the intention of all concerned from the beginning. It is the next tenant of that shooting who suffers. Both laird and factor being very likely ignorant of what has occurred, the ground is again let for the season; and the tenant—who probably had omitted the precaution of previously visiting the moor to satisfy himself as to the chances of coming sport—finding that birds are exceedingly scarce, is naturally very much annoyed. In consequence of such fraudulent practices, sportsmen rarely take a moor without some guarantee of the quantum of sport they are likely to obtain; while on the other hand lairds are yearly becoming more particular as to the character of offering tenants.

The expenses of a shooting are nowadays so great, that it is the custom for nearly all who take a moor to send a considerable number of their birds to market. In the days of our grandfathers, it would have been thought mean to sell one's grouse, most of the birds which then were shot being distributed as presents. But in those days, shooting was truly a 'sport' and was leisurely gone about, with the result that, in a comparative sense, not more perhaps than a third of the number now killed were shot. It must, however, be borne in mind that at the period indicated, say fifty years ago, breech-loaders had not been invented; the same facilities for reaching distant markets were not in existence; the modes of steam transport, now so well developed, were only in their infancy; and the rents of moors were not, speaking roundly, more than a fourth of what they are to-day. Ten or twelve thousand acres of productive heather might have been leased

in the days of our grandfathers for little more than a hundred pounds a year, and probably not above seventy or eighty, or at most a hundred brace of birds would be shot upon it—no more being needed, the London and other grouse markets not being then in existence, at anyrate not in the active way that we find them to-day. Seeing that fifty years ago there was even a greater expanse of heather than there is now, it is curious to note the increased abundance of game, though the apparent increase may partly be accounted for by the modern methods of suppressing moorland 'vermin.' Formerly, hawks, carrion crows, stoats, and other grouse-foes, roamed the moors comparatively unmolested, and doubtless committed great havoc. Nowadays, gun and trap destroy those creatures, and secure a larger head of game to the sportsman. That being so, grouse are sent in large quantities to market in order to be sold, much to the benefit of the general public.

Grouse commerce is of varied incidence. There are persons, for instance, who before the shooting season begins will contract with the lessees of moors to receive all the birds they can shoot, at a fixed price per brace. These contractors take their chance of making a profit by sending the grouse they receive to London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., to be sold for what they will bring. It depends on the season how they fare. If the supply is large, the price falls, and little profit may in consequence be realised. On the other hand, if the supply is less than the demand, then prices rise and profits are insured. Some lessees consign their birds to a dealer, and agree to take the market price—a commission being allowed on sales. The prices vary according to the quality and plumpness of the birds. Thus, we have seen a large number of the return lists from big salesmen in London and Manchester, in which the prices range from 7s. 6d. and 6s. 9d. for single birds, down to 1s. 3d. The following salesman's note speaks for itself: ten at 7s. 6d.; twenty at 6s. 6d.; thirty at 5s. 9d.; forty-nine at 4s. 6d.; twenty at 3s. 9d.; twenty at 2s.; twelve at 1s. 6d.—total, one hundred and sixty-one, all priced, be it noted, as single birds. These will have been sent in hampers, and will most likely be disposed of by auction by the salesmen to the West-end poultrymen and game-dealers of London; who in turn will fix the price of the finest of the birds at probably a guinea a brace. The returns for sales are very varied; at times the market is so glutted with grouse, that none of them will bring more, perhaps, than two shillings or half-a-crown. Such loads of grouse in plentiful seasons now reach our populous towns and great cities by the 13th and 14th of August, that this delicious game may be bought at quite a moderate figure.

As a matter of fact, the great bulk of the birds which are annually killed reach the markets before the close of the month named; and we regret to say that despite of every care being exercised, poached birds are still plentiful—so plentiful that they hurt the market. The ingenuity of the poachers is notorious; they will sweep a moor a few days before 'the Twelfth,' and then manage to place the spoil in the hands of such dealers as will

purchase, in spite of all the watchfulness of the authorities. This pernicious system often accounts for grouse being exposed for sale on the *morning* of the Twelfth.

The amount of money which is annually expended in grouse-shooting and deer-stalking cannot be less than from one to two millions sterling. The sporting rental of Scotland has been estimated to be not less than half a million per annum; and the amount of money paid for living, and for the wages of servants, entertainment of guests, as well as what is expended in travel, must be at least four times the sum named. It has been said that Sir Walter Scott *made* Scotland, in the sense of conferring upon it that celebrity which caused it to become a profitable show. Not only did he describe its scenery of cloud-capt mountain and placid lake, but he made classic its sports and pastimes, and sent thousands from all parts of the world to stalk its deer, kill its salmon, and shoot its moorfowl.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLIII.—OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

AT an early hour Wrentham was with him again, as smartly dressed and hat as glossy as if he had been on his way to a garden-party, or Ascot, which was the more probable expedition for him to be intent on. Whatever he thought of Philip's haggard looks and ruffled dress, which indicated that he had been up all night, he affected not to perceive these signs of a mind perturbed.

'Any letter this morning?' he inquired after a cheerful greeting.

'No letter from Mr Shield,' answered Philip, comprehending the real meaning of the question.

'Droll,' muttered Wrentham, for an instant allowing his disappointment to appear. 'Should have thought he would not have failed to write last night, knowing what a corner you are in. Never mind. I daresay he means to send the answer by messenger, and he can't back out of giving you a lift, seeing that he is pledged to do so.'

'He may be annoyed—he has reason enough to be so—and may refuse. What then?'

Wrentham shrugged his shoulders and smiled complacently.

'Why, then, my dear old man, you must go in for the whitewash.'

'The what?'

'The whitewash. Go through the Court—the Bankruptcy Court. . . . Oh, you need not look so glum over it, for it is quite the pleasantest way of getting out of a difficulty, and every sensible man does it. I've been through the Court twice myself, and only want to go through it a third time in order to be certain of success. I assure you the Court of Bankruptcy is the gateway to fortune. Look at'—

He ran over a long list of notable commercial men who had undergone 'the whitewash,' as he termed it, in his flippant way, who had never done any good until they underwent the ordeal, and who were now wealthy and respected. He spoke of them with genuine admiration, and

concluded with the declaration of his ambition to go through the Court once again: then, success was certain.

Philip stared at him. Surely the man would not dare to jest at such a time as this; and yet the species of consolation he offered him was very like a cruel jest. But it was impossible to look at Wrentham's cheerful confident countenance and doubt his sincerity.

'If the object I had in view had been different from what it is,' Philip said coldly, 'and if the money had been my own, probably I should not have felt the loss as I do.'

'That's just where I don't understand you. The beauty of it to me is that the money was not your own—if it had been, I should have sung another tune. But it's nonsense to think that anybody can be desperately upset when they are only losing other people's money.'

Philip turned wearily to the window: it was a hopeless endeavour to get this man to understand his sentiments on this subject.

'Come, come; cheer up, old man—things never turn out so bad as they look. I know Shield has plenty, and he'll stump up. If he doesn't, why, there's the Court open to you, and you can start again fresher than ever.'

'We need not talk further on the subject at present,' said Philip, turning round. 'I shall wait till eleven o'clock, and if there is no message by that time, I go to Willowmere. Should I not call at the office on my way back, come here in the afternoon and let me know what is doing.'

'All right. I am glad you are going to see Miss Heathcote. I believe she can give us some useful information—if she chooses.'

The mixture of good-nature and selfishness as displayed in Wrentham was at that time most painful to Philip. He felt as if his noble purpose had been dragged down to the level of a swindle; and if he had been a conscience-stricken swindler, he could not have endured sharper stings than his morbidly exaggerated sense of failure thrust into him.

Eleven o'clock struck, and still no message had come from Mr Shield.

After breathing the close atmosphere of Wrentham's unscrupulous counsels, it was a relief to be out in the meadows again, although they were covered with snow: the crisp tinkle of the river in the frosty air was delightful music to his weary ears; and the trees, with their skeleton arms decked and tipped with delicate white glistening in the sunlight, refreshed his eyes.

'Eh, lad, what is't that has come to thee?' was the greeting of Dame Crawshaw. 'Art poorly?'

'Ay, poor enough; for I am afraid I have lost everything.'

'Nay, nay, Philip; that cannot be—thou hast not had time for it,' she said in distress and wonderment as they went into the oak parlour.

'Time enough to prove my incapacity for business,' he answered bitterly; 'and my grand scheme will burst like a soap-bubble, unless Mr Shield comes to the rescue.'

'And never doubt he will,' she said earnestly, her own mind troubled at the moment by the

knowledge of Mr Shield's intentions, which she could not communicate. The sight of Philip's face convinced her that the ordeal was too severe.

'I sent to him yesterday afternoon asking help, and he has given no answer yet.'

'But he will do it. Take heart and trust him. But there must be something wrong about this, Philip—that such a fortune should slip through thy fingers so quickly.'

'Yes, there is something wrong; and I am trying to find out what it is, and where it is. I will find it out before long. But I am anxious to get back to town, and I want to see Madge for a few minutes. That was what brought me out.'

'There's a pity now! She's gone to London all in a hurry after the post came in. I thought she was going to see thee.'

'I sent no letter last night,' said Philip, chilled with chagrin and disappointment. 'Did she say that she was going to see me?'

'Yes, and with good news; but if she finds thee looking as glum as thou art now, she'll be frightened; and the dame tried to smile. Her soft kindly voice soothed him, although her words conveyed little comfort.

'Where is Uncle Dick?' he inquired after a brief pause.

'He is away to the inspector about the cattle he is sending to Smithfield. I do hope he'll get a prize; he has so set his heart on it.'

At any other time, Philip would have cordially sympathised with that good wish: at present, he scarcely noticed it.

'I shall not see him to-day, then. . . . What time did Madge go?'

'By the nine o'clock train. Stay and have a bite of something, lad. I do not believe thou hast been eating properly, or thou'dst be better able to bear this pother. It will be ready in ten minutes.'

'Not now, Aunt Hussy, thank you,' was his reply to her sensible proposal. 'There is the more need for me to hurry back, since Madge is to call for me. I cannot make out how she did not reach my place before I started.—Good-bye.'

The dame had been watching him anxiously all the time; and now she laid her hand with motherly tenderness on his arm.

'Thou art poorly, Philip: come back here to-night.'

'I cannot promise that; but I will come as soon as possible. . . . Do you think it likely that Madge might have gone to see Mr Beecham?' he asked abruptly.

'What would she do that for?' said Aunt Hussy with some surprise.

'I don't know—but it seems, they have struck up a great friendship.' He spoke with affected carelessness, his eye scanning the floor.

'Then I must tell thee, she has gone to Mr Shield, and will bring thee good news. Thou must learn the rest from herself. It would not be fair for me to take the pleasure from her.'

What had she gone to Mr Shield for? and what good news was she to bring him? Had she suspected or discovered that he was on the brink of ruin, and gone to plead for assistance?

That would be a sting indeed. Hard as it might be for him to do it himself, it was unbearable to think that she should be brought to such a pass. This idea presented itself to him in all sorts of shapes, as he hurried back to Dunthorpe station, and it by no means tended to allay his agitation.

He drove straight from Liverpool Street to his chambers. They had been left in charge of one of the office lads, sent from Golden Alley for the purpose. This smart youth informed him that no one had called and no message had arrived during his absence.

He dismissed the lad and, with a dogged determination to master his nervous excitement, attacked the account-books and vouchers once more. His head was painfully clear now, and he was surprised at the sudden development of a hitherto unsuspected capacity for figures. He threaded the mazes of those long columns with what was for him singular rapidity and accuracy. He was rewarded by finding everything perfectly correct: the balance, although largely against him, was strictly in accordance with the items entered; and for every item, there was the voucher beside him.

He only paused when the fading light compelled him to rise and light the lamp. There was no mistake about it: the money had been spent in accordance with his directions, and there was no present return, nor any probability of a return in the future. A black lookout, truly; and he began to wonder gloomily whether it would not be best to undergo that white-washing process of which Wrentham spoke so admiringly. By that means he would at any rate save himself from the pain of losing more money which did not belong to him.

He passed his hand slowly over his head and stared vacantly, like one dazed by some mental vision of horror. Had he then lost faith in the work he had undertaken? Was he to bow down and own that he had blundered egregiously in imagining that there were men—and women too—willing to work and capable of seeing the advantages of being paid for what they produced—paid for quality as well as quantity—rather than by a fixed wage for so much time spent on the premises of the employer? No; he had not blundered: the system was in a minor degree already in vogue in various trades, and there was no reason why it should not be developed to its full extent, so that the workman should find that his labour was tangible capital, which would increase as it improved in quality and productiveness.

His eye fell on the open account-books on his table. What a cruel commentary on his brave speculations. He had tried to realise them—tried under the most favourable circumstances of time and money. The people were in a ferment of discontent with their condition, ready, apparently, to enter upon any scheme which promised to improve it; and the capital he had invested in his scheme for their benefit was considerable. And he had failed!

Again the dogged look came into his face. The failure was not due to the men or to the scheme: the fault lay in himself. He had mismanaged somehow; and he had not yet found out how.

He was roused from his reverie by a sharp knock at the door. It was Wrentham, who entered briskly and with the air of one who has important intelligence to communicate. His manner was not precisely excited; but it was flustered, as if he had been running a race and was a little out of breath. 'No message yet, old man, I suppose?'

'None,' replied Philip, and his tone was not indicative of a pleasant humour. 'Has anything happened—since I saw you?'

'Yes, something has happened,' was the answer.

Wrentham cooled suddenly when he observed how Philip had been occupied. 'Have you seen Miss Heathcote?'

Philip had a repugnance to the sound of Madge's name on this man's lips, and yet it was pronounced respectfully enough.

'I have not seen her yet.—But look here, Wrentham; I wish you would do without referring to Miss Heathcote so frequently. I do not like to have her name mixed up in the mess of my affairs.'

'I beg your pardon, my dear Philip, if I have touched the very least of your corns. 'Pon my honour, it was accidental, and I am sorry for it.'

'All right, all right.'

'Well, but I must ask you to pardon me once again, for I am compelled to refer to the lady, and I hope to do so as a gentleman should in speaking to his friend of the fair one who is to be that friend's wife. Will you grant me leave?'

'What is it?' was the irritable query.

'I mentioned to you that I imagined Miss Heathcote could throw some light on the proceedings of Mr Beecham and Mr Shield. Now I know she can.'

'You say that as if you thought she would not. How do you know that she knows anything about their business?'

'Don't get into a temper with me—there's a good fellow. Although I could not enter into your plan with the enthusiasm you and I would have liked, I am anxious—as anxious as yourself—to see you out of this scrape.' (He had good reasons of his own to be anxious; for there was a certain strip of blue paper in the hands of Philip's bankers which it was imperative that Wrentham should get possession of; and that he could not do unless a round sum was paid in to Philip's account during the week.)

'Don't mind my ill-humour just now,' muttered Philip apologetically, in answer to his manager's appeal.

'Certainly not,' Wrentham went on, instantly restored to his usual ease. 'Well, I could not rest in the office to-day, and having put everything square until to-morrow, I went up to Clarges Street.'

'To call on Mr Shield again?'

'No; but to examine apartments in the house opposite to the one in which he is staying. Whilst I was engaged in that way, I looked across the road and saw, in the room opposite, Beecham, Shield, and Miss Heathcote together.'

'Well, you guessed that Beecham was a friend of my uncle's, and as she started this morning to visit Mr Shield, there was nothing extraordinary in seeing them together.'

'Oh, you were aware of that! No; nothing extraordinary at all in seeing them together; but

it confirms my surmise that Miss Heathcote can give us—you, I mean—information which may be useful.

They were interrupted by a gentle knock at the door, and when Philip opened it, Madge entered.

SANITARY INSPECTION OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

WE move easily in the little beaten track of our own concerns, and do not think of the care that is taken of us. What snug citizen of us all ever imagines danger to himself and the community from such a source as the port of London? Nevertheless, if the matter be given a moment's consideration, it must be allowed that danger threatens there of a very real kind. Our great port swarms all the year round with vessels of every nationality. They come with human and other freight from this country and that, from ports maybe in which disease of one sort or another was rife when they sailed; they carry the germs of many a deadly malady in cabin or in hold; disease often ripens on the voyage amongst passengers or crew, and is carried right up to the port itself; and the vessels, on their arrival here, lie a day, a week, a month in our docks. What, if any, precautions are taken, and by whom, to prevent the diseases that are thus borne so near to us, from spreading through the port, and from the port through the wide area of London itself? The thing is worth looking into for a moment.*

There is no better known craft in all the port of London than the *Hugeia*. She is the little steam-launch used by the medical officer of the port when, accompanied by his inspector, he goes up and down the river on his sanitary rounds. The inspector inspects, and the medical officer receives the report and gives instructions. Through the kindness of the medical officer (Dr Collingridge), I was enabled, a few days ago, to accompany him on board his fast-going and comely little craft. The purpose I had in going will be better understood if I explain first what are the functions of the port medical officer. He acts under the corporation of London, who for ten years or more have been the sanitary authority for this vast and teeming port. The custom-house has sanitary powers of a kind, but they are little better than nominal. The duty of discovering an infected ship rests upon them, but having done that, their responsibility is almost at an end. For example, every vessel arriving at the port of London from a foreign port is bound, on reaching the quarantine ground at Gravesend, to signal, for the information of the boarding officer. This officer at once visits the vessel, and interrogates the master as to the health of the crew and passengers. If all questions be answered in a satisfactory manner, the vessel is allowed 'free pratique,' and the quarantine certificate is issued, without which no vessel is allowed to report. If there has been any sickness of an infectious or contagious character, the vessel is examined by the Customs medical officer, who, if he find infectious

cases on board, communicates with the medical officer of the ship-hospital at Greenwich. But the arrangements in force at this moment for preventing the importation of disease into the port of London are exceedingly defective, inasmuch as—unless the disease be cholera, plague, or yellow fever—there exists no power by which an infected vessel can be detained at the entrance to the port. Unless, therefore, the hospital officer—who acts in concert with the port medical officer—arrive immediately, a vessel containing infectious disease is allowed to pass up the river with her cases on board, and it is not until her arrival in dock that the patients are able to be removed by the medical officer of the port. But this weak point in the system is now in train to be wholly remedied, for the corporation have within the last few weeks framed a regulation by which no vessel with any contagious or infectious disease on board will be allowed to pass into port until the cases have been removed and the vessel thoroughly cleansed and fumigated.

A notion may be gathered from the foregoing of the functions of the port medical officer. He derives his authority from the Port of London Sanitary Committee of the corporation, a main part of whose business it is to prevent the importation of epidemics into London by means of the vessels which arrive daily in the port from all quarters of the globe. It is hardly necessary to expatiate on the extreme importance of their functions; but let me endeavour to show these by one or two picked examples, and then—for the *Hugeia* has her steam up, and the fog is rising rapidly—we shall be off on our tour of inspection. In the latter part of the summer of 1882, a very serious epidemic of smallpox occurred at the Cape of Good Hope. What has smallpox in South Africa to do with us in London? A good deal, considering that the shipping which arrives here from that colony is enormous. The disease spread, the death-rate rose, and our port medical officer was very properly alarmed. He at once set to work to take all due precautions, and by his orders, rigid note was had of every vessel arriving from the Cape. Beyond this, a circular letter was addressed to the principal Companies and ship-owners engaged in that trade, calling attention to the disease, and asking for immediate notice in the event of its breaking out on board any vessel. It turned out that very few vessels carried the disease; but, thanks to the precautionary measures that had been taken, such cases as did arrive in the port were promptly discovered and dealt with. At another time Boulogne was attacked by the same disease, and as this is a port within nine or ten hours' voyage of London, and steamers arrive almost daily, the matter was of great importance to the port sanitary authorities of London. The medical officer himself visited Boulogne, to inquire into the causes and extent of the disease; and in the port an inspector was told off to examine each vessel on its arrival; while the General Steam Navigation Company were advised to order the revaccination of all officers and crews on vessels running to Boulogne. The recent outbreak of cholera in Egypt occasioned no small anxiety to the Port Sanitary Committee, and it was owing in part no doubt to the vigilance of the medical officer and his assistants that not a

* See also the article on 'Quarantine' in the present sheet.

single case of the malady appeared in this port. To the crew of every infected ship, or of any ship arriving from an infected port, the medical officer offers vaccination free of cost. These are some amongst the precautions that are taken to protect the citizens of London against the importation of infectious diseases from foreign ports. Not a vessel that enters the port of London, great or small, or of any nationality, escapes inspection. There are two inspectors for the river, one of whom, in the *Hygeia*, and the other in a rowing-boat, goes through and through the port every day of the week; and two for the docks, the whole of which—miles in extent—undergo a careful daily inspection. I forget how many thousands of vessels the medical officer told me were overhauled in this way in the course of a year—British, American, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Austrian, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Swedish, and Norwegian. Cases of infection are received at present on the hospital-ship at Greenwich; but a land-hospital has just been opened there, an improvement on the floating establishment for which the medical officer has long been anxiously waiting. A ship-hospital, he says, is useful enough for one class of infectious disease; but he holds that it is impossible effectually to isolate more than one class in the same vessel; and in addition to this grave disadvantage, there is the danger to the vessel herself, an illustration of which was afforded one rough night lately, when the hospital-ship *Rhin* broke from her moorings and went pitching down the river.

But let us see how the work of inspection is done. We are aboard our pretty little launch, which has been steaming impatiently this half-hour past. The master is at the wheel, the 'boy' is lively with the ropes, and the inspector has his note-book ready. The medical officer descends to the cosy little cabin; and when he has changed his silk hat for the regulation blue cloth cap, and bestowed his umbrella where no nautical eye may see it, he produces a cigar-case, and observes casually, that should stress of weather confine us below, the locker is not wholly destitute of comforts. That all may know what we are and what our business is, we fly in the bows, or the stern—I speak as a landsman—a small blue flag, whereon is inscribed in white letters, 'Port Medical Officer.'

We are not going to make the tour of the whole port, which at our necessarily moderate rate of speed—though the *Hygeia* can do her twelve knots an hour and race any craft on the river—would be something like a day's voyage; for the area over which the Port Sanitary Committee has control is a wide one, embracing the whole river from Teddington Lock to Gravesend, and from below Gravesend to Trinity High Water. We are to run through the region known as the Pool, which, commencing below London Bridge, ends somewhere about the West India Docks. It is now half-past ten o'clock, and the river is all astir with its own picturesque and varied life. The rising breeze has scattered the mist, and fretted the surface of the water, which dances around us in a thousand crested wavelets. The sun has struggled through a mass of slate-coloured clouds, and plays over the wonderful towers and steeples of the City

churches, and lights up the gray old wharfs along the river, and pierces the deep holds of vessels discharging their cargoes.

In making his ordinary round, the inspector works steadily up or down the river, going from vessel to vessel, until all have been examined. But as I am anxious not only to see the routine of inspection, but to get some notion besides of the variety of the craft lying in the Pool, the medical officer kindly proposes to make a selection of typical vessels. Steering out of the course of a fine Thames barge, just bearing down on us with all sail set, and fit as she moves to be transferred to the vivid canvas of Miss Clara Montalba, we stop alongside a Dutch eel-boat. The inspector has already intimated that the work of inspection here will be little more than a form. He never has any trouble with the Dutch eel-boats, for the crew appear to spend the major part of their existence in scrubbing, scouring, and polishing their neat little craft. The skipper salutes us in very passable English, and invites us aboard. We go from stem to stern, above and below; and I confess my inability to discover a single speck of dirt. These are trim and sturdy little boats, strongly and even handsomely built, and able to stand a good deal of weather. With a fair wind they make the passage in one or two days, but are sometimes delayed a fortnight or three weeks between Holland and the Thames. We steer next for one of the General Steam Navigation Company's continental steamships, with the blue boats hanging in the davits. Here the inspector discovers a small sanitary defect in the neighbourhood of the fore-castle, and a promise is given that it shall be remedied without delay. I am much struck by the genial and kindly style of the inspector. He has the *suaviter in modo* in perfection. It is never 'Do this' or 'Look to that,' but, 'If I were you now, I think I'd,' &c.; which goes far to account for the evident good feeling with which he is everywhere received. He can afford, however, to go about his business in a courteous spirit, for he rests upon the strong arm of the law. We board next a Thames sailing-barge. These vessels carry a miscellaneous cargo of grain, bricks, manure, cement, &c., from below London Bridge up the Medway. They are for the most part handsome and well-kept ships. There is no prettier sight on the river than a fleet of Thames barges sailing into port on a sunny summer's day, laden high with hay or straw. The inspector puts the usual questions: 'How many have you aboard? How's the health of the crew?' and so on; and then we take a look round. Both the medical officer and the inspector have a keen eye to the water-casks, and to the cabin where the crew have their bunks or hammocks. The mate has the pick of the berths; the men come next; and the 'boy' takes his chance in a hole, where, if he be pretty well fagged out by the time he turns in, he may not impossibly manage to get his forty winks. In the matter of crew, by the way, these Thames barges are generally short-handed, and a bad time they have of it in dirty weather, when all hands are needed for the sails, and the helm and everything else has to be abandoned. It is small wonder that so many of them are lost.

Our next visit is to one of the splendid

Dundee passenger boats. No chance of fault-finding here, where everything is spick-and-span throughout. These are very fast boats, and their fittings are fine enough for a yacht. The chairs in the saloon are velvet, the fireplace a picture in itself, and the pantry glistens with silver-plate. As we go down below, the captain suggests refreshments; but the medical officer, fully alive to the force of example, makes a modest reply to the effect that the day is not yet far spent. We board then a Guernsey sailing-boat, discharging a cargo of granite. The mate is nursing a wounded hand, crushed the day before in attending to a crank; and the medical officer tenders a bit of professional advice, for which he receives no fee. The crew's quarters in the fore-castle have a decidedly close smell, and the inspector thinks that a little lime-washing would not be amiss. We go on to visit a 'monkey'-barge, the craft which sails the unromantic waters of the canal. Cleanliness abounds here—the master, in fact, is polishing his candlestick when we arrive; but he receives a reprimand from the inspector for not having his papers on board. In this way the work of inspection is performed. It is lightly and easily done, to such perfection has the system been brought; and thanks to the extreme care with which it has been carried out for years past, and to the readiness with which masters and owners have complied with the instructions of the medical officer, it is now often in nine cases out of ten almost entirely formal. To see the really big vessels, we must go farther down the river; but we have learned something in the Pool as to the manner in which the sanitary work is conducted amongst the craft of every description.

We are now at the Shadwell entrance to the London Docks. Limehouse is on one side of us, and Rotherhithe on the other. It is a charming bit of the river, for those with an eye for quaint water-side scenery, as one of Mr Whistler's early canvases abundantly testifies. The gray steeple of Limehouse church is to the left; nearer to hand, the red house of the harbour-master stands out brightly; ancient weather-smitten wharfs are on either side; queer old tenements with projecting stories, and coloured white, brown, and black, elbow one another almost into the water; and behind us rise the countless masts and delicate rigging of the vessels lying in the dock. The sun has gained full power now, and burnishes the restless surface of the river as I take leave of my courteous friends.

VERMUDYN'S FATE.

A TALE OF HALLOWEEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE knot of miners were gathered round the fire in Pat Murphy's drinking-saloon, situated in that delightful locality known to diggers as Rattlesnake Gulch. They were listening eagerly to the details of a story related by Gentleman Jack, a member of their fraternity who had recently visited San Francisco. He had gone there with the twofold object of having what was facetiously termed a 'flog,' just to relieve the

monotony of existence, and also with the intention of exchanging the gold he had accumulated during the past six months for notes and coin. He had likewise in some mysterious way contrived to get rid of the burden of his wealth, and now returned almost penniless to the bosom of his friends; but this fact in nowise diminished the cheerfulness with which the wanderer greeted his mates, or disturbed the equanimity with which he recounted his adventures since their last meeting. He had just ended his narration with the account of a curious discovery of which he had heard the details that morning on his way back to the Gulch.

'A mighty queer story, anyhow,' observed Pat, alias 'Flash' Murphy, as he emptied his glass.

'Mighty queer!' repeated the chorus, following suit.

'Spin out that yarn again, mate!' demanded a gentleman who rejoiced in the sobriquet of Old Grizzly. This personage had only entered the 'bar' in time to catch the concluding words of the narrative. 'Let's have it, Jack!' he repeated impatiently.

Thus invited or encouraged, the young man rejoined carelessly: 'It was nothing much, only the finding of a man—all that was left of him at least—in a place they call the Devil's Panniken, when they were blasting the rock for the new railroad between Sandy Bar and 'Frisco'—

'I know the place—travelled that road years afore they ever thought of running cars through it,' interposed Old Grizzly. 'But what about the man?'

'Well, that's the queer part of the story; not that they found a man, but that they should have found him where they did, and with so much gold on him too,' answered Gentleman Jack with his slow languid drawl.

'Say!' ejaculated Old Grizzly, who was listening with a curiously eager excited face to the indifferent, careless utterances of the younger man. 'Cut it short, mate, and tell us how they found him.'

'Well, they were blasting a big rock, and as it broke, it disclosed a cave right in the heart of the limestone; but there must once have been an entrance to it, for the skeleton of a man lay there. All his clothes had fallen to dust; but there was a ring on one finger, and about seventeen ounces of gold lay in a little heap under him. It had evidently been in his pockets once; but the bag that held it, and the skeleton's clothing, were alike a heap of dry light dust. There was nothing to identify him, nothing to show how long he had been there. The very ring he wore was of such a queer outlandish fashion that the fellows who found him could make nothing of it.'

'Was that all?' demanded the elder man.

'All that I can recollect.—Stay! I think he had a rusty knife somewhere near him, but nothing more. It's a queer story altogether. How he got there, if he died in the cave, and by what means it was afterwards closed up—these are all mysteries.'

Old Grizzly smoked in silence for some time; and the miners had resumed the usual occupations of their idle hours, drinking, smoking, playing poker, and quarrelling, which amiable

amusements had been momentarily suspended in order to welcome the return of the 'Wanderer' with due *empressement*, when suddenly the deep voice of Old Grizzly was heard above the babel of tongues, saying: 'This story of Jack's about the Devil's Panniken and the man they found there puts me in mind of what befell me and a mate of mine when we were riding through that same place one October night hard upon twenty years ago. His Satanic Majesty had a hand in that job, if ever he had in anything.'

'Spin us your yarn, old chap!' shouted a dozen voices; and passing the word for a fresh supply of whisky, they gathered closer round the log-fire, filled their pipes, and prepared to listen with the keen interest of men who lead an isolated and monotonous life far from the stir and life of big cities, and are therefore ever ready and eager to hail the smallest incident with pleasure; while a good story-teller is regarded with universal respect. Rattlesnake Gulch was at that period a comparatively new Claim, on the very outskirts of civilisation, and news from the cities was long in reaching the denizens of this locality.

'What I am now going to tell you, boys, has never crossed my lips from that day to this, and most likely never would, if I hadn't chanced to come along just now as Jack was speaking about the body those navvies found in the Devil's Panniken.'

Being politely requested by his hearers to 'Shell it out!' Old Grizzly continued: 'Whether you believe what I'm going to say is no matter now. I believe it, though I can't understand how it all came about. Well, as I said before, the time was hard on twenty years ago, and the night was the last in October.'

'Bedad, and it's that same night now!' put in Murphy.

'So it is!' acquiesced Old Grizzly; 'but I never thought of it till this minute; and now the whole thing comes round again on All-Halloween, of all nights in the year. Those of you boys who've been raised in the old country will know what folks believe, in most villages and country places, of Halloween, and the strange things that happen then to men abroad at midnight, and to lads and lasses who try the Halloween spells for wives and husbands.'

'Sure everybody knows them things,' agreed Murphy, casting an uneasy glance over his shoulder as he spoke.

'Well, true or false, I for one thought little enough of them when I was young; but as luck or fate would have it, I rode through the Devil's Panniken on the 31st of October, that special night I'm going to tell you of. I wasn't alone either; perhaps, if I had been, I shouldn't have felt so jolly; for, not to speak of the loneliness of the place, with its great black rocks towering up on either side of you, and almost shutting out the sky, except for a narrow strip overhead, the place had an ill name both with the Injuns and with miners. Many a queer tale was told round camp-fires, and folks said the place was haunted; that miners had lost their way there many a time, and had never been seen or heard of again.

I'd been working all that season at a Claim—a new un then, but worked out and forgotten

now—which we used to call Cherokee Dick's, because a Cherokee Injun first showed us the place. There was perhaps a dozen of us all told; but I chummed and worked from the first along with a chap they called the "Flying Dutchman." When we had been together a goodish bit, he told me his real name was Cornelius Vermudyn; and I acquainted him with mine and where I hailed from. He was a Dutchman, sure enough, but had travelled half over the world, I used to think from his talk; and he could speak as good English as you or me—or any here.'

A dubious smile hovered for an instant on Gentleman Jack's lips at this naive statement, but nobody observed him; they were all intent on Old Grizzly and his yarn, and that worthy continued: 'We began to find our Claim about cleaned out, and we—that's me and Vermudyn—reckoned to make tracks before the winter, and get down 'Frisco-way. Well, we each had a good horse and a nice bit of gold, and we was sworn mates—come what might—so we started, riding as far as we could by day and camping out at night, if we weren't able to reach a settlement or diggings by nightfall.

'On this night, it seemed as if we'd no luck from the beginning. We lost our way for a goodish bit, and were some time finding the track again; after that, night seemed to come on us suddenly like. We'd rode and rode that day without ever a sign of man or beast; and when we came to this place, Vermudyn says: "This must be the famous Devil's Panniken, old boy." I had been almost falling asleep on my horse's neck; but I woke with a start, and answered all in a hurry: "Of course it is." It seemed somehow as if I knew that place well, and I began to ride on quickly.

"Stop!" hollered Vermudyn, "unless you want to lame your horse or break his knees among those rocks." As he came up with me, he put his hand on my arm, and I drew rein.

"Anyhow," I said, "let's get out of this, and then we'll camp for the night. I'm as tired as a dog, and can hardly stick in my saddle."

"Why not camp here?" says Vermudyn with a laugh. "Who's afraid?"

"I'm not—if that's what you mean," I answered; "but I'd rather camp outside."

"A good two miles of bad riding," said he quietly. "Why shouldn't we content ourselves with a snug corner of the rocks, where we can shelter from the wind? As far as I can make out, there's brush and litter enough for a fire, and we've got a bait for our horses."

'While he talked and argued, I grew more and more tired, exactly as if I had ridden a hundred miles without drawing rein. It seemed then as if I didn't care what came next, so long as I could roll myself up in my blanket and snooze, so I answered short enough: "Have your own way. The place is ours, I reckon, as much as it is other folk's."

"The pixies and demons, you mean," laughed Vermudyn. "I know all the miners' tales! Never fear. I dare wager we shall see nothing worse than ourselves, if we stop for a month of Sundays.—Did you ever hear," he went on, "of the White Witch of the Panniken? She should meet us hereabouts, if all tales be true. She waits for lonely travellers, and shows them gold

in the rock where gold never was in daylight; and if a man is tempted, for the gold's sake or hers, to spend the night with her, he's never seen or heard of in this world again. She feasts him with the sight of big nuggets and her own beauty, while she sucks his heart's blood like the vampire; and when his body is drained to the last drop, he is flung aside among the rocks or dropped in some dark gully; and she comes back to watch the road for a fresh prey."

"I've heard of the White Witch many a time; but I never knew the rights of the story until to-night," said I. "But witch or no witch, we'll have to stop; the road grows harder, and my horse seems to stumble at every step. It's so dark, too, I can hardly see my hand before my face; yet it seemed almost daylight when we rode into the gorge."

"The pair of us will be too many for the White Witch, anyhow," said Vermudyn. "Too much human society don't agree with her ghostly constitution."

"We had stopped together, and I was just going to get off my horse, when Vermudyn sang out in a hurry: 'I see a light!—there to the left. Let's ride up. We may find a party forced to camp out like ourselves; or they may be Injuns; and any company is better than none to-night.'"

"Right enough," says I, rubbing my eyes. "There is a light, and a pretty strong one too; a steady light, mate, and not a Will-o-the-wisp. I never heard before of white man or Injun daring to camp in the Devil's Panniken."

"Well, we must go up quietly till we can see our company," said my mate. "We don't want to drop on a gang of freebooters, who'll ease us of the dust, and then leave us with a bullet through our heads, as a parting gift."

"After this, we rode forward in silence for what seemed a quarter of a mile; but we went at a foot's pace, on account of picking our way among the rocks that lay thick in the road. Then, as we turned a sharp corner, we saw all at once that the light came not from a camp-fire, but from a house!"

"Well," says I, "in all the years I've worked in these parts, man and boy, and tramped from claim to claim, I've never heard that there was hut or shanty in this place."

"Nor I neither," returns Vermudyn; "but perhaps it's a new spec; though what folks could want with a house where there's neither gold to find nor land to farm is more than I can tell. We may thank our luck we've tumbled across it."

"He jumped off his horse as we drew rein at the door of the queerest old house I ever saw. It was a tumble-down sort of a place, half-stone, half-wood; and the woodwork was fast going to decay, though we could see plainly enough that time and money had once been spent over it. The stone was pretty rough; but the house was all pointed gable-ends and queer-shaped long windows. The high-peaked overhanging roof and the diamond panes reminded me of houses I'd seen in England when I was a young un. The pointed gables were faced with carved oak; and heavy oaken beams, black with age, formed the framework of the upper stories; while the spaces between

were roughcast with shingle and plaster. The wickedest old faces were grinning and leering at us from the carvings above the windows; and we could see the whole place, every stick and stone about it, as plain as daylight. We had been riding in darkness through the Devil's Panniken, a darkness that grew blacker as we went on; and the light from this house fairly dazed us at first. Every window flamed as though there were jolly fires in each room, and hundreds of candles. The place seemed all aflame inside and out; the walls were as bright as if the moon was shining her clearest and strongest full on the house; yet," said Old Grizzly, dropping his voice impressively, "there was no moon at all that night! We stopped and looked at one another in wonder, and then stared at the house again. We could hear sounds inside now quite plain, men's voices, and women's too. Ugly sounds besides, that I couldn't understand; such howling and shrieking as though all Bedlam were let loose inside—wailing like some creature in pain, and roars of mocking laughter. I turned deadly cold, and shivered as if it were mid-winter."

"For mercy's sake, let's get away from this madhouse—if it's not something worse!" said I. "All's not right here; and I'd go afoot all night before I'd rest in that place."

"Nonsense!" returned Vermudyn in his impetuous way. "I'm going in, anyhow; and you'll stop to see fair-play, I know."

"The upshot of it was he seized my arm and led me into the house; while a gipsy-looking fellow came out for our horses, after we'd unloaded our knapsacks and blankets. My gold was sewed in a belt round my body, and I determined to fight hard for dear life, if need be; whilst I was equally determined to see Vermudyn through the night's adventure, as far as it lay in my power."

"If the outside of the house was strange to us, the inside was still stranger. The furniture appeared to be hundreds of years old. The presses, chairs, and tables were all of polished black oak, which reflected the light of many candles; while a big fire roared in the open fireplace, near which a table was laid for supper, and everything on it matched all we'd already seen. There were drinking-horns mounted in silver; cups of the same; such a load of plate as I'd never seen in my life, and such as, I was pretty certain, belonged to no country inn in a wild district where the only travellers were miners, and the only natives Injuns. On the top of a carved press in one corner there was a fine show of bottles—long-necked, slender flasks, crusted over with age and cobwebs; and short squat bottles, that held hollands and Kirsch-wasser, Vermudyn told me."

"Well, while we took stock of the room and its contents, there wasn't a soul to be seen, yet the noise and hubbub continued still all around us; the clatter of a hundred voices rising and falling far and near like the wind. Laughter, screams, and low means all together, or following each other quickly. The longer I listened, the less I liked it; yet, as I sat in a corner of the big chimney, I seemed to grow drowsy and stupid-like, as if I had no power of my limbs or my voice. I think I couldn't have walked a dozen

steps for a thousand pounds; yet I could still hear and see all, through a light mist that fell betwixt me and everything I looked at.

'Vermudyn didn't appear afraid or surprised in the least; and the spell—I can call it nothing else—that was over me had no effect on him. He stood in front of the fire, warming his hands, and looking round him quite gaily, and pleased with all he saw.

"Wake up, mate!" he called to me; "we've fallen in luck's way this time, surely. You've no cause to fear. It seems to me that I must have been here a score of times before, I know the place so well; and yet"—he stopped for a minute and put his hand over his eyes—"and yet—it can't be!—I know it. That press," he went on, "should hold the green suit." And stepping across the room, he opened a worm-eaten cupboard in the far corner, and took out a suit of faded green velvet, the cut of which reminded me of old pictures I'd seen at home; and when Vermudyn took them out and looked them over carefully, the whole thing struck me so absurdly, that I began to laugh like a maniac, though still I had no power to speak. I wanted to tell him he would look like a tumbling mountebank at a fair, if he rigged himself out in the velvet suit; but I only laughed and nodded at him silently from the chimney corner, like some drivelling old dotard.

'However, he didn't put it on, but, as if struck suddenly by another thought, threw it aside, and opened a cupboard near the fireplace. He smiled again. "I knew it was here," he said softly, as he returned to the fire, and stooping down, held something to the light. It was a little box of carved ivory, yellow with age, and strangely shaped; but Vermudyn seemed as familiar with it as he was with the rest of the wonders in that house, for he pressed a spring, and the lid flew up, disclosing a sparkling chain made like a snake, with shining scales of beaten gold that glittered in the flickering firelight.

'While Vermudyn was still looking at its twisted coils and muttering to himself, the door opened, and a troop of figures crowded into the room.'

IS THE SEASHORE FREE TO ALL?

To the ordinary visitor to the seacoast this question may seem unnecessary. To him it probably appears, if he ever gives the matter a thought, that the shore is free and open to everybody; and that no one person really has any more rights over it than another. If he were told that he was no more entitled to walk or be driven across the beach for the purpose of obtaining his morning dip in the sea than he was to cross the park of a private gentleman and bathe in his lake without permission, he would probably refuse all credence to the statement. If he were further told that when he picked up a shell off the sands and walked away with it, he was guilty of an unlawful act, his mental attitude would most likely be one of indignation, and in most cases his belief in his own indisputable right to be where he was, and to

enjoy himself as seemed best to him, provided that he did not interfere with the comfort of his neighbours, would be in no way shaken.

It is the object of what follows to show how little ground there is for this belief. To begin with, a brief definition of the shore will be useful. Strictly speaking, it is that portion of the land adjacent to the sea which is alternately covered and uncovered by the ordinary flow and ebb of the tides. The fringe of rock, sand, or shingle, which is to be found on most parts of the English coast, and which is never under water except at the highest spring-tides, does not form a part of the 'shore,' though it is commonly spoken of as such; and the law only recognises as shore that portion of the coast which lies between the ordinary high and low water marks. All that portion of it which lies nearer to the land than the ordinary high-water mark is part of the *terra firma*, and, as such, is subject to the usual rights of ownership. This technical 'shore' throughout the coasts of England belongs, except as is mentioned afterwards, to the Crown. As is well known, the theory of the law is that the whole soil of England belonged originally to the sovereign, by whom it has, in process of time, been almost entirely granted to subjects. Some of our sovereigns have also occasionally exercised their rights of ownership in the seashore by making grants of it, in company with the adjoining *terra firma*; so that there are cases in which the shore, as well as the adjacent *terra firma*, is subject to private ownership.

So much by way of definition and explanation. Let us now briefly consider what rights the ordinary subject has to the use and enjoyment of the seashore. We will begin by considering his right to use it as a means of access to the sea for the purpose of bathing. The first time this question was raised in a court of justice in England was in the case of *Blundell* against *Caterall*, which was tried in the year 1821. If the reader will look at a map of England, he will find marked on the coast of Lancashire, a few miles north of Liverpool, the town of Great Crosby. In the year 1815 an hotel was built there. Before that time, people who lived at Great Crosby had bathed on the beach, but they had done so in a simple and primitive manner; they undressed themselves in some convenient spot, and then walked over the sands into the sea. When the hotel was built, the proprietor thought that it would be for the comfort of his guests and his own profit if a more convenient means of bathing were provided; and so he had built a number of 'machines' of the well-known type. *Caterall* was one of the hotel proprietor's servants, and was employed by him to drive these machines into the sea. The plaintiff, Mr *Blundell*, was lord of the manor of Great Crosby, and he claimed that the shore there had been specially granted to him, and formed part of his manor. This grant of the shore was not proved, but it was not questioned by the counsel who appeared for *Caterall*, and so was taken for granted. The contention of *Caterall's* counsel was what would probably be in accordance with the views of most people on the subject. He argued that there was a common-law right for all the king's subjects to bathe on the seashore, and to pass over it

for that purpose on foot or with horses and carriages.

The case was fully discussed and long judgments were delivered by the four judges before whom it was tried. The result was that it was decided by three judges against one that no such general right in the subject to frequent the shore for the purpose of bathing existed, whether on foot or in carriages. The dissenting judge, who seems to have taken a broad and common-sense view of the matter, based his judgment on the general grounds of the sea being the great highway of the world; of the importance of a free access to it; and of the necessity of a right to bathe in it, as essential to the health of so many persons. 'It was clear,' he said, 'that persons had bathed in the sea from the earliest times, and that they had been accustomed to walk or ride on the sands. . . . The shore of the sea is admitted to have been at one time the property of the king, and from the general nature of the property, it could never be used for exclusive occupation. It was holden by the king, like the sea and highways, for all his subjects.' Unfortunately for the subjects, however, the other three judges, and consequently the majority of the court, were convinced by the arguments of the counsel who opposed the claim to the right of bathing. This opposition was based on three grounds. 'First,' said Mr Blundell's counsel, 'there is no evidence to be found in any of the legal authorities for the existence of any such right; they are completely silent upon the matter. Secondly, such a right is contrary to analogies. Thirdly, such a right is contrary to acknowledged and established rights.'

The first and third of these arguments seem to have chiefly influenced the judges in coming to their decision. This decision, which must be taken as ruling the matter, up to the present time at anyrate, declares, as has been stated, that the subject has no right to pass over the shore for the purpose of bathing. The actual right to bathe in the sea does not seem to have been disputed; what was settled was, that a man has no right to pass over the shore in order to reach the sea. If any one chooses to take ship from Ireland to within a few yards of the Lancashire coast, and then bathe from the deck, there is nothing in the decision in the case of Blundell against Caterall to show that he would in any way be going beyond his strict legal rights. Such a course would, however, be inconvenient—and decidedly expensive.

Of course, when the shore remains undisputedly in the possession of the Crown, no interference with the subject's privilege of bathing, under fitting conditions, is to be apprehended. The decision in Blundell v. Caterall, however, shows that where a portion of the shore has been made the subject of a grant, there is nothing to hinder the person in whose favour the grant has been made from entirely preventing it from being used for the purpose of bathing, or from allowing it to be so used only on payment of any tax he may choose to demand. It is scarcely necessary to say that no such claim on the part of a private subject to such property in the shore, carrying with it, as it does, the right to tax, or even prevent altogether, sea-bathing, should be allowed without the strictest possible examination

of it. Whether a man is possessed of the shore will entirely depend upon the exact words used to describe the boundaries of the land granted to him. If the deed of grant describes the land to be granted 'down to the sea,' or if any similar words be used, such grant would not include the shore; for it, as we have said, is what lies between high-water and low-water marks; and 'down to the sea' would be taken to mean down to the ordinary high-water mark, and so would just fall short of the 'shore.' If, on the other hand, it should be distinctly stated that the land is granted down to low-water mark, or to any definite distance out to sea, which would include the low-water mark, then undoubtedly the shore, with its attached rights, has been granted. Because it has been held judicially that the subject has no right to use the shore as a means of access to the sea for the purpose of bathing, it must not, however, be inferred that he has no right to be there at all. From time immemorial it has been recognised that the ownership by the Crown of the sea-shore is limited by a common-law right on the part of the subject to pass over it to reach the sea, for the purposes of fishing and navigation; and as the Crown cannot transfer to other persons more than it possesses itself, these rights of the general public still exist when the shore has passed into private hands.

The right of bathing is not the only right which most people are apt to take for granted which has been disputed, and disputed successfully, in the courts. How many people know that when they pick up a shell or a piece of seaweed and take it home with them, they are rendering themselves liable to an action? Yet it is so, as what follows will show. In the year 1801, one Bagott was the owner of a certain manor in the parish of Keysham, and this manor included—or at anyrate, Bagott claimed that it did, and his claim was not disputed—a portion of the seashore. In cases such as those here cited, there seems to have been far too great readiness to admit claims to the shore. It appears that on this part of the coast shellfish were found in great numbers, and it was the custom of the people in the neighbourhood to take them for the purpose of selling them, or using them as food. Amongst those who did so was a man called Orr. He employed other men to help him, and took away great quantities of the shellfish in carts, and seems, by the magnitude of his operations, to have exhausted Bagott's patience. At anyrate, Bagott commenced an action against him, alleging that he (Orr) had entered certain closes of his (Bagott's) 'lying between the flux and reflux of the tides of the sea, in the plaintiff's manor of Keysham, and the said shellfish and fish-shells there found, caught, took, and carried away, and converted, and disposed thereof, when the said closes were left dry and were not covered with water.' To this Orr urged in defence, that what the plaintiff called his closes were, as a matter of fact, rocks and sand of the sea, lying within the flux and reflux of the tides of the sea, and that the shellfish and fish-shells which he had taken away were 'certain shellfish and fish-shells which were in and upon the said rocks and sands of the sea, and which were, by the ebbing of the tides of the

sea, left there in and upon the said closes; and that every subject of this realm of right had the liberty and privilege of getting, taking, and carrying away the shellfish and fish-shells left by the said ebbing of the sea.' The judgment of the court, as it appears in the Report of the trial, gives none of the reasons upon which it was founded, but merely declares in the baldest manner possible that the defendant had a right to take the *shellfish*; but that, as no authority had been brought forward to support his claim to take *shells*, the court would pause before establishing a general right of that kind!

Of course, this judgment cannot be taken quite literally, for the shellfish cannot be taken unless their shells are taken also. What it must be understood to lay down is this, that we may take the shells so long as they are attached to, and form, as it were, part of the living fish; but that we must not take a shell when it has become detached from its inmate, and is nothing more than a shell. This prohibition to take empty shells is really equivalent to a prohibition to take not shells only, but also sand or pebbles, or indeed any other part of the soil of the shore. It may be added here, by way of parenthesis, that, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1620, a special privilege is granted to all persons living in the counties of Devon and Cornwall 'to fetch and take sea-sand at all places under the full sea-mark.' Why this privilege was specially granted to the inhabitants of these two counties is not at all clear. At anyrate, the passing of the Act shows that the right did not previously exist.

The last case to which we shall refer is that of *Howe against Stowell*. It was tried in the year 1833. Here, as in the case of *Bagott against Orr*, the plaintiff was the owner of a portion of the shore, upon which, at different times, the sea cast up great quantities of seaweed. The farmers in the neighbourhood were in the habit of carting this seaweed away, using it for the purpose of manuring their land. *Stowell* had taken some, and *Howe* brought an action against him. *Stowell* urged that, as a subject of the king, he had full and perfect liberty to go upon the shore and take the seaweed, which had been left there by the reflux of the tide. The court, however, found that no such right as *Stowell* claimed existed. Their judgment to some extent supplements and explains the one delivered in the case of *Bagott v. Orr*. The court referred to that case, and said that the taking of fish was for the immediate sustentation of man—a reason which did not apply to the taking of seaweed. Whatever the reasons may have been which caused the court to make a distinction between the fish and their shells, the distinction certainly now exists; and while it is unlawful to take away from the shore any shells, sand, pebbles, or seaweed, it is perfectly lawful to carry away any shellfish that may be found there.

Here we may leave the subject. Sufficient has been said to show the reader how much of the liberty of doing what he likes on the seashore is entirely due to the goodwill of such as have the power, if they choose to use it, of very seriously curtailing that liberty. Happily, by far the greater portion of our shore is still the property of the Crown, which is never likely to enforce

its strict rights to the curtailing of the reasonable liberty of the subject. These rights might, however, with general advantage, be much more strictly enforced than they are on some parts of our coasts, where sand, pebbles, and stones are being constantly carted away in large quantities, to the detriment of the beach and adjacent land.

A NAMELESS ROMANCE.

I HAVE a leisure hour to spend now and then, and I spend it in rambling round the city where I dwell. Perhaps some of you may think this is poor enjoyment, but it does not seem so to me. True, were I young and rich, I might seek my pleasures farther afield—on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, or in the gay gardens of France. I might bask more in the smile of gentle dames, forgetting my loneliness, as one forgets in the sunshine that only a moment before the sky hung black with clouds. But I am neither young nor rich; and even if I were, it seems to me that no place in the world could ever be so dear as those lanes and meadows I love so well.

Yes; I am old now, and chilly sometimes at night when the fire gets low, wearing a greatcoat even on the summer days, and shivering often when the zephyrs fan my face. But I am kept young by my love for nature; I woo her as amorously as ever maid was wooed by swain, and she is not afraid to press her rosy lips to mine, yellow and withered as they are, and to twine her lovely arms round my neck. I love her for her hopefulness, for her inexhaustible store of youth. Everywhere with love she rebukes poor mortals for sitting down sad with folded hands, and with a glad voice bids them be up and doing. She is irrepressible. You may crush her down with stony hand and plaster over every vestige of her beauty, and then say to yourself, in pride of heart, 'I have made a city, a place for commerce and traffic, and pleasure and sorrow;' and yet, turn your back for an instant, lo! a little blade of grass comes up between the stones of the causeway and laughs in your very face. We may build our houses up story upon story, with the dingy attic at the top, for women's hearts to break in, and the squalid court beneath in which little children may get their first taint of sin; but a gleam of sunshine will day after day work its way down to the very centre of the filth and squalidness, and a rose will bud and bloom in some poor man's window, blushing back with pleasure into the face of its kindly keeper.

Then think how charitable she is, how slow to return an insult, how cheerfully she bears an affront. I often think—though, of course, it is but the vagary of an old dreamer—that those who build up masses of brick and mortar would be well repaid if nature left a sterile belt round their work, a belt gray and cold as their own walls. But no! She takes no such revenge as this. Long before the city-smoke has mingled with the clouds, or the hum of city-life died away, we come on patches of green, smiling us a welcome; on trees, too, sprouting forth in beauty, or draped with leaves and

flowers, nodding to us in a grave and stately way, as if to show that they at least bear no grudge, and are prepared to be friendly in spite of all rebuffs. Ruminating thus, many a lesson have I learned on charity and forgiveness.

Nor are my rambles unromantic, though the scenes are no longer strange. Every house and farm has become familiar to me. I have seen a generation or two of cowboys develop into ploughmen, wed themselves to rosy dairymaids, and go their ways. I have beguiled idle hours in weaving webs of fancy round their married lives, listening for the merry laughter of children in their cottages, and watching for the glad light of love on many a mother's face. And as with men and women, so with things. The old castle with its turreted walls and secret passages has furnished me much food for thought. I have recalled in fancy the noble men and fair women who used to tread its halls, their courtly, gallant ways, their feasts and tournaments; and, as I stand in the chambers, girt with gray stone and canopied by heaven, I can see the coats of mail still on the walls, and hear through the mist of years the voice of some gay warrior recounting his triumphs in the field. And many a story, too, have I heard from the rustic people about the old gray house which stands in the hollow among the trees. You see, I am old enough to pat the comely maidens on the shoulder without exciting the ire of their brawny lovers, and to chat, too, with impunity to the buxom matrons in their cottages while their husbands sit smoking by the fireside. And thus it was I heard the story of the Old House in the Hollow. I had often wondered if it did contain a secret, so silent was it, so forbidding in aspect, with its porch black with age, and its windows stained and weather-beaten. It looked so gloomy that I used to think it, too, must have

shed deeds of blood, and taken the best way to avoid detection by standing for ever in gloomy silence. It stood among thick trees so thick, that even on a summer day a stray sunbeam or two rested on its stained walls, wavering and timorous, as if at their bravery in venturing so far. The carriage road from the gate to the door was shaded out of sight, and there was nothing but grass, heavy and dark-coloured, with weeds that grew among it. The woman of the cottage not far off was glad enough to see me, the key of the rusty iron gate which I admitted to the grounds, and there I used to wander more from curiosity than pleasure. At I have felt morbid under the old trees; and the moss, too, was so thick and rank, that we were walking over deserted graves.

In the old garden, said the villagers, a lady of noble lineage used to walk among the trees, and with yearning glance towards the old house. There I have waited, for she never came; for, through habit, I have been into believing the stories I hear. The sunshine frightened her away; perhaps, long living in the shades, her eyes were too weak to bear the light; perhaps, too, that strangers should share her wish to mourn there alone, with the wind for her friend, and the winds sighing

comfort to her among the trees. Whatever the reason was, I never met her face to face in that gloomy hollow. Yet, although she was so fair and young, the older villagers could not tell her tale without a shudder; and though the lads and lasses laughed aloud, yet it was a wavering, uncertain laugh, which died on their lips, and left a silence all the more profound.

Forty years had passed since the oaken door creaked on its hinges to admit the master and his fair young bride; and a year later, it had closed on her as they bore her away to sleep in the churchyard, to the grave that had proved too small for her wandering, restless spirit. On that day, cold, and with a drizzling, chilling rain, the small cortege passed through the gate, a man walking behind, with head bent and eyes cast on the ground, his face calm, but chill and gray as the sky. And if the curious one had turned his eyes on the house, he would have seen, at an upper window, a woman's figure, clad in mourning, with head bent, intently watching the pallbearers as they wound along the muddy road. Had the curious one cared to look closer, he might have seen the gleam of triumph in her eyes—dark, flashing, coal-black eyes—as she watched the tall bent figure walk behind with such a weary, listless step. But soon a turn in the road hid the company from view, and the window was empty again.

One year had sufficed to darken the brightness of that fair young life. Did it ever strike you, reader, that some men and women seem to have had a sunlight bath before entering this world, so destined are they to make everything around them pure and good; while others, waited from the regions of gloom, cast all around them the shadow of death? Into this baleful darkness had the young bride fallen, and in it her spirit had been quenched. She loved her husband truly, that tall, bronzed man, who had come from the Indies to woo her in the sunny lanes of her own England. Right glad, too, had she been to become mistress of his old home. For months, no spot had come on their home-picture. He was happy in his treasure; she, too, in her simple life in the village, where, from her kindness, she already was receiving the homage due to a queen. But one day, when the snow was on the ground and the flowers were dead, a woman came to the Old House in the Hollow. She was dark, and radiantly beautiful, with the beauty that blossoms under western skies. She neither asked nor received leave to stay as a member of the family circle in the old house, but there was no one to oppose her action. The master was her cousin, she said; and even as she spoke, the gleam in her eyes gave her words the lie. Yet he said nothing, for suddenly he had grown silent and cold, avoiding even the wistful, questioning glances of his wife.

The shadow spread slowly over the house, up the staircases, into the nooks and corners of the rooms, laying its black hand now on this and now on that, but nowhere so strongly as on the heart of the young mistress. Her rippling laughter changed to sighs, her bright smiles were replaced by downcast looks; she passed from summer to winter with no mellowing autumn days to make the change less sad. It was not that the woman, who had come so

strangely, sought the love of her husband, or in any other way attempted to dispel the sunshine of her life; she simply dwelt with them, nay, was friendly enough at times; but the dark dress which she wore, and the masses of dark hair which at times she would let fall about her shoulders, seemed indicative of the moral cloud which was slowly gathering over their lives. The lily drooped day by day for want of sunlight. She became morbid, nervous, full of strange and wayward fancies. She thought the love of her husband was dead; and she took to dressing herself in her wedding garb, to try if by that strange way she might make it live again. Clad in the soft, lustrous satins—in which as a happy bride she had blushed and smiled in the little English church but a few months before—she would pace her room for hours, and stand, too, longingly before the glass, peering wistfully to see if aught of her charm were gone. In this garb, too, she would walk among the old trees, and deck her bosom with the snowdrops of spring; but they seemed to wither away at her touch and hang listless and dead. Thus it was, one day she was found sitting among the trees on the fresh spring grass, some faded snowdrops in her lifeless hand, her golden hair surmounting a face darkened with some mysterious presence. A pale gleam of spring sunlight had crept down and settled on her brow; but it was out of place, and timid as the sunbeams which I have seen playing on the old house itself.

Thus quietly as the gliding of a river did her spirit depart, or rather was effaced, as a cloud can hide the silver moon from us for a time. And so, they tell me, she can be seen at times in the old garden, just as, when the clouds grow faint, the welcome shafts of light come down to assure us that their mother orb still lives.

QUARANTINE.

BY AN EXAMINING OFFICER.

At a time when every one has been anxiously perusing the daily accounts of the increase or abatement of cholera in European towns, and when there exists a lurking fear lest the dreaded scourge should obtain a footing on our shores, a brief description of the precautions taken against such a visitation may possibly prove interesting to your readers. The majority of people have, of course, a hazy idea that vessels from Southern France are not allowed to slip in and out of the United Kingdom without strict examination as to the possibility of cholera or other disease existing on board. They know that there is some action taken bearing the old-fashioned title of 'Quarantine,' and that it relates to the isolation of vessels on board which disease may exist; but with this knowledge, in a majority of instances their information ends. This very haziness thus induces unfounded fear—and fear supplies one of the chief ingredients on which cholera may be most bountifully fed. If I can in any way lessen this apprehension by detailing, as briefly as possible, the close supervision to which vessels from foreign ports—just

now from the south of France especially—are subjected, the purpose of this article will be fully realised.

'Quarantine,' according to the lexicographers, 'is the term during which a ship arriving in port, and suspected of being infected with a malignant, contagious disease, is obliged to forbear all intercourse with the shore.' Thus a ship arriving in the United Kingdom at the present time, and having on board, or suspected of having on board, a case of cholera, would be at once cut off from all intercourse with the shore or with any neighbouring vessel. This 'cutting-off' process was in olden times much more cumbrously managed than at present. Then, the quarantine stations round the shores of Great Britain were not only numerous, but were themselves a source of danger to all concerned. Now, the only one of the old quarantine stations of the United Kingdom is that of the Mother-bank, in the Isle of Wight, where are located three unemployed men-of-war, having on board a staff of officers and men with all appliances necessary for dealing with vessels placed in quarantine. These vessels, I understand, have only been called into requisition on twelve occasions during the last twenty years. The place for the performance of quarantine at any port is now generally decided by the Local Authority of that port in conjunction with the officers of Customs who may be stationed there. Her Majesty's Privy Council are, of course, primarily responsible for the due carrying out of the quarantine regulations; but on the officers of Customs depends the detention of any vessel, pending the decision of the higher authorities regarding such detention. To enable the officer of Customs to act with authority in the matter, he is provided with a 'Quarantine Commission,' on the faith of which he can detain any vessel arriving from abroad on board of which he may suspect the existence of cholera or other infectious disease.

I will suppose, now, a vessel arriving in the Mersey, the Thames, the Tyne, or other busy shipping centre. The vessel, with her national ensign flying aft, to denote that she is from a foreign port—let us suppose a port infected with cholera—sails or steams up to a position some distance from the shore, termed the 'boarding station.' Here the master must 'bring to' under a penalty of one hundred pounds. The Customs officers come alongside in their boat; and before any one goes on board, the following questions are put to the master: 'What is the name of the vessel and of the master? From what port have you come? Was there any sickness at the port while you were lying there or at the time you left it? Have you any Bill of Health?—if so, produce it. What number of officers, crew, and passengers have you on board? Have any of them suffered from any kind of illness during the voyage?—if so, state it, however trifling it may have been. Is every person on board in good health at this moment?' Should the master refuse to answer any of these questions, or give a false answer to any of them, the refusal or falsehood subjects him to a penalty of one hundred pounds; and if the questions have been put upon oath and he returns a false answer, he is liable to punishment for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Should the answers of the master be deemed unsatisfactory, and should the officer of Customs suspect the existence of cholera on board, he at once detains the vessel and apprises the Local Authority, in order that its medical officer may inspect the vessel, and decide whether or not the suspicions of the officer of Customs are well founded. If, however, the Local Authority *fails to have such inspection carried out within twelve hours*—and local Sanitary Boards would do well to bear this fact in mind—the officer of Customs *does not possess the power to detain the vessel longer*, but must, on the expiration of the said twelve hours, release the vessel from detention. Thus it becomes of the utmost importance that, for the safety of the community, local sanitary authorities should see that the medical inspection is carried out with all despatch.

The inspection being completed, and cholera, we will suppose, being found to exist, the vessel is obliged to proceed at once to the quarantine station selected. Every person on board must remain there until the vessel is released. Should any one choose to disobey the law and endeavour to escape, he or she incurs a heavy money penalty, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment. This is mild punishment, indeed; to that inflicted in the days of our forefathers, when disobedience to quarantine laws subjected the offender 'to suffer death without benefit of clergy.' Still, it is heavy enough to discourage any attempt at disobedience, when such disobedience would bring upon the transgressor the full rigour of the law. Compared with quarantine punishments in other countries, our penalty is, nevertheless, in my opinion, far too lenient. I have known of sailors in the Mediterranean who had left their vessel after she had been placed in quarantine, narrowly escaping being shot dead on the spot. This 'speedy despatch' would not, of course, be altogether in accord with our British system of punishment; yet I can conceive no greater crime than that of risking the propagation of disease in a locality which till then had been free from it. Nothing short of a lengthened period of imprisonment is adequate punishment for a crime so heinous.

To leave the particular case of cholera-infected vessels, it may be advisable to have a last word on foreign arrivals generally. In the questions noted above which are put to the master of a vessel on arrival in the United Kingdom, there occurs the query, 'Have you any Bill of Health?' Most people will probably be inclined to inquire what a Bill of Health consists of. Bills of Health are of two classes—namely, clean bills of health and foul bills of health. The former is a document signed by a British consul abroad testifying that there was no disease on board the vessel, or at the port at which the vessel loaded her cargo for the homeward voyage. The latter is a similar document testifying that there has been disease on board, or at the port of lading, or at any of the ports at which the vessel may have touched on her way home. A clean Bill of Health, issued at Gibraltar a fortnight ago, lies before me as I write, and thereon it is certified in unmistakable English that 'good health is enjoyed in the city and garrison of Gibraltar, and that there does not exist therein

plague, Asiatic cholera, or yellow fever; as witness the seal of the said city and garrison hereupon engraved.' A vessel possessing a testimony similar to this is, generally speaking, free from the trouble and annoyance of quarantine; but were the Bill of Health a foul one, the case would be widely different. With the latter on board, the display of the dreaded yellow flag with the black ball in the centre at the main topmast head makes quarantine almost a foregone conclusion.

To narrate the numerous other duties of shipmasters, of pilots, and of passengers in connection with vessels liable to quarantine, is scarcely possible within the limits of the present paper. Their duties, indeed, would be understood only by the initiated; and an attempt at a popular translation of very dry and wordy regulations would be utterly frustrated by the introduction of uninteresting technicalities. In conclusion, let me ask readers to reflect that not a single vessel comes near our shores that is not thoroughly investigated with regard to the existence of infectious disease, and, by such reflection, to banish those unwholesome fears which do more than anything else to foster cholera or any similar scourge.

ON THE COAST.

A LONELY strip of coast where golden sands
Stretch dreamily into the far-off blue;
A drowsy wind, the breath of southern lands,
And seas of opal hue.

A glorious, wide expanse of heaven o'erhead,
Whose tender blue is flecked with clouds of light;
A fleet of boats, with dusky sails outspread,
Fast dropping out of sight.

Tall, beetling cliffs that purple shadows throw
Athwart still pools where ocean treasures hide;
Low undertones—which ever clearer grow—
From the in-coming tide.

A perfect peace! Here never comes the strife
That ever waits upon the race for gold;
Here in still grooves goes on the march of life,
With simple joys untold.

Here sweet desire would have me always stay—
Far from the city's toil, its passions strong—
And in contentment live through life's brief day,
Unto its evensong.

But Duty, ever jealous, cries 'Not yet!
Thy place is still upon the busy mart;
Thou must go forth, and earn with labour's sweat,
The wishes of thy heart.'

And so, at Duty's call, do I depart,
And leave these joys regretfully behind;
But as a vision bright, within my heart,
Their beauty is enshrined.

CHARLES H. BANSTOW.

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A RIVER HOLIDAY.

WHAT the yacht-races at Cowes and a score of other places are to that section of the upper ten-thousand who delight in everything that pertains to the sea, and to whom the smell of salt water is as the breath of life—what Henley regatta is to those who find their exercise or pastime among the sunny reaches of the Upper Thames—such is the annual sailing-barge match from Erith to the Nore and back, to the vast river-side population below-bridge who have more or less to do, or are in some way connected, with the dock, canal, or up-river shipping traffic of the port of London. To these worthy people, as well as to some thousands of others from all parts of the metropolis, many of whom, in all probability, rarely adventure so far on the Thames at any other time, it is the race *par excellence* of the year; and it has much about it to render this widespread popularity deserved.

It is a bright midsummer morning, and the clock is on the stroke of nine when we find ourselves on Blackwall pier, with its vast shut-up hotel staring blankly across the river, once on a time famed far and wide for its capital fish-dinners; but now, alas, given over to desolation and decay. Even as far away as Dalston Junction, at which place we have to change trains, unmistakable signs of holiday-making are apparent; and at each station as we come along we pick up a numerous contingent, all of whom, to judge from appearances, like John Gilpin's wife, are evidently on pleasure bent.

We find the pier gay with summer costumes and smiling faces; friend greets friend after the hearty, robust English fashion which has not yet died out 'east of Temple Bar;' the river gleams with a thousand silver ripples in the morning sun; the heat is tempered by an exhilarating breeze; everybody prophesies that we shall have a glorious day. The majority of those on the pier are waiting the arrival of the excursion steamers from London Bridge. We, more fortunate than many, are the recipients of

an invitation to a private party which numbers, all told, some five-and-thirty souls. Presently, from among a cloud of others we single out the particular bit of bunting we have been told to look for; and there, at her temporary moorings at the upper end of the pier, we find the smart little *Cygnets*, our home that is to be for the next dozen hours. Old acquaintances welcome us with a cordial grip as we step on board, and new acquaintanceships are made, which in their turn will, we hope, grow riper by-and-by. And now we have time to look about us.

The *Cygnets* is gay with bunting from stem to stern. Aft, a large awning is stretched, which will serve as a protection from either sun or rain, as the case may be. Camp-stools in abundance are provided, so that we can shift our quarters as we may list; and some neighbouring hotel has supplied us with several oblong mahogany tables, for which an excellent use will be found later on. Hampers crammed with good things solid and liquid are being brought on board one after another; and some one below deck is taking Time by the forelock already, in the way of putting a preliminary edge on the carving-knife. We are evidently going to have what our American cousins call 'a high old time' of it.

In confidence we may whisper that our little *Cygnets* is neither more nor less than a Channel steam-tug—one of that numerous fleet which scour the English Channel from the Lizard to the Languard, from the Mouse Light to Dunkirk, on the lookout for homeward-bound ships which, anxious to save a tide or two, and reach their moorings in dock as quickly as may be, are willing to pay for the help that will enable them to do so. A rough life, my masters, and not without its dangers when the stormy winds do blow. Often in wild mid-winter weather, or when the equinoctials seem as if they were tearing heaven and earth asunder, these little craft will remain out for days and nights together, afraid to risk making for any harbour, and preferring to keep in the open

while waiting for the gale to blow itself out. Only a few winters ago, as the *Napoleon* steam-tug was towing a huge liner up the Channel in the teeth of a tremendous storm of wind and sleet, her hawser parted, and when, some two minutes later, the crew of the big ship had time to look for the tug, she was nowhere to be seen. At the moment her hawser broke she had been struck by a heavy sea, and had plunged down head foremost, she and all her crew. As a rule, however, these sturdy little craft, which are built as strongly as iron and timber can make them, will safely ride out a gale such as might well cause many a big merchantman to quake with fear.

But to-day all thoughts of storm and disaster are far from us as we sway gently at our moorings in the morning sunshine and watch the ever-changing panorama before us. The twin domes of Greenwich Hospital show white and ghostlike through the faint haze which veils everything in the distance. Presently round a point of land where the river curves sharply away to the left comes gliding in stately fashion the big saloon steamer *Alexandra*, followed by the *Albert Edward* and several smaller boats, all with numerous flags flying fore and aft, and all, or nearly all, with bands of music, military or otherwise, on board. A few minutes later, the Committee Boat, the old and well-known *Eagle*, puts in an appearance. Suspended by knots of blue ribbon from the captain's bridge are the silver cups which will be competed for a little later on. More passengers crowd aboard the big steamers; one of the bands plays lustily, an irrepressible drummer being well to the fore; flags flutter in the breeze; our moorings are cast off; the *Cygnets* give one last screech of triumph, or, it may be, of farewell to those left behind, and at length we are fairly off on our way to Erith. In front of us, behind us, and on either side of us are steamers and tugs of all kinds and sizes; but the river is wide; there is room enough for all, and we steam along in pleasant company. Now is the time to make sure of a little luncheon, so that we may not miss the start of the race later on.

Erith is reached a little before eleven; and here we find the competing barges arranged in order, waiting for the signal, while the pleasant little town itself is *en fête*, and thousands of eyes are looking on from the shore. We voyagers who have come to watch the race keep well in the background, so as not to impede the start; the Committee Boat takes up its position; a gun is fired; and before you know what has happened, anchors are tripped, sails are loosened to the breeze, and the barges, topsail and spritsail, spring forward on their course like a flight of dark-hued seabirds newly set free.

The topsail barges—so the official programme informs us—are not to exceed fifty-five tons register. The first prize is a silver cup of the value of twenty pounds, and ten guineas for the crew; the second prize is a silver cup of the value of fifteen pounds, and five guineas for the crew; then follow other prizes of lesser value. The spritsail barges are not to exceed fifty tons register. The prizes follow in the same ratio

as those for the topsails, but are not quite equal to them in value. In addition to their money prizes, a champion flag is presented to each of the winners, which will flaunt proudly in the breeze on their voyages up and down the river for many a day to come.

There are fourteen competitors in the race this year, namely, eight topsails and six sprits. The topsails, merely because they are topsails and spread more canvas to the breeze than the others, gradually forge ahead; but that is only what everybody knows will happen. Having seen them fairly under way, we steam gently along, pass through the midst of the little fleet, and then get well ahead of them, but not so far as to be altogether quit of their company, except when some sharp bend in the river hides them for a little while from view. Now is the time to get up a friendly sweepstake on board, a task which two of the company undertake, and carry out satisfactorily. Some enthusiasts have discovered a pack of cards, and are already deeply immersed in the intellectual game of Nap. By-and-by, the old historical fort of Tilbury is reached and passed; and before long, Gravesend comes into view with its famed hotels and its Gardens, at which we have been so frequently reminded we may 'spend a happy day.' Here we come to a stand for a little while, in order that we may watch the procession pass, as do many of the other gaily-decked tugs, together with some of the big steamers. It is a pretty sight to watch the brown and chocolate coloured sails come stealing round the reaches of the river, and to see how cleverly the little craft are handled as they tack here and there to catch an extra capful of the capricious westerly breeze, or to steal for a few moments the wind out of some rival's sails. To-day, in honour of the occasion, the crews are rigged out in new blue jerseys and knitted scarlet caps; while the boats themselves are as spick-and-span as paint and gilding can make them. Each barge carries at its fore its official number on the programme; and as they glide one by one into view, innumerable are the glasses levelled at them in the effort to make out either their name or number. But position in the race at this point is held to be of small account by those who are supposed to be knowing in such matters: Tattenham Corner—otherwise the lightship at the Nore—is still a long way ahead.

Again we steam along in the wake of the barges, again pass through the midst of them, and again leave them astern. For a while we have left behind us the excitement of the race. There is a pleasant sound of the drawing of corks. It is the time for a cigar, a chat, and a bottle of Bass. As we go gently down, we pass several heavily-laden barges making their way up river, some of which are pointed out to us as winners in matches of years gone by; but their racing-days are over for ever, and they have evidently settled down to the sober, steady work of middle age. They hail chiefly from the Medway district, we are told, and are laden with cement, lime, bricks, stone, hay or straw, some of them voyaging as far inland, by way of the Regent's Canal, as Camden Town and Paddington.

And so after a time Southend comes into view, with its terrace-crowned cliff looking far out

across the river, and its mile-and-a-quarter-long pier, which seems as if it were stretching out a friendly hand to greet its neighbour, Sheerness, over the way. Half an hour longer brings us to the Nore.

The lightship at the Nore is the point round which each barge has to make its way before starting on its return journey up river—the distance in all, so we are informed, being about seventy miles: not a bad day's work for a class of craft which many people are in the habit of decrying as the tortoises of the river. Occasionally it happens that there is not enough wind to enable them to complete the regulation course, in which case the Committee on board the *Eagle* have power to fix the point at which the return journey shall begin.

We have been taking matters easy for the last hour or so, and we find several steamers and tugs lying on and off round the lightship when we reach it. We follow their example, keeping up just enough steam to prevent us from drifting with the tide, and here we are presently joined by other steamers and pleasure-craft of various kinds. Among the rest comes the indispensable Committee Boat, which is moored alongside the light. Not long have we to wait before the cinnamon-coloured sails of the little fleet steal into sight one by one. Glasses come into requisition again, and all are agog to make out the number of the leading topsail. 'No. 3—*Frances*,' calls out some one keener-sighted than the rest. And so it proves to be. Gallantly she comes sweeping down, every man at his post, every eye on the alert. Suddenly the helm is put about; we see the crew hauling at the ropes like red-nightcapped demons, and then we hear the swish of the water as the *Frances*, answering to the call upon her, sweeps round the lightship in a short but graceful curve, and catching the breeze next moment on the opposite tack, is speeding away on her return journey, followed by a ringing cheer from a thousand throats.

The next to round the Nore light is the *Whimbrel*, and after her comes the *Bras-de-Fer*; while the leader of the spritsails, or 'stumpies' as they are familiarly called, is the *Bessie*. We do not wait till the whole of the laggards have rounded the light, but steam gently away till we come to a certain quiet, sunny reach, where we lie by while sundry hampers are opened and a large measure of justice is meted out to their welcome contents. After this pleasant interlude, onward again at full speed till we once more catch up the barges. Now does the excitement grow apace among such of us as have drawn fortunate numbers in the sweepstake, to ascertain which are the leading craft, for as their positions are by this time, such in all probability will they be at the finish.

Still we go pulsing along at a great pace, showing our heels to many a steamer as big again as ourselves, till at length we find ourselves once more at Erith. Here we secure a position close to the Committee Boat, and not far from the winning-post—a small buoy with a flag atop of it anchored out some distance in the river. Gradually more steamers and tugs take up positions no great distance away. On every side of us are music, dancing, feasting, and high-jinks

generally; but not one angry word, not one coarse expression is anywhere to be heard. Nowhere could there be a better-tempered holiday crowd.

At length a buzz, a murmur, a general movement, and each one says to his neighbour, 'Here comes the first topsail,' while everybody seems to ask at once, 'What's her number?' A gun is fired, a band plays *See the conquering Hero comes*, a great shout is set up, and we all know that the *Whimbrel* has won the first prize.

'Never prophesy till you know,' seems to be a maxim of wide application. Who would have thought that the saucy *Frances*, which headed all the others round the Nore, would only come in fifth at the finish? But so it was; while the *R. A. Gibbons*, which was fourth round the light, came in for the second prize. So among the spritsails—the first round the light came in second, and the second first.

We do not wait to see the prizes given away, for the evening is growing chilly, and many of us have a long way to go. We chase the dying sunset as we steam swiftly up stream, but fail to overtake it. Little by little its splendours soften, fade, and vanish. Some time between nine and ten, and while there is still a dusky shimmer on the river, we find ourselves once more at Blackwall pier; and there we part, hoping to meet next year when time shall have again brought round the pleasant River Holiday.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN APPLE OF DISCORD.

It did not occur to either of these young people that there was anything at all remarkable or irregular in the circumstance of a lady visiting the chambers of her betrothed alone. But as this was her first visit, Madge felt a little awkward, and would have been much more at ease if Wrentham had not been present.

That gentleman, however, as soon as he perceived who the visitor was, took up his glossy hat, made his salutations to Miss Heathcote, and informed Philip that he was obliged to hurry along to the office before it closed, but would probably return later.

When he had departed, Madge glanced with curiosity round the apartment, and her first comment was:

'You ought to have curtains over that doorway, Philip' (she alluded to the uncovered entrance to a small recess which was a store-room); 'and I must come in soon and dust the place thoroughly. I wonder you have not been choked. See here; it is positively disgraceful.'

She ran her finger over the ledge of a book-case, making a line in the dust. And with half-timid but wholly curious interest, she continued to scrutinise the place, making mental notes of what she would have to do to insure his comfort.

He was astounded. She had been with Mr Shield. She must have been made acquainted with the terrible nature of his position; and yet she could placidly criticise the furniture of his room and interest herself in a question of dusting! He had often admired her cool firmness in moments of accident, illness, or difficulty;

but he could find nothing to admire in this absolute indifference to the crisis in his affairs. In his bitterness he was unjust, and his reflections were to this effect: 'How blessed are those who can be callously calm in the presence of suffering — of the suffering even of those they are supposed to love! How many pangs they must be spared; how easy it must be for them to pass comfortably through the world, where every step we take leads us by some scene of misery. Ay, they are the happy ones who can pass with eyes closed, and therefore, nerves unshaken.'

But even whilst these uneasy thoughts were flashing through his brain, he felt ashamed of himself for allowing them to be suggested by Madge, whose calmness he knew was not due to want of feeling, but to a delicate shrinking from the display of it.

She appeared to become suddenly aware of his singular silence, and looked quickly towards him. His face was in shadow, and she could not see the ravages which anxiety and sleepless nights had made upon it; and he did not observe that under her apparent composure there was suppressed much agitation. The tender eyes looked at him wistfully, as if afraid that she had done something to offend him, and that he was about to chide her.

'Why do you not speak, Philip?'

'I was wondering if it can be possible that you have not heard how things stand with me. I was at Willowmere this forenoon, seeking you, and was told that you had gone to see Mr Shield, intending also to call on me. Has he said nothing to you about the letter I sent to him last night? I was obliged to write, because he persists in refusing to listen to any explanations from me in person. Has he said nothing about it?'

Madge hesitated. She was in a most unpleasant position. She had hoped to be able to come gleefully to him with the good news that the reconciliation between his father and uncle had been effected, and she was disappointed. Her proofs of Mr Hadleigh's innocence of all complicity in Austin Shield's misfortunes had not been accepted in the way she had expected. As regarded Philip, she had been assured that he was safe so long as she kept her promise to Mr Beecham. So she could neither give him the good news she had been so confident of bringing to him, nor sympathise fully with his anticipations of absolute ruin. That was what rendered her manner peculiar, and in his present vision, ungracious.

'I have been told that you are harassed by the way things have been going, and that there have been mistakes somewhere. But I heard nothing about your letter.'

'And yet you have been with him and Mr Beecham all day!'

She did change colour at the mention of Beecham's name, the blood flushing her cheeks, and then as suddenly fading from them. His over-wrought nerves rendered him sensitive to the slightest change of voice, look, or manner.

'Yes,' she replied at length steadily; 'I have been with them a long time to-day, and they spoke a great deal about you, for they are both your friends.'

'No doubt, no doubt. Beecham has no reason

to be otherwise; and Mr Shield has acted as my friend until now, when he leaves me in this horrible suspense.'

'But it must be because he is considering what is best to be done for you.'

'Did he tell you that?'

'He did not say it exactly in those words; but I understood it from what he did say and from his whole manner in speaking of you.'

'I suppose I ought to find satisfaction in that. . . . But how was it you came to visit Mr Shield? You have not met him before.' (This abruptly.)

Her eyelids drooped, and her head was bowed a little.

'He wrote to me. I have met him before.'

'And you never told me! Where did you become acquainted with him?'

'At Willowmere.'

'Why, when was he there? Aunt Hussy does not know of it, or *she* would have told me. You did not, although you should have known how pleasant it would have been to me to find that he had seen you and liked you.'

That she had not previously told him of her acquaintance with Mr Shield, was a disagreeable sign of want of confidence; but his surprise was greater than his displeasure. He had never been able to obtain more than ten or fifteen minutes' audience of him; and yet here was Madge, without giving the slightest hint that she had ever seen him, accepted by him as a friend, and allowed to spend hours with him. If this was not deception on her part, it bore such a strong resemblance to conduct of that kind as to make him feel cold. A new pain entered his distracted mind. If she were capable of deceiving him in one way, how was he to trust her in other ways? She knew how he hated all mysteries and underhand work. She knew how he insisted on the simple rule, that as it was so much more easy and comfortable to be plain and above-board in everything, than to adopt subterfuge, only fools chose the crooked course. Yet here he found that, for some unknown reason, she had been concealing most interesting facts from him.

To Madge the conversation was becoming more and more awkward and even distressing. She could feel the suspicions which were hovering around him, and she made an effort to dispel them by assuming a hopeful and, as far as possible, a cheerful tone.

'Well, Philip, he asked me to hold my tongue because he wanted to give you a surprise; and I do not see any harm in it. Will you not let me have a little freedom of action, when I think I am doing what is to your advantage?'

'There never can be any advantage gained for me by your hiding things from me.'

'But you must not look upon it so seriously, Philip,' she said with a mingling of earnestness and playfulness. 'Come now; let us talk about what is of most importance to us both. Tell me how it is your affairs have come to such a crisis so soon, and how you mean to proceed.'

'I shall do so; but first I must ask you how long Beecham has known Mr Shield?'

'A long time,' she replied, averting her eyes.

'And has the secret he confided to you anything to do with me or my business?'

She would have liked to answer at once, and she was obliged to hesitate. She saw that he was vexed, and her natural impulse was to remove every source of vexation between them by telling him all she knew. The impulse was restrained on his account.

'It has to do with you; but I wish you would not press me on the subject—at least not for a little while.'

'So be it. I have always respected your wishes,' he rejoined coldly, and there was even a distant note of bitterness in the tone. 'I can now easily give you the information you require about myself. Should my uncle decline to assist me, I shall to-morrow resign everything I possess to my creditors, and seek some employment by which I may be able in course of time to make up to them whatever deficit there may be in my accounts.'

'But Mr Shield will assist you—he will not allow you to give up everything!'

'As you will not permit me to know the grounds of your confidence in the continuance of his generosity, and as I have bitter reason to know that he would be justified in refusing to give further help to a fool who has in such a short time made away with the capital he placed at my disposal, I cannot share your expectations or hope.'

'I am sure he will carry you safely over this difficulty.'

'In any case, I am his debtor, and the necessity to repay him'—

'But he does not expect you to repay him,' she interrupted, watching him with rapidly increasing anxiety, and now observing how haggard he looked.

'I will repay him,' was the answer, emphasised by passion that was suppressed with difficulty. 'I know it will take a long time—maybe all my life. Knowing that, I am compelled to regard as inevitable and just the view which Mr Crawshaw will take of our position. He will insist on the same arrangement which he insisted on when I intended to go abroad.'

Wonder was in her eyes, strange pain in her breast. She could scarcely remember the time when, except in the presence of strangers, Philip had spoken of Uncle Dick as Mr Crawshaw. This simple change affected her more than his words or his manner, for he maintained a degree of the bitter calmness of despair. There must be some evil at hand greater than she could imagine, since it forced him to refer to his friend at Willowmere in that way.

'What arrangement are you speaking about, Philip?'

'I agreed to it then with a light heart; I agree to it now with a hopeless one. Then it was a jest—now, it is earnest. But it was wise, and it is wiser now. He required me to consider our engagement at an end, and to leave you free to choose'—

'Oh, Philip, Philip!'

The cry came in such piteous accents, that despite his frenzy he stopped. For a moment he was conscious of the cruelty he was perpetrating in making such an announcement so abruptly. The golden visions of the future they had so often conjured up together flashed through

his mind, and he was dazed with pain like her own.

For Madge, she had covered her face with trembling hands, as if in that way she could shut out the thoughts his words suggested. 'Free to choose some one else,' was what he had been going to say, she knew. Free! Could love be ever freed when once given? He might die before her; then she would live on his memory. He might go away from her and never return; what difference could that make? Men change; women change; but the being once realised in the idealism of love never changes to the lover. Else how could love survive, when the mortal form becomes plain and ugly, old and petulant?

Her thoughts did not run precisely in this form, but they were to the same purport. She could never care for any man but Philip; and to suggest the possibility of it would have been hard to bear if made by any one, but hardest of all when made by Philip. Then a little spring of mingled indignation and pride started, and the hands dropped from her face.

'And can you think that any one at Willowmere would turn from you at a time of trouble?'

'No, no; I do not mean that,' he answered, and his voice had become feeble, whilst his body swayed slightly, as if he were struggling with diverse emotions. 'But if it was fair that you should not be bound down to a man who was only going away for a year, it cannot be fair to bind you to one who may have to contend with poverty all his life.'

'Mr Shield—your father will see that it is not so.'

These names roused him, and his thoughts became collected again. He spoke almost calmly.

'My father has distributed his fortune amongst his other children. Mr Shield has given me a fortune which I, by my careless folly, have squandered or allowed myself to be cheated out of, as a fool in a betting-ring might have done. I must pay the penalty of my folly alone. Therefore I say, you are free.'

She took the lamp and held it up so that the full light fell on his face. There was a wildness in his eyes, but his lips were compressed, as if he had come to an unalterable resolution.

'Do you wish me to think myself free?'—the voice steady, although the lips trembled.

'I wish it!'

A pause; and presently through the silence came the low sad words:

'Then we must say Good-bye.'

'Good-bye' was the husky response, and that was all.

(To be continued.)

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BEFORE commencing our subject proper, the sick-room, it may be well to consider two points very frequently neglected in home-nursing. First, as to a nurse's dress. Unless the case be infectious, nothing is better than some soft woollen material that will not rustle or creak, after the fashion of silk or print, but that will bear washing should the necessity arise. If the patient's taste

is known and can be consulted, all the better; but if a favourite dress is too valuable to be devoted to sick-room wear and tear, a ribbon bow of some soft bright colour, and spotless collar and cuffs, will help to give that air of quiet cheerfulness which is soothing to senses so often rendered painfully acute by illness. Should there be more than one patient to attend to, or should the one be quite helpless, there will be a considerable amount of injury to clothing by rubbing against the beds, &c., which probably accounts for the style of dress affected by the professional nurse, which consists usually of a costume of either black flannel or stiff print. The former is so unsuitable, that it may be regarded as amongst the last relics of barbarism; and the latter, though economical and clean-looking, has the great drawback of creaking to an unlimited extent, and, moreover, would give the home-nurse an unnatural appearance—a thing to be studiously avoided.

As regards economy, a good substitute for a costume bristling with starch will be found in a large apron with a full bib, and loose sleeves to draw up and tie over the elbows. Even these should be made of a pretty and soft material; for, in our experience, colour and cheerful surroundings seldom fail to exert a beneficial influence. As an instance of the decided effect of colour, take the case of a baby, who at six months had taken no notice whatever of his surroundings; his parents were beginning to fear the possibility of blindness, when a friend coming in one day wearing a bright necktie, the sober little face relaxed, and a smile brought expression to the hitherto vacant features. The fact was little Hugh had never seen anything but black on his nurses, and the sight of a bit of bright colour woke up new ideas of pleasure. I have said that illness often brings back much of the sensitiveness of childhood, and for this reason, in dealing with the sick, even small details are worthy of careful consideration. As to what a nurse should wear on her feet, there are few people who would not be horrified at the idea of creaky shoes; but I am by no means sure that the popular notion of list slippers for sick-room use is not a worse evil. Any one who has experienced the sensation of being wakened by a sudden presence at his bedside, can see how injurious must be the same experience to the invalid, who is in a state far more susceptible to shock, and who, once frightened, will not easily lose the dread of a repetition. So, on these grounds, wear only ordinary house-slippers without heels; and in walking across a patient's room, be careful to tread quietly, but at the same time in a firm, even way, and never on tiptoe, nor in that elaborately slow, hesitating manner which keeps an invalid on tenter-hooks of anxious watching.

Our second point—the care of a nurse's own health—is one on which it is impossible to strike too serious a note of warning, for important as it is, there are very few who give it practical consideration. Yet, over-zeal is sure to defeat itself, and nature, the sternest balancer of accounts, only allows a certain amount of work to be done, and rigidly exacts the penalty from those who forget or ignore her wise limitations.

All institutions sending out nurses have fixed rules as to a certain number of hours for sleep and exercise, without which, experience teaches, no one can safely carry on the laborious duties of a sick-room; yet the inexperienced imagine they can do what the trained nurse wisely refuses to undertake, and make attempts at such work as nursing both by night and day. Such attempts generally retard the patient's recovery, and always cause more or less injury to the nurse whose zeal has been without knowledge. In all cases where the patient is ill enough to need night-watching, two nurses are absolutely needful; but one may with advantage take the lead, and never leave the patient without arranging that he shall be properly cared for in her absence. The strongest, physically, had better be chief; and it will be well if she can undertake the whole of the night-work.

It is this question of night-work that is the *bête noire* of inexperience; but properly managed, and given an average amount of health, there is no reason why there should be any great fatigue, even with prolonged night-watching. The one essential thing is, to understand and remember that there *must* be a good allowance of sleep, and at least two hours devoted to brisk, open-air exercise. It is one of the rarest things to find the latter point remembered in amateur nursing, and I have known cases where the whole female portion of a family has remained indoors for weeks, simply for want of understanding the vital importance of fresh air and exercise to counterbalance the unaccustomed strain of nursing. No wonder that in such cases, depressed spirits and shaken nerves become associated with night-nursing, when, as a matter of fact, it is only ill-regulated zeal that is to blame.

Still, at first, night-nursing does seem formidable, especially when, as often happens, it is made to follow upon an anxious day. The only wise method of beginning is to lie down in the afternoon, after a warm bath if possible, and try to read yourself to sleep. If you fail, the rest itself will be some preparation; and if you succeed, you will be surprised to find how easy your work will be. Take a good meal, and wash your hands before going into the sick-room; but do not commence work before eleven o'clock at the earliest. Beginning night-work too early is a mistake, especially where there is a natural tendency to fall asleep under the influence of warmth and quiet; but by making it as late as eleven or half-past, you will have a much better chance of keeping awake without a struggle. Ordinarily, too, a nurse not going on duty early will be able to take the lead in washing the patient in the morning and in making his room tidy. When this is done, she should give directions for the day, and, if possible, not enter the sick-room again till it is her turn to mount guard. The only drawback to this plan is that there may be difficulty in arranging to meet the doctor; but a little management will generally smooth the way, especially if helpers are reliable.

On leaving the sick-room, the night-nurse should at once go for a brisk walk, if possible with a pleasant companion, and the walk ought to occupy a couple of hours; but if exercise has not been a habit of life, it will be well

to begin with less and gradually increase. It must be remembered that a dawdling lounge is useless, and that the walk must be brisk to be of any real service. On returning, the nurse should at once go to bed and have her sleep out. But if she feel particularly wide awake, a warm bath will supplement the effects of exercise. On waking, she should take a cold or tepid bath according to habit. A nurse should be careful to change her under-linen as often as convenient.

One other thing must be borne in mind in regard to night-work, and that is, the necessity for taking food during the hours of watching. A nurse who takes proper time for sleep, misses at least one meal in the day, whilst needing more than the ordinary allowance of food; so that it is her duty to take nourishment during the night. A meal between two and three will help her through the hardest part of the twenty-four hours; and as soon as she feels hungry or weary, a glass of milk with an egg in it, a cup of cocoa, or some light soup, will give the needed support, and will also make a great difference to the ease of keeping awake and on the alert.

If these rules are carefully followed out, we venture to say there will be very little cause to dread even the most trying part of nursing—night-work.

And now as to the sick-room itself. If a choice is possible, let the room selected be of good size, cheerful, and quiet. It needs to be fairly large, because air is consumed by nurse as well as patient; for this reason, a dressing-room adjoining is of great service. Except in acute and dangerous illness, it is better if the nurse can sleep away from the patient, always provided there is ready means of communication. Helpless patients, as a rule, have a natural dread of being left alone; but few will object to a nurse's going to bed in an adjoining room, as long as they have the means of calling her at a moment's notice. If she be a light sleeper, a piece of tape tied to her wrist, the free end being left within easy reach of the patient, will be enough; or instead of tying the tape to her wrist, she may fasten a small bell, letting it rest over the head of her bed. Where the patient is very weak, an excellent contrivance is a piece of india-rubber tubing with a whistle at one end, and a compressible air-ball at the other. The latter should be placed on the patient's pillow, and by the slightest possible effort, he will be able to make the whistle sound. Of course, a nurse who adopts such methods must have dressing-gown and slippers at hand, that she may obey the summons instantly, for nothing is more likely to irritate a patient than being kept waiting at night.

The sick-room should, if possible, face south or south-west, so as to get the benefit of the sun. Should the light be too strong, it is easily regulated by drawing down the blinds, or by hanging up a piece of some dark material; and in convalescence, the cheerful light of the sun plays an important part. In a sunny room, however, it is necessary to exclude the early morning light. The rising sun begins—in summer—to shine just at a time when, if the patient sleeps at all, he will be most likely to

doze off; and it need hardly be said that to allow him to be awakened then is to deprive him of one of his best chances of improving.

But whilst cheerfulness is an essential of a sick-room, it is hardly less important that it should be free from liability to sudden noises. It should, therefore, never face a thoroughfare; nor, in a large family, be so situated as to necessitate much in the way of footsteps overhead. In cases where there is a nursery, it is well to take that for the invalid, at whatever risk of injury to other rooms; for nothing can be more distressing to a patient's nerves than the constant pitter-patter of small feet, added to the tumbles and screams inseparable from nursery-life. At the same time, a room at the top of the house has the serious disadvantage of causing much extra up-and-down-stair work, so that in small, grown-up families, it is well to choose a room as low down as possible. In houses where there are bedrooms behind the sitting-rooms, it is convenient to take one of such, especially where there is the comfort of a slab outside, of the use of which we shall have more to say later on.

A sick-room should not have French-windows, those opening at the top and bottom being much better for ventilation; and if possible, there should be either venetian or sun blinds, for the easier regulation of light. Before beginning to nurse a case, it should be ascertained that bolts and sashes of windows, cords and pulleys of blinds, hinges of doors, and ventilators, are all working easily and quietly. It would seem hardly necessary to add that a fireplace with a good grate, and a chimney that does not smoke, are also essential.

Before removing a patient to the room that has been selected, it should be well cleaned, the doors and windows left open, and a fire lighted. By the time the latter has burned up brightly, the air of the room will be perfectly fresh, and one of the nurse's first considerations will be how to keep it so. Her aim should be so to arrange ventilation that at no time should an incomer perceive any closeness or smell; in other words, the air of the sick-room ought to be as pure and fresh as the outside air; but in our climate this is not always easy, and will never be accomplished without constant thought and attention.

To understand how important is the question of ventilation, it is well to consider what it is that causes air to become impure, and consequently unwholesome. The air we breathe consists, roughly speaking, of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. The former is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of animal life; it is drawn into the lungs, to be mixed with the blood, and used in various operations of the body; consequently, the pure gas of oxygen becomes used up, and the air we breathe out has changed its character, and is charged with the poisonous gas, carbonic acid. If the same air continues to be breathed over and over, carbonic acid increases its proportions with each inspiration, and fatal results follow. From this it will be seen that even in health there is positive necessity for providing a supply of fresh air, as well as for the removal of that which has become vitiated. But in sickness, the

need is even greater, as the air given off from the lungs of the invalid will contain a larger proportion of poisonous matter. Impure air has always a tendency to ascend, and the secret of successful ventilation consists in getting rid of the warm, vitiated air floating at the top of a room. Once get this out, and nature, abhorring a vacuum, will pour in a fresh supply of pure air. You may sometimes be able to do this by opening the window wide for a few minutes, your patient being meanwhile covered up with an extra blanket, and a light handkerchief over his face. But in cold weather, this would lower the temperature of the room too much, and in any case it is hardly a method for the unprofessional nurse, unless with the doctor's special permission. And even if this is allowed, it will not be enough, as the air consumed by you and your patient requires constant as well as thorough changing.

A fire is an excellent ventilator, as by it warm air is constantly being drawn up the chimney, whilst its place is taken by fresh; but a fire alone will not be sufficient, though it will enable you, often, to keep the window open an inch or two. This will in ordinary cases be quite sufficient; but it often happens that a patient unused to fresh air complains of the draught of an open window, and asks to have the door open instead. Never, if possible, yield to this. It is one of the commonest mistakes in home-nursing. As I said before, impure air ascends; and so, if your room be above the ground-floor, the heated, vitiated air from all the rooms below will come pouring through the open door of the sick-room. Yet, I have known cases of long-standing illness where there has been no attempt at ventilation other than through the door, and where the window has not been opened for months. In such cases, it not seldom happens that nurses complain of feeling heavy on waking—they and the patient have been using up the same air all night—and yet obstinately refuse to put the window down or use a ventilator, or even to see that the staircase window near the sick-room is kept open. The last-named expedient is the only one by which door-ventilation can be of any use; but it is far better to adopt one of the following plans, nearly always available and safe, even for the most delicate. The first is a very simple contrivance, which deserves a place in every bedroom where the window is not kept open at night. Get a piece of wood the exact width of the window and have it nailed to the lower sash; you will then have a space between the two sashes, through which cold fresh air will enter; the current will drive it up towards the top of the room, whence it will gradually sink through the lighter, warmer air; and this, with fire-ventilation, will keep an ordinary room fresh and sweet, at least in winter-time.

Another method is to have the window open at the bottom, and to place, a couple of inches away from the opening, a screen somewhat higher than the bottom of the lower sash. A third way is to open the window from the top, and across the opening nail a piece of muslin or perforated zinc. Both these methods give an additional current of air; but the screen in the one case and the perforation in the other prevent such a rush as

to cause the patient to complain of cold. If he objects to one plan, try another; but never be satisfied with anything short of complete ventilation, at the same time being very careful to avoid all draughts.

To keep a sick-room at the proper temperature is another serious matter. From sixty to sixty-five is the ordinary temperature; but various diseases require modifications, and it is always well to ask the doctor what he wishes in this respect. The nurse should never trust to her own sensation, but get a thermometer, and hang it up near the patient's bed. The temperature of a room will often vary by several degrees in different parts, and the nurse's concern is that her patient shall be breathing the right degree of warmth, so the thermometer should be hung as near the bed as possible. Special care is needed at night, as the outside air will be considerably colder than by day, and the nurse will have to keep the fire proportionately larger. This and keeping the fire clear demand no little attention, especially when the patient does not sleep well and wakes at the slightest sound. When this is the case, it is well to start the night with a supply of coal done up in separate bits of paper. These may be dropped on one by one with hardly a sound. If the fire requires to be poked, use a piece of stick with a quick decided movement, which is better than worrying the patient by stealthy efforts to move first one piece of coal and then another. Here, a properly fixed gas radiating stove would be serviceable.

If sleep is a necessity for the patient, and he sleeps on till the fire gets very low, one of the forms of patent fire-lighters will cause less noise than the ordinary wood. Ashes should never be allowed to accumulate, and a wooden shovel for removing them is quite a comfort in a sick-room.

In very warm weather, of course the fire must be dispensed with; and there are days even in this country when to keep the temperature cool is no slight difficulty. The window should be open both at top and bottom, to give as much current as possible, and the register of the chimney must not be closed. Agitating the air with a large fan and sprinkling the window-sill with water are cooling; but best of all is a large block of ice placed in the middle of the room on a strainer, with a vessel below to receive the drippings.

VERMUDYN'S FATE.

A TALE OF HALLOWEEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'Or the troop of figures who came flocking into that strange and mysterious house, I observed that some of those behind held more lights, though the room was bright enough already, while the foremost carried dishes. But I had no eyes for the meat and drink they brought, or for anything but a girl in their midst; and it was just the same with Vermudyn, I saw in an instant; only, whilst I was full of horror and a dread I couldn't shake off or overcome, Vermudyn felt no fear, no surprise; only an intense delight flushed his face with joy, and

his eyes glittered, as he came forward eagerly to meet the girl, who, it seemed to me, was pale as death, with eyes that glowed like flame.

'I think I never saw so colourless a creature to live and move—if indeed she did live. And her hair—redder, and yet more golden than the chain Vermudyn held—was coiled round her beautiful head in the same snaky folds. She never looked at me for an instant, but went straight to Vermudyn, and putting both her hands in his, said some words in a strange language that sounded like spoken music. It was the sweetest voice I ever heard, and the softest. He answered in the same tongue, laughing and clasping the hands she put in his. From that minute, he fell under her spell, and had no eyes or ears for anything save that strange white woman.

'She poured out wine for him, and he drank it with feverish haste, still looking at her and holding her hand. I noticed, though, that he shuddered when she first touched him, as if her hands were icy-cold; but he felt that no longer; he was just mad-like and stupid, as a bird is with a snake. He could only watch her with wild eyes that never left her face.

'The men and women who came in with this awful, beautiful creature were dark mostly, and reminded me of the gipsies I used to see when I was a boy at home in England. One of the girls, dressed in outlandish clothes, embroidered in scarlet and gold, came up and offered me some wine—even held it to my lips—and the scent of it made me mad to taste. The girl's arm was close round my neck, and her wicked eyes, dry and bright as a toad's, were looking into mine with a mocking smile, as she sang a soft, strange song, like laughing and crying all in one. But I shut my teeth hard, and turning away my head, closed my eyes, determined to resist her with all the strength of my will so long as I was conscious. Even in that dreamy, bewildered state, I felt afraid of entirely losing my senses, and something seemed to tell me I was lost if I yielded for an instant. My tempter laughed then, a loud hideous laugh, and flung down the silver cup she had offered me. The wine was spilt, and I fancied it turned to liquid flame as it touched the floor.

'Still I had no power to speak or move from my place, but I watched Vermudyn more eagerly than ever. The supper-table was pushed on one side; and the room was now filled with dancers, dancing fiercely and madly to a wild tune, like the song of the gipsy when she leant over me with the poisoned wine. The tune rose louder and higher, and the dancers moved faster to keep time with the unearthly music—unearthly and wild, but so beautiful that I could have listened for ever, I thought. At times it sounded like the wind sighing through the aspens at night; then it rose to a roar like waves breaking on the beach in a storm. Yet, with all the changing sound, the roar of a storm, and the wailing of the wind—tears and laughter and pain—the music still kept time and tune, and the mad dance went on without a pause.

'Foremost amongst them all was Vermudyn, and the woman in white with the glittering eyes and hair. He was holding her fast in his arms as they flew round; her head lay on his shoulder, and his face was bent down over hers. But I could see, as I watched him, that he had grown almost as white as the girl he held; and now her great eyes blazed with such awful light, I shuddered to look at them; while, as she danced and clasped Vermudyn, I fancied a tinge of colour came into her white lips, and her cheeks were a shade less deathly.

'Still they danced, and still she grew brighter and warmer, but not like a living woman yet. And Vermudyn, like a mere straw drifting round and round in a whirlpool, became weaker and fainter every minute, and his face now was something ghastly to see; but his eyes were still fixed on the girl, and he could see nothing and feel nothing beside. Her shining hair had got loosened in the dance, and seemed to be flying round them like thin golden flames as they moved.

'It was she, now, who held Vermudyn up and forced him still to dance. His arms were round her yet; but her strength alone sustained the fainting man. She flew round as easily as ever; her feet scarcely touching the ground. The noise grew furious and deafening—music and laughter, shouts and screams that made my blood run cold, with snatches of old songs between, were all mingled together in one hideous mighty roar.

'The faces of the men, or the demons who took their shape, got more fiendish as they danced; when suddenly the dancers swept out of the room in a wild crowd, just as they had entered it, and in their midst Vermudyn, lying dead, or senseless, on the floor. I tried to move—to reach him somehow at that desperate pass; but I couldn't stir a finger. I struggled to shout aloud—to call his name. I might have been dead, for all the help I could give him. I had no power to speak or move.

'Directly that demoniacal crew left the room, the lights seemed to fade and the fire grow dim. Thick darkness fell over everything, and I could not see a ray of light from where I now lay like a helpless log.

'I remembered nothing more until I opened my eyes in broad daylight, stiff, and shivering with cold. I was lying at the entrance of a little cave among the rocks, wrapped in my blanket, and close to the embers of a dying fire. My horse, I saw, was picketed not far from me.

'I was still in the Devil's Panniken, sure enough. I saw the road by which we had come last night; but the place was strange to me; these were not the rocks I had seen before, which surrounded the place where we had spent the night.

'*We?* I was quite alone now, and broad awake! The house and all else had vanished. As the recollections of the past night came crowding back, I sprang up and looked around in wonder. The house—the very room—in which I'd been was so distinctly before my mind's eye, that I stood staring in amazement to

find myself alone. No vestige of the house I've described to you, and no Vermudyn either! I told myself that I was clean mad. I searched for him in a sort of frantic hurry, and shouted his name, but heard only the echoes answer me.

'I tried to get farther into the cave at the mouth of which I'd been lying; but I soon found the way closed by a big chunk of rock. There was no other outlet to the cave, and there was nothing to explain the mystery. There was no sign of Vermudyn or his horse; that, no doubt, had strayed during the night. But where was *he*, and where, above all, had we two spent the night? I was fairly stunned. I felt for my knife, my revolver. These, with my belt, were safe enough. I had lost nothing. I was simply cold, hungry, and quite alone—save for my nag; and how glad I was of that companion, I can't tell you! He would be the means of getting me away from that awful place faster than my legs could carry me.

'I found a hunch of bread and some meat in my wallet; but I was too excited and wretched over Vermudyn's disappearance, to light a fire and boil some tea. As soon as I'd swallowed down my breakfast, I mounted my horse, and rode backwards and forwards for a good two hours, searching for the body, for I was clear in my own mind that my poor old mate was dead.

'Dead or alive, I hated to think of riding away and leaving him there in the Devil's Panniken. But it was no good. I hunted every hole and corner within a mile of the place—as near as I could judge—where we had spent the night. At last I gave up the hopeless search—no signs of Vermudyn anywhere; and before noon, I had turned my horse's head away from the wretched place, and for the first mile or so I rode so hard and fast that I began to blame my own folly in running away in broad daylight. From what, too?

'Ay, there was the rub! What was I riding away from? and how had I escaped, while Vermudyn was lost? I was almost mad when I went over the past twenty-four hours. I couldn't believe my senses. All I'd seen and heard too; and the only other witness was gone, vanished as completely as if he had been a spectre or part of some nightmare dream!

'I felt my brain reel as I passed mile after mile along the lonely road, till at last I began to wonder if the Vermudyn I thought I knew was ever a living man, or if he made part of a long hideous dream, which I thought I should never forget or get over.

'But I couldn't cheat myself so; the man had written his name inside my pocket-book, "C. Vermudyn," and had given me a ring he told me he once bought in an eastern bazaar. I've worn the ring ever since, in memory of him and that awful Halloween night.

'Sure enough, Vermudyn was no dream; but from that day to this his name has never crossed my lips; and nothing would induce me ever again to ride through the Devil's Panniken either by day or night.

'In my own mind, boys, it's as clear as daylight that the body found in that cave Gentleman Jack was telling you of a while since was neither more nor less than the skeleton of my poor old

mate Vermudyn. I never thought to hear of his bones being found after all these years, poor old chap; or of telling you to-night what happened to us that Halloween in the Devil's Panniken. I only hope he wasn't alive in that awful place!—alive, and shouting for help, shut up there alone, and hopeless in the dark, whilst I was riding away in sunshine and clear air!—Phaw! muttered the old man; 'it's no good to think of that now; and talking's dry work.—Another go of whisky, Pat!'

The murmurs of admiration, astonishment, and feeble doubt over this wondrous story of Old Grizzly's were arrested almost ere they began, and each man stopped short, as a low, long laugh sounded through the room, and they then perceived what, being absorbed in the 'tale of mystery,' they had been too preoccupied to notice before—namely, that a stranger had entered the room some time during the progress of the narrative, and it was he who had dared to laugh! All eyes were turned significantly and inquiringly upon this presumptuous stranger; and one gentleman had gone so far as to deliver himself of the original remark, that 'he calculated to call that mighty cool,' when the new-comer advanced into the light of the flaring kerosene lamp, and Old Grizzly sprang to his feet, speechless and aghast.

'Well, old boy, don't you know me now?' asked the stranger. 'Am I so little like the Vermudyn you chummed with in Cherokee Dick's claim?'

'It's Halloween *again*,' muttered the other hoarsely, still delaying to take the proffered hand.

'And an unlucky night for me to turn up, after the scurvy trick I played you,' laughed the stranger. 'But look here, mate—if you kept my ring, I've kept yours; and I'm flesh and blood safe enough—no spirit or demon, as you seem to fancy.'

Old Grizzly grasped both his hands, looking long and earnestly in his face meanwhile. 'It *is* Vermudyn!' he at last exclaimed. 'Though how they found your bones yonder in the Devil's Panniken, and yet you're alive and hearty here to-night, is more than Pat Murphy or any other Irishman could explain!'

'I had better say at once that there's no mystery about this—this—gentleman's arrival to-night, at least,' interposed Gentleman Jack. 'He is a chance companion and fellow-traveller of mine, and like myself, he hails from 'Frisco last.'

'As you seem to be in the humour for telling stories to-night, mates,' observed the newcomer, 'perhaps it wouldn't be amiss if I explained to my friend here, in your presence, the truth of his strange Halloween experiences on the night he parted company with me—or I with him—whichever you prefer.

'I told you once,' said he, addressing himself to Old Grizzly, 'I had travelled a good deal and spent some years in the East; but I never told how much I had learned of the manner and customs of the people I lived with; or that, amongst other diverting knowledge, I acquired the art of smoking and eating that extract of hemp known in eastern countries as "hashish," and no one save those who have been under its marvellous influence can ever

understand the wonderful reality of the illusions it produces—stronger and more powerful than any opium in its effect, and less harmful to use. Years ago, the drug was almost unknown; to-day, there are "hashish" eaters and smokers in most of the big cities of the States.

'At the time I'm speaking of, it was little known, and its effects scarcely understood. I had taken it often enough myself; but some idle whim prompted me to try the result of a dose on my friend here, that special and memorable night of which he has just told you something. Well, I administered a biggish dose in a pill I gave him for an aguish turn he'd had; and after that, as we rode along I let him have some tobacco, as his own was smoked out, and this tobacco of mine consisted almost entirely of the dried hemp, the true "hashish." We had not ridden a great way into the Devil's Panniken, talking, as we rode, of the bad reputation of the place and the various legends concerning it, when the drug began to take effect on my old friend here, and he would have fallen from his horse, if I had not kept close beside him and supported him with my arm. As matters were then, I decided to dismount and camp for the night. For myself, I'd never been afraid of man or demon, and I knew my companion could go no farther; so I easily persuaded him to stop, though several times he muttered something about riding on.

'Well, I wrapped him in his blanket like a baby, lighted him another pipe, just to compose him, and set to work to make a rousing fire, for the night was cold, and a keen frosty wind came sweeping down the ravine. He behaved strangely enough for some time, muttering and talking, while I watched by him; then by turns singing and laughing, while he stared at me or the fire. Once or twice he struggled hard to get up; but by-and-by the hashish overpowered him, and he slept soundly. I remained by him the whole night, and then tried in the early dawn to awaken him, as we wanted to push on. But he slept so heavily, that the idea occurred to me to ride off and leave him to wake alone, thoroughly mystified between his hashish visions and the loss of me!

'It was a bad, mad sort of practical joke, but I was full of such follies in those early days. After I'd left him, I made tracks for the town we'd determined on visiting together, and waited for him some days; but he never turned up; and then an uneasy fear that some harm had befallen my friend through my own folly, got hold of me; and taking a sudden distaste for a digger's life, I made my way to the nearest port, and went on board a ship just starting for Europe, and which, luckily for me, stood in need of an extra hand.

'Since then, I've led a roving life on sea and shore, till fate landed me here to-night in time to listen to the account of my mysterious end, as it appeared to my worthy friend. I am sorry to spoil a good story, mates; but the pleasure two old chums experience in finding each other alive and hearty after so strange a parting—twenty years ago—will, I hope, in some degree compensate for your disappointment in discovering that the White Witch of the Devil's Panniken had no hand in my fate after all!'

'But,' interrupted Gentleman Jack, 'a skeleton with a ring on its finger was found recently in the cave.'

'Quite possible,' returned the new-comer; 'but I am happy to say it is not that of Cornelius Vermudyn.'

QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE.

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

IN *Chambers's Journal* for October 25, 1879, we gave an account of a method of *Education by Post*, which has been the means of drawing considerable attention to the scheme. The scheme itself seems to be now in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to place the education of women on a sounder basis than heretofore. Some information regarding the progress and prospects of the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women may not, therefore, be unacceptable.

The Association is now no longer known by its old cumbrous designation. It has risen to a higher level, is incorporated under the more euphonious name of Queen Margaret College, and looks forward to more extended operations than were possible in the first years of its existence. The munificent gift of a building in every way suited to the purpose to which it is to be devoted, has given a great impetus to the efforts to promote every branch of the work which was already undertaken. Queen Margaret College—the gift of a lady who from the first manifested a cordial interest in the higher education of her sex—stands within its own grounds, in a pretty, half-secluded spot not far from the University, and near enough to one of the great thoroughfares of Glasgow to be easily accessible to students from all parts of the city. Some progress has been already made towards the endowment of lectureships, and no doubt the liberality of the donor of the building will encourage the friends of education to make an effort worthily to complete what has been so generously begun. Meantime, lectures will be delivered by professors and others, tutorial classes will be held, and new schemes will be organised for the benefit of girls who have some respect for mental culture, and some aspirations towards the development of the faculties with which they have been endowed. As in the days of the 'Association,' so now the Correspondence Classes will take their place as a branch of the work of Queen Margaret College. There will be no change except in name.

A few years ago, comparatively little was known about Correspondence Classes, that is, of education conducted between teacher and taught through the medium of the post-office. The system was on its trial. There were grave doubts and solemn shakings of the head when the scheme was suggested as a substitute for oral teaching. It was pronounced impossible that questions and answers sent to and fro between the

teacher and the taught could produce any satisfactory result, though it was admitted by some objectors that this interchange might be of some use where other instruction was not to be had; it was better than nothing. Another class of objectors spoke deprecatingly of 'cram' with its train of evils, and among these were some who would have judged otherwise, had they only for a moment thought of what they were familiar with, university examination papers. One of the special advantages of Correspondence is that the pupils are obliged to study for themselves as thoroughly as they can any subject they take up. They receive a plan of the course so divided that they know exactly how much is expected for the lesson of each fortnight; they know where to look for information; books of study are prescribed; books of reference are suggested. Patient, careful, diligent study is the only true preparation for this kind of work, and the faculties of the pupil are fully exercised before the tutor steps in with corrections, comments, and criticism.

Preparation for university examinations was the primary object of the Correspondence Classes. To girls who had no opportunity of attending lectures or other classes, a way was opened by which they might compete for university certificates and prizes; and the high place taken by Correspondence pupils on the lists of successful candidates is sufficient proof of the efficiency of the system. But of incalculably greater, because wider, benefit are these classes to the ever-increasing number of young men and women who are not content with the small stock of knowledge acquired, under more or less favourable circumstances, at a period when the brain itself was still immature. There are many who thirst for knowledge, but know not how to direct their steps in the line of self-education. There is much misguided effort, leading only to disappointment and discouragement; sincere desire for improvement languishes, and finally passes away, just for want of guidance and stimulus. It is no wonder, then, that the system of Correspondence is rapidly growing in favour, and is carried on not only by Associations in connection with universities, but by private teachers, working either singly or in combination with others, under self-imposed regulations which are probably more elastic than those formed under the shadow of a university.

The scheme of Queen Margaret College combines the advantages of both, inasmuch as it offers instruction not only in the subjects prescribed for all the Glasgow University examinations which are open to women, but also in a number of subjects outside the University programme. In order to exhibit more clearly the nature and scope of the scheme, a brief review of the branches of study will be useful. They are classified in five grades. There are first, the preliminary or common subjects—English, history, geography, arithmetic, Scripture, and Latin. Next to these are what are termed the

junior subjects—Composition, literature, history and geography, Scripture history, Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, botany, zoology, physiology, and physiography. The senior course includes, besides the subjects of the junior grade carried further, classes in political economy and logic. In the higher course the subjects are divided into five departments: (1) English, including the history of the language and literature; (2) foreign languages, with reference in each case to the history of the literature; (3) mathematical sciences; (4) logic, metaphysics, moral philosophy, political economy, and history; (5) chemistry, botany, geology, zoology, and physiology. The fifth course is intended to prepare candidates for the examinations in degree subjects. These subjects include all that are required for the M.A. and B.Sc. degrees.

In this large and comprehensive scheme there is provision made for a great variety of students, and it need scarcely be said that it attracts pupils at home and abroad, differing in age, capacity, and attainment. By means of the elementary classes, children are educated at home; and girls in the novitiate of their intelligence, who have come to the end of their school-days, find in them the means of culture. The literature of England, France, and Germany is open to them; studies in history and language, in science and philosophy, invite to further progress in what will enrich their minds, and save them from the vacuity that too often ensues when the routine of school-life is ended. Young men in business, ladies engaged in teaching, and ladies, too, with plenty of leisure for the pursuit of a favourite study, are among the most eager students; and not the least interesting are foreigners, whose papers call forth the hearty commendation of their tutors, not only for great painstaking and vigorous thinking, but also for a style of English which reflects great credit upon their powers of acquisition. These and many others find in the Correspondence Classes an aid and stimulus to study, and a medium of intercourse with men abreast of the age, taking a fresh and living interest in the subjects which they teach, and sparing no pains to direct and encourage their students to honest, thorough, diligent, and therefore productive study.

It is scarcely possible to touch on a subject like this without endeavouring to enlist the active co-operation of the young people of the present day. Within the last few years many educational forces have been set in motion. By degrees the charge of flimsiness will be withdrawn from the education of girls; but it must always be kept in mind that anything worthy of the name of education is not to be got save at the cost of thorough systematic effort on the part of the student. Work begets the love of work, and what at first may be regarded as a drudgery, begins to be estimated at its true value, not only as a means to an end, but as in itself a pleasure. Subjects which educate thought and reflection are suggested to the pupil; the prospect widens; higher attainments are seen to be within reach; and an end is put to that easy contentment which is satisfied with a few showy accomplishments and a too slender knowledge of what is best worth knowing.

Detailed information relating to the Correspondence Classes may be had from the Honorary Secretary, Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE late terrible railway accident at Penistone—caused primarily by the breaking of the locomotive crank axle—has called attention to the fact that such breakage is by no means a rare occurrence, although it is seldom accompanied by fatal results. Some slight flaw in the metal, quite invisible on the outer surface, grows by constant vibration into a crack, and this crack eventually is the place of fracture. Although the accident has brought forth an unusual amount of comment by skilled engineers and others, we have seen no reference to a method of detecting flaws in metal which was discovered some years ago by Mr Saxton. He pointed out that a magnetic needle passed along such a bar would be deflected upon coming to a flaw. The method was experimented upon at the royal dockyards, and was found to give most certain results so far as bars of iron were concerned. Whether the system is applicable or not to railway axles, we do not know; but we call attention to the matter, as a possibly useful contribution to the subject under discussion. It is the opinion of many competent men that the above accident would not have been so disastrous if the train had been fitted with an automatic brake. It had what is called a continuous vacuum brake, which is effective enough so long as the coaches do not become separated. When such separation occurs, the wheels are no longer held in check. With the automatic brake, on the other hand, which is adopted by many of the leading railway Companies, the wheels are immediately acted upon, if by any means the coupling between the carriages should be broken. In the accident referred to, the train would with such a brake have been brought to a stand-still before it reached the point where it ran over the embankment.

An influential Committee has been formed with the endeavour to found a fund for the conservation of London antiquities. It seems that during recent building operations in the City, the discovery was made of some massive foundations evidently belonging to an important building of the Roman period. Several of the stones used were fragments of sculpture. These have now been preserved; but they ran a narrow escape of being again buried where they were found. Similar discoveries in the metropolis are by no means rare, and the preservation of such relics should be provided for. The treasurer for the fund is Sir John Lubbock, M.P.

There is a certain region in the United States, reaching from the oil-wells of Pennsylvania to West Virginia, which has become known as the 'Gas Belt'; for wherever a well is sunk to a certain depth, the borer is rewarded for his pains by a liberal supply of natural gas, which can be utilised in heating, lighting, and other purposes. It seems that it is only of late years that the commercial importance of this phenomenon has been recognised. The Penn Fuel Company

has been formed to bring the consumption of this gas into wider employment. There seems to be but two drawbacks to its use, one being unsteadiness of pressure, and the other a fear as to permanence of supply. The first difficulty might surely be obviated by mechanical means; and the second is hardly worth consideration, seeing that the yield of gas has been constant for many years, and as yet shows no sign of diminution.

A curious experiment dealing with another natural product has lately been made at Acqui by the proprietor of some baths there. This gentleman has at his disposal an inexhaustible supply of hot water from a natural spring, the temperature being a hundred and sixty-seven degrees Fahrenheit. The surplus not required for the baths has been diverted so as to flow through pipes to a garden on the outskirts of the town. Here the warm liquid flows beneath a number of forcing-frames containing melons, tomatoes, asparagus, and other garden produce. The result is that a supply of these delicacies is ready for market at a very early period of the year, and when, therefore, they fetch high prices. Surely this system could be extended with profitable results. Even in this country, far away from active volcanoes, we have hot springs where the experiment could be tried.

It is no new thing to get benefit from volcanic products; indeed, some of these products are of great commercial value. At Vulcano, one of the Lipari Islands on the north coast of Sicily, there is a small factory which was started some years ago by a Scotch firm, where a number of men are engaged in collecting materials deposited continually round the various vents. These products consist chiefly of sulphur, ammonia, and boracic acid.

The introduction of real Chinese birds'-nest soup to Londoners, to which we adverted last month, may raise the question as to what material such nests can be made of. An English naturalist living at Yokohama has lately published a very interesting account of a visit which he paid to Gormanton Caves, which are situated amid the tropical forests of North Borneo. From these caves come the bulk of the nests of which the soup is made, and they are the only place in the world where they can be obtained in any quantity. The caves are of immense extent, and are several hundred feet in height. They are covered with nests, which are built by swallows and bats; the material being a soft fungoid growth, which incrusts the limestone in which the caves are formed. The yearly value of the nests taken is between five and six thousand pounds on the spot. The value when they reach China is of course very much more. It is perhaps as well, considering the expensive nature of the luxury and its scarcity, that the consumption is not likely to increase from its introduction into Britain. To our barbarian palates it is decidedly insipid.

For three centuries, Britain has been able to boast that her adventurous sons have penetrated farther towards the frozen north than the sailors of any other nation. She must now yield the palm to America. The interesting story of the rescue of the six survivors of the Greely Expedition—who at the moment of their

discovery were listening to prayers for the dying read by one of their number—is only second in interest to the story of Sir John Franklin, whose fate was for so long hidden in mystery. It seems to be a general feeling that no more expeditions to the frozen regions should be attempted. The barren honour of having arrived at a place so inaccessible that nobody has been there before you, is hardly worth the risk of being slowly starved to death. The Greely Expedition originally numbered twenty-five persons, so that nineteen have perished. This is a heavy price to pay for geographical knowledge however valuable; but of the scientific value of the expedition few details are as yet published.

Lieutenant Brown of the United States' navy has compiled a long official Report for his government on the progress of the Panama Canal, which is not quite so hopeful as the subscribers would desire. He considers that a great portion of the work accomplished is theoretical rather than practical, and that what has been done has been too costly. He thinks it evident that the scheme cannot be accomplished within the estimated cost nor within the stipulated time. Two leading problems are likely to baffle the engineers—one is, how to dispose of the sixty million cubic metres of earth which must be cut from the hilly part of the isthmus; and the other is the difficulty of dealing with the river Chagres, which was to form part of the channel. In the dry season, this river is a sluggish stream; but after the rains, it is a foaming torrent carrying everything before it. There is also a probability of an epidemic of yellow fever, which is generally of a fatal type in the district.

In the course of two lectures lately delivered at the Health Exhibition by Dr Cobbold upon the subject of Parasites in Food, some very interesting facts came to light. With regard to parasites, he tells us that the dreaded trichina, about which so much alarm was created some years ago in connection with the consumption of foreign pork, cannot live after being subjected to a heat of one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, which temperature is of course far below that to which meat is subjected in ordinary cooking. Referring to the late mackerel scare, the lecturer said that the entozoa of this fish were perfectly innocuous to mankind whether they were swallowed alive or dead. There are altogether no fewer than fourteen different kinds of parasites which find their home in the mackerel. Speaking of vegetarianism, he said that it was a mistake to suppose that those who eschewed flesh-foods had any consequent immunity from diseases provoked by parasites; on the contrary, the most common parasite known in this country was a vegetable feeder which could easily be received into the system by carelessly washed salads, &c.

A Java correspondent of our contemporary, *Nature*, relates a curious instance of cannibalism among snakes which came under his notice. He had killed close to his house a snake of very deadly character. Upon examining it some time later he found, protruding from its mouth, the tail of another snake, which eventually turned out to be of the same species and only a few inches shorter than its host. The natives of the place gave it as their opinion that the two

creatures had been fighting, and that the victor had swallowed the vanquished. Another correspondent of the same journal tells of a similar case which he saw in India.

It deserves to be placed on record that the University of London have for the first time conferred the high degree of D.Sc. upon a lady. Mrs Sophia Bryant, by whom this honour has been achieved, is the daughter of the Rev. Dr Willock, late rector of Cleenish, Enniskillen, and Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Mrs Bryant has for some time held the position of mathematical mistress at the North London Collegiate School for Girls.

An interesting article upon a very curious subject is contributed by M. C. E. Brown-Sequard to the French journal *La Nature*. This article takes for its title 'Attitudes after Death,' and deals with the numerous instances, on the field of battle and in other situations, where dead bodies have been found—sitting on horseback in one instance, raising a cup to the lips in another, transfixed in the position last assumed when sudden death came upon them. One case is very remarkable. A brakesman on an American railway was shot by a guerrilla, who lay in ambush in a forest through which the train passed. As he was shot, the unfortunate man was in the act of putting on the brake. His body remained fixed, his arms and hands stiff on the brake-wheel, whilst the pipe he was smoking remained between his teeth. It was extremely difficult to make the corpse let go its hold. The writer of the paper points out that this fixture of the body is quite different from the ordinary rigidity of death; and he believes that it depends upon the production of a persistent muscular action, like the fixed spasm often seen in hysterical or paralytic subjects. It is an act of life, but the last one.

For a long time, and more particularly since telephones have come into common use, it has been seen that our telegraphic methods are open to very great improvement. At present, each letter of every word transmitted requires one or more distinct signals, either by right or left deflections of a needle, or, as in the Morse method, by dots and dashes. In Signor Michela's steno-telegraph, which bids fair to come into very extended use, this difficulty is obviated. It works on the phonetic system; that is to say, the various sounds which go to make up speech—be the language that common to any European country—are grouped into series and represented by certain signs, each word being, as it were, dissected into sound-values. The system is, in fact, that of a telegraphic shorthand. The transmitting instrument consists of two keyboards, each having ten keys, each key communicating with a style on the receiving instrument, which prints a sign representing a particular sound. With such an apparatus, a skilled operator can telegraph words as they fall from the lips of a speaker as readily as a shorthand reporter can write them down. The system has for some time been in use in the Italian Senate, and is now on an experimental trial in Paris. Whether it prove to be the telegraph of the future or not, it most certainly is constructed on a correct basis. We propose shortly to notice it more fully.

An invention which is said to be largely used

in America has lately formed the subject of some interesting and successful experiments in London. Introduced by Messrs G. H. Gardner & Co., Southwark Bridge Road, London, it is known as the Harden Hand Grenade Fire-extinguisher, and consists of a glass flask containing a chemical liquid, which, when the flask is broken, emits a copious supply of that enemy to combustion, carbonic acid gas. The experiments were of the usual type—miniature conflagrations being put out readily when a grenade was thrown upon them. The extreme simplicity of the system is one of its chief recommendations; for the flasks, ornamental in appearance, can be disposed throughout a house, and are then ready for immediate use, in case an incipient fire should break out. They therefore take the place of the cumbrous fire-bucket, which is too often, when wanted, found to be empty.

So much has been published relative to smoke abatement in our large towns, and so little has been actually accomplished towards the solution of the problem, that many are beginning to despair, and to believe that the evil must be allowed to continue. Factories, which are the chief offenders, have been to some extent dealt with by law, and are now supposed to consume their own smoke; but the private householder, who contributes no small share of the carbon sent into the atmosphere, has, even if he had the will, been almost powerless in the matter. A stove has just been invented which, it may be hoped, will put a different complexion on the subject. At the back of the grate is a receptacle for the coals, which, by the action of a loose vertical iron plate, are forced forward to be consumed, so that the fuel is partly coked before it reaches the front of the fire. By an ingenious arrangement, the products of combustion are not carried direct to the chimney, but are delivered beneath the grate. This perfect combustion stove is the invention of Mr H. Thompson, of 29 Marquess Road, Canonbury, London.

Most people will be glad to hear that the guardians of our national picture-galleries have at last consented to allow their art treasures to be copied by photography. Why this permission has been delayed so long is strange, for nearly every continental gallery has long ago distributed fac-similes of its contents to willing purchasers. There is one advantage gained in the delay, for by modern processes every touch of the artist's brush may be faithfully portrayed in the copy, and, moreover, that copy is of a permanent nature. In front of the National Gallery, London, a temporary structure has been erected into which the pictures can be carried to be operated upon in a good light. By this means, a far more satisfactory result can be obtained than by carrying the camera to the pictures as they hang upon the walls.

We some months ago recorded the fact that a prize of five hundred pounds had been offered by Mr Ellis Lever for a new Safety-lamp, which must fulfil certain stringent conditions. The adjudicators—all well-known scientific men—have just reported upon the one hundred and eight lamps which were sent in for competition. Of these, four were electric lamps, no one of which approached fulfilment of the conditions of the award; the rest being oil-lamps. All those

which fulfilled the preliminary requirements were experimented upon; and very few indeed remained when the more extreme tests were reached. But none of the lamps really embraced the whole of the conditions enumerated, so the adjudicators felt themselves unable to make the award to any. At the same time, they highly commend two which nearly fulfilled those conditions. One of them is called the Marsaut Lamp; and the other is the contrivance of Mr William Morgan of Pontypridd, which they say presents several good features of marked originality.

The success of the Royal Tapestry Works at Windsor, where so much excellent work is turned out every year, has stimulated others to endeavour to produce a material similar in appearance, without all the costly processes which makes the woven fabric so expensive. In London recently, an Exhibition has been opened of the works of English artists upon a material known as Gobelins tissue. The work is executed with the brush like an ordinary picture on canvas, but with an intention to imitate the work of the loom.

A rare phenomenon in these latitudes, a waterspout, was recently witnessed at Southwold. The wind at the time was changeable, and attention was directed to the strange manner in which certain dark clouds seemed to be driven first in one direction and then in another. At length these clouds united, and their mass formed a clearly defined edge some distance above the horizon. From this edge there suddenly shot down a narrow tongue of cloud, which seemed to strike the sea above five miles from the shore. Swayed from side to side by the wind at first, it gradually grew into an enormous column of water, estimated to be nearly one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, the mass of foam at its base indicating the enormous velocity with which water was being poured from it into the sea. The waterspout remained for twenty minutes, when it disappeared as quickly as it came. It was fortunate that there were at the time no ships in the neighbourhood.

An exhibition of what is called 'sanitary and insanitary houses' has been opened at the Health Exhibition. The idea seems to be to arrange two houses, the one as it ought to be, and the other as it ought not to be, and thus to exhibit the two in strong contrast the one to the other, by which an opportunity will be given to visitors, and those who choose to take the trouble to exercise their wits, of gaining instruction upon a point which has never before been brought forward in this manner. The houses are so placed that visitors enter by the ground-floor of the insanitary house, and pass through its various rooms, where all its defects are carefully and plainly set forth; then, on reaching the top-floor, the visitor crosses over to the sanitary house and descends through it.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, we learn that the French crown jewels when valued just after the Revolution of 1789 were estimated at eight hundred and forty thousand pounds, and they consisted of seven thousand four hundred and eighty-

two diamonds, five hundred and six pearls, two hundred and thirty rubies, one hundred and fifty emeralds, one hundred and thirty-four sapphires, seventy-one topazes, eight garnets, and three amethysts. They were stolen from the Treasury, in which they had been deposited, and only a very small portion recovered; but the purchases made by Napoleon and the Bourbon kings brought the total of the crown jewels up to nine hundred thousand pounds when they were valued in 1832. When a fresh inventory was taken in 1875, it was found that the crown jewels consisted of seventy-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-six stones, weighing over nineteen thousand carats, and a part of these will shortly be sold. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that at the impending sale all the objects of historical interest will be reserved, for many of the jewels which belonged to the Duchess Anne of Brittany, and became an appanage of the French Crown when she married Charles VIII., are to be disposed of, as also several articles bequeathed by Cardinal Richelieu.

TREATMENT OF DIARRHŒA AND CHOLERA.

The following instructions, issued to local authorities in Scotland by the Board of Supervision, and certified by Dr Littlejohn, Medical Officer of the city of Edinburgh, may be useful in the event of cholera occurring in this country:

Local authorities, where there are either no medical men, or only a few scattered over the country, should provide themselves with a supply of suitable remedies. Among these may be mentioned—(1) elixir of vitriol; (2) the lead and opium pill; (3) the aromatic powder of chalk and opium; (4) ordinary mustard.

It is, however, not only of importance that an attack of cholera should be properly treated before medical assistance is procured, but also that the diarrhœa which may be present for days before the serious symptoms present themselves, should be checked at once. This may generally be effectually accomplished by causing persons so affected, and who are usually very thirsty, to drink freely of cold water to which elixir of vitriol has been added in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of elixir to the tumbler of water. Should the diarrhœa, in spite of the above treatment, continue for, say, two hours, a lead and opium pill should be given, and the dose should be repeated every time after the patient has been affected by the diarrhœa. If the patient, from weakness, be unable to follow his usual employment, he should be put to bed—care being taken that the limbs are kept warm, and that the bed is kept dry by means of a sheet of oilcloth, gutta-percha, or mackintosh between the sheet and the mattress. Should the discharge present the appearance of rice-water, and should there be urgent vomiting, cramps of the limbs, together with general sinking or collapse, the case should be regarded as most serious; and in the absence of a medical man, mustard poultices should be applied to the stomach and chest for half an hour at a time, and should be followed either by fomentations with warm water, or by bran or porridge poultices on the same parts of the body. These mustard and soft

poultices should be alternated from time to time. Meanwhile the limbs should be well rubbed with warm cloths, and the lead and opium pills regularly administered, as directed above.

This treatment may be advantageously employed for all persons above fifteen years of age. From ten to fifteen years, the only change recommended in the treatment is that half a lead and opium pill, instead of an entire pill, should be given as a dose. Below ten years of age, the aromatic powder of chalk and opium should be substituted for the pill, and may be administered in doses of one grain for each year of life. Thus, an infant of one year should have one grain for a dose; and under one year, half a grain; while a child of six years should have six grains. The treatment otherwise is the same—care, however, being taken in the case of children not to allow the mustard to remain *beyond ten minutes* in contact with the skin.

Should there be no hospital at the disposal of the local authority, and should the house of the patient consist of one or two apartments, the other members of the household should be at once removed. The room in which the sick person is lying should as far as possible be cleared of furniture; and the other apartment, if any, should be devoted to the preparation of articles of food and to the residence of the attendants, limited in number to a day and a night nurse.

GRANTON MARINE STATION.—We have to acknowledge receipt of the following sum in behalf of the Granton Marine Station:

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Aug. 4. A Friend,	1	0	0

EN PASSANT.

A SIDELONG glance like April sunlight shining
Through drifting clouds, a moment rent apart—
A glance which reads with swift, occult divining
Fond thoughts deep hidden in the inmost heart.

A sudden flash of love-born radiance gleaming
From two dark melting orbs of liquid light,
Whose haunting beauty sets the fond soul dreaming
Of far-off, unattainable delight.

A passing word of greeting, sweetly spoken
By two sweet lips whose lightest word is dear;
A moment more, and lo! the spell is broken
While yet its charm is ling'ring on the ear.

Ten years ago, I watched a sunbeam falling
Athwart the shadows of a sombre way;
Now, 'mid the after-glooms its charm recalling,
I bless the spot whereon its brightness lay.

G. C. J.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
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'GRAND DAY.'

To the majority of people, the surroundings of the legal profession, to say nothing of the law itself, are subjects fraught with no inconsiderable amount of the mysterious. For instance, what a variety of conceptions have been formed by the uninitiated with respect to one ceremony alone connected with the 'upper branch' of the legal profession; we mean that known as 'Call to the Bar.' The very expression itself has often proved a puzzle to the lay outsider, and perhaps not unnaturally, because there can be no doubt that it is one of those out-of-the-way phrases the signification of which sets anything like mere conjecture on that point at defiance. There is a hazy notion abroad that 'Call to the Bar' involves proceedings of a somewhat imposing character, especially as there is just a smack of the grandiloquent about the term. Accordingly, it may be disappointing to many persons to learn that, in the first place, there is no 'calling' at all connected with the ceremony, except the calling over the names of the gentlemen who present themselves for admission to the profession known as the Bar. And in the next place, it may be a little surprising to learn that there is no semblance even of a 'bar' of any description employed in the performance of the ceremony alluded to.

Again, people appear to have a somewhat indistinct notion about legal festivities, the traditional fun of a circuit mess, the precise share which 'eating dinners' has in qualifying a student for the Bar, and so forth. Often, too, they wonder how it is that men addicted to such grave pursuits as those followed by the working members of the Bar, are so much given to mirth and jollity and costly festivity. The answer to this is that, just in proportion to the mental tension superinduced by the demands of their calling, is the recoil of their minds in an exactly opposite direction after that tension.

Well, then, assuming that barristers are not only a learned and laborious but also at suitable

times a convivial body of men, we will endeavour to describe the proceedings in the Hall of an Inn of Court on the evening of a day when barristerial conviviality is supposed to reach its culminating point—namely, on what is termed 'Grand Day.'

We may observe that during each of the four legal terms or sittings there is one Grand Day, but the Grand Day of Trinity Term is the grandest of them all, and is accordingly styled 'Great Grand Day.' Also, that these days are observed in each of the four Inns of Court—namely, the Inner and Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. For present purposes, however, we shall suppose our Grand Day to be in Trinity Term, and at an Inn which we shall for certain proper reasons call Mansfield's Inn.

It is a glorious summer evening, and as we approach our noble old Hall, we soon perceive that something 'out of the common' is going on. There is the crimson cloth laid down for the noble and distinguished guests who are always invited on these occasions; and near the entrance there is a little knot of spectators of all kinds, from the elderly respectable gentleman down to the shoeless 'arab' from the streets. The carriages are beginning to arrive; and the sooner we are inside the Hall the better. But there is something to be done before we get thither. We must first enter one of the anterooms. Here there is a great crush owing to the invariable preliminary to every dinner in Hall—the 'robing,' as it is called; for benchers, barristers, and students all dine in gowns. There are two men now busily engaged at this work of robing, selecting from a great black mountain of gown-stuff the attire suited to each member. On they go, asking all the time the question, 'Barrister or student, sir?' of those with whom they are unacquainted, until the last man is served. But who is that portly looking personage, wearing a gorgeous scarlet gown, who ever and anon appears on the scene and gives directions? Nonsense! Did you say the head-porter? Certainly; and

he is so called, after the *lucus a non lucendo* fashion, because he is never employed to carry anything except perhaps letters and messages. In like manner the women called 'laundresses' who attend to the chambers in the Inns of Court, are so termed because they never wash anything at all, which in some instances is but too painfully true. But the 'head-porter' is carrying something this evening, in the shape of an enormous baton with a silver knob big enough to produce five pounds-worth of shillings. Then there is another important-looking gentleman, of graver and more anxious demeanour, wearing a black gown, who seems to be the life and soul of the preparations generally, and who moves about with such alacrity as to suggest an approach to the ubiquitous. This individual is the head-butler, and of course his position is one of serious responsibility, especially on the present occasion.

Being now robed, we enter the Hall. What a babel of tongues is here also! 'Have you got a mess?' is the question asked by friend of friend. (An Inn of Court mess consists of four persons, the first of whom is called the 'Captain.') 'Come and join our mess,' says another. 'I have a capital place up here,' shouts a joyous young student. 'Oh, but you'll be turned down,' replies his friend, with a slightly consequential air; and we see that the latter, by his sleeved and otherwise more flowing robe, is a barrister, although as juvenile as his hopeful friend; hence the tone of importance.

'We sit by seniority on Grand Day,' our learned young friend goes on to state, and languidly falls into a seat.

'When were you called, sir?' says a voice to the languid but consequential one. The voice proceeds from a form which might easily be that of the other's father, if not grandfather; but the question is put *pro forma*.

'Hilary '78' is the answer.

'Then I fear I must trouble you to move, for I was called in Hilary '58, ha, ha, ha!' in which the students previously corrected heartily join.

'Oh, all right,' with a slight *souperon* of deference; and away go the youngsters; while the man called to the Bar in 1858 will very likely have to make way for another called in '48, and so on, until the whole are duly and severally located.

There is an unquestionable aspect of distinction about the place this evening. The old Hall itself, in the centre of which is displayed the costly plate of Mansfield's Inn, seems to smile in the sunshine of the summer evening. Yet, as the light softly steals in through the stained glass forming the armorial bearings of distinguished members of the Inn long since passed away, we seem to feel a sort of melancholy, in spite of all the gaiety around, from the consideration—which will force itself upon the mind—that the paths of law, like glory, 'lead but to the grave.'

Then, again, the timeworn and grim-looking escutcheons of the old 'readers,' which crowd the wainscoted walls, seem to be less grim than usual. At the same time, it is impossible not to heave one little sigh, as we look up and see in front of us the name and arms, say, of Gulielmus Jones, Armiger, Cons. Domi. Regis, Lector Auct. 1745 (William Jones, Esquire, Counsel of our Lord the King, Autumn Reader, &c.), and wonder how much that learned gentleman enjoyed his Grand Days in the period of comparative antiquity mentioned on his escutcheon.

Our business, however, is strictly with the present; and as one of the features of Grand Day dinner is that the *mauvais quart d'heure* is a very long *quart* indeed, we shall be able to look round before dinner and see what is going on.

It requires no very great expenditure of speculative power to comprehend the nature of the present assembly, numerous though it is. Each member of it will readily and with tolerable accuracy tell us who and what he is, as mathematicians say, by mere inspection on our part. The fact is, we are really face to face with a world as veritable and as varied as that outside, only compressed into a smaller compass.

Here are to be seen old, worn, sombre-looking men, some of them bending under the weight of years, and actually wearing the identical gowns—now musty and faded, like themselves—which had adorned their persons when first assumed in the heyday of early manhood, health, high spirits, and bright hopes. Among these old faces there are some that are genial and easy-looking; yet, beyond a doubt, we are in close proximity to many of those individuals who help to constitute that numerous and inevitable host with which society abounds—the disappointed in life. We see clearly that upon many of these patriarchal personages, the fickle goddess has persistently frowned from their youth up, and that they have borne those frowns with a bad grace and a rebellious spirit.

Hither, also, have come those who began their career under the benign and auspicious influences of wealth and powerful friends; yet many of these are now a long way behind in the race—have, in fact, been outrun by those who never possessed a tithe of their advantages. Such men form a very melancholy group; and we gladly pass from them to another class of visitors. These are they whose lives have been a steady, manful conflict with hard times and hard lines, but who, uninspired by that devouring ambition already alluded to, have not experienced the disheartening and chilling disappointment which has preyed upon some of the others. These men, however, have seen many of their early hopes and aspirations crushed; but they have borne the grievance with patience and cheerfulness. They may have had a better right to expect success than some of those who had been more sanguine; but they have not sneered at

small successes because they could not achieve grander ones, and have not been ashamed to settle down as plodders. They are most of them gentlemen in all senses of the word; men of whom universities had once been proud, and who had also honoured universities; men who, if unknown to the world at large, have yet enlightened it; men whose bright intellects have perhaps elucidated for the benefit of the world the mysteries of science, thrown light upon its art, literature, and laws; and who, without having headed subscription lists or contributed to so-called charities, have yet been genuine benefactors to their species. But with all this, they are nevertheless men who, destitute of the practical art of 'getting on in the world,' have not made money. They have never condescended to 'boo' or toady, in order to do so, and thus they must be content to shuffle along the byroads of life as best they can, after their own fashion.

Intermingled with such members of the Inn as we have just mentioned are their opposites—those who are regarded as having been successful in the race of life. How portly and well got-up they are; how bland are the smiles which light up their jolly, comfortable-looking countenances, whereon exist none of those lines so painfully conspicuous elsewhere. There is no lack of geniality here; and you are certain that these gentlemen possess happy, if not indeed hilarious temperaments, the buoyancy of which is never endangered by the intrusion of any such 'pale cast of thought' as wears away the existence of those others whom we have referred to.

This species of 'successful' barristers, fortunate though they may be, and risen men, too, in one sense, must yet not be confounded with that other set of men who make up the real *bond fide* rising and risen ones. These latter are grand fellows, and constitute the most interesting group of the evening. In some respects they are like those others we have spoken of, who have had to fight; but unlike them, they have possessed and exercised the gifts of energy, tact, perseverance, and a wider acquaintance with human nature; and they have also possessed the inestimable gifts of good physique and the capacity for unmitigated labour. Like the other successful ones, they have risen; but unlike them, they have achieved honours which appertain more closely to their profession. They are the men from whose ranks our judicial strength is recruited; men who in time may become statesmen too, and leave distinguished names behind them. They are, in short, gifted honourable men, whose promotion is a delight to their friends and a benefit to the community, because the promotion of such is always well deserved.

Observable also in the present assembly are several of what may be termed the purely ornamental limbs of the law, who are to be found in the Inns of Court, and elsewhere. This class comprises country squires, gentlemen at large generally, and so forth, who, although entitled to the designation of 'barrister-at-law,' make no pretensions—at any rate, here—to any depth of legal learning. Yet, likely enough, many of

them are administrators of the law as county magistrates. However, great lawyers are not always the best hands at discharging the often rough-and-ready duties of 'justices out of sessions;' and whatever may be the ability of our friends now in Hall, one thing concerning them is clear, that they are to-night amongst the jolliest of the jolly. Look at them greeting old friends, dodging about the Hall, replenishing here and there their stock of legal *on dis* and anecdotes for retailing to admiring audiences elsewhere, discussing the affairs of the Inn and of the nation generally!

Lastly, there are the youngsters, ranging from the shy students only recently 'of' the Inn, to the youthful barristers who have just assumed the wig and gown. Some of the latter are engaged in detailing to eager and ambitious listeners the glories surrounding the first brief, while all are brimful of mirth and hopefulness. To such, the business of Grand Day appears tame in comparison with the high and substantial honours which they all firmly believe to be in store for them in the future. Ah! the future; that alluring period, so surpassingly enchanting to us all in the days of youth!

Such is the assembly before us at Mansfield's Inn on Grand Day of this Trinity Term.

'Dinner!' shouts the head-porter, who stands at the door with his great silver-headed baton in hand. We now see the use of this badge of office; for immediately after enunciating the above welcome word, he brings his baton heavily on to the floor three times. Then slowly advancing up the Hall, we see that he is a sort of vanguard, or rather *avant-courier*, of a host which is gradually following him, gentlemen who walk two and two in procession, almost with funereal precision and solemnity. As they proceed, the previous loud hum of conversation is considerably lulled, and everybody is standing at his place. These are the Benchers of the Inn and their guests. The proper designation of the former is 'Masters of the Bench' of the Inn to which they belong. Each is called 'Master' So-and-so; and the chief of their body is the Treasurer of the Inn, who holds office for one year. The guests are invariably persons of well-known position in the Army and Navy, the Church, Politics, Law, Science, Literature, and Art. Sometimes royal personages honour the Inns with their company on Grand Day; and it is well known that several members of the royal family are *members* of certain Inns. The Prince of Wales is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, and dined there on Grand Day of Trinity Term 1874, when an unusually brilliant gathering appeared. The Prince on that occasion delivered a humorous and genial speech, in which he reminded his learned friends of the circumstance of Chancellor Sir Christopher Hatton opening a ball in that very place with Queen Elizabeth. On the recent occasion of the Prince again dining there, no speeches were delivered in Hall.

The procession moves on; and as many of the various guests are recognised, the hum of conversation recommences. The Benchers wear silk gowns; and now we are actually brushed by a K.G., whose blue ribbon is unquestionably a *distinguished* addition to evening dress; or by a G.C.B., whose red ribbon is so extremely

becoming as to set some of the youngsters speculating which they would rather be, a Knight of the Garter or a Grand Cross of the Bath. Here we are, then, with peers, right honourables, generals, judges, orators, poets, painters, humorists, and so forth, around us; but, alas, in the midst of so much grandeur, we are troubled by a prosaic monitor whose demands are becoming imperative. In other words, we are getting hungry. Well, we have not much longer to wait. 'Rap, rap, rap!' goes the head-porter—this time with an auctioneer's hammer on one of the tables. Immediately dead silence ensues, and then 'grace' is read by the Preacher of the Inn.

Now we fall to. There is soup, fish, joint, poultry, pastry, beer, champagne, and one bottle of any other wine for each mess; and all for half-a-crown! However, we know the Inn is rolling in wealth, and we feel no compunction as to assisting in the heartiest way to carry on the work of consumption going on in all directions.

Presently comes the rapping of Mr Head-porter again, who now proclaims 'Silence!' and having secured this, there comes another request to the assembly: 'Gentlemen, charge your glasses, and drink to the health of Her Majesty the Queen.' The Treasurer then rises and says: 'Gentlemen, "The Queen;"' whereupon a great and enthusiastic shout of 'The Queen!' bursts forth. There is no more conservative body of men than the Bar of England, nor has the Crown more staunch or more devoted supporters than the gentlemen of the Long Robe. At the same time, no body of men in this country has ever more firmly withstood any attempt to extend the royal prerogative to the injury of the subject. The toast, 'The health of the Queen,' is always drunk at these Bar gatherings with an amount of fervour which betokens strong attachment to the constitution; and on this particular occasion, the intensity and unanimity of the response forcibly reminds one of the discharge of a sixty-eight-pounder!

As a rule, there is no speechifying in Hall, and there is none this evening. The practice is for the Benchers to take dessert in one of their reception-rooms, called 'The Parliament Chamber.' There, all the speeches are made, and the speakers are refreshed by the choicest products of the vineyard which money and good judgment can procure. Who would not be a Bencher?

And now, so far as the ordinary portion of the assembly is concerned, dinner is over. Grace again is said; and the Benchers, with their guests, retire in the order in which they entered. But now there is not altogether that grave air of solemnity about the procession, which distinguished it at its entrance; indeed, everybody looks and feels all the better for the good things which have been partaken of. Neither the distinguished guests nor those of the Benchers who are popular with the Inn are allowed to depart without a friendly cheer; and if some personage happens to be very popular indeed, his name is shouted out in a fashion often bordering on the obtrusive.

The last two members of the retiring procession have now passed through the door of the Hall, and away go also the majority of those who have been dining. A few of the 'Ancients' or senior

barristers are left behind, to finish their wine and their chat; but by twelve o'clock the Hall itself and its purlieus are once more deserted and silent.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XLV.—HIGH PRESSURE.

MADGE reached home in the darkness, and opened the outer door so quietly that she got up to her own room without being observed by any of the inmates. Hat and cloak, were off in a minute, and flung carelessly anywhere—thus marking how completely her mind was distracted from ordinary affairs; for, as a rule, she was careful in putting things away.

Then!—she did not fling herself on the bed, and give way to an overwhelming sense of despair, in the manner of heroines of romance. She sat down; clasped hands lying on her lap, and stared into the darkness of the room, which was luminous to her hot, dry eyes, and wondered what it was all about.

Her engagement with Philip was broken off, and he wished it to be so! Now, how could that be? Was it not all some disagreeable fantastic dream, from which she would presently awaken, and find him by her side? They would laugh at the folly of it all, and be sorry that such ideas could occur to them even in dreams. And that horrible, silent drive to the station; the silent clasp of hands as the train started; no word spoken by either since, in her pain and confusion, she had said 'Good-bye,' and he had echoed it—all that was a nightmare. She would shake it off, rouse up, and see the bright day dawning.

But she could not shake it off so easily. He had said that she was to consider herself free from all bond to him. He wished it—there was the sting—and they had parted. It was a different kind of parting from the one she had prepared herself to pass through with composure. Was it a distorted shadow of her mother's fate that had fallen upon her?

At this she started, and bravely struggled with the nightmare which had weighed upon her from the moment the fatal word 'Good-bye' had escaped her lips. They were not parted—absurd to think that possible. She took blame to herself; she had been hasty, and had not made sufficient allowance for his worried state. Perhaps she had been quickened to anger by his apparent want of faith because she would not reveal what she had promised to be silent about for his sake. She, too, felt distracted at the moment; and want of faith in those we love is the cruellest blow to the distracted mind.

Ay, she should have been more forbearing—much more forbearing, considering how worried he was. And she could see that haggard face now with the great dazed eyes of a man who is looking straight at Ruin, feeling its fingers round his throat choking him. . . . Poor Philip. She had been unkind to him; but it should be all put right in the morning. She would tell Aunt Hussy and Uncle Dick, and they would force him away from that dreadful work which was killing him, and—

And here what threatened to be a violent fit of hysteria ended in a brief interval of unconsciousness.

The door opened, light streamed into the room, and Aunt Hussy, lamp in hand, entered. Madge had slipped down to the floor, and long, sobbing sighs were relieving the overpent emotions of her heart.

'Thou art here, child, and in such a plight!'

The good dame did not waste more words in useless exclamations of amazement and sorrow, but raised her niece to the chair and, without calling for any assistance, applied those simple restoratives which a careful country housewife has always at command for emergencies. The effect of these was greatly aided by the sturdy efforts made by the patient herself to control the weakness to which she had for a space succumbed.

'I'll be better in a minute or two, aunt,' were the first words she managed to say; 'don't fret about me.'

'I shall fret much, child, if thou dost not continue to fret less thyself.'

'I'll try. . . . But there is such sore news. Philip says he is ruined, and that he must—he must . . . because it is Uncle Dick's wish . . . he must.'

She was unable to finish the sentence.

'Say nothing more until I give thee leave to speak,' said Aunt Hussy with gentle firmness; but the tone was one which Madge knew was never heard save when the dame was most determined to be obeyed. 'We have heard much since thou hast been away; and we have been in fright about thee, as it grew late. But though thou wert with friends, I knew that home was dear to thee, whether thou wast glad or sad. So I came up here, and found thee.'

'But the ruin is not what I mind: it is his saying that we are to part.'

To her surprise, Aunt Hussy did not immediately lift her voice in comforting assurance of the impossibility of such a calamity. She only raised her hand, as if to remind her that silence had been enjoined. Seeing that this was not enough, or moved by compassion for the distress which shone through Madge's amazement, she said: 'We shall see about that, by-and-by.'

But Madge could not be so easily satisfied; for something in her aunt's manner suggested that there might be truth in Philip's assertion of the view her guardians would take of the position. He had said they would hold it as contrary to common-sense that a man who had been disinherited by his father and ruined by speculation should keep a girl bound to wait for him till he had retrieved his fortune, or to marry him and share—or rather increase his poverty. That was a cruel kind of practical reason which she could neither understand nor appreciate. If they really intended to insist upon such a monstrous interpretation of the engagement she had entered into with Philip, then she must try to explain how differently she regarded it. The moment of misfortune was the moment in which she ought to step forward and say: 'Philip, I am ready to help you with all my strength—with all my love.'

Only Philip had the right to say: 'No; you shall not do this.'

And there the poor heart sank again, for he had in effect said this: he had told her that he *wished* the bond to be cancelled. That was a very bitter memory, even when she made allowance for his conviction that her guardians expected him in honour bound to make such a declaration. Now, however, she recognised self-sacrifice in his act; and feeling sure that it was love for her which prompted it, took comfort.

Her first idea, then, was to find out what her guardians were to do, and she was about to rise, with the intention of asking her aunt to go with her to the oak parlour, when she was interrupted.

There was first a banging of doors below; next there was a deep voice from the middle of the staircase:

'I say, missus, art up there?'

Before any answer could be given, Uncle Dick presented himself with as near an approach to a frown as his broad honest face was capable of forming.

'So you are here, Madge. Thought as much. I told the missus you could take care of yourself; but a rare fuss you have been making among us, running about here, there, and anyhow, when you know the day for Smithfield is nigh, and ever so many things to do that you ought to do for me. I say that ain't like you, and I'm not pleased.'

While Crawshaw was venting this bit of ill-humour, he stood in the doorway, and as Madge had risen, the lamp was below the level of her face, so that he could not see how ill she looked.

'I hope I have not forgotten anything,' she said hastily; 'you remember the first papers were filled up by—by Philip.'

'They're right enough; but here's a letter from the secretary you didn't even open.'

'It must have come after I went away.'

'Like enough, like enough,' he went on irritably, although the dame had now grasped his arm, and was endeavouring to stop him. 'Away early and back late—that's the shortest cut into a mess I know of.—Where have you been?'

It was evident that the unopened letter of the Smithfield secretary had less to do with his ill-humour than he was trying to make believe. The question with which he closed his grumble suggested the real cause of vexation.

'Quiet thyself, Dick,' his wife interposed. 'Madge is not well to-night, and it makes her worse to find thee angry.'

'Could a man help being angry?' he said, becoming more angry because of his attention being called to the fact that he was so, as is the wont of quick tempers. 'Have you told her about them blessed letters?'

'I have told her that we received them: to-morrow, we can tell her what they are about.'

'I would rather know at once, aunt,' said Madge calmly, as she advanced to Crawshaw, and only a slight tremor of the voice betrayed her agitation. 'They concern Philip; and I should not be able to sleep if anything was kept back from me. He is in cruel trouble, Uncle Dick, and he says you want me to break

off from him, and that has upset me a little, although I know that you would not ask me to do such a thing, when he is in misfortune.'

'Dick Crawshaw never left a friend in a ditch yet, and he had no business to say that of me,' blurted out the yeoman indignantly. Then, checking himself, he added: 'But there's sense in it too. Maybe he wants to break off himself; and I shouldn't wonder, either, if he has heard what that fellow Wrentham says about your goings-on with Beecham.'

'Goings-on with Mr Beecham!'

'Ay, that's it. . . . Come now, lass, tell truth and shame the devil—was it Beecham you went off in such haste to see to-day?'

'I went to see Mr Shield, and saw Mr Beecham at the same time.'

'Then it is true, mother—you see she owns to it,' said Uncle Dick, his passion again rising. 'And you've been writing to Beecham and meeting him underhand.'

'Not underhand, uncle,' she exclaimed, drawing back in surprise and pain. The word 'underhand' assumed the significance of a revelation to her; but even now she did not see clearly the extent of the misconceptions to which her conduct was liable, if criticised by unfriendly eyes.

'You say it ain't underhand! I say it's mortal like it. You never said a word about Beecham this morning, though you must have known that you were going to see him. . . . Come now, did you not?'

He added the question in a softer tone, as if hoping for a negative answer. But Madge evaded a direct reply.

'What is in the letters to make you so vexed with me?' she asked.

'What's in them?—Why, Shield says that Philip has been a fool, allowing himself to be cheated on all sides, and that there's nothing for him but the Bankrupt Court. That's a fine thing for a man to come to with such a fortune in such a short time. But I might have known it would end in this way—it's the same thing always with them that set up for improving on the ways of Providence.'

Uncle Dick was in his excitement oblivious of the fact, that whilst he had cast some doubt on the success of Philip's project, he had approved the spirit of it. Madge did not observe the inconsistency; she was so much astonished by what appeared to be the harsh language of Mr Shield, notwithstanding the assurances he had given to her. But she was presently set at rest on this point by Aunt Hussy.

'Thou art forgetting, Dick, that Shield says he'll see what can be done to put Philip right again.'

Madge was relieved; for in spite of its improbability, the thought had flashed upon her, that Austin Shield might have been deceiving her as to his ultimate purpose regarding Philip.

'That may be,' continued Uncle Dick in a tone of general discontent; 'like enough, he'll spend more money on the lad, if so be as that Beecham hasn't got something against it; and blame me if ever I trust a man more, if Beecham be a knave.—Now you can settle all that, Madge. Seems you know more about him than any of us. Tell us what you know.'

There was no way of evading this request, or rather command; and yet she could not comply with it immediately. She had been told that Philip would be safe if she kept her promise.

'What, will you not speak?' thundered Uncle Dick, after he had waited a few seconds. 'You know that Beecham has to do with Shield, and will say nought!'

'There is nothing wrong about him,' she pleaded.

'Does Philip know you are in league with this stranger, and maybe helping to ruin him?'

'I have not told Philip, but'—

'I don't want your buts—honest folk don't need them. That scamp Wrentham is right; and it's a bad business for Philip, and for you, and for all of us. Think on it, and when you do, you'll be sorry for yourself.'

He wheeled about, and went downstairs with loud angry steps.

There was a long silence in the room; and then Madge turned with pleading eyes to the dame.

'He is very angry with me, aunt,' she faltered.

'I am sorry that I cannot say he is wrong, child,' was the gentle, but reproachful answer.

THE COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS OF THE WHALE.

WHALES are more numerous than is usually supposed—that is to say, there is a greater variety of these giants of the deep than the two or three which are known to commerce; such animals being abundant in all seas, so far as they have been explored. It is not, however, our intention to enter into the natural history of these cetaceans farther than may be necessary to understand their commercial value. Nor do we intend to dwell on the dangers which are incidental to the pursuit of the whale, of which it would not be difficult to compile a melancholy catalogue. Terrible shipwrecks, vessels 'crunched' by the power of the ice without a moment's warning, others run into and destroyed by the animal itself; pitiful boat-voyages, so prolonged as to cause deaths from hunger and thirst; ships engulfed amid the roar of the tempest, and crews never heard of since the day they sailed—these are among the incidents which have from its beginning marked the progress of the whale-fishery; the mortality connected with which has often attracted attention, not only in the icy regions of the arctic seas, but also in those of the Pacific Ocean, in which, all the year round, men pursue the sperm-whale with unceasing activity, at a risk to life and limb only faintly realised by landsmen.

It is 'for gold the merchant ploughs the main;' and there are persons who say that the risks encountered by whale-ships are not greater than those common to most branches of the mercantile marine. 'And if it pays,' say the advocates of whaling, 'why not carry on the enterprise?' But no matter what defence may be offered,

whale-fishing has always been much of a lottery, in which the few have drawn prizes, whilst the many have had to be content with the blanks.

The fortunes of 'whaling' are exceedingly varied: one ship may capture ten or twelve fish; * some vessels occasionally come home 'clean;' while others may each secure from two to half a dozen. We have before us several records of the financial results of whale-fishing, in which the profits and losses among Pacific whalers exhibit some striking differences. One ship, for instance, places at her credit during her voyage one hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars; but to the owners of the fleet of whalers fishing from New Bedford, United States, in 1858, there accrued a loss of more than a million dollars. Again, a Scottish whale-ship from Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, was one season fortunate enough to capture forty-four whales, the largest number ever 'fished' by one vessel. The value of the cargo in oil and bone considerably exceeded ten thousand pounds sterling. One of the largest cargoes ever landed was brought home by the steamer *Arctic* of Dundee, commanded by Captain Adams, one of the ablest arctic navigators. It consisted of the produce of thirty-seven whales, which, besides oil, included almost eighteen tons of whalebone.

The only whales of commerce were at one time the great sperm-whale of southern latitudes, and 'the right' or Greenland whale, both of which are animals of gigantic size and great power, the latter being undoubtedly the larger. No British vessels take part in the sperm-fishery, their operations being confined to the arctic regions. Dundee is now the chief whaling port, sending out annually sixteen ships to Greenland. The Greenland whale, which our British whalers endure such dangers to procure, seldom exceeds sixty feet in length, and is about half that number in circumference. An average-sized specimen will weigh some seventy tons or more, and forms a mass of matter equal to about two hundred fat oxen. One individual caught by a Scotch whaler was seventy-two feet in length, with a girth of forty-five feet, the total weight being reckoned at upwards of one hundred tons. The chief product of the sperm and 'the right' whale—their oil—is of course common to both animals, and is obtained by boiling their fat, or 'blubber' as the substance is technically called.

It is somewhat curious that in both of these whales the head is the portion, size being considered, which is the most valuable. In the sperm-whale, 'the case,' situated in the head, is filled with a substance which is known as spermaceti, and brings a high price. One of these giants of the deep will sometimes yield a ton of this valuable substance, which is found, when the whale is killed, as an oily fluid, that when prepared, gradually concretes into a granulated mass. In the Greenland whale the great prize is 'the bone' with which its head is

furnished, and which at the present time is quoted as being of the enormous value of two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds per ton! The price in America is even higher, the last sales in that country bringing two thousand five hundred pounds. It is only the Greenland fish which yield this valuable commodity. The whale of the Pacific is furnished with teeth; but 'the right' whale has in lieu thereof a series of plates, or laminae, on the upper jaw, which are in reality the whalebone of commerce. The uses to which 'bone' is applied vary according to the demands of fashion, so that within the last hundred years the price has fluctuated exceedingly, and has been quoted from almost a nominal price per ton up to the sum mentioned. At one period, we are told in an American account of the fishery, the rates for whalebone were so low that few whalers would bring any of it home, their space being of much greater value when packed with oil. Threepence a pound-weight was at one time all that could be obtained for it; now the price of bone is twenty shillings per pound-weight. It may be explained that the yield of bone is as eight or ten pounds to each barrel of oil. A vessel which brings home one hundred tons of oil will, in all probability, have on board six tons of whalebone.

There is a special product of the sperm-whale which is of greater value than either spermaceti or whalebone; it is known as ambergris. For a series of years there raged a hot controversy as to what this valuable substance really was, the most extraordinary opinions being offered regarding its origin, composition, and uses. One statement, dated so far back as 1762, says that ambergris issues from a tree, which manages to shoot its roots into the water, seeking the warmth therefrom in order to deposit therein the fat gum of which it is the source. 'When that fat gum is shot into the sea, it is so tough that it is not easily broken from the root unless by the strength of its own weight. If you plant such trees where the stream sets to the shore, then the stream will cast it up to great advantage.' Another authority, Dr Thomas Brown, in a work published in 1686, shows that an idea then entertained was, that ambergris was only found in such whales as had come upon the substance floating in the sea and swallowed it. In course of time it was found that this precious commodity was generated in the whale itself. An American doctor residing in Boston made it public in 1724, that some Nantucket whalers, in cutting up a spermaceti whale, had found about twenty pounds of the valuable substance, which, they said, was contained in a cyst or bag without either outlet or inlet. As a matter of fact, ambergris, which is an important drug, is a morbid secretion in the intestines of the sperm-whale. Captain Coffin, in a statement he made at the bar of the House of Commons, said that he had lately brought home three hundred and sixty-two ounces of that costly substance, which he had found in a sperm-whale captured off the coast of New Guinea. At the time of Coffin's examination, ambergris was of the value of twenty-five shillings an ounce. The Pacific whalers search keenly for this commodity, and large finds of it sometimes bring them a rich reward.

* The whale suckles her young, and is therefore a mammal, and not, strictly speaking, a fish. It is, however, so called by all sailors.

Formerly, it was the oil which rendered the whaling voyages remunerative, and made or marred the fortune of the venture, but the case is now altered, owing to the enormous prices realised for bone. The head of the sperm-whale is equal to about a third of its whole size, and 'the case' yields spermaceti, which commands a high price; but in the case of the Greenland whale, as we have shown, only a comparatively small weight of whalebone is contained in the mouths of each of them; but small as it is, the quantity tends to swell the account and increase the dividends. Whaling ventures are usually made by Companies, and nearly everybody engaged in the hazardous work has a share in the venture—the men being partially paid by a share of the oil-money. Whalers earn their wages hardly. The work—not to speak of the dangers incurred—is always carried on at a high-pressure rate, and is anything but agreeable. The pursuit and capture of a whale are usually very exciting, some of these animals being difficult to kill, even when the boats, after a long chase, come within such a distance of them as admits of striking with the harpoon. Many are the adventures which take place on the occasions of whale-killing; though most of the animals attacked finally succumb. Then begins the labour of securing the prize, and converting the products which it yields into matter bearing a commercial value. The dead whale must be brought either close to the ship, or the ship must be brought close to the whale, which, in the icy waters of the high arctic latitudes, involves a great deal of fatigue, the animal being sometimes killed at a considerable distance from the ship. On some occasions a day will elapse before it can be known that the whale will without doubt become the prey of those who have found it, and several boats may require to take part in the process of killing. As many as four boats may at one time be 'fast,' as it is called, to the same animal—in other words, they have all succeeded in planting their harpoons in the whale. But the harpoon, when shot from a gun into the fish, does not kill it; the putting of the animal to death is accomplished by means of what are called 'lines,' instruments which are used after the animal has been harpooned. After that process is then successfully achieved, the labour of pulling, which may have taken from two to three days to accomplish, is over. Instances are by no means rare where boats have been 'fast' for upwards of twenty hours before the whale was finally hauled aboard.

As the whale is usually dragged to the ship by several boats engaged in its capture. Holes are made in its tail, and ropes being then attached, the laborious process of towing the gigantic carcass commences. Once alongside of the ship, the work of flensing, or cutting-up of the whale, is speedily in operation, all engaged being in a state of ferment, and eager for further work of the same sort. The crew may be likened to those animals which, having tasted blood, long for more. The operation of removing the bone from the head of the whale is first entered upon; this is superintended by an officer known as the 'speactioneer,' and who is responsible for this part of the process. After

the bone has been carefully dealt with, the blubber is cut off the body in long strips, which are hauled on board by means of a block-and-tackle. It is first cut into large squares, in which condition it is allowed to remain till the salt water drains out of it, a few hours, or even a day or two, being allowed, according to the work on hand. The skin is then peeled off, and the mass of fatty matter is further dealt with by being chopped into little pieces, which are stowed away in barrels or tanks, to be brought home to the boileries, in order to be, as we may say, distilled into a commercial product. When the fish has yielded up its valuable products, the flensed carcass is cut adrift. Sometimes the ponderous jawbones are preserved; when that is the case, they are cut out of the head and lifted on board. The strips of blubber vary in thickness from ten to sixteen inches, or even more, according to the size and fatness of the fish. In general, it averages twelve inches all over the body, the thickest portion being at the neck, where twenty-two inches of blubber are sometimes found. The yield of oil is of course in proportion to the size and condition of the animal, and will run from five to twenty tons. A whale caught many years ago by the crew of the *Princess Charlotte* of Dundee yielded thirty-two tons of oil. An examination of some old records of the fishery shows fifteen hundred tons of oil to the one hundred and thirty-five fish of the Aberdeen fleet of eleven vessels; twelve hundred and forty-three tons to the Peterhead fleet of eleven ships (three vessels had been lost), which captured eighty-eight whales and three thousand seals.

In sperm-whale fishing, the process of flensing and disposing of the carcass is much the same as in the Davis Straits' fishery. When the body has been stripped of the blubber, it is thrown loose, and is permitted to float away, to become the prey of sharks and sea-birds which are usually in attendance. In the process of dissecting the great whale of the southern seas, the head is usually the last portion dealt with. It is cut off and kept afloat till required, being carefully secured to the vessel. The valuable contents of 'the case' are brought on board by means of buckets, and are very carefully preserved, being known as 'head-matter.' A large whale of the Pacific seas will yield from seventy to ninety, or even on occasion a hundred barrels of oil. Sperm oil is more valuable than train oil, the produce of the Greenland fish. In a trade circular, we find as we write, 'crude sperm' quoted at sixty-four pounds ten shillings per tun, the other sort being set down as ranging from twenty-seven to thirty-two pounds. But the prices are ever varying according to supply and demand. Spermaceti is offered at about a shilling per pound-weight.

The ships which go whale-fishing from Scotland to the arctic regions make an annual voyage, which lasts from five to nine months; but sperm-whalers often remain at sea for a period of three years. They boil out their oil as they cruise about in search of their prey; or when blubber has so accumulated as to warrant the action, the ship will put in at some convenient island, where the process of melting the fat can be conveniently carried on.

We have no statistics of the number of vessels or men at present engaged in the southern fishery; but the exciting nature of the work being attractive to many persons, crews are never wanting when ships are being fitted out to hunt the sperm-whale. At one period in Great Britain, 'whaling' was an enterprise of great moment, and was encouraged by government, which awarded bounty-money to ships engaged in that particular enterprise. In the earlier years of the present century over one hundred and fifty British ships were engaged in the industry of whale-fishing; by 1828, the number had, however, fallen to eighty-nine vessels, forty-nine of these being fitted out at Scottish ports. In that season, eleven hundred and ninety-seven fish were killed, the produce being thirteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-six tons of oil, and eight hundred and two tons of whalebone. Dundee, as already mentioned, and Peterhead are the principal centres of the British whaling industry, the number of vessels employed by the two ports being between twenty and thirty; but for many years past, some of these ships also make a voyage in the way of seal-fishing, which sometimes proves a profitable venture. The total value of the seal and whale fisheries so far as the Dundee fleet was concerned amounted last year to £108,563; in 1882 it was £110,200; while in 1881 it reached £130,900.

No recent statistics of an authentic kind of the seal-fishery have been issued other than those contained in the newspapers; but from figures before us relating to a period from 1849 to 1859, we find that over one million seals were killed within that time by Scottish sealers alone; and the success of individual crews in the killing of these animals, it may be said, comes occasionally within the realms of the marvellous. The oil obtained from the seals is as valuable as that got from the arctic whales, whilst their skins are also of some commercial importance. It was a happy circumstance that just as whale-fishing began to fall off, gas as an illuminant became common; and although train and sperm oils are still used in various manufactories, and especially in jute-mills, the mineral oils which have been found in such quantity have doubtless served many of the purposes for which whale-oil was at one time in constant demand.

MR PUDSTER'S RETURN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MR SOLOMON PUDSTER and Mr Gideon Maggleby were bosom friends; nor could they well be otherwise. They were both born on the 29th of May 1815, in Gower Street, Bloomsbury; Solomon entering upon the world's stage at an early hour in the morning at No. 69, and Gideon first seeing the light about mid-day at No. 96. At the age of ten, the boys were sent to Westminster School; at the age of seventeen, they became fellow-clerks in the great West India warehouse of Ruggleton, Matta, & Co.; and at the age of four-and-twenty they went into partnership as sugar-merchants in Mincing Lane. At that period they were bachelors; and

being already sincerely attached one to the other, they decided to live together in a pleasant little house in the then fashionable neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square. For years they were almost inseparable. Day after day they breakfasted and dined together at home, and worked and lunched together in the City; and but for the fact that the firm purchased a large sugar estate in Demerara, Solomon Pudster and Gideon Maggleby would probably have never been parted for more than a few hours at a time until death decreed a dissolution of their partnership. The sugar estate, unfortunately, required a great deal of looking after; and at regular intervals of two years, one of the partners was obliged to cross the Atlantic and to remain absent from his friend for five or six months. Solomon and Gideon alternately undertook these troublesome expeditions, and braved the heat and mosquitoes of the tropics; and meantime the firm of Pudster and Maggleby prospered exceedingly; and no shadow of a cloud came between the devoted friends—the former of whom, on account of his being a few hours the older, was declared senior partner in the firm.

But in the year 1865 an important event happened. Mr Pudster and Mr Maggleby ran down by train one evening to see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace; and on their return journey they found themselves in a compartment the only other occupant of which was a remarkably buxom and cheery-looking widow of about forty years of age. The two gentlemen, with their accustomed gallantry, entered into conversation with her. They discovered that she and they had several friends in common, and that she was, in fact, a certain Mrs Bunter, whose many domestic virtues and abounding good-nature had often been spoken of in their hearing. They were charmed with her; they begged, as if with one accord, to be permitted to call upon her at her house in Chelsea; and when, after putting her into a cab at Victoria Station, they started off to walk home, they simultaneously exclaimed with enthusiasm: 'What a splendid woman!'

'Ah, Gideon!' ejaculated Mr Pudster sentimentally, a few moments later.

'Ah, Solomon!' responded Mr Maggleby with equal passion.

'If only we had such an angel at home to welcome us!' continued the senior partner.

'Just what I was thinking,' assented Mr Maggleby, who thereupon looked up at the moon and sighed profoundly.

'No other woman ever affected us in this way, Gideon,' said Mr Pudster; 'and here we are at fifty'—

'Fifty last May, Solomon.'

'Well, we ought to know better!' exclaimed Mr Pudster with honest warmth.

'So we ought, Solomon.'

'But upon my word and honour, Gideon, Mrs Bunter's a magnificent specimen of her sex.'

'She is, Solomon; and I don't think we

can conscientiously deny that we are in love with her.'

'We are,' said Mr Pudster with much humility.

Having thus ingenuously confessed their passion, the two gentlemen walked on in silence; and it was not until they were near home that they again spoke.

'I suppose that it will be necessary as a matter of formal business,' suggested Mr Pudster diffidently, 'for us to call upon Mrs Bunter and apprise her of the state of our feelings. We mean, of course, to follow the matter up?'

'Certainly, certainly,' agreed Mr Maggleby; 'we mean to follow the matter up.'

'Perhaps the firm had better write to her and prepare her mind,' proposed the senior partner, with kindly forethought.

'The firm had better write to-morrow, Solomon; but, Solomon, it occurs to me that the firm cannot marry Mrs Bunter. You or I must be the happy man; and then, Solomon, we shall have to separate.'

'Never!' ejaculated Mr Pudster, who stopped and seized his friend by the hand—'never! You shall marry Mrs Bunter, and we will all live together.'

'Solomon, this magnanimity!' murmured Mr Maggleby, who had tears in his eyes. 'No; I will not accept such a sacrifice. You, as the senior partner, shall marry Mrs Bunter; and, with her permission, I will stay with you. The firm shall write to prepare her mind. Business is business. The firm shall write to-night; and I myself will take the letter to the post.'

Half an hour later, Mr Maggleby handed to Mr Pudster a letter, of which the following is a copy:

14 MINCEING LANE, CITY,
August 4, 1835.

To MRS FERDINAND BUNTER,
Matador Villa, Chelsea.

MADAM—Our Mr Pudster will do himself the honour of calling upon you to-morrow between twelve and one, in order to lay before you a project which is very intimately connected with the comfort and well-being of the undersigned. We beg you, therefore, to regard any proposition that may be made to you by our Mr P., as made to you on behalf of the firm and with its full authority.—We remain, madam, most devotedly yours,
PUDSTER and MAGGLEBY.

'How will that do?' asked Mr Maggleby with conscious pride.

'Excellently well, Gideon,' said Mr Pudster. 'But don't you think that "most devotedly yours" sounds rather too distant? What do you say to "yours admiringly," or "yours to distraction?"'

'"Yours to distraction" sounds best, I think,' replied Mr Maggleby after considerable reflection. 'I will put that in, and re-copy the letter, Solomon.'

'We are about to take an important step in life,' said Mr Pudster seriously. 'Are you sure, Gideon, that we are not acting too hastily?'

'Mr Pudster!' exclaimed Mr Maggleby warmly, 'we may trust these sacred promptings of our

finer feelings. We have lived too long alone. The firm needs the chaste and softening influence of woman. And who in this wide world is more fitted to grace our board than Mrs Bunter?'

'So be it, then,' assented the senior partner.

Mr Maggleby re-copied the letter, signed it with the firm's usual signature, and carried it to the nearest letter-box. When he returned, he found his friend waiting to go to bed, and trying to keep himself awake by studying the marriage service.

On the following forenoon, Mr Pudster, with the scrupulous punctuality that is characteristic of City men, called at Matador Villa, Chelsea, and was at once shown into the presence of Mrs Bunter, who was waiting to receive him. 'I am quite at a loss to understand why you have done me the honour of coming to see me to-day,' said the widow. 'From your letter, I judge that you have some business proposal to make to me. Unfortunately, Mr Pudster, I am not prepared to speculate in sugar. I am not well off. But, perhaps, I am under a misapprehension. The letter contains an expression which I do not understand.'

'It is true,' replied the senior partner, 'that we have some hope of persuading you to speculate a little in sugar; and there is no reason why your want of capital should prevent your joining us.'

'I quite fail to grasp your meaning,' said Mrs Bunter.

'Well, I am not very good at explanations,' said Mr Pudster; 'but I will explain the situation as well as I can. You see, Mrs Bunter, Mr Maggleby my partner, and myself, are bachelors and live together. We find it dull. We long for the civilising influences of woman's society. We are, in fact, tired of single-blessedness. The firm is at present worth a clear five thousand a year. It will support a third partner, we think; and so we propose, Mrs Bunter, that you should join it, and come and take care of us in a friendly way.'

Mrs Bunter looked rather uncomfortable, and was silent for a few moments. 'You are very good,' she said at last; 'but although I am not well off, I had not thought of going out as a housekeeper. The late Mr Bunter left me enough for my little needs.'

'I hope so indeed, madam. But we don't ask you to come to us as a housekeeper simply. Marriage is what we offer you, Mrs Bunter. In the name of Pudster and Maggleby, I have the honour of proposing for your hand.'

'Mercy!' exclaimed Mrs Bunter in some agitation. 'Surely you would not have me marry the firm?'

'I put it in that way,' said Mr Pudster, 'because Maggleby and I are practically one and the same. But I will be accurate. The proposition is, Mrs Bunter, that you should become the wife of—ahem!—the senior partner; and that Gideon Maggleby should live with us in his old sociable way. Excuse my blunt way of expressing myself, Mrs Bunter.'

'Then you, Mr Pudster, are the senior partner!' said Mrs Bunter, with a very agreeable smile. 'I am very much flattered, I assure you; but your proposal requires consideration.'

'No doubt,' assented Mr Pudster. 'The firm is willing to wait for your reply. In matters of business we are never in a hurry.—When may we look for your answer?'

'Well, you shall have a note by to-morrow morning's post,' replied Mrs Bunter. 'I may say,' she added, 'that I have heard a great deal of your firm, Mr Pudster; and that I am conscious that it does me great honour by thus offering me a partnership in it.'

'Indeed, madam, the honour is ours!' said Mr Pudster, bowing as he retired.

No sooner had he departed than the widow burst into a long and merry fit of laughter. Her first impulse was to write and refuse the ridiculous offer; but as the day wore on, she thought better of the affair; and in the evening, after dinner, she sat down quite seriously, and wrote a letter as follows:

MATADOR VILLA, CHELSEA,
August 5, 1865.

TO MESSRS PUDSTER and MAGGLEBY,
14 Mincing Lane, City.

GENTLEMEN—I have decided to accept the very flattering offer which was laid before me to-day on your behalf by your Mr Pudster. If he will call, I shall have much pleasure in arranging preliminaries with him.—I remain, gentlemen, very faithfully yours,
MARIA BUNTER.

'I must fall in with their humour, I suppose,' she reflected. 'And really, Mr Pudster is a very nice man, and almost handsome; and I'm sure that I shall do no harm by marrying him. Besides, it is quite true that they must want some one to look after them. If they go on living by themselves, they will grow crusty and bearish.' And Mrs Bunter sent her maid out to post the letter.

Three weeks later, the widow became Mrs Pudster; Mr Maggleby, of course, officiating as best-man at the wedding, and being the first to salute the bride in the vestry after the ceremony. Thenceforward, for a whole year, the three members of the firm lived together in complete harmony; and the pleasant history of their existence was only interrupted by Mr Pudster's enforced departure for Demerara in September 1866. Mr Maggleby, it is true, offered to go instead of him; but Mr Pudster would not hear of it; and Mr Maggleby was obliged to confess that business was business, and that it was certainly Mr Pudster's turn to brave the mosquitoes. And so, after confiding his wife to the care of his friend, Mr Pudster departed. During his absence, all went well; and in March 1867 he returned to England. But this time the heat had been too much for poor Mr Pudster. His wife noticed that he was looking unwell. Maggleby, with sorrow, perceived the same. Pudster laughed. Nevertheless, he soon took to his bed; and after a long and painful illness, died.

The grief of Mrs Pudster and Mr Maggleby was terrible to witness. Mrs Pudster talked of retiring from the world; and Gideon Maggleby desolately declared that he had no longer anything left to live for. No one, therefore, will be much surprised to hear that towards the end of March 1868, Mr Gideon Maggleby led Mrs Solomon Pudster to the altar.

'Solomon will bless our union,' Mr Maggleby had said, when he proposed.

'Ah, dear sainted Solomon!' Mrs Pudster had exclaimed as she fell weeping upon Mr Maggleby's breast.

SUDDEN RUIN.

In a former paper (April 19, 1884), instances were cited of fortunes suddenly made, not by inheritance or industry, but by what people are pleased to call luck. Cases of sudden ruin are less frequent, for, generally speaking, the wreck of a man's fortune is like that of a ship: some rock is touched; water flows in; frantic attempts are made to lighten the vessel or to steer it into port; and finally, the foundering is slow. The striking upon a rock, however, is commonly with fortunes, as with ships, a sudden accident. It may be the result of careless or incapable steering; or it may be caused by a combination of adverse tides and winds, which no human skill can stem, and which hurry on the ship helplessly to destruction, inevitable, though it is not always foreseen. The rock, in whatever way it may be reached, is the determining cause of ruin; and when we speak of a man having been suddenly ruined, we mean that the calamity which brought him to poverty by degrees more or less rapid, occurred at a time and in a manner which took himself and his friends by surprise.

We are happily exempt in this country from those overwhelming disasters occasioned by political convulsions. Those who witnessed the flight of French ladies and gentlemen from their country upon the downfall of the Second Empire heard tales of misfortune not easily to be forgotten. Senators and prefects who, in July 1870, were living in luxury and power, drawing large salaries, and secure of the future, were towards the middle of September huddling in lodging-houses of towns on the English south coast; and along with them were bankers who had been obliged to suspend payment, and manufacturers and landowners of the eastern provinces who had fled from the tide of invasion, after seeing their factories or fields burnt, ravaged, and overrun by the enemy.

In most of these cases, ruin had been sudden and irremediable, so much so, as to appal sympathising British minds. And yet vicissitudes quite as pitiable had been witnessed in London a few years before—that is, on the Black Friday of May 1866, when, within a single day, hundreds of fortunes were wrecked in the City. For the most part, the people who were ruined on this awful Friday had had no warning of the fate impending over them; and this must needs be so whenever banks or financial companies fail. The credit of these establishments is like a piece of glass, which must remain undamaged, or there is an end to its value. For self-preservation, banks and companies feel bound to conceal their difficulties till these are past mending; and thus it generally happens that whenever a House suspends payment, almost all its customers are utterly unprepared. What this means, we all know, if not from personal experience, at least from misfortunes which have fallen upon persons of our acquaintance. Our country neighbour who lived in such grand style, returns from

town one evening with a haggard face. A few days later it is announced that his house is to let; there is a sale; a notice among the bankruptcies in the *Gazette*; the family quietly leave their home; and from that time, only intimate friends know for certain what has become of them. Perhaps, years afterwards, somebody who knew the neighbour in great wealth, finds him eking out a penurious existence in the suburbs of some large city. Among the hundreds of acres of cheap houses which form the outskirts of London, the people 'who have seen better days' are an unnumbered multitude. Every suburban clergyman and doctor knows some, and generally too many of them; every bachelor in quest of furnished lodgings is pretty sure to stumble upon several people in this plight. Auctioneers and brokers, however, know them best of all, for it is they who play the chief part in the closing act of the drama of Ruin, when the last waifs of former wealth—the pieces of good old furniture, the pictures, china, books, and other such long-treasured valuables, have to be sold off to buy necessities.

One of the most frequent and deplorable agents of sudden ruin is the dishonest partner. No business can be managed without mutual confidence between those who conduct it; and though, when we hear that a commercial man has brought himself within reach of the law, we are inclined to doubt if his partner can have been unaware of his malpractices, yet it must be obvious that the dishonesty of one partner too often arises from the unsuspecting simplicity of the other. There are even instances in which no amount of sagacity will save a man from the enterprises of a roguish partner. The following is a very common case: A and B being partners, A dies, and his son succeeds to his share of the business. So long as A was alive, the speculative tendencies of B were kept in check; but young A has not the same experience as his father; he has learned to respect B; he looks to him for guidance; and if B has made up his mind to extend the business of the firm by new methods, now that he is head-partner, the junior partner will generally be a mere tool in his hands. If young A be more fond of pleasure than business, he will of course be even less than a tool—a mere cipher; and B will be left to manage matters as he pleases, until he succeeds in his schemes, and proposes to buy A out of the business; or fails, and brings A to poverty and disgrace. It is a cruel thing that if B has absconded, A will have to bear the entire brunt of creditors' wrath, and perhaps be criminally punished for his innocence. But partners have learned this lesson so often, that it is almost a wonder how any sane man can assume responsibilities without ascertaining the nature and extent of them. It is certainly not for the public interest that the sudden ruin of an honest partner should be pleaded in extenuation for his ignorance or carelessness.

Let us take some other causes of sudden ruin. We may set aside the destruction of property by fire or flood, as offering examples too many and obvious; nor does the sudden ruin of spend-thrifts by cards or betting call for notice. But the ruin which comes to a man through sudden loss of character in his trade or profession is

always most lamentable, especially when the offence perpetrated was unintentional, and did not appear to call for so heavy a punishment. The chemist who asked to be discharged from serving on the jury in '*Bardell v. Pickwick*' on the ground that his assistant would be selling arsenic to the customers, expressed an alarm in which there was nothing jocular at all. We know of a chemist whose assistant committed this very mistake of supplying arsenic for some other drug, and three children were poisoned in consequence. The chemist was totally ruined. A coroner's jury having brought in a verdict of manslaughter against him, he took his trial at the assizes, and was acquitted. But doctors ceased to recommend him; the public avoided his shop; his appointment as local postmaster was taken from him, and in a short time he became bankrupt. Poisoning by inadvertence has been the ruin of many a chemist, and of not a few country doctors who supply their own medicines.

But we remember an instance of a young doctor destroying his career by means just the contrary of this—that is, by suspecting that poison had been administered, when such was not the case. One of his patients, a lady, who seemed to have nothing worse than a cold, died very suddenly. The doctor had reason to believe that this lady and her husband had been living on bad terms, so he not only refused to certify as to the causes of death, but openly hinted his suspicions that there had been foul-play. At the inquest, however, it was proved that the lady had died from heart-disease; and the reports about her having been on bad terms with her husband were shown to have proceeded from the malicious tattle of a busybody. As a result of this affair, the doctor lost almost all his patients. It was thought that he had not behaved with discretion; and his ruin was consummated by an action for slander brought against him by the widower, whom he had too hastily accused of poisoning.

This action for slander reminds us of another case of ruin which had some comical features, and was in fact related to us in a very humorous way by a French journalist. The gentleman in question had accepted the editorship of a small daily newspaper published in a Belgian city. His salary was to be twenty pounds a month, with free board and lodging in the house of his employer, a notary, who owned the newspaper. Our friend discharged his duties to everybody's satisfaction for about five years, when a bustling young journalist of the locality became intimate with the notary, and pointed out to him that he—the bustling one—could edit the paper quite as well as our friend, and for half the money. Our friend had just applied for an increase of salary; so the notary, with unreflecting parsimony, resolved to dispense with his services, and installed the bustling young man in his chair. But not more than a fortnight afterwards, the Bustling One, either from negligence, or because he had some private grudge to pay off, inserted a libellous paragraph against a banker in the town. An action was instituted. The proprietor of the paper was sentenced to pay a large sum by way of damages, with all the costs of the trial, and

the advertisement of the judgment—filling about two columns of small print—in twenty newspapers of France and Belgium. This heavy fine, the numberless worries attendant upon the action for libel, and the loss of professional status which accrued to the lawyer from the whole thing, proved the death of the newspaper. As our friend remarked: 'I think the notary would have found it cheaper to raise my salary.'

It may happen, however, that to make inopportune demands for an increase of salary will ruin not him who refuses, but him who asks. A case starts to our recollection of a man who had an excellent appointment in the City. He was drawing one thousand pounds a year for work which required some talent, but was pretty easy and pleasant; moreover, he was on the fair way to better things. But he was too impatient. His employers bore with him for a while, and in fact raised his salary four times within three years, for they fully appreciated his services. A day came, however, when they had to tell him plainly that his demands were unreasonable; upon which he stood on his dignity and resigned. He quite expected that he would instantly find in the City another situation as good as that which he had left; but he was not able to get an appointment at so much as half of his former salary. Everywhere his presumption in asking for twelve hundred pounds a year was laughed at; and he soon had to acknowledge to himself that in the former situation which he had so foolishly thrown up he had been most generously overpaid. Deeply mortified, too proud to return to his old employers, who would have been willing to take him back, the misguided man became a City loafer; he tried to set up in business for himself without sufficient capital, and, after a series of luckless speculations, took to drinking, and was no more heard of. This story points a moral, which ambitious young men do not always sufficiently lay to heart—namely, that to resign a good berth before making sure of a better is to run the risk of being left out in the cold. It is by no means a recommendation to a man out of place to have formerly received a high salary and to have served under first-rate employers. All the persons to whom he applies will naturally conclude that he must have left his good appointment for unavowable reasons; and even the best certificates of character from his old masters will not serve to dispel this notion. We knew an unwise young man, who, leaving a good place out of pure caprice, was earnestly advised by his employer to think twice of what he was doing. 'You will find it a positive disadvantage to have served in our House,' said his employer; 'for we are known to be just masters, and nobody will believe that you left us of your own accord.' The young man would not heed the warning; and the upshot was that he had to emigrate, having failed in all his endeavours to get another situation.

The ruin which is produced by business competition does not come within the scope of this paper. Everybody must sympathise with the snug old-fashioned inn which is suddenly brought to nought by the big Railway Hotel, and with

the petty tradesmen who are impoverished by the establishment in their midst of some colossal 'universal provider'; but these are unavoidable incidents in the battle of life. An interesting class of sufferers remains to be specified in persons who own house-property, and find the value of their houses suddenly depreciated by causes beyond their control. Let a sensational murder be committed in a respectable street, and the rents of the houses in that street will probably fall twenty-five per cent.; while the house in which the deed was done will in all likelihood remain untenanted for years. A murder, the perpetrator of which escaped detection, naturally marks a house with almost indelible disrepute; people do not like to inhabit such a place; and the landlord is often reduced to giving up the house at a mere nominal rent to be the abode of some charity. An epidemic, again, will play havoc with the value of houses, by getting a whole locality noted as unhealthy; and this it may be said is the fault of the landlords; but it is not always so. We were acquainted with a gentleman who became possessed by inheritance of a row of houses, as to the antecedents of which he knew nothing. Soon after he had got this property, typhoid fever broke out in one of the houses and spread down the row. The drains were examined, and found in good order; but under one of the houses was discovered a vast cesspool, caused by the drains of two large houses which had formerly stood near the site. The emptying of this pool, the building of new foundations to several of the houses, the laying down of new water-pipes, &c., proved a very costly piece of work, and brought little profit when it was finished; for the row of houses had got a bad name, and years elapsed before the landlord could find good tenants for them even at much reduced rents. This was really a hard case; and the harder because the landlord, being a high-principled man, felt bound to pay substantial indemnities to those who had suffered through the bad condition of his property.

BACK FROM 'ELDORADO.'

It was a scorching afternoon in October, when, with much clatter and racket, cracking of long whips, and a volley of eccentric profanity from the Dutch conductor and his sable satellites, the mule-train of that eminent Cape patriot Adrian de Vos scrambled headlong, as it were, out of the market-place of Kimberley in 'the land of diamonds,' jolted and swung through the 'city of iron dust-bins,' finally disappearing in a cloud of dust adown the Dutoitspan Road.

I may state that I was awaiting the arrival of the 'veldt express' at the little oasis in the desert, dear to all acquainted with the 'Eldorado' of the Cape Colony, by the name of Alexandersfontein. Distant only a few miles from the hot fever-stricken 'camp,' it is blessed with a spacious hotel and—luxury of luxuries—a veritable open-air swimming-bath, together with a meandering brook, which gladdens the eye of the parched, home-sick, and, most likely, disappointed searcher after diamondiferous wealth. I had spent the most part of the day with an Irish surgeon stationed there, who had been

doing his best to persuade me to travel to Cape Town in the orthodox manner, by stage-coach, and not by the 'heavy goods,' as it is termed; but during the last year or so I had roughed it too much to care for a little additional hardship, and I wanted to complete the tale of my experiences in South Africa by personal contact with those unfortunates who from time to time abandoning their last dream of success, cast down and forsaken, broken in health, wealth, and estate, set forth gloomily on the journey back from Eldorado.

We were not altogether without amusement at Alexandersfontein, for, in addition to the attractions of the swimming-bath, there was the mild excitement of vaccinating 'niggers,' brought in at intervals by an Africander scout, the smallpox scare being at the time at its height, and my friend a government officer. Nevertheless, I confess I was glad when a pillar of dust, rising up from the arid road far away to the deep-blue sky overhead, announced that the mule-train was fairly *en route* for us. I am glad now that it was dark when they arrived, because, if I had seen the accommodation provided by that philanthropic conveyor of broken hearts and shattered fortunes to the coast, I think it very likely that I might have declined to obey the order shouted at me through the still, sub-tropical night, to 'get aboard.' As it was, clutching my rifle with one hand, and grasping a leathern port-manteau, destined for a pillow, in the other, I struggled upward over the disselboom, thrust my head underneath a flapping canvas covering stretched over the whole length and breadth of the wagon, and receiving a friendly but rather violent impetus from my friend the surgeon, shot forward into the midst of a conglomeration of human forms, tin cases, deal boxes, ropes, and sacking. I was welcomed with anathemas, apparently proceeding from the internal economy of a 'mealy' bag in the corner. I could hear my Irish friend shouting a last adieu, which mingled strangely with the vociferations of the half-caste driver to his mules; and then, as the whole machine lurched heavily but rapidly forward, I collapsed against the corner of a huge tin case, slid thence into a hollow caused by the merchandise, and thus cramped up in a hole about two feet in width, prepared to pass the night. A dismal lantern, swinging and jolting overhead, threw a sickly gleam around; the keen wind of the karroo whistled past as we pushed onward in the darkness, and forward into the wilderness, leaving behind us the land of untold riches, the wonderful camp with its mines assessed at millions, its busy streets, its citizens with but one aim, the greed of gold—and its quiet burial-place, where hundreds of brave young Englishmen lie, wrapped in that deep sleep to which no dreams of avarice may come.

Our route lay over wide-stretching plains of fine sand, studded with stunted thorn; flanked on either side by lone mountain ranges, whose lofty heads assume fantastic shape of cone, table-land, or pyramid; here and there a miserable watercourse threading its way to the babbling Modder or stately Orange River. A solitary, silent land, where the glad song of birds is

unheard, but the ever-watchful vulture circles overhead; where the sweet scent of flowers is unknown, but the gaunt mimosa stretches out its bare branches, and seems to plead with the brazen skies for a cloud of moisture. Far distant from each other are the white, flat-roofed Boer farmhouses; while midway to the railway centre of Beaufort West lies the quaint Dutch village of Hopetown with its 'nightmare' church; and farther on, Victoria, nestling at the foot of a great brown hill.

Monotonous? Well, truly I tired of the all-pervading sand, of the glare of the fierce sun, of the jolting and bumping of the springless wagon; but there was the abiding excitement of the commissariat question, the occasional sight of a flock of wild ostriches, the rough incidents of the nightly outspan, and, as the cumbrous machine rolled onward over the starlit plain, the exchange of confidences, or the singing of songs to the accompaniment of a wheezy accordion, which one of the party—a miserable little Israelite from Houndsditch—had provided.

I think the most remarkable amongst the 'voyagers' was a tall gaunt man, whose snow-white beard and sunken cheeks bore evidence to the fact that time had not dealt gently with him. He reminded me irresistibly of King Lear; and when camping for the night, he crouched over his solitary pannikin with his hands stretched out, to prevent any disaster to the blazing structure of sticks and 'peat,' his white locks blowing in the wind, and his keen, hard, glittering eye eagerly watching for the right moment at which to insert his pinch of hoarded tea, he presented a mournful embodiment of hopeless failure. He was a lonely, morose man; defeat and disaster had occurred to him so often, that he sought for no sympathy, and expressed no hopes for the future. When the lighter spirits in this storm-beaten company were essaying to laugh at dull care, and even making jests at the bitterness of the divers fates which had overtaken them, he would sit apart with folded arms, now and again muttering to himself, and once surprising me with an apt quotation from a Latin author in the original. I am afraid we were all inclined to laugh at him for his queer ways and solitary habits; but I never did so after one night, when I found him, some distance from our camp, kneeling on the bare sands, his arms tossed aloft to the stars, that shone like lamps in the dark-blue dome of the midnight sky, and his lips babbling incoherently of the wife and children, home and kindred, he had left long, long ago, never to see again in this world, in his thirst for the gold which had lured him from continent to continent.

We had another victim of the gold-mania with us in the person of a bald-headed Irish book-binder. Of all the gentle enthusiasts I have ever met, he was the most extraordinary. He had just returned from a particularly disastrous prospecting trip to the newly discovered gold-field euphoniously termed 'the Demon's Kantoor;' and previous to that, he had made equally unsatisfactory migrations into Swaziland, the Delagoa Bay, and other regions, returning from each of them ragged, penniless, but happy, to recruit his finances with a spell of work at his

trade in the towns, whilst devising some fresh scheme of martyrdom for the cause of the glittering metal that had bewitched him. He was a devout Protestant, and would gravely rebuke any who gave way to the very common colonial vice of hard swearing; and during our halts by the wayside, generally stole away to any available shade, and taking forth from the bosom of his ragged red shirt a book of devotion, would read therein, heedless of the shouts and laughter of the drivers and the screams of the mules; though, to be sure, I have reason to believe that the precious volume contained a good deal about 'the gold of Ophir' and 'the land of Midian.' He admitted, with a genial smile, that he had dug a grave for the fruits of six months' self-denying labour amid the hillocks and boulders of the Demon's Kantoor; but he hoped by about a year's industry in Cape Town to realise sufficient to enable him to penetrate into the Kalahari Desert, where, if he escaped the poisoned arrow of the Bushman, or the slow death from starvation or thirst, he was perfectly certain of finding nuggets of wondrous size, and 'rotten reef' worth fabulous amounts. Indeed, so happy was he at the prospect of his good fortune, that in the fullness of his heart, he sought to raise the spirits of a dark, melancholy young man, by offering to share it with him. But the latter only shook his head and buried his face in his hands, being engaged just then in a retrospect of his fallen fortunes, from which nothing but an occasional fit of assumed reckless levity could rouse him. Poor fellow! He was leaving every farthing he had in the world—the remnant of a noble patrimony—in a worthless diamond mine in the vicinity of Kimberley; and he was haunted with the memory of a golden-haired wife and two blue-eyed children on whom the 'camp-fever' had laid its deadly hand.

As for the light-hearted actor, who, by some strange mischance, had found himself left on 'the Fields' with the theatre closed and the company gone, and had just raised enough by the sale of his wardrobe to 'catch a storm,' as he expressed it, to waft him to Cape Town—he could not understand what despair or earnestness meant. His delight was to astonish the Kaffirs and half-breeds, as they crouched around the fires at night, with extravagant selections from the transpontine drama. He would make their eyes roll and their teeth chatter by holding converse, in sepulchral tones, with the incorporeal air, and then set them all grinning with glee at some fanciful imitation of domestic animals. He was never tired of telling stories of his wanderings, and joined heartily in the laughter at some ludicrous blunder which had for the nonce involved him in ruin. I am afraid he was not very particular as to his method of getting out of scrapes, for he related with great glee how, being deserted by a manager in Japan, he and a brother artist got up an acrobatic performance for the benefit of the natives. As neither of them knew anything about the business, the grumbling was excessive; and the climax was reached when, having attained to some 'spread-eagle' position on the framework they had erected on the stage, and being quite unable to get down gracefully, he let go, and

fell with a crash. 'We then,' he said, 'announced an interval of ten minutes, secured the receipts from the innocent heathen at the "Pay-here" box, and—fled the city!' He had gone to the Diamond Fields, because he had been told he could make 'kegs of dollars' there; and he trusted in chance or good fortune to convey him to Australia.

Despite the coarse food and its coarser preparation, the nights spent upon the ground beneath the wagons, the awful shaking over the mountain tracks, the dust, the thirst, the intolerable heat, there are many pleasant recollections of that memorable excursion. But when I see the young, the hearty, the strong, setting off, in the pride of their manhood, in search of that prize which flattering Hope assures them waits in distant lands for enterprise and courage to secure, I wonder how many will escape the dangers of 'flood and field,' to undertake, broken in spirit, bankrupt in health and wealth, the journey back from Eldorado.

STEEL.

STEEL, we are frequently and emphatically reminded, is the material of the future. Passing from assertions respecting the time to come, let us concern ourselves with the present and the past of the material, and inquire why and wherefore steel should be held up so prominently as destined to make its mark in the future. Every age has stamped for its own not only a certain style of architecture or a peculiar class of construction, but it has also impressed into its service different materials, by means of which it has carried out those designs to which it has given birth. As formerly wood gave place to iron, so now, slowly yet surely, is the use of iron waning before the enhanced advantages accruing from steel in large constructive works. As ductile as iron, and possessed in a superior degree of tenacity, more uniform and compact, it is not a matter of surprise that steel should have largely usurped the position formerly occupied by iron in the engineering and constructive world, or that engineers and architects should gladly avail themselves of such a material in their designs, more especially when they desire to combine the maximum of strength and security with the minimum of weight and mass. So slight is the difference in appearance between rolled iron and rolled steel, that the casual observer will be unable to distinguish between the two substances. A certain amount of experience and skill is requisite before the eye becomes sufficiently educated to appreciate the appearance presented by each material. Nor should we omit to notice a method both simple and expeditious by which all doubts may be set at rest. A drop of diluted nitric acid placed on a piece of steel will at once separate the carbon in the steel, producing a black stain on its surface. On iron, no such effect will result.

The extensive works for manufacturing steel in England, Wales, Scotland, and on the continent, amply testify to the growth and vigour of the industry; and if further proof is wanted, it is supplied by the fact of the conversion of their plant by existing ironworks, to enable them to turn out steel. Such steps—though frequently

producing financial distress, happy if only temporary—show the direction in which the commerce of the present day is moving.

That steel should so speedily overcome the initial difficulties incident to the introduction of every new material, adduces important evidence in its favour. In shipbuilding, for example, the inconvenience and delay occasioned by employing steel side by side with iron presented a formidable barrier to its use, the alternate demand for iron and steel built vessels causing no small confusion in the yards. The gradual and, before long, probable abandonment of iron in this class of constructions, is rapidly enabling shipbuilders to lay themselves out for steel, and steel only. We should not omit to notice the employment of steel plates, one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, for the 'skin' of torpedo launches, a use to which the lightness and tenacity of such plates eminently adapt them.

The effective and systematic manner in which it is now customary in large works to test all steel previous to its despatch, has aided in no small degree to remove the feeling of doubt and uncertainty which was attached to the material on its introduction. There hung around steel an insecurity and a novelty, which, until dissipated, caused a feeling of distrust that might have proved fatal to its extended use, had not precautions been taken by its manufacturers to demonstrate the consistency and reliability of the article they sought to bring into the market. For the purpose of making these tests, a special machine is provided, usually driven by steam. A strip from the plate to be tested is placed in 'jaws' at each end; the machine is then set in motion, the strain on the test-piece being gradually increased until its ultimate tensile strength is reached, and it breaks—a travelling pointer indicating the pressure exerted by the machine on the steel test-piece at the moment of fracture. Thus the ultimate tensile strength per square inch and also the elasticity of the plate under manipulation are ascertained.

In order to check these and similar tests, one or more inspectors are stationed at the manufacturers' works by the government, the company, or the engineer in whose designs the steel is to be employed. The Admiralty employ a number of men to watch the tests of all the steel destined for the royal dockyards; a similar class of inspectors perform a like task, under Lloyd's rules, for the private yards and the vessels of our merchant service; whilst every engineer under whose directions steel is being made places his assistants—their number varying with the importance and extent of the work—to see that these tests are faithfully carried out, that they duly fulfil the conditions he has laid down, and to report to him the quality, quantity, and progress of the material under their charge.

Accurate records are made of every test to which the steel has been subjected, and the results of the behaviour of the material are carefully noted. Hence, should any event occur to call special attention to any particular bar, its history can be traced from the very first to the moment it took up its position in the finished structure for which it was destined.

So rigid and well checked a system of testing cannot fail to command the favour of all engaged

in the design of vessels, roofs, or bridges, and to inspire the general public with confidence in and reliance on this comparatively young member of the material world, daily increasingly impressed into its service, and tending to promote the general well-being and comfort of the civilised world.

THE STRAY BLOSSOM.

UNDER a ruined abbey wall,
Whose fallen stones, with moss o'ergrown,
About the smooth fresh turf were strown,
And piled around the roots—and tall,
Green-ivied trunks, and branching arms
Of beeches, sheltering from the storms,
Within its empty, roofless hall—
There, in a broken sill, I spied
A little blossom, purple-eyed.

I took it thence, and carried far
The plant into a greenhouse, where
I tended it, with blossoms rare,
Until it brightened, like a star
Delivered from a passing cloud,
That hides it 'neath a silver shroud,
Yet fails its loveliness to mar;
Until it ceased to be a wild
And common thing—and then I smiled.

It grew, and thrived; new buds put forth,
And more, and more, and still became
More fruitful, till, no more the same
Meek, lowly child of the far north,
It reared its lordly stem on high,
Climbing towards the distant sky,
As though it deemed its greater worth
Deserved a higher place, and kept
Still reaching onwards—then I wept.

I wept, because I thought the weed
Showed strange ingratitude to me,
And had forgot how lovingly
I nourished it when in its need.
And then the flower bent down its head,
Touched me caressingly, and said:
'Think not that I forget thy deed,
The tender care and constant thought
That in my life this change have wrought.

'Now to the far-off skies I climb,
Because I fain would show thee, there
Is something higher than the care
Of a mere plant, to fill the time
God giveth thee. How, then, my love
For thee more truly can I prove
Than by thus pointing to a clime
Where Hope's fulfilment thou shalt find,
And earthly love to heaven's, bind?'

So, from a tiny seedling, grows
Sweet Friendship's root from year to year,
Nourished alike by smile and tear,
By sun and storm, and winter snows
Of jealousy and blind mistrust;
Through which the deathless plant shall thrust
Its growing flower, until it blows
At last, within that land on high
Where virtues bloom eternally.

F. E. S.

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JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES AND 'LIMITED LIABILITY.'

READERS of newspapers must have frequently observed in the advertising columns of most of the daily journals lengthy prospectuses setting forth in roseate terms the why and the wherefore of various public Companies. These prospectuses are published with the view of inducing investors, or those having capital at command, to embark money in the projected undertakings, the majority of which are new ventures, formed, perhaps, to work a tin or silver mine; to manufacture some patented article; to advance money on land and house property; to conduct banking or insurance business; to construct tramways; to rear and sell cattle on some prairie of the Far West; or some other of the hundred-and-one openings that present themselves for commercial dealings. Indeed, there is no end to the variety of objects that may be selected as fitting media for joint-stock enterprise. The titles of the Companies bear the word 'Limited' tacked on to them. It is the purpose of this article to explain the meaning of the term, and at the same time give a slight general exposition of the law affecting such joint-stock Companies.

A Company of the nature indicated above is simply an association or partnership entered into by a number of individuals—not fewer than seven—who take shares, not necessarily in equal proportions, in the joint-stock of the concern, the main object being the proportionate division of possible profits. When the joint agreement complies with the obligations laid down by statute, and is registered according to law, the subscribers become a corporation, and their Company has a common seal and 'perpetual succession,' to use a legal expression. It is only recently, comparatively speaking, that joint-stock Companies have existed in large numbers. Formerly, the formation of a Company was a difficult and costly operation, as a Royal Charter had to be specially obtained, or an Act

of Parliament passed for the purpose. In the year 1844, however, an Act came into force which enabled joint-stock Companies to become incorporated by registering in a particular way, after certain preliminaries had been gone through. Still the manner of proceeding was inconvenient, and something simpler was urgently required. Business men and investors wanted greater facilities for launching joint-stock enterprises, and for the risking of a certain sum of money, and no more, in such concerns, thereby setting a limit to their liability. According to the old law of partnership, each and every member of a corporation or Company was liable to the utmost extent of his means for the liabilities that might have been contracted on behalf of the undertaking. A recent and peculiarly disastrous instance of this occurred in the ruinous downfall of the City of Glasgow Bank, which with its collapse brought beggary to families innumerable, the various shareholders being liable to their last farthing for the enormous load of debt due by the bank at the time of the crash.

What is now known as 'limited liability' was first introduced in 1855, parliament having slowly moved in the matter, and passed an Act formulating the principle. It was, however, in the year following that 'limited liability' was placed on a firm footing, the previous Act being repealed, and a new one passed, which likewise embodied procedure for what is called the 'winding-up' or dissolution of Companies. Various laws affecting the constitution and proceedings of joint-stock corporations had been passed previously and in addition to those mentioned above; but there being much confusion, through the many separate statutes, a successful attempt was made in 1862 to consolidate the various laws, and 'The Companies' Act' was then passed. This statute is now the recognised code applicable to the joint-stock Companies of the United Kingdom; and new Companies, with few exceptions, are incorporated under its provisions. This general Act also enabled Companies then existent to

register themselves under the new order of things. It may not be generally known that this statute prohibits the formation of partnerships exceeding a given number of partners, unless such associations are incorporated under the provisions of the Act, or by a special Act of Parliament, or by letters-patent—modes so unusual that they may be almost laid out of consideration. It would thus appear that partnerships of individuals in excess of the number set down by law and not incorporated, are illegal. As already stated, a Company must have not fewer than seven shareholders; and not more than twenty people can enter into a business with the object of gaining money, unless legally incorporated, though exceptions are made if the business be mining within the jurisdiction of the Court of Stannaries. The term 'stannaries' refers to the tin mines and works of Devon and Cornwall. If the business be that of banking, the number of persons is restricted to ten. One essential feature of joint-stock investment is that the shares therein may be transferred by any member holding them without the consent of the other shareholders, unless, of course, the rules of the particular Company provide otherwise. Now, in ordinary partnerships, a partner must obtain the consent of his fellow-partners before disposing of his interest in the concern.

All joint-stock Companies, even at the present time, are not incorporated under the Act of 1862. When the object of a proposed undertaking is a great public work, such as the construction of a line of railway, canal or water works, and when compulsory powers are required to purchase land, it is usual to obtain a special Act of Parliament in order to establish the Company and regulate its proceedings. As of old, such an endeavour is difficult and, as a rule, costly to carry through successfully. Difficult from the fact that most schemes of supposed public utility are sure to have a host of opponents, who fight the matter inch by inch. Costly, too, because, if a private bill is opposed in its passage through the Committees of the Houses of Parliament, counsel—who require enormous fees—have to be engaged to defend the interests of the promoters; witnesses to give evidence as to the necessity for the line of railway, water-works, or whatever it may happen to be, have to be sent to London and kept there at much expense; and the solicitors who distribute the expenses retain always a considerable share for themselves. It must not be forgotten, too, that newspapers share to a certain extent in the spoil, as the long parliamentary notices of private bills which appear generally during the month of November in each year have to be paid for at a goodly rate.

After the Act of 1862 became law, a great number of Companies were originated, and each year sees them increasing, though the financial

panic of 1866 was a great check to the promoters of such concerns, and a caution to enthusiastic believers in them. As may be supposed, Great Britain is foremost in this mode of investment; though several continental countries, notably France and the Netherlands, possess many commercial associations based on the plan of limited liability. In the United States, also, the method of limited responsibility has been long adopted. The evil experiences of the 'black year' of 1866 resulted in the passing of a short Act of Parliament in 1867, amending in some degree that of 1862, and affording a certain amount of protection to intending shareholders. These have been supplemented by other Acts, the latest of which passed in 1880. It is far from creditable to our commercial morality that many Companies started of late years have proved to be worthless bubbles, profitable only to their promoters and wire-pullers, and ruinous to the luckless investors. The legislature protects the pockets of the public to some extent; but it remains for intending shareholders in joint-stock Companies to aid themselves, by first inquiring thoroughly into the merits of the undertaking into which they propose embarking capital, and believing nothing that is not put before them in clear, definite, unambiguous language.

Limited liability may be attained in two ways. The shareholders of a Company can limit their liability either to the amount not paid up on their shares—if there be any so unpaid—or to such sum as each may agree to contribute to the assets of the Company, if it should require to be wound up. In other words, the liability may be limited by shares or limited by guarantee. Most Companies are limited by shares. By this it is meant that a shareholder is liable to be called upon to pay, if required, a sum of money regulated by the shares he holds. Once the amount is paid, his liability is at an end, and he need not pay a farthing more, however great the liabilities of the concern may be. To put the matter on a plainer footing. If A B, a supposititious shareholder, take a hundred shares in a limited Company, which has, say, a capital of fifty thousand pounds in ten thousand shares of five pounds each, he of course risks five hundred pounds in the concern, and no more. The whole amount may not be paid up at once; but he is required to make good the sum, should it be wanted. The usual plan in applying for shares in a new Company with a share capital as indicated above is to pay a portion—say ten shillings per share—on application, other ten shillings on allotment, and the remainder of the five pounds by calls of perhaps one pound each at intervals of probably three months. However, the division of the payments depends greatly on the nature of the undertaking; some Companies can be worked at first with a comparatively small portion of the stated capital. If A B has only paid two pounds per share, and the Company in which he is a part-proprietor should unfortunately require to be wound up, he is liable to be called upon by the liquidator in charge of the winding-up to pay the remaining amount, so as to make his shares fully paid up. When the liability is by guarantee, each member of the Company undertakes, in the event of the

concern being dissolved, to contribute a fixed sum towards the assets and the winding-up expenses. This sum being fixed at the formation of the Company, each member knows the utmost sum he will have to contribute, should it prove a failure and liquidation be resorted to. Some financiers think the latter plan of limited liability the better of the two. In Companies constituted in the ordinary manner, it is common to find that all the capital has been called-up, so that if the evil day does arrive, and creditors, growing clamorous, institute proceedings for winding-up, they may find the original capital dissipated and nothing left to satisfy their demands, save, possibly, a worked-out mine and a quantity of old-fashioned or worthless machinery. Now, under the guarantee system there is always a fund, more or less great, available for the payment of liabilities; and this fund cannot be handled by directors or officials, but must remain intact, to be used for its destined purpose. From the creditors' point of view, this is highly satisfactory; but the guarantee system is not likely to recommend itself to shareholders where capital is required to carry on the business.

When a Company is to be started, the first step is the drawing-up of a Memorandum of Association. This document details the name of the Company, its registered office, the objects of the undertaking, whatever they may be, the manner of liability, the amount of capital, and how it is to be divided into shares. Then the persons—not fewer than seven—who are desirous of forming themselves into a Company subscribe their names, stating the number of shares they agree to take. All the law requires them to take is one share each, so that a Company with a very large nominal capital of one-pound shares might begin and perhaps carry on operations with a real capital of seven pounds only, represented by the seven shares issued to the original septet forming the Company. The fixing of a title is comparatively easy, though, of course, it must not clash with that of any existing corporation. Once named, it is seldom that a Company changes its cognomen; still, if desirous of doing so, there are provisions in the Act for enabling this to be done. The registered office of the Company demands some explanation. A registered office of a joint-stock Company may be termed its house or domicile, where legal documents may be served, where the books required by Act of Parliament are kept, and where the association is to be found 'in the body,' so to speak. The place of business or works of the Company may be elsewhere—Timbuctoo, Colorado, or anywhere else, if the Company's sphere of operations be foreign; but the registered office must be in Great Britain, that is, if the corporation is one of British origin. It may be noted that once the office is fixed in any one part of the United Kingdom—England, for example—it cannot be shifted to Scotland or Ireland, though it may be removed to any other place in England. The same rule applies to Scotland and Ireland. Thus, if the office of a Scotch Company be registered as being at Dundee, it could not legally be changed to Carlisle, though it could be removed, should occasion require, to Wick or Edinburgh, or to any other city or town in Scotland.

When the Memorandum of Association is properly settled, it is necessary to consider whether the Company should be registered with Articles of Association or without them. These Articles are the rules and regulations for the management of the Company, the issuing of shares, the holding of meetings, the auditing of books and accounts, and such-like necessary business. Unlimited Companies, and also those limited by guarantee, cannot be registered without special Articles of Association; but for the ordinary class of Companies—that is, those limited by shares—the Act gives a form of Articles which may be adopted by promoters in whole or in part or not at all, and with or without special articles in addition. If these are not adopted, it is necessary to have special Articles for the guidance of the business. After the Memorandum and Articles have been duly signed and witnessed, they are next stamped and taken to the Registrar of Joint-stock Companies. If the registered office is in England and Wales, the Registrar at Somerset House, London, is the proper official to apply to; if in Scotland or Ireland, then the respective Registrars at Edinburgh and Dublin take the matter in hand. Should everything be in due legal form, a certificate of registration is issued, and the Company becomes a corporation.

A Company may begin business as soon as it is registered; but this is not usual, as it is seldom that a sufficient number of shares have been subscribed to afford the requisite capital. To procure this, either before or after registration, the promoters issue a prospectus, stating the objects and prospects of the undertaking, and inviting investors to become shareholders in the Company. It may be taken for granted that the objects and intentions of the Company are set forth in very captivating style, and that the best face is put on the matter, so that those having capital at command and on the outlook for media for investment may be induced to subscribe. The great vehicle for giving publicity to these prospectuses is the daily and weekly press, though thousands of them, printed in quarto or folio, are sent through the post to the private addresses of well-to-do persons throughout the country. If the advertising has had due effect, and a sufficient subscription has been obtained, the directors hold a meeting and proceed to allot shares. Of course, it is not always the case that the shares are subscribed by the public; in fact it is a matter of chance whether they are 'taken up' or not. In the case of a failure of this kind, it is said then that the Company has failed to 'float,' and the heavy preliminary expenses thus fall upon the originators. In allotting shares to subscribers, the directors may accept or reject applications, or allot a smaller number of shares than that applied for; and they are not compelled to allot in proportion to the applicants. Thus A B may get the hundred shares he wanted; while X Y, who likewise desired one hundred shares, only has fifty put down to his name. All these preliminary matters being fairly and squarely gone through, the Company can then proceed to business, though there are various forms to be complied with, the description of which scarcely comes within the scope of the present article.

The beginning of the 'last scene of all, that ends, or may end, this strange eventful history,' is the winding-up proceedings. A joint-stock Company once formed, can only be dissolved by means of 'winding-up.' The general grounds for winding-up may be stated as follows: whenever the Company passes a special resolution to that effect—whenever business is not commenced within a year from the incorporation of the Company, or when business is suspended for one year—whenever the members are reduced below the legal number of seven—whenever the Company is unable to pay its lawful debts—and lastly, whenever the Court deems it just and equitable that the Company should be wound-up. The liquidating or winding-up is generally a tedious process; but it will not be necessary to detail here the varied forms of procedure which come under that head. What has been here set down is simply the A B C of the subject, the varied ramifications of which cover a deal of ground, and occasionally run into many dark thickets, some of them dangerous to creditors, some to directors, but nearly all to shareholders. These last ought always to walk warily, and never, if possible, without full knowledge and the best procurable advice of stockbrokers, bankers, lawyers, and others versed in the mysteries and risks of speculation, whether 'limited' or otherwise.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLVI.—DOWNHILL.

AFTER that dumb leave-taking of Madge at the station, Philip returned to his chambers, passing through the human torrent of Cheapside without any sense of sound, touch, or feeling. The room in which she had so lately stood looked desolate somehow; and yet her visit was like an ill-remembered dream. Only the plaintive voice with the faint 'Good-bye' haunted his ears. The sound was still in them, move where he would.

He tried to shake off the stupor which had fastened upon him as the natural result of narcotics, overstrained nerves, and want of sleep. One clear idea remained to him: so far as Madge was concerned, he had acted as a man ought to act in his circumstances. Dick Crawshay would speedily satisfy her on that score. There was a tinge of bitterness in this reflection; and the bitterness brought a gleam of light, although not sufficient yet to dispel the confused shadows of his brain. It sufficed, however, to make him aware that it was Wrentham's vague whisperings about Beecham, and Madge's strange association with that person, which had urged him to act so harshly. For after all, there was no reason why he should not work his way out of the mess and win sufficient means to make Madge content, however far the position might be below that in which he would like to place her. But the haunting voice echoed its 'Good-bye,' and it seemed as if he had put away the love which

might have sustained him in this time of trial. 'What a fool, what a fool!' And he paced the floor restlessly, repeating that melancholy confession.

He wished Wrentham would come back, so that he might discuss the state of affairs again, and obtain explanations of certain items in the accounts he had gone over during the night. There he was at last, and something particular must have happened to make him knock so violently.

He threw open the door, and Mr Shield entered in his hurried blustering way, bringing with him a mixed aroma of brandy and gin. His bushy beard and whiskers were tangled, and his somewhat bloodshot eyes stared fiercely into space.

'Pretty mess—horrible mess,' he muttered in his jerky manner, as he forced his way into the room and flung his huge form on the couch; 'and I can't get you out of it. I'm in a mess too.'

The surprise at the appearance of Shield, his rough manner, and the announcement he made, roused Philip most effectually from his own morbid broodings.

'You in a mess, sir—I do not understand.' In his bewilderment, he omitted the welcome which he would have given at any other time, and did not even express surprise that Shield should have answered his letter in person.

'You'll get it into your head quick enough.—Give me a drink first—brandy, if you have it. Take a cigar. They're first-rate. Drink, smoke, and I'll tell you.'

He threw a huge cigar on the table, and lit one himself in a furious way. But, in spite of his rough reckless manner, he was watching Philip narrowly from under his heavy eyebrows. Philip having mechanically placed a bottle and glass on the table, stood waiting explanations.

'Light up.' (The command was obeyed slowly.) 'Give us soda. . . . Ah, that's better. Take some—you'll want it to keep your courage up.'

'Not at present, thank you. I should be glad if you would tell me at once the meaning of your strange statement that you too are in difficulties. That fact makes my loss of your money so much the worse.'

'It's bad—bad. Easily told. Think of me doing it! Got into a bogus thing—lost every available penny I had. That's why there is no help for you.'

Mr Shield did not look like a person who had fallen from the height of fortune to the depth of poverty. He drank and smoked as one indifferent to the severest buffets of fate.

'Gracious powers—you cannot be serious!' ejaculated Philip.

'Fact, all the same. Not ruin exactly; but not a brass farthing to come to me for a year or more.'

Philip paced the floor in agitation, unable to realise immediately the horrible calamity which had befallen his uncle. But the severity of the shock had the effect of rousing him to new life and vigour. 'All his misfortunes dwindled to pettiness beside those of his benefactor. He stopped before him, calm, and with an expression of firmness to which the lines made by recent calamities added strength. There

was no more wildness in the eyes; he had suddenly grown old.

'I understand, Mr Shield, that your present position is no better than my own?' he said slowly.

'Not much—maybe worse.'

'It shall not be worse, for whatever I can gain by any labour or skill is yours.'

'So?' grunted Shield as he drank and stared at the man through clouds of smoke.

'Yes, my course is plain,' Philip went on deliberately; 'we must sell the works and material for what they will fetch; they ought to fetch more than enough to clear off the debts.'

'Well?'

'I believed—and still believe—that if you had been able to make the necessary advances, we could have carried the scheme to a successful issue, notwithstanding my blunders. My first mistake was in beginning on too big a scale. That cannot be helped. Now we have to look the ruin straight in the face, and whatever work can do to make you feel your losses less, it shall be done.'

'Don't see how it's to be done,' muttered Shield, as if finding a difficulty somewhere.

'We'll try our best at anyrate; and you will believe, Mr Shield, that I should never have touched the money, if there had ever occurred to me a suspicion that you might some day feel the loss of it. You will remember that I always understood your wealth to be almost unlimited.'

'My wealth never was, and isn't likely to be. Been a mighty fall in diamonds lately.'

'Well, I understood so.' (The emphasis on the 'my' was not observed by Philip.) 'However, I hope you agree to accept the only return I can make for all your kindness to me.'

'Don't see how it's to be done,' growled Shield, again finding a difficulty somewhere.

'We must find that out, sir,' said Philip with quiet resolution.

'Got to find your way out of this mess first. The works won't bring half enough to clear off your debts. You've been cheated all round—paying the highest price for rubbish'—

'Impossible!' interrupted Philip. 'Wrentham may have made mistakes; but he is too much a man of business to have done that.'

'Fact it was done, all the same. Then there's no time to turn round. That bill you drew on me falls due in a week or so.'

Philip had been about to say, 'Wrentham must account to us, if the materials have not been according to sample and order;' but Wrentham was driven from his mind by the last sentence, which Shield jerked out before any interruption was possible.

'Bill!—What bill?'

'The one for six thousand—your brother Coutts discounted it, and' . . . Here Shield made a long pause, looking steadily at Philip . . . 'but it was not signed by Austin Shield.'

The huge fist came down on the table with a thump that made the glasses rattle and the lamp shake. Philip stared for an instant, thunder-stricken by this new revelation. He recovered quickly, and gave a prompt answer.

'If there is such a bill—I did not sign it either.'

Then they glared at each other through the smoke. Shield's face with its shaggy hair always looked like that of a Scotch terrier, in which only the eyes give a hint of expression. Suddenly his hand was thrust out and grasped Philip's with hearty satisfaction.

'Right! Was sure of it without a word from you; but your brother is not sure that your signature is not genuine.'

'Did he say so?' (How the pale cheeks flushed with indignation at the thought that Coutts should admit the one signature to be a forgery, and doubt whether his was or not.)

'Didn't say it—looked it,' answered Shield with jerky emphasis.

'When did you see him?'

'Yesterday.'

'Why did he not come to me then, as soon as he had seen you?'

'Don't know'—but there was a low guttural sound, as if Shield were inwardly chuckling with self-congratulation that he understood very well why Coutts had chosen to go to him and not to his brother.

Philip was annoyed and puzzled by this curious transaction. He had always regarded his brother as such a keen trader, that it was difficult to understand how a mistake of this magnitude could be made by him.

'Did he say how he came to deal with a bill for so large an amount without mentioning it to me?'

'Says he took it in the ordinary way of business from your manager Wrentham. Had no reason to doubt its genuineness till afterwards when he came to compare signatures. Then he called on me.'

'Wrentham!' Philip started to his feet. 'Can the man have been cheating me all along?'

'Looks like it.'

'He ought to be here now. I'll send for him'—

'Stop! There's more in the affair and more to be got out of it than we see at this minute. We have more than a week to work in. Let's work.'

'Willingly; but in this matter we have nothing more to do than repudiate the forgery, and leave Coutts and the police to settle with the forger.'

He felt bitter enough towards Coutts to have little regret for the loss which was about to fall on him. He would have felt still more bitter if he had known how eagerly Coutts had made use of this forged bill to endeavour to ingratiate himself into the place which Philip held in their uncle's estimation.

Wrentham had assured Coutts, and given him what appeared to be conclusive evidence, that Shield had realised fabulous sums out of the diamond fields, and had it in his power to realise as much more if he chose to work the ground. The greedy eyes of Coutts Hadleigh had gleamed with wild fancies suggested by these disclosures of the man who had been for a time one of Shield's London agents; and who must therefore be able to speak with certainty of his affairs; and the greedy brain had been for months busy devising schemes by which he might win the rich man's esteem and confidence, with the prospect of a share, at least, of his possessions. This

forged bill afforded him the opportunity he desired, and he made the most of it without committing himself to any definite charge against his brother.

The cleverest men are apt to judge others in some degree by reflection of their own natures, and so go wide of the mark. Coutts tried to reach the good-will of Mr Shield through his pocket; and he went wide of his mark. He was, however, at present happy in the idea that he had scored a bull's-eye.

'That all you see to do?' queried Shield after a pause, during which he watched Philip.

'So far as the forgery is concerned, that is all.'

'Ah. . . . I see more. Maybe we can get back a little of the waste. No saying. Worth trying. Anyhow, we can have a grin at the beggars who thought us bigger fools than we looked. That's what we've got to work for.'

'I don't quite see what advantage we are to obtain in that way.'

'Clear enough, though. We recover a part of what is lost—maybe the greater part. Don't give Wrentham or your brother a hint till you see me again. Go on with your arrangements as if you had heard nothing.'

'Very well, since it is your wish. Meanwhile, I shall get another bed fitted up here, so that you can occupy it as soon as you are obliged to leave the hotel. We'll manage to keep on the chambers somehow.'

'All right,' said Shield, nodding his head heavily. 'But you don't know what you are bringing on yourself. I'm fond of that.'

He pointed with his cigar to the brandy bottle. Philip gave his shoulders an impatient jerk; he had no need for this confession.

'I hope not too fond, sir; although it is easy to understand how a man leading such a solitary life as yours has been may contract the habit of looking for comfort from that false friend. But if it be so, then it is better you should be with me than with strangers.'

'Kind—very kind. I thank you. And now that I've given you all this bad news, here's a bit of good news. Found an old friend of mine—takes interest in everything. Says he'll make an offer for the works if on investigation he finds anything practicable in your scheme. More; if he finds that your failure is not due to negligence, he'll make you an offer for your services as manager of some sort.'

This was indeed good news, and Philip's eyes brightened with pleasure; but his first thought was for others.

'Then we shall not starve, uncle,' thank heaven; and if your friend has capital enough, I may see my project carried out under my own direction yet.'

'Maybe. Don't be too jolly over it. Beecham's a crotchety cur, and may change the whole thing.'

'Beecham!—Is he the friend you mean?'

'Yes. Says he knows you, and rather likes you.'

'He is very kind,' said Philip coldly; 'but there is a possibility of our not agreeing if brought into frequent contact.'

'No fear of that, no fear of that.—I'm off. Good-night.'

But before going off, he helped himself from the brandy bottle again; then, without the slightest indication of unsteadiness, strode out of the room and got into the hansom which was waiting for him.

PENCIL-MAKING.

At the head of the beautiful valley of Borrowdale lies the little hamlet of Seathwaite. Near a clump of historic yews, six or eight whitewashed cottages nestle, a favourite haunt of artists, and the one solitary place in England where plumbago is to be found in absolute purity. Here the mountains converge on either side, until Glaramara at last fills the gap and closes in the vale. Travellers who wish to proceed farther, must go, either on horseback or on foot, over Sty Head Pass, and so into Wastdale, or past Scafell, into Langdale. Secluded little spot in Cumberland as this is, its hidden treasure was well known to our ancestors at least two hundred years ago; nor did any sentimental ideas of spoiling the lovely scenery deter them from mining into the mountain-side in search of that peculiar form of carbon commonly known as blacklead, plumbago, or graphite. The first and by far the most generally used of these names is a decided misnomer, for although there are many lead-mines in Cumberland, plumbago contains no trace of lead, but is one of the two crystallised forms in which carbon exists; the other being the diamond. Plumbago as found here lies in nests or pockets—or *sops*, as they are locally named. These sops are cavernous holes, varying in size from a few cubic inches to several cubic feet, and occur in the solid rock, resembling on a large scale what are known as air-holes in iron castings. The miners follow certain veins of granite as a guide to the sops, and come upon them suddenly in the heart of the mountain. It is in these that the plumbago—or *wad*, as the workmen call it—is found, in the form of black lumps, just like eggs in a nest. Some pieces are as small as peas, and others as large as big melons. How that plumbago came there, is a great puzzle to geologists. Odd pieces have been occasionally turned up by husbandmen whilst delving the ground; but it is probable that these were originally imbedded in the rocks, masses of which, having become detached by frost and rain, fell into the valley, and in their descent were broken up, and so laid bare the plumbago that was inside.

Owing to its power of standing great heat, our forefathers used plumbago for crucibles, a large portion being sent to the Mint for operations connected with coining. Pencils were also made of it; and people who have been accustomed to hear of Cumberland lead-pencils, may imagine that they are yet; but it is a mistake. A drawing-pencil made of this virgin graphite cannot be manufactured to cost less than a shilling; and who, except for some exceptional work, would give such a price? The scientific

chemist has stepped in and supplied a cheaper article. Conté, a Frenchman, about the end of last century, was the first to suggest a substitute, or rather a partial one; and since then, his idea has been step by step worked out and perfected, until to-day we are able to produce a commercial pencil at the wholesale price of less than one farthing. Even crucibles are now rarely made from it; so that, what with one thing and another, the Borrowdale mine has been closed for the last five years. Many of the visitors suppose that the stoppage of the works is caused by the mine having been exhausted. This, however, is a mistake, as there is every reason to believe that there are yet very large quantities of plumbago in the rock; but the cost of production, and the discovery of cheaper substitutes, render further mining impracticable as a commercial undertaking.

To give an idea of the difference in value of plumbago—the last lot from this mine sold in London brought thirty shillings per pound; and it has been known to sell for one hundred and sixty shillings; whilst the price at present for best foreign is about forty shillings per hundred-weight, or, say, fourpence per pound. Inferior qualities, such as are used for blackleading grates, &c., can be bought much cheaper. Foreign plumbago is chiefly imported from Ceylon and Bohemia, where it is found in veins in large quantities; but as this kind cannot be used for pencils in its crude state, it has to be 'manufactured.' This is done largely at Keswick; so that, after all, when a purchaser buys a 'best Cumberland pencil,' he is not altogether deceived; for although the blacklead does come from Ceylon and the cedar from Florida, were they not first introduced to each other by the Keswick workman, toiling at his bench in the water-turned mills on the banks of the Greta? The Borrowdale graphite varies much in degree of hardness; consequently, in the old days when it was made into pencils, each lump was tested and sorted according to the depth of colour it produced on a piece of paper. The classification was from H.H.H. or very hard, to B.B.B.B. or very soft and black. The graphite was then sawn by hand into strips, which were inserted into a slot or groove in the wood, and the whole glued together and turned in a lathe into a pencil. The method of to-day is quite different, and there being great competition in this trade, speed combined with good work is the principal end to be attained to bring the cost as low as possible.

The three mills at Keswick employ about a hundred workpeople, males and females. The men earn on an average about twenty-five shillings per week, and the women about twelve. The blacklead—we are now speaking of imported plumbago—is first crushed and then mixed with what is technically called a *binding*, the composition of which is a trade secret and varies at each mill. Its purpose is, as the term denotes, to give a glutinous consistency to the powdered plumbago and also to add to the blackness of its

marking qualities. Lampblack, sulphuric acid, gum-arabic, resin, and several other substances are used in this binding. The whole is worked into a pulp between revolving stones. It is then partially dried and again crushed. Whilst in this half-dry state, it is forced through a mould under considerable pressure. These moulds are of various sizes, from a very big one a quarter-inch square, used for fancy walking-sticks—a mere catchpenny, and purchased only by tourists as mementoes—to the little round ones used for putting into pencil-cases and which are called 'lead-points.' The intermediate sizes are known as Carpenters, Drawing, Pocket-book, and Programme. A workman receives the thin strip of blacklead as it is slowly forced through the mould, and at intervals breaks it off, carefully placing it on a board between pieces of wood. By this means a large quantity can be kept without fear of damage. When sufficient is moulded to compose a baking, the oven is heated; and these long slips, which are exactly the size of the lead in a pencil, are cut into lengths of about four inches, and packed with care in cast-iron crucibles. These are then put into the oven, and allowed to remain at a red heat for two hours. When gently cooled, the leads are ready for pencils.

In another part of the manufactory, a different kind of work is going on—that of preparing, or rather working the wood, for it undergoes no change but that of shape. Cedar is universally used, except in very low qualities and carpenters' pencils. Most of this wood comes from America; and Florida is one of the largest exporting States. The chief reasons for using cedar are—that it is easily worked, is soft, straight-grained, free from knots, and is sweet-scented. An eminent firm of toilet-soap makers have taken note of this last quality, and purchase all the cedar sawdust that is made in these pencil-mills. A minimum of waste is one of the sure signs of an advanced civilisation. Many and various circular saws reduce the cedar logs into strips of two sizes—one, about thirty inches long, an inch and a quarter wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick; the other, of the same dimensions, but only half the thickness. These are examined; and any having defects, such as knots, cracks, &c., are laid aside, to be used in shorter lengths, the bad places having been cut out. The thicker or three-eighth-inch strips are then passed through the grooving-machine, which cuts out three perfect and clean grooves up the whole length. These are now ready to receive the strips of lead, which are first dipped in glue and placed by girls into the grooves, which they exactly fill. The wood has now the appearance of having three black lines running parallel along the whole length. This surface is then brushed over with hot glue and the thinner strip placed firmly on it. If any pencil is looked at closely, the joining of these two pieces will be easily noticed. The whole is placed, with many similar ones, in a frame, where they are pressed firmly together until the glue has quite set.

It will be understood that now each piece is composed of two strips of wood, firmly glued together, inside which, three grooves, filled with plumbago composition, run from one end to the other—about thirty inches, or sufficient to make

four pencils to each groove—that is, twelve pencils in all. The length of a finished pencil is seven inches. These pieces are then taken to a very curious machine and passed twice through. The first time, the top surface is ploughed from end to end into what resembles three distinct semicircular ridges; the piece is then turned, and the other side treated in a similar manner. The result of this second ploughing is that three perfectly circular and entirely separate lengths are seen to emerge from the machine. On examining any one of these, it will be found to be a pencil thirty inches long, having the vein of blacklead exactly in the centre. This is an American invention, and has done much to reduce the cost of the modern pencil.

The pencils, however, have to pass through many hands before they can claim to be finished. Women rub them with fine sand-paper, other women varnish and polish them, and then they are cut by a circular saw into seven-inch lengths. For the first time, they could now be recognised by a child as pencils. A thin shaving is taken off each end, which gives them a finished appearance and causes the lead to shine, as the saw does not cut clean enough for a fastidious public. Lastly, the pencil is stamped, not necessarily always with the maker's name, for nowadays he occasionally sinks his individuality for the purpose of selling his wares; and for an order of a gross, some makers will stamp any village stationer's name on each pencil.

MR PUDSTER'S RETURN.

CHAPTER II.

MR GIDEON MAGGLEBY had been married rather less than two-and-twenty hours, when at about nine o'clock on the morning of March 23, 1868, he walked into the room in which he had so often breakfasted and dined with his late friend and partner, Solomon Pudster. Mr Maggleby, who was pre-eminently a man of business, had not seen fit to go to the Isle of Wight or to Paris to spend his honeymoon; and Mrs Maggleby, who was nothing if not a woman of sound sense, had loyally accepted the decision of her third lord and master. They had agreed to stay in town, and not to allow their new happiness to interfere with their material interests in Mincing Lane. Mr Maggleby had determined, however, to make a holiday of the day after his wedding; to stay at home in the morning with his wife, to escort her to Madame Tussand's in the afternoon, and to take her to the play in the evening.

With this comfortable programme in his mind's eye, Mr Maggleby came down to breakfast in his flowered dressing-gown. Mrs Maggleby, he knew, would not be many minutes behind him, and he therefore rang the bell for the coffee, and turned lazily towards the table, upon which lay two piles of letters. The smaller heap chiefly consisted of missives addressed to Mrs Pudster, for the marriage of the previous day had not as yet been noised abroad in the country, and Mrs Maggleby had several female correspondents who communicated with her much more often than she communicated with them. The larger bundle

was made up of letters addressed either to Mr Maggleby or to Messrs Pudster and Maggleby, the letters to the firm having been already brought down from Mincing Lane by a confidential clerk.

It was a chilly morning; and Mr Maggleby, with the letters in his hand, sank into an easy-chair by the fireside, and then began to polish his spectacles. But ere he had time to complete that operation, one envelope attracted the attention of his not very dim-sighted eyes. It bore the post-mark 'Plymouth,' and was addressed in a familiar hand-writing. Without waiting to put on his spectacles, Mr Maggleby seized this envelope and tore it open. For an instant he stared at the letter which it contained; then he turned white, and fell back with a groan. But Mr Maggleby was a man of considerable self-command, and he soon partly recovered himself.

'Maria must not see me in this agitated state,' he murmured, as he rose. 'I shall go back to my dressing-room, and decide upon some plan of action before I face her.' And with unsteady steps, he quitted the dining-room, taking with him the letter that was the cause of his emotion.

Almost immediately afterwards, a servant entered with the coffee and some covered dishes, which she set upon the table; and no sooner had she withdrawn than Mrs Maggleby appeared. Mrs Maggleby looked blooming, and was evidently in capital spirits. She caught up her letters, sat down smiling in the very easy-chair from which her husband had risen a few minutes earlier, and began to read. The first letters to be opened were, of course, those which were addressed to her in her new name. They contained congratulations upon her marriage. Then she attacked the envelopes that were addressed to Mrs Pudster. One contained a bill; another contained a request for Mrs Pudster's vote and interest on behalf of Miss Tabitha Gabbles, a maiden lady who was seeking admission into the Home for the Daughters of Decayed Trinity Pilots; and a third brought a lithographed letter from the Marquis of Palmyna, imploring the recipient to make some small subscription to the funds of the Association for the Encouragement of Asparagus Culture in the Scilly Islands. There were also letters from Miss Martha Tigstake and Mrs Benjamin Bowery, dealing with nothing in particular and with everything in general; and finally there was a letter bearing the post-mark 'Plymouth.' Mrs Maggleby opened it carelessly; but a single glance at its contents caused her to start up, grasp convulsively at the mantelpiece, utter an exclamation, and tremble like a leaf.

'Poor Gideon!' she said. 'What a fearful blow! He mustn't see me in this agitated state. I shall go up-stairs again, and decide upon some plan of action before I face him.' And Mrs Maggleby, letter in hand and pale as death, quitted the room, leaving the coffee and the eggs and bacon and the crumpets to get cold.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Mr Maggleby ventured down-stairs again. He was dressed as if to go to the City, and in his hand he held a letter which bore the simple address, 'Maria'

This letter he laid upon his wife's plate. It was worded as follows:

MY DEAREST LIFE—I am suddenly and unexpectedly summoned to Mincing Lane on business of the greatest importance. I do not know exactly when I shall return, but you must not be anxious.—Yours devotedly, GIDEON.

Mr Maggleby hastily seized a tepid crumpet, and without the formality of seating himself at the table, devoured the clammy dainty. Then, hearing his wife upon the stairs, he rushed like a madman from the room, and an instant afterwards, left the house and quietly closed the front-door behind him.

Mrs Maggleby, whose face bore traces of recent weeping, entered the dining-room as if she expected to find the place tenanted by a ghost. Discovering, however, that it was empty, she resumed her seat by the fire, and, with an hysterical outburst, buried her head in her hands.

'Poor dear Gideon!' she sobbed. 'What will become of him and me? We shall be imprisoned for life; I know we shall. The house will have to be shut up; the business will go to ruin; the servants will have to know all. Oh, it is too terrible! But I must compose myself. Gideon will be coming down, and I must be prepared to break the news to him;' and with great self-command, Mrs Maggleby wiped her eyes and seated herself at the table. As she did so, she caught sight of her husband's note, which she eagerly opened.

'He has gone!' she exclaimed despairingly, when she had read it. 'I am left alone to bear the trial!—Ah, Gideon, you little know how cruel you are. But I must follow you. We must concert measures at once.'

Once more she went up-stairs. She put on her bonnet and cloak; she covered her flushed face with a thick veil; and without saying a word to any of her servants, she left the house, and made the best of her way to the nearest cabstand.

Meantime, Mr Maggleby had been driven to his place of business in Mincing Lane. He entered his office, and sat down as if dazed, in his private room. Hearing of his principal's unexpected arrival, the head-clerk, Mr John Doddard, almost immediately appeared. He too was scared and breathless.

'Read, sir, read!' he gasped as he thrust an open letter into Mr Maggleby's hand.

Mr Maggleby mechanically took the letter, and read aloud as follows:

On board S.S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.

DEAR MR DODDARD—As you are probably not expecting me, I send a line ashore to let you know that I hope to return in time to be at business at the usual hour on Thursday. Please take care that there is a good fire in my private room, as a visit to Demerara always, as you know, renders me particularly sensitive to cold and damp. I am writing to Mr Maggleby. We have had a capital voyage so far, but the weather in the Channel threatens to be rather dirty. I shall land at Gravesend; and if you can find out when the *Camel* is likely to be there, you may send down some one to meet me.—Yours faithfully,
SOLOMON PUDSTER.

'I knew it!' ejaculated Mr Maggleby. 'I have just received the letter that he speaks of.'

'What does it all mean?' asked Mr Doddard. 'I seem to be dreaming, sir. We buried poor Mr Pudster eight months ago, didn't we?'

'So I thought,' murmured Mr Maggleby vaguely. 'But this letter is certainly in his handwriting. And look at the post-mark. There it is, as plain as possible: "Plymouth, Mar. 22, 1868." That was yesterday; and to-day is Wednesday, March 23d.—Just read my letter, Mr Doddard!' and he pulled from his pocket a missive, which he handed to his clerk.

Mr Doddard read as follows:

On board S.S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.

MY DEAR GIDEON—Here I am almost at home again. I fancy that you didn't expect to see me just at present; for I wasn't able to write to you before we left Demerara; so, as we are now sending ashore here, I post you a few lines to prepare you for the surprise. It is, as you know, quite unusual for vessels of this line to call at Plymouth, and therefore I haven't time to send you a long letter; though, if we also call at Southampton, I will write again from there. I have told Doddard to send some one to meet me at Gravesend; let him take down any letters that you may want me to see at once.—Yours affectionately,
SOLOMON.

'Well, I never did!' cried Mr Doddard. 'Yet I could swear to Mr Pudster's handwriting anywhere. It is a terrible thing for a man who ought to be lying quietly in his coffin to come back like this, and upset every one's calculations.'

'You are certain about the handwriting?' asked Mr Maggleby anxiously.

'Quite certain!' replied Mr Doddard. 'What a frightful thing for poor Mrs Pudster!'

'Mrs Maggleby, you mean!' said Mr Maggleby. 'Yes. I don't know how to break it to her. It's a case of bigamy; isn't it?'

'Let us hope for the best, sir. Mr Pudster won't prosecute, I fancy, considering the peculiar character of the circumstances. It's his fault. That's my opinion. I could swear, even now, that we buried him. He must have revived in his coffin, and been dug up again by the grave-diggers; and must then have gone over to Demerara, in order to avoid shocking his poor wife.'

'I wonder our Demerara agents didn't say something about it when they wrote by the last mail,' said Mr Maggleby.

'Oh, of course he kept them quiet, sir. But it's a cruel case—that's all I have to say. And though I have known Mr Pudster these thirty years, and liked him too, I don't hesitate to say that he's not behaving straightforwardly in this piece of business.'

'Hush! Wait until you know of his motives,' said Mr Maggleby.

'He can't excuse himself, sir, I tell you,' rejoined Mr Doddard warmly. 'If he comes back, I go. So there! And I say it with all respect to you, sir. When a man's once dead, he's got no right to come back again. It isn't natural; and what's more, it isn't business-like.'

The bitterness of Mr Doddard's remarks in this connection may be partly accounted for by consideration of the fact that Mr Maggleby had a few days previously announced his intention of taking the head-clerk into partnership at an early date. Mr Pudster's return would of course knock this project on the head.

'Well, Doddard,' said Mr Maggleby, 'we can't mend matters by talking. We can only wait; and perhaps, when we see Mr Pudster, we shall find that'—

But Mr Maggleby's philosophical remarks were suddenly cut short by the unexpected arrival of Mrs Maggleby upon the scene. She rushed into the private room, stretched forth a letter, and fell sobbing upon her husband's neck.

Mr Maggleby placed his wife in a chair, opened a cupboard, gave her a glass of wine, took the letter, and read it. Like the others, it was dated from on board the *Camel*, off Plymouth. 'MY OWN DEAREST WIFE,' it ran—'In a few hours from this I shall, I hope, be with you once more, never again to leave you. I ought to have already apprised you of the probable date of my return; but at the last moment before starting, I had no opportunity of writing. How glad I shall be to see you! My long absence has been a great trial to me, and I feel sure that it has also tried you; but it is now almost at an end. I will, if possible, write again from Southampton, and tell you exactly when to expect me. The sea in the Channel is so rough that at present it is difficult to say when we shall get into the river.—Your ever loving husband, SOLOMON.'

'It is most painful!' gasped Mrs Maggleby. 'What can we do, Gideon? You must manage to meet Solomon at Gravesend. Look in the newspaper, and see whether the *Camel* has been signalled yet. He must hear first of what has happened either from my lips or from yours; and I am really not well enough to go myself. I thought that he was lying cold in his coffin. Oh, that I should have committed bigamy! I ought to have remained faithful to his memory. This is my punishment. But he must—he shall forgive me.'

Mr Doddard had gone into the outer office, and had sent a clerk for a copy of the *Times*. With this he now returned; and the paper was opened on Mr Maggleby's table, and eagerly scanned for news of the *Camel*.

'Here we have it!' said Mr Doddard at last. '"Steamship *Camel*, from Demerara to London, with cargo and passengers, was signalled off Dover at one o'clock this morning."—Then Mr Pudster will be at Gravesend in an hour or two, sir.'

'Go, Gideon, go!' exclaimed Mrs Maggleby. 'Lose no time. Take a special train if necessary. Tell him all, and implore his forgiveness.'

'Yes, I think I had better go, Maria,' said Mr Maggleby. 'I will send a clerk home with you, and will telegraph to you as soon as I see your—your late husband. In the meantime, try to be calm. Please tell them to call a cab, Doddard.'

Mr Doddard returned to the outer office, and despatched a messenger for two cabs. Mr Maggleby handed Mrs Maggleby into one of them, and a clerk followed her. Then the unfortunate man went back for a moment to his private room to study Bradshaw on the best and

speediest route from London to Gravesend. There was a train at a quarter past eleven. It was then a quarter to eleven.

'And when will he be at Gravesend?' asked Mr Maggleby.

Mr Doddard turned again to the *Times*. But instead of at once lighting upon the shipping news, his eye fell upon a paragraph that occupied a not very conspicuous position at the foot of the page. Suddenly he uttered a cry.

'What's the matter, Doddard?' demanded Mr Maggleby, who was rapidly growing impatient.

Mr Doddard replied by bursting into a paroxysm of laughter. 'By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'this is too ridiculous! I never heard of such a thing in my life! It is like a play! Ha, ha, ha!'

'Your merriment is rather ill-timed,' cried Mr Maggleby reproachfully. 'Tell me when Mr Pudster will arrive at Gravesend; and be quick, or I shall lose that train.'

'A pump, too!' continued the head-clerk hilariously.

'You're mad, I think,' said Mr Maggleby. 'What do you mean?'

'Well, read this, sir,' answered Mr Doddard, and he handed the *Times* to his principal and pointed to the paragraph.

Mr Maggleby testily took the paper, adjusted his spectacles, and read:

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY AT PLYMOUTH.—The corporation of Plymouth recently decided to remove an old and disused pump which for many years has stood handleless and dry on the Hoe. Yesterday morning, some workmen proceeded to remove it, and in its interior they were astonished to discover a number of letters, which had, it is supposed, been put into the hole into which the handle formerly fitted, under the delusion that the pump was a post-office pillar letter-box. The letters were at once taken to the Plymouth post-office, and were without delay forwarded to their destinations.'

'Can it be true?' ejaculated Mr Maggleby, with a great sigh of relief. 'Then the fact of the *Camel* having been signalled last night off Dover is merely a coincidence?'

'Most certainly,' said Mr Doddard.

'Thank Heaven!' cried Mr Maggleby fervently. 'Send the cab away, Doddard. But no! I'll go home again at once, and set my poor wife at ease. Ha, ha! I do remember now, that when poor Mr Pudster came home from his last voyage, he discovered that some letters which he had posted at Plymouth had not been delivered. We didn't miss them, because, as you recollect, Doddard, he wrote again from Southampton.'

'Of course he did, sir,' said Mr Doddard. 'Well, let us congratulate ourselves. It would have been a fearful business for Mrs Maggleby to have to go through.'

'And it would have been bad for you, Doddard, for it would have spoilt your chance of a partnership for some time to come. Now, I'm off.'

Mr Maggleby put the *Times* in his pocket, and departed; and when he reached his home and showed the paper to his wife, the couple sat together for at least half an hour, talking over the extraordinary nature of the adventure.

'Well, we shall be able to go to Madame Tussaud's and the theatre after all, Maria,' said Mr Maggleby at luncheon.

And go they did; and what is more, Mr Doddard became a partner a fortnight later, the firm thenceforward being known as Maggleby and Doddard.

THE FORESIGHT OF INSECTS FOR THEIR YOUNG.

IN no manner is the mysterious influence of instinct over the insect world more remarkably manifested than by the care taken by parent insects for the future welfare of offspring which they are destined never to behold. As the human parent upon his deathbed makes the best provision he can for the sustenance and prosperity of his infant children, whom death has decreed that he may not in person watch over, so those insects which nature has decreed shall be always the parents of orphan children, led by an unerring influence within, do their best to provide for the wants of the coming generation.

The butterfly, after flitting through her short life, seeks out a spot whereon to deposit her numerous eggs, not—as one might expect of a creature devoid of mind—upon any chance plant, or even upon the plant or flower from which she herself has been wont to draw her sustenance, but upon the particular plant which forms the invariable food of the larvæ of her species. The various kinds of clothes-moths penetrate into our cupboards, drawers, and everywhere where furs, woollen garments, &c., are stored, that they may there lay their eggs, to hatch into the burrowing grubs which are the terror of our housekeepers. The ichneumon tribe, one of nature's greatest counterpoises to keep down the too rapid increase of the insect world, lay their eggs in the larvæ of other insects, which eggs when hatched develop into a devouring brood, which ungratefully turn upon and devour the helpless creature that sheltered them as a nest. The female ichneumon having discovered a caterpillar or grub which her instinct informs her has not been previously attacked, at once proceeds to thrust her ovipositor into the writhing body of her victim, depositing one or more eggs, according to the size of the living food-supply. When hatched, the larvæ devour and live upon their foster-parent, avoiding in a marvellous way the vital parts of their victim, whose life is most accurately timed to last until its young tormentors are full grown, and not beyond. At one time, we were led to believe in occasional instances of the instinct of female ichneumons being at fault, by observing them apparently ovipositing upon the dry shells of pupæ from which the butterflies had escaped. This, however, we subsequently found to be an erroneous idea, the fact of the matter being, that the caterpillar upon which the parent ichneumon had laid her fatal egg, had had time, before the full development of the young ichneumon grub, to turn to the pupal stage. What, then, we saw was the young ichneumon fly just emerged from the dry pupal case, the contents of which it had first devoured in its own larval stage, then, itself turning to a pupa, it had lain, thus doubly incased, until, having broken forth a perfect fly, it rested upon its late prison, awaiting sufficient strength to come to its wings. What a wooden horse of Troy such

a chrysalis would prove, if introduced into the breeding establishment of a collector!

Other members of the ichneumon tribe do not actually insert their eggs into the destined food-supply of their young; but, as it were, going deeper into calculation of future events, content themselves with laying them in close proximity to the eggs of some member of the tribe upon which it is their mission to prey.

There is an old saying—

Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
Little fleas have smaller fleas,
So on ad infinitum;

which is very true, inasmuch as from the great humble-bee down to the tiniest corn-thrips—a mere speck of dust to the naked eye—all insects have their parasites, and generally their own special species of ichneumon, to prevent their over-increase and to preserve the due balance of nature. There is a species of longicorn beetle, found in Pennsylvania, which feeds upon the tender bark of young hickory shoots. When laying-time arrives, the female, having deposited her eggs in cavities perforated in the bark, carefully cuts a groove, about one-tenth of an inch wide and deep, round the shoot just below where her treasures lie. The object, or rather we suppose we ought to say the consequence, of this act is the withering and decay of the shoot, a provision for the sustenance of her young, which, when in their larval state, live upon dead wood! This remarkable insect is called the hickory girder from the above-mentioned habit, which, we think, is one of the most extraordinary instances of foresight, through a mere blind instinct, that have ever come under observation.

The gadfly (*Eustrus equi*), whose larvæ are the bots which inhabit the intestines of the horse, gains for her progeny that comfortable position by entrapping the animal itself into introducing her eggs within its stomach. For this purpose, she lays her eggs upon such portions of the horse's body as he is in the habit of frequently licking, such as the knees, shoulders, &c. The unerring nature of her instinct is shown by the fact that she never chooses as a nidus any portion of the body which the horse is unable to reach with its tongue. Having thus been introduced into their natural feeding-grounds, the bots there pass their larval existence, until, it becoming time for them to assume the pupal form, they go forth with the animal's dung to reach the earth, burrow into it, and therein pass the insects' purgatory.

Again, one of the grain-moths (*Gelechia cerealella*) shows remarkable instinct in adapting itself to circumstances according to the time of year when it has to deposit its eggs. The first generation of these moths, emerging in May from pupæ which have lain in the granaries through the winter, lay their countless eggs upon the as yet ungathered corn, upon which their young play havoc until, having passed through the necessary stages, they come out in the autumn as the second generation amidst the now stored-up grain. Now, however, their instinct prompts them, not, like the first generation, to go forth to the fields to seek the

proper nest and future nourishment of their young, but bids them deposit their eggs upon the store of wheat ready at hand. Thus, two following generations of the same insect are led by their instincts to different habits to suit the altered and, in the last case, unnatural position of their infants' destined food-supply.

The interesting mason-wasp, having with great care and skill bored out a cylindrical hole in some sunny sandbank, deposits at the bottom of this refuge her eggs. Next, provident mother as she is, she seeks out about a dozen small caterpillars, always of the same species, and immures them alive in the pit, as food for her cruel children. In making her selection of grubs to be thus buried alive, she rejects any that may not have reached maturity; not, we imagine, upon the score of their not being so full-flavoured, but because, when not full grown, they require food to keep them alive; whereas, when of mature age, they will live a long time without nourishment, ready to turn to chrysalides when opportunity occurs.

These are but a few of the instances which might be adduced in illustration of this foresight in insects, which compensates for their not being allowed in person to superintend the welfare of their offspring. In many cases, it would be better for human progeny were their parents thus endowed with an unerring instinct, rather than with an uncertain will.

A BREAK-NECK VENTURE.

It is more than thirty years since my medicomilitary lines were cast in the little picturesque station of Badulla, the capital of Oovah, in the interior of Ceylon. This district was the centre of very considerable European enterprise in coffee-growing, and, both socially and commercially, was an important unit of the Kandian provinces; hence government, in addition to a small garrison of troops, had established in it a staff of its Civil servants, for the administration of fiscal and judicial affairs, and it is concerning one of these officials—the assistant district judge, as he was called—that my story is now to be told.

The judge was a young gentleman of good parts and attractive manners. He was a dead-shot, an excellent angler, a perfect rider, a very Dr Grace or Spofforth of a cricketer, and an intelligent, chatty, pleasant companion to boot. He had also a sure foot and a steady head. He could walk along the verge of a rocky precipice with a sheer descent of hundreds of feet as unconcernedly as many a man trudges over a turnpike road. Chaffingly, we were wont to tell him that he had entirely mistaken his vocation in life, and that instead of being 'an upright judge,' trying 'niggers,' he ought to have been another Blondin, trundling wheelbarrows on a rope stretched across Adam's Bridge from Manaar to Ramisseram, and cooking a prawn curry in a stove when in the very middle of the Straits. However, even in the capacity of the aforesaid judge, this proclivity of being able to walk safely upon next to nothing once stood him in good need, as I myself witnessed.

One afternoon he came into my quarters

holding in his hand a letter, which the post had just brought him. I ought perhaps to mention that thirty odd years ago there were neither railroads nor electric telegraphs in Ceylon, and that travelling was comparatively slow, and to some extent uncertain. In the case of our station, however, we had little to complain of. The postal authorities at Colombo forwarded our mail-bags to Kandy—the first seventy-two miles of the way—by a daily two-horsed coach; and from that city to their destination, 'runners' carried the letters. But these 'runners' now and again met with accidents of various sorts, such as being killed by elephants or tigers; and it so happened that something of the sort—I forget what—having occurred to detain my friend's letter, it was older by more than twenty-four hours than it should have been, when he got it.

'I must be off sharp to Colombo,' said he, addressing me as he entered my room. 'I have had awfully bad news: it is a question of life or death with a very dear friend there. I can't lose a moment over my departure. But get leave from the Commandant, and keep me company as far as Attempytia—it is only a dozen miles away—and we will talk over things as we go along.'

'All right,' I said; 'I'm your man.'

In a very few minutes the required permission was obtained; after which my pony was saddled and we were off. After leaving me at the travellers' bungalow at Attempytia, my companion would have to proceed to Kandy, to catch the downward coach, leaving at daylight next morning for Colombo. To accomplish this—some eighty odd miles—he would be forced to ride all night, assisted stage by stage with fresh mounts, which the kind-hearted coffee-planters, whether known or unknown to him, would willingly place at his disposal.

'Let's see,' said the judge. 'I've a good fourteen or fifteen hours before me to find that highly respectable rattle-trap of a royal mail-coach drawn up at the post-office at gun-fire to-morrow morning. Fourteen hours, six miles an hour, including stoppages—eighty-four miles! A snail's pace; but I won't calculate upon mere speed. Bar accidents, I'm safe to do it, and do it I must.'

So on we galloped, little heeding the romantic scenery through which we were hurrying, and the faster too, as the sun was becoming obscured by thick, heavy, black rain-clouds, which were gathering over it and all around.

'We are in for a drenching,' I remarked.

'If a drenching were all,' was the reply, 'it would not much matter; but'—

'Well! But what?'

'The Badulla Oya, the river which runs through the deep gorge between the spurs of the hills you see yonder—I know that river well. In dry weather, it is little more than a shallow streamlet, over the stones of which an inch or two of water trickles. But when these sudden monsoon downpours come on, it has the unpleasant knack of swelling, swelling, until it becomes a large, wide, deep mountain torrent, tearing like mad to empty itself somewhere. And you have no idea of the rapidity with which this metamorphosis is accomplished. Let's push on, for

the river crosses the highway; and by Jove, here is the rain and no mistake!

A vivid flash of lightning, a loud clap of thunder right overhead, and before its reverberations were half ended among the echoing mountains, a deluge of rain was upon us. We were soaked to the skin in a few seconds.

'How far is the river?' I asked.

'Good five miles; and five miles with these flood-gates of the skies opened, mean touch and go. Twenty to one, the Badulla Oya will be swollen and impassable.'

'Is there no canoe or bridge?'

'Canoe! What on earth, in your Ceylon griffinage, are you dreaming about? As for a bridge, well, metaphorically speaking, there is a thing which the natives call a bridge; but practically, not what you and I and the department of Public Works would class as one. However, it will not be long before you see what sort of a concern the bridge is like.'

We now hastened as fast as the animals we rode could lay hoofs to ground; but before the five miles were traversed and the banks of the river reached, we distinctly heard it roaring.

'It is down already,' said my companion.

Down it was with a vengeance, as we presently realised. Over a bed of rocky boulders it foamed and boiled and tumbled, a dark, deep, angry chocolate-coloured torrent, sixty feet wide at least.

Squatting under a large tree on the bank opposite to us, accepting the situation with that stolid indifference for which the Asiatic is so very remarkable, and chewing betel, that panacea for all the ills which Singhalese flesh is heir to, was a Kandian villager, well advanced in years. The judge hailed him in his own language. 'Hi! father! Did you swim the river?'

'Am I a fish, think you, my son?' the man responded.

'Did you cross it by the bridge, then?'

'Does the English *mahatmeya* [gentleman] take me for a Wanderoo monkey, or for a jungle-cat, to walk upon broken twigs high up in the air?' he answered evasively.

'How, then, did you manage to get over?'

'I have not got over at all. I have come from my village on this side, and I wait here until the flood subsides.'

'How long will that be, think you?'

'If the rain ceases, the river will be again fordable in three or four hours. If the rain continues—who can tell? Buddha only knows!'

'Three or four hours!' muttered my companion despondingly. 'Too long, much too long for me.' Then again speaking to the Kandian: 'Is there any possibility of crossing the bridge?' he asked.

'None, none, my master. Alas! it has been shattered for some time past, and has not yet been repaired.'

'Let's go,' said my friend to me, 'and reconnoitre.'

We dismounted, gave our ponies to the horse-keepers, who had closely followed us, and walked a short distance along the bank. Suspended in the air, resting upon the forked branches of two forest trees, which grew nearly opposite

each other on either side of the stream, were the relics of one of those primitive bridges which the Singhalese villagers build to enable them to pass ravines and mountain torrents. Bamboo and the withes of a ground creeper called waywel are the usual materials they employ; but if they can get slabs of timber, they use them as well. This was the case here: the rough-hewn trunk of a tall but slender coconut palm spanned the river, its ends being firmly fastened to the two trees which served to support it. Originally, a sort of hand-rail of the waywel had been tied to uprights nailed along the stem; and thus hemmed in, the bridge was safe enough to traverse by any one not subject to dizziness on 'giddy heights;' but as time and mischief had partly removed this protection, leaving long gaps with nothing to hold on by, a more precarious, break-neck, risky crossing, save for the monkeys, no one could possibly imagine. Picture to yourself this tapering pole strung at a height over a deep rushing whirlpool of a current, and you will comprehend what we saw and what I fairly shuddered at.

Not so, my companion. He sprang up the tree, and stood for a moment or two upon the end of the mutilated bridge. Then he said quite determinedly: 'I've made up my mind; I'm going over.'

'Are you mad?' I exclaimed; 'going over that narrow, frail, up-in-the-clouds thing? Why, it's certain death if you fall.'

'Even so, old man; but I have walked with sure steps narrower planks than this.'

'Perhaps so; but not with a torrent rolling under you.—Don't attempt it!' I exclaimed; 'wait until the waters go down.'

'Wait! for four hours or more. Impossible! As I told you when we started, my errand is a vital one. I must be in Colombo on Sunday at the latest; and as to-day is Friday, to do that I must hit off to-morrow's coach in Kandy. Well, you and the other fellows have often joked me about my Blondin-like propensities; I am going to try now how nearly I can tread upon the heels of that worthy acrobat. Never fear; I will get across safely enough. It is a pity, however, that the nigger architects have not been a little more liberal in their breadth of timber; but your Singhalese native is invariably a skinflint.'

Again I attempted to combat the foolhardiness of my friend; but he threw me off, said half jocosely, half in earnest:

'I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die;'

and with the words in his mouth, began the crossing.

I am not, generally speaking, a nervous man, and I have had to witness some trying things in my time; but now I confess that fear and trembling came over me, and that I could not look upon my friend in his perilous transit. I half crouched and cowered behind a tree, my heart in my mouth, and every nerve strung to its utmost degree of tension. I expected every instant to hear a shriek, a splash, and then to see my friend buffeting with and carried away by the boiling torrent. Now and again, the voices of the old Singhalese and the Malabar

horsekeepers, who had crept up to the neighbourhood of the bridge, broke upon my ears, first as if in tones of entreaty and warning, then in those of astonishment, and lastly in shouts of admiration and joy. At the jubilant sounds I roused myself, looked up, and hurrahed, too, at the very top of my voice, for on the opposite bank the adventurous judge stood safe and sound!

A weight such as I had never borne before was removed from my breast. 'Thank goodness you're all right!' I called out.

'Yes, as a trivet,' he replied.—'Now, screw your courage to the sticking-place and run over.'

'Am I a jungle-cat, or a Wanderoo monkey, or even a district judge in the Ceylon Civil Service, to walk upon a hair? No; my good sir. If I took two steps upon that infinitesimally narrow palm's trunk, my doctoring occupation would be gone.—Thank you; no! I'll return to Badulla, and resume my physicking there.'

'Good-bye, then. I'll write to you from Kandy, if I can.'

He was gone. And it will no doubt satisfy the reader's curiosity to learn that, thanks to the mounts provided by friendly coffee-planters, he caught the coach, went on to Colombo, and found the person for whom he had risked his life out of danger and in a fair way of recovery.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

DOGS.

ALL sincere lovers of the animal creation are pleased to listen to the recitation of anecdotes illustrating the love and affection of animals for their lord and master, man. Many of these stories are deeply interesting, as showing the wondrous intelligence and reasoning powers so often exhibited; and others are deeply affecting, as proving an amount of genuine, unasked, unselfish love, that we fear is not always too abundant amongst educated bipeds. It is not unlikely that numbers of such acts are never heard of; as many men—well-meaning enough in other ways—are in the habit of looking on the dog or the cat as a mere animal and nothing more; and therefore, whatever it might do, or whatever sagacity it might display, the creature would be treated with indifference and passed by without notice. Byron, who loved animals as well as most folks, was quite aware of this when he wrote, with so much truth:

But the poor dog—in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend—
Unhonoured falls—unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

Strongly deprecating this indifference, it has always been the writer's delight to record every well-authenticated instance of remarkable sagacity in animals, in whatever way they have been brought under his notice. The cases referred to have come under the immediate notice either of the writer, or of friends on whose word he can rely.

Some years ago, a lady, who was a friend of our

family, possessed a beautiful black-and-tan 'King Charles,' called Prinney. A most engaging and affectionate creature, he never showed the smallest symptom of temper, or anything disagreeable save in one thing, and that was, a fixed aversion to a particular melody. Music generally, either vocal or instrumental, he never took the smallest notice of, or exhibited the slightest dislike to; but if any one played, sang, whistled, or even hummed the well-known and popular duet from the opera of *Norma* known by the name of 'Si, fin' al ora,' no matter where he was or what he was doing, he would start up and commence the most dismal howling, with his nose elevated in the air. If the music did not cease on this melancholy and earnest appeal, he would make frantic efforts to get out of the room, rearing on his hind-legs, scratching violently at the door, and continuing his howling until some one opened the door and let him out. We took great pains to investigate this curious antipathy, but could never arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion. As before stated, the dog never objected to music generally, as many dogs have been known to do, nor even to single airs closely resembling the *Norma* melody; but so soon as we commenced that one—even though we purposely jumbled it up with some other—he would instantly detect it, and take his part of the 'howling obligato' with an energy and determination which nothing could stop.

It had been suggested that the dog had on some particular occasion been severely beaten, or ill-treated, when this melody was either played or sung, and thus it was painfully impressed on the dog's mind and memory. But this could not have been the case, for my friend had received him as a puppy, and certainly never ill-treated him, or even whipped him. What, therefore, could have been the peculiar connection in the dog's mind between this one particular melody, and some fear of ill-usage or pain—for nothing but such a recollection could have caused his piteous howling, which always indicated intense fear or dread—is a mystery, and one which it seems impossible to solve, or even explain on any reasonable grounds.

The following anecdote somewhat resembles the last, inasmuch as the peculiar antipathy shown is also in connection with music, although not to any particular melody, as in Prinney's case. A little white terrier belonging to my grandfather had a peculiar antipathy to the pianoforte, for as soon as any one began to play, Rose would walk into the middle of the room, and then, quietly seating herself, facing the instrument, elevate her nose, and commence a long series of howlings, but without any display of anger or temper, or any attempt to run away. It might have been her own original way of expressing applause, or approbation of pianoforte-playing in general, for it should be specially noted that no other music, vocal or instrumental, ever affected the dog. Musical friends, one with his flute, another with his fiddle, often came in, but Rose never took notice of either of these until the pianoforte began; then at once began her demonstration. Now, what could have caused this curious antipathy—if it was an actual

antipathy—to the sound of one particular musical instrument? The dog was born and bred at a farmhouse in Surrey, and farmhouses in those primitive days never possessed such an unheard-of luxury as a pianoforte; and therefore, until she came into my grandfather's keeping—and she came direct from Surrey—she could never have heard the sound of such an instrument. How, then, are we to explain her singular procedure? I fear it is only another 'dog mystery,' and must ever remain so.

A third, and certainly most remarkable, case of musical antipathy is all the more singular because it was not exhibited towards any special melody or instrument, but towards one particular person only—a lady. The dog—a beautiful and very amiable Clumber spaniel—belonged to an uncle of ours who always brought Wag with him whenever he paid us a visit, for the dog was a universal favourite; but, unluckily, he had always to be put out of the room when one of the ladies of our family was going to sing, because he seemed to have a violent antipathy, not to music or singing generally, but only to the voice of this lady; and, what is perhaps still more odd, he always seemed, personally, to be very fond of her; but the moment she began to sing, he would start up and commence whining, growling, and at last barking, gradually increasing in force, until he got to a grand *fortissimo*. He would run up in front of the lady, and get so angry, that any one would have supposed he was going to fly at her. But this he never attempted, and as the Scotch say, 'His bark was waur than his bite.' This lady possessed a brilliant soprano voice; and it has been suggested that the clear, ringing, penetrating tones must have produced a peculiar vibration or sensation, perhaps causing sharp pain, in the dog's ears, which might have occasioned his extraordinary action, for it must be remembered that this lady's voice, and hers alone, produced the effect described.

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horsekeepers, who had crept up to the neighbourhood of the bridge, broke upon my ears, first as if in tones of entreaty and warning, then in those of astonishment, and lastly in shouts of admiration and joy. At the jubilant sounds I roused myself, looked up, and hurrahed, too, at the very top of my voice, for on the opposite bank the adventurous judge stood safe and sound!

A weight such as I had never borne before was removed from my breast. 'Thank goodness you're all right!' I called out.

'Yes, as a trivet,' he replied.—'Now, screw your courage to the sticking-place and run over.'

'Am I a jungle-cat, or a Wanderoo monkey, or even a district judge in the Ceylon Civil Service, to walk upon a hair? No; my good sir. If I took two steps upon that infinitesimally narrow palm's trunk, my doctoring occupation would be gone.—Thank you; no! I'll return to Badulla, and resume my physicking there.'

'Good-bye, then. I'll write to you from Kandy, if I can.'

He was gone. And it will no doubt satisfy the reader's curiosity to learn that, thanks to the mounts provided by friendly coffee-planters, he caught the coach, went on to Colombo, and found the person for whom he had risked his life out of danger and in a fair way of recovery.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

DOGS.

ALL sincere lovers of the animal creation are pleased to listen to the recitation of anecdotes illustrating the love and affection of animals for their lord and master, man. Many of these stories are deeply interesting, as showing the wondrous intelligence and reasoning powers so often exhibited; and others are deeply affecting, as proving an amount of genuine, unasked, unselfish love, that we fear is not always too abundant amongst educated bipeds. It is not unlikely that numbers of such acts are never heard of; as many men—well-meaning enough in other ways—are in the habit of looking on the dog or the cat as a mere animal and nothing more; and therefore, whatever it might do, or whatever sagacity it might display, the creature would be treated with indifference and passed by without notice. Byron, who loved animals as well as most folks, was quite aware of this when he wrote, with so much truth:

But the poor dog—in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend—
Unhonoured falls—unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

Strongly deprecating this indifference, it has always been the writer's delight to record every well-authenticated instance of remarkable sagacity in animals, in whatever way they have been brought under his notice. The cases referred to have come under the immediate notice either of the writer, or of friends on whose word he can rely.

Some years ago, a lady, who was a friend of our

family, possessed a beautiful black-and-tan 'King Charles' called Prinney. A most engaging and affectionate creature, he never showed the smallest symptom of temper, or anything disagreeable save in one thing, and that was, a fixed aversion to a particular melody. Music generally, either vocal or instrumental, he never took the smallest notice of, or exhibited the slightest dislike to; but if any one played, sang, whistled, or even hummed the well-known and popular duet from the opera of *Norma* known by the name of 'Si, fin' al ora, no matter where he was or what he was doing, he would start up and commence the most dismal howling, with his nose elevated in the air. If the music did not cease on this melancholy and earnest appeal, he would make frantic efforts to get out of the room, rearing on his hind-legs, scratching violently at the door, and continuing his howling until some one opened the door and let him out. We took great pains to investigate this curious antipathy, but could never arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion. As before stated, the dog never objected to music generally, as many dogs have been known to do, nor even to single airs closely resembling the *Norma* melody; but so soon as we commenced that one—even though we purposely jumbled it up with some other—he would instantly detect it, and take his part of the 'howling obligato' with an energy and determination which nothing could stop.

It had been suggested that the dog had on some particular occasion been severely beaten, or ill-treated, when this melody was either played or sung, and thus it was painfully impressed on the dog's mind and memory. But this could not have been the case, for my friend had received him as a puppy, and certainly never ill-treated him, or even whipped him. What, therefore, could have been the peculiar connection in the dog's mind between this one particular melody, and some fear of ill-usage or pain—for nothing but such a recollection could have caused his piteous howling, which always indicated intense fear or dread—is a mystery, and one which it seems impossible to solve, or even explain on any reasonable grounds.

The following anecdote somewhat resembles the last, inasmuch as the peculiar antipathy shown is also in connection with music, although not to any particular melody, as in Prinney's case. A little white terrier belonging to my grandfather had a peculiar antipathy to the pianoforte, for as soon as any one began to play, Rose would walk into the middle of the room, and then, quietly seating herself, facing the instrument, elevate her nose, and commence a long series of howlings, but without any display of anger or temper, or any attempt to run away. It might have been her own original way of expressing applause, or approbation of pianoforte-playing in general, for it should be specially noted that no other music, vocal or instrumental, ever affected the dog. Musical friends, one with his flute, another with his fiddle, often came in, but Rose never took notice of either of these until the pianoforte began; then at once began her demonstration. Now, what could have caused this curious antipathy—if it was an actual

antipathy—to the sound of one particular musical instrument? The dog was born and bred at a farmhouse in Surrey, and farmhouses in those primitive days never possessed such an unheard-of luxury as a pianoforte; and therefore, until she came into my grandfather's keeping—and she came direct from Surrey—she could never have heard the sound of such an instrument. How, then, are we to explain her singular procedure? I fear it is only another 'dog mystery,' and must ever remain so.

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hundred and thirty newspapers, with a total circulation of more than one hundred and ten thousand, are printed in the languages spoken in the different provinces.

A most curious paper is the official Chinese paper, called *King-Pan*, which claims to have been started as early as 911, and to have appeared at irregular intervals till 1351, when it came out regularly every week. At the commencement of the present century, it became a 'daily,' at the price of two *kehs*—about a halfpenny. By a decree of the emperor, a short time back, it was ordered that three editions were to be printed every day—the first or morning edition, on yellow paper, is devoted to commercial intelligence; the second or afternoon edition contains official and general news; and the third, on red paper, is a summary of the two earlier editions, with the addition of political and social articles. The editorial duties are performed by six members of the Scientific Academy, who are appointed by government. The circulation is about fourteen thousand daily.

On board the *Hecla*, one of the ships belonging to Captain Edward Parry's expedition in search of the north-west passage, a paper was printed called the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*. The first number was dated the 1st November 1819, and its twenty-first and last the 20th March 1820. The *Great Britain* steamer, which started for Australia on the 21st of August 1852, may claim to have inaugurated the practice of publishing a newspaper on board ship, as a paper, entitled the *Great Britain Times*, was published every week during the voyage, and distributed amongst the passengers. At the present time, these sea-born broadsheets are a source of considerable amusement, and go a long way to relieve the monotony of the passage, as the passengers not only read but supply the articles. Burlesque telegrams, jokes made by the passengers, and all the news, whether social, nautical, or personal, of the voyage, are published in their columns. One well-known American journal has even purchased a steamer and fitted it up as a regular floating newspaper office. The editors, sub-editors, and journalists all live on board; and by this means, news which has been picked up during the voyage can be set up without loss of time; whilst the details of any incident can be fully authenticated by the steamer calling at the scene of action. This steamer plies between Memphis and New Orleans, distributing the papers on its journeys, and collecting every item of news current along the banks of the Mississippi.

Before the 67th Regiment left England for British Borneo, the officers spent a sum of money in purchasing a printing-press and types, with which they published a paper called *Our Chronicle*, soon after they landed at Rangoon. The editorial staff and compositors were all connected with the regiment, and the journal was regarded as a phenomenon in the annals of the press. Another military journal deserving mention is, or was, the *Quartal Real*, the official organ of the Carlists, published during the war on the almost inaccessible summit of the Pena de la Plata.

Though America is the land of big things, in newspaper matters it can boast of possessing the smallest paper in the world. This diminutive journal is the *Madoc Star*, which very properly has

for its motto, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.' It is published weekly. Its dimensions are three inches and a half by three inches; and it consists of four pages, the first being devoted to foreign news, the second to mining notes, the last two to local news. If we may believe the *Paris Rappel*, America has recently issued two startling novelties combining utility with entertainment. The first is a newspaper printed on cotton cloth, and is called the *Pocket-handkerchief*, which at once explains the purpose to which it is to be put when intellectual demands have been satisfied. The other is called the *Necktie*, being printed with gold letters upon silk, and is said to be highly ornamental and of great elegance. This is practical literature with a vengeance.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

SWEET dawn of peace, how lovely is thy breaking !
With summer blossoms round thy smiling brow,
From troubled dreams of dead and dying, waking,
Gladly we hasten forth to greet thee now.
Heaven's brightest gems are gleaming in thy tresses;
Thy voice of melody bids discord cease;
And 'neath the magic of thy fond caresses,
All earth grows beautiful, fair dawn of peace.

Earth's feathered minstrels plume their wings with
gladness,
And hail thy coming with a burst of song;
While weary Age, bowed down with care and sadness,
Passes contented through life's busy throng.
What though the summer of our lives be over,
Our steps may falter, but our hearts rejoice,
When, o'er fair fields of fragrant crimson clover,
Steals the dear music of thy heavenly voice.

The nation kneels in humble adoration,
For angels follow in thy glittering train,
Singing sweet hymns of praise; while all creation
Mingles its voice in the triumphant strain.
No bloodstains mar thy robe of snowy whiteness,
Though thou hast paused o'er many a gory bed,
Shedding a halo of celestial brightness
Round the still forms of the unbursed dead.

To the lone mother by her childless ingle,
Bright as a star thy radiant face appears;
And golden hopes, like morning sunbeams, mingle
With the pure fountain of her joyous tears.
Fades the dark memory of long nights of sorrow;
Her worn cheek glows; her heart's wild doubtings
cease.

To Love and Home, her boy shall come to-morrow,
Borne in thy pitying arms, blest dawn of peace.

Delighted childhood flings white chains of daisies,
As Youth's best offering, at thy gracious feet;
The dome of heaven seems echoing forth thy praises;
Where muffled drums made mourning, glad hearts
beat;
And while the merry lark is proudly soaring
In joyous rapture from the emerald sod,
Fawns of praise our grateful souls are pouring,
For thou art welcome as a smile from God!

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VACCINATION.

ON the western side of Trafalgar Square, beneath the shadow of the great sea-lion Admiral Lord Nelson, might have been seen, until recently, the statue of a pensive-looking almost beardless man seated in a chair. But a new location in Kensington Gardens has been selected for this statue, which is that of Dr Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination.

Edward Jenner was born at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, in 1749, his father being vicar of that place. He was apprenticed to a doctor at Sudbury, and afterwards came to London, where for a time he served under John Hunter. After taking his diploma, he returned to his native place, and it was here that he practised his profession, and also made that great discovery which has proved such an inestimable benefit to mankind. When he had become famous, and universal appreciation bespoke him a great man, he received many tempting offers and solicitations to take up his abode in the metropolis; but nothing succeeded in enticing him from the rural scenes amidst which his medical triumphs had been conceived. His life sped tranquilly on amidst the rustics he loved so well until the year 1823, when death somewhat suddenly terminated his earthly career.

As the village and neighbourhood in which Jenner served his apprenticeship was mostly a grazing country, he was thrown much amongst farmers and their servants. At a time when smallpox was raging among them, his attention was attracted by hearing a milkmaid say that she had once caught cowpox from the cows, and therefore smallpox wouldn't hurt her. He was much struck with this remark; and on making inquiries, he found it was a common belief about there, that whoever caught this disease from the cows was not liable to take smallpox. It is rather curious that just about the time that Jenner was making these inquiries, the same fact had been noted in Sweden, and

some inquiries were also set on foot there to investigate the matter.

With that talent for close observation and investigation which distinguished him, he pondered much over this remark of the milkmaid's, and made many inquiries of the medical men of the district. From them he obtained but little encouragement; they had often heard the tale, but had not much faith in it. The subject seems to have impressed itself greatly on his mind; for we find him, some three years later, when he was in London with John Hunter, mentioning it to him; and that distinguished man appears to have been struck with Jenner's earnestness in the matter, and gave him good advice: 'Don't think, but try; be patient; be accurate.' This advice he perseveringly followed on his return to his native place; and by careful experiments elaborated the great life-saving truth, that cowpox might be disseminated from one human being to another to the almost total extinction of smallpox.

The eastern practice of inoculation was first made known in this country by Lady Wortley Montagu, who was the wife of our ambassador at Constantinople, where she had seen it tried with good effect. Inoculation consisted in transferring the matter of the *smallpox* pustule from the body of one suffering from the disease to that of one not as yet affected by the disease. It is a fact that the form of smallpox thus communicated through the skin was less severe, and consequently less fatal, than when taken naturally, as was abundantly proved in this country. But, unfortunately, inoculated smallpox was as *infectious* as the natural smallpox—this fact forming the great distinction between inoculation and vaccination. The inoculated person became a centre of infection, and communicated it to many others. It was found after the introduction of inoculation that the mortality from smallpox increased from seventy-four to ninety-five in one thousand; and many of those that recovered, lost the sight of one or both eyes, or were otherwise disfigured. It is not to be

wondered at, with such a state of things as this existing, and the whole medical profession at their wits' end for a remedy, that Jenner should be looked upon, as soon as vaccination became established, as a saviour of his race.

It was while the ravages of smallpox were being felt and deplored over the whole country, that Jenner was quietly investigating and experimenting in his native village; and gradually little facts and incidents relating to cowpox were collected, until in his own mind an opinion was firmly rooted that this disease communicated by the cow was a safeguard against smallpox. About the time when he had formed this opinion, an accidental case of cowpox occurred in his neighbourhood, and he caused drawings of the pustules to be made, and took them with him to London. He showed them to some of the most eminent surgeons and physicians of the day, and explained his views; but from none of them did he receive any encouragement, and from some, nothing but ridicule. Fortunately, however, he was not a man to be easily turned aside from a purpose, or disabused of an opinion that he saw good cause for entertaining. On returning home, he was still as full of the idea as ever, and determined to persevere in his efforts; although he saw he must have 'proofs' before he could get his professional brethren to listen to his theories.

It was on the 14th May 1796—a day which is still commemorated in Berlin as a festival—that a boy was vaccinated with matter taken from the hands of a milkmaid. The disease was thus communicated to the boy, and he passed through it satisfactorily. But now came the anxious and critical trial for Jenner. The same boy on the 1st of July following was inoculated with the smallpox virus, but he did not take the disease. In 1798 Jenner published his first pamphlet *On the Causes and Effects of Variola Vaccine*; and later, in the first year of the present century, he wrote that it was 'too manifest to admit of controversy, that the annihilation of the smallpox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice.' Soon after this, a parliamentary Committee investigated and reported on the new discovery in terms of the most emphatic approbation; and a declaration was signed by seventy of the chief physicians and surgeons in London expressing their confidence in it. The Royal Jennerian Society was formed, with Jenner as President; and thirteen stations for the vaccination of the public were opened in London, in the hope of exterminating smallpox.

Jenner's essay which explained his discovery had in the meantime been translated into several foreign languages, and had also found its way to America, where President Jefferson vaccinated, by the help of his sons-in-law, about two hundred of his friends and neighbours. From this time forward, vaccination may be said to have taken a firm hold of the civilised world.

That vaccination has not done all that was claimed that it would do by Jenner, is true, as the occasionally recurring epidemics of the disease only too fatally testify. But the gain from the time when cities were depopulated and a large percentage of the whole human race was scarred and disfigured by it, to a

time when no such suffering is now experienced, is a gain indeed, although it be but an imperfect one. It is, however, almost beyond a doubt that had more attention been primarily paid to vaccination, and had it not been performed in the perfunctory manner in which it often was by medical men, we should now be in a better position with regard to smallpox than we are at the present moment. For it is a melancholy fact that although the first to give vaccination to the world, England has not made such good use of it as most other nations. Feeling secure in the relief which it gave to the vast amount of mortality, we have in a measure let pretty well alone, while other nations have meanwhile enormously profited by the discovery.

It was Mr Simon, the late medical officer of the Privy Council, who published three admirable Reports on the subject, and probably brought together more practical truths on vaccination than had ever before been collected, that gave an impetus some few years ago to further inquiry. It was stated at that time, and with every appearance of truth, that the vaccine lymph becomes enfeebled in its protective power by a long course of transmissions from arm to arm. It was therefore proposed that means should be taken for establishing a well-devised system of renewal, which would be likely to give greater certainty of results and afford more permanent protection. Various attempts and suggestions were made in this country to introduce vaccine matter from its original source, the cow, or, better still, from the calf; and Mr Ceeley, a medical gentleman, who, like Jenner, worked hard at the subject amidst the worries and anxieties of a private practice, made many experiments, and did much to popularise the idea.

Early in 1882, the local government Board set up a small establishment in London for the purpose of affording facilities for vaccination directly from the animal. Some time previously, a case of spontaneous cowpox was accidentally discovered at Bordeaux, and from this case our government procured the virus which they are now imparting to a regular succession of healthy calves, each of which, before undergoing the ordeal, is carefully examined by a Privy-council veterinary officer, to insure its being in perfect health. The animal is then weighed, and led away for a few days to a comfortable stall, and fed on sweet hay, new milk, and oil-cake. An animal taken in on Monday would on Thursday be led into the vaccinating-room, and securely strapped to the top of a table which is ingeniously constructed to tip down into a vertical position. The top of the table is then thrown over and secured horizontally, the calf lying upon its side, and presenting the under surface of its body conveniently for the surgical part of the proceeding. The hair is first shaved off, and then some slight incisions about an inch long are made in the skin, and the virus introduced. This operation is performed in one part of a large room divided by a wooden partition. To the other part of the room, parents will in a few days bring their children, and have them vaccinated directly from the animal thus prepared, and may thus escape whatever evils,

real or imaginary, pertain to the practice of arm-to-arm vaccination. The calf having done its involuntary service to humanity, is, before dismissal, again weighed, and is usually found to have increased considerably—not, it may be presumed, in consequence of vaccination, but from the good feeding it has received.

The practical results of vaccination from the animal direct, are in some respects somewhat dubious. Belgium and Holland have long been familiar with it; but still there appears to be a lack of trustworthy records as to the efficacy of the process as compared with the arm-to-arm system. Whether the animal lymph is as potent a protector from smallpox as that which has been passed through the human system, cannot as yet be determined, though there would seem to be no ground for any reasonable doubt upon the subject. That the humanising process does in some way, at present quite inscrutable, affect it, seems evident from the fact that the vaccine from the calf loses its efficacy somewhat sooner than that from the human subject. It cannot be stored for so long a time as the humanised lymph, and this renders its distribution somewhat difficult. The best authorities, however, are now inclined to the opinion that the difference in this respect is not after all so great as was at first supposed. The two scientific men in charge of this station are, however, enthusiasts in this department of medical investigation, and it may be hoped that with the enlarged sphere of operations which government is understood to be contemplating, and aided by a well-appointed laboratory in connection with this establishment, an important advance may soon be made in their knowledge of the subject.

Compulsory vaccination has done much in other countries to free them for long periods from this loathsome disease. Sweden and Denmark enjoyed absolute immunity for twenty years; and in Austria, where very stringent measures of compulsion are resorted to, they succeeded in extirpating smallpox for long periods.

It was in 1852 that compulsion was first established in this country, and as at first nearly every one obeyed the law, it was attended with very beneficial results. At the registration of a birth, the registrar has to give notice of the necessity of having the child vaccinated within four months, and the penalty for neglect. From the registrar's return, it is seen at the local government Board if a medical certificate attesting the vaccination as duly performed, has been returned. Assuming that every child is registered, this system no doubt would answer well; but there is much reason to fear that many children in London escape being registered, and these do not come within the cognisance of the local government Board. It is a question whether some return should not be required from medical men of every child born alive, with the address of its parents.

Absolute care in vaccination and its universal adoption, combined with a compulsory re-vaccination on arriving at the age of puberty, would without doubt have by this time fulfilled Jenner's most sanguine expectations, and smallpox would have become extinct. At the same time, if the

government make vaccination compulsory, they have a most important duty to the public to perform. In the first place, they should undoubtedly ascertain that every known precaution is taken by all public vaccinators to protect from harm, or disease likely to arise from vaccination, those whom they compel to undergo the operation. Secondly, none but properly certified practitioners should be appointed to the stations. It is not alone sufficient that they be skilful vaccinators, they should also be able to take lymph skilfully from the vesicles without the admixture of the minutest particle of blood. An ignorant or careless vaccinator may do more harm than it is possible to trace. Thirdly, no lymph whatever should be used but that which is microscopically examined by one who thoroughly understands his work, and the public should be permitted to have a choice of either the humanised lymph or lymph direct from the calf. If these precautions were conscientiously carried out, we should soon have less objection to compulsion, and we should be in a fair way to seeing smallpox stamped out.

In America, according to the *Asclepiad*, the subject has received careful attention. The Report of Dr Joseph Jones, President of the Board of Health, of the State of Louisiana, extends to four hundred pages, and embraces everything connected with smallpox, vaccination, and spurious vaccination; while drawings are freely interspersed to illustrate, from point to point, the author's histories, views, or conclusions. Amongst the general conclusions which the author draws at the close of his treatise, the following are some of the most important: (a) Vaccination, when carefully performed on Jenner's method, is as complete a protection from smallpox now as it was in the early part of the century; (b) Without vaccination, the application of steam and navigation and land travel would have, during the past fifty years, scattered smallpox in every part of the habitable globe; (c) Vaccination has not impaired the strength and vigour of the human race, but has added vastly to the sum of human life, happiness, and health; (d) Inoculation for smallpox, which preceded vaccination, induced a comparatively mild and protective disease, but multiplied the foci of contagion, kept smallpox perpetually alive, and increased its fatal ravages among mankind.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLVII.—UNDER-CURRENTS.

SHIELD had not been so perfectly frank with Philip as the latter believed him to be. For instance, he had not mentioned that when Coutts came to him with affected concern on account of the position in which his brother might be placed by the forged bill, he had not admitted to him that the signature was a forgery.

What he said to Coutts was: 'Looks queer—but don't know. Accustomed to sign things that come through regular channel without looking close into them. Will see what Hawkins and Jackson have to say about it and let you know.'

Then Coutts took from his pocket a note which had been written to his brother by Austin

Shield and placed the two signatures side by side.

'I do not think that any one looking at these would hesitate to say that they were not written by the same hand.'

'Don't know. My hand shakes at times. Don't always sign in exactly the same way. Not always sure of my own signature—when it comes back to me. Will inquire and let you know.'

'I am positive that the writing is not yours, Mr Shield; and I should never have touched the paper if there had been any signature of yours beside me at the time. Although the amount may not be of much consequence to you, it will be a heavy loss to me. But I could have no suspicion of there being anything wrong, when I saw Philip's name to the bill.'

'All right. Will inquire.—Good-day.'

When Coutts left the room, this big bearish man growled fiercely and the growl ended in this note—'Skunk.' He immediately telegraphed for his friend Mr Beecham; and that was why Beecham had so suddenly quitted Kingshope.

On the day on which Madge made her memorable visit to London, Mr Beecham's conjuring friend, Bob Tuppit, called at Wrentham's cottage and asked for Mrs Wrentham. She could not be seen for half an hour; but Tuppit was ready to wait an hour or more, if Mrs Wrentham's convenience should require it. He was accordingly shown into the dining-room—the place where Wrentham spent the greater part of his evenings at home, smoking and concocting schemes for the realisation of that grand vision of his life—a comfortable income and a home somewhere in the sunny south.

Tuppit was a quick-eyed little man, or he could not have earned his living as a conjurer; and when he had turned himself round about twice, he had the character and position of every bit of furniture photographed on his mind's eye. He looked longest at a heavy mahogany desk which was bound with unusually massive brass clasps.

'What a duffer!' he said under his breath. 'He has got something in there that will do for him; and he puts on those big clasps like labels, every one saying as plain as plain can be: "Look here, if you want to find out my little game." Well, having gone in for this sort of thing, he might have taken the trouble to learn the ABC of his business.'

Tuppit's nimble fingers went round the desk and tried its fastenings.

'Spring lock, too. So much the worse for him. Dier will pitch on it at once.'

The door burst open, and little Ada Wrentham bounced in, her pretty cheeks healthfully flushed, the hoop in her hand indicating how she had been engaged.

'O dear!' she exclaimed, drawing back when she saw that there was a stranger in the room.

'Don't go away—I'm a friend of yours,' said Tuppit quickly. 'Don't you remember me? I saw you watching me when I was performing on the green in the summer-time, and you were with your nurse, and you sent me a penny.'

The child stopped, stared, then advanced a few paces timidly till she came to a sunbeam

which crossed the room, dividing it in two. Then she put out her pretty hands, moving them to and fro as if laving them in the sunshine, whilst her eyes were full of wonder.

'Was it you did all those funny things with the cards and the pigeons and the pennies, and the orange and the glass of water?'

'That was me, Ada—you see I know your name—and if you like, I will show you some more funny things just now whilst I am waiting for your mamma.'

'I'll go and bring mamma. She would like to see them too.'

'No, no; don't go for her. She will be here as soon as she is ready. Besides, this is a trick I want to show you all to yourself. You are not afraid of the magician—are you?'

Little Ada peered at him through the sunbeam. He was such a little man; and although his cheeks were somewhat hollow and his complexion rather sallow, there was an expression of frank gentleness in his eyes which at once inspired confidence. A child might trust him, and a child is quick to detect untrustworthy persons.

'I'm not afraid—why should I?' said Ada laughing.

'Because you do not know me—at least you do not know me enough to be quite sure that I am not the wicked magician who tried so hard to kill Aladdin because he got hold of the wonderful lamp.'

'But that was a long time ago,' she said with an air of thoughtfulness; 'and papa says there are no magicians—no real magicians—and no ghosts now, and that anybody who pretends to tell fortunes or to do magic things is'—

The child instinctively paused and turned her face away.

'Is an impostor, and ought to be taken up by the policeman,' said Tuppit, cheerfully completing the sentence for her; 'and he is quite right so far. All the same, Ada, there are great magicians always close by us. There is the Good Magician, Love, who makes you fond of your father and mother and ready to do kindly things for other people. Then there are the wicked magicians Anger and Envy, who make you hate everybody and everybody hate you. But you know I don't pretend to be like them; I only make-believe—that is, I perform tricks and tell you how they are done.'

'Is that all?' she said, disappointed, allowing her hands to drop, and passing through the sunbeam, which had hitherto formed a golden bar between them.

'That is all; but you have to work a great deal before you can do so much.—Now, here is this big desk—your papa opens it by magic; but do you know how it is done?'

'O yes; he takes out a nail and pushes something in—but that's telling. Could you do it? I have seen papa do it often, and he did not mind me; but he doesn't like anybody else to see him, for he was angry one day when nurse Susan came in without knocking just as he was going to open it.'

Tuppit was already busy examining the brass screws. He found one the notch of which indicated that it was more frequently used than the

others. A penknife served his purpose; he took out the screw, thrust a thin pencil into the hole; pressed it, and the desk opened.

'Oh, how clever!—That was just the way papa used to do it, only he had a brass thing for sticking into the hole,' said the child admiringly. 'I've tried to do it.'

There was nothing in the desk; and Tuppit, with a long-drawn breath of relief, closed it, replacing the screw as before. But he had kept on chattering to the child all the time, and muttering parenthetically observations to himself.

'You must show your papa that you know how it is done, Ada. . . . Nothing in it may tell for or against him. . . . And he will think it so funny that we should find it out. . . . It's a sign that he knows the game is up and is making ready to bolt. . . . But you must tell him that it was only a little bit of Tuppit's conjuring, and that he was glad to find nothing.'

Ada drew back towards the door, a little frightened by the change in his manner, which betrayed excitement in spite of his self-control.

'I think—I am beginning to be afraid of you now. You are not like the good magician any more.'

'That's true, Ada,' he said humbly, as he wiped his brow with that wonderful silk handkerchief which was of so much use to him in his professional exploits. Cold as the weather was, he seemed to be perspiring. 'But you know the change is only one of my tricks. Now, I will come back. Hey, Presto, change. . . . There, am I not smiling the same as before?'

'No; you are not. You are looking ugly.'

'Ah, let me hide my head.'

He bent down with a would-be comical manner of astonishment and chagrin. The child laughed in a hesitating way, as if not quite reassured that it was all fun. As he stooped, his eye fell on a waste-paper basket under the table. He snatched it out, and found in it a ball of blotting-paper which had been crumpled into that shape by an impatient hand. This he smoothed out on the table and then held up so that the sunbeam fell full upon it.

'This is the thing. Thank heaven, it is in my hands.' He carefully folded the paper and put it in his pocket. Then with real heartiness he turned to the wondering child. 'Now, Ada, I can laugh again; and if there was time enough, I would show you some beautiful things. Look here, for instance. Open your hand; I place that penny in it.—Close your hand. You are sure you have the penny?'

'Quite sure.'

'Presto, change. The penny is gone.'

'No, it isn't!' cried the child, laughing, and opening her hand, displayed the penny lying on the palm.

'Keep it, keep it, my child; you deserve it; and take this shilling to keep it company,' said poor Bob Tuppit, who in his agitation had failed in one of the simplest tricks of the prestidigitator, as his brethren in the craft delight to call themselves. At another time, the failure would have been humiliating to the last degree; but at present the conjurer was too much occupied with matters of grave importance to feel his discomfiture.

Mrs Wrentham entered.

'I understand you bring a message from my husband, sir,' she said in her timid way.

'Not exactly, ma'am; but I want to speak to you about him. I am a friend of his, or I should not be here.'

He glanced towards Ada as he spoke, suggesting by the look that the child should be sent out of the room. But Mrs Wrentham was too simple to understand the hint, and Tuppit was obliged to take the matter into his own hand.

'I'll tell you what, Ada; you might be a good magician now, if you like. You could run out to the garden and pluck me a sprig of holly for my little girl. She is very fond of shrubs and flowers; will you send her some?'

'O yes. There is such a nice sprig of holly up at the summer-house that I was keeping for Christmas; but your little girl shall have it.—Is she as old as me?'

'Just about the same age; and now I look at you, she is rather like you.'

Ada flew out at the door; and Tuppit turned eagerly to Mrs Wrentham, his little form seeming to enlarge with the earnestness of his speech.

'You are astonished, ma'am, at the liberty I am taking; but the fact is your husband has got into . . . well, got into a scrape.—Please, don't alarm yourself. I hope we shall pull him through all right. I only came to warn you, knowing that he might have forgotten it.'

'Warn me about what?' exclaimed the lady, trembling without knowing why.

'That a gentleman will call here to-day and make inquiries about your husband. Answer him frankly, and, if you can manage it, do not look as if you were afraid of him. He is a good-natured chap, and will not press you very hard. But you must try to be quite calm and say nothing about my visit.'

The poor lady became pale immediately; and the first dreadful thought which occurred to her was that Wrentham had met with a serious accident of some sort—she had never approved of his horse-racing and horse-dealing proclivities. This good-natured friend was no doubt trying to break the horrible truth to her as gently as possible.

'Oh, please tell me the worst at once. Is he much hurt—is he killed?'

Bob Tuppit stared; but quickly comprehended the mistake which the wife had made.

'He is neither hurt nor killed, and is likely to live for a good many years to come,' he said reassuringly. 'He has got into a bother about some money matters. That is all.'

Tuppit felt ashamed of himself as he uttered the last words. What would a broken leg or arm, or even a broken neck, have been compared with the risk and disgrace of penal servitude? But Mrs Wrentham had no suspicion of such a danger, and was relieved as soon as she heard that her husband was physically unharmed. As for a difficulty about money, she was confident that he would easily arrange that; so she promised that she would answer any questions the gentleman who was coming might have to ask; for she knew nothing about her husband's money affairs, and therefore had nothing to tell.

Bob Tuppit looked at her wistfully, as if inclined to tell her more of the real position; but just then Ada came bounding in with the

holly and ivy—looking so happy and glad, that the man was unable to reveal the worst.

'They'll know soon enough,' he said to himself, as he thankfully took the bundle of shrubs and went his way.

OLD PROVINCIAL FAIRS.

As a survival of one of the earliest institutions of this country, the provincial fair is of special interest. Although it no longer retains the functions for which it was originally founded, yet its existence amongst us points back to a distant period in our history, when it not only served as an important rendezvous for the furtherance of trade, but was a centre whence the legislative enactments of the country were proclaimed. Originally, it would seem the fair was generally held during the period of a saint's feast within the precincts of the church or abbey, when worshippers and pilgrims assembled from all parts. As the sacred building, too, was frequently in the open country, or near some village too small to provide adequate accommodation for the vast throng assembled on this annual festival, tents were pitched and stalls for provisions set up in the churchyard, to supply the wants of the visitors. This practice soon induced country pedlars and traders to come and offer their wares; and hence in course of time it led to the establishment of the commercial trade-marts known as 'fairs.' It was not long, however, before abuses crept up, unseemly diversions and excessive drinking causing no small offence. For instance, in the fourteenth year of Henry III.'s reign, the archdeacon within the diocese of Lincoln made inquiries into the custom of holding fairs in churchyards; the result being that they were shortly afterwards discontinued in this diocese. In the thirteenth year of Edward II.'s reign, a statute was passed prohibiting the keeping of a fair in any churchyard. But this law was in a great measure inoperative, for markets seem to have been held in several Yorkshire churchyards in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and two hundred years later, the same customs occurred in Germany.

Whatever the exact origin of our provincial fairs may be, they are undoubtedly of great antiquity, although, singular to say, their charters are comparatively of modern date; the first recorded grant in this country apparently being that of William the Conqueror to the Bishop of Winchester for leave to hold an annual 'free fair at St Giles's Hill.' Respecting this old fair, we are told how, on St Giles's eve, the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens of Winchester gave up to the bishop's officers the keys of the four city gates; and that, while it lasted, the church appointed its own mayor, bailiff, and coroner. The rules, too, for its regulation seem to have been very stringent; officers being stationed on roads and bridges to take toll upon all merchandise travelling in the direction of Winchester. A tent of justice known as the Pavilion was held in the centre of the fair, in which offences of various kinds were tried by the bishop's officers. Every precaution, too, was taken that all packages of goods entering the city gates paid toll to the bishop, who likewise received the forfeit of any wares that might be

sold out of the fair within a radius of seven miles. 'Foreign merchants,' says Mr Morley, 'came to this fair and paid its tolls. Monasteries had also shops or houses in its drapery, pottery, or spicery streets, used only at fair-time, and held often by lease from the bishop.' This fair, therefore, apart from its historical value, is interesting in so far as it was in many respects the model upon which succeeding ones in other places were instituted.

Fairs were occasionally granted to towns as a means for enabling them to recover from the effects of war and other disasters; and also as a mark of favour from the Crown. Thus, Edward III. founded a fair in the town of Burnley in Lancashire. An amusing origin is given of 'Fools' Fair,' kept in the Broad Gate at Lincoln on the 14th of September, for the sale of cattle. It is recorded how King William and his queen 'having visited Lincoln, made the citizens an offer to serve them in any way they liked best. They asked for a fair, though it was harvest, when few people could attend it, and though the town had no trade nor any manufacture.' Stourbridge fair, once perhaps the largest in the world, was specially granted by King John for the maintenance of a hospital for lepers. Among other origins assigned to fairs, may be mentioned 'Pack-Monday fair,' which was in days gone by celebrated at Sherborne, on the first Monday after the 10th October. It was ushered in by the ringing of the great bell at a very early hour, and by the young people perambulating the streets with cows' horns. Tradition asserts that this fair originated at the completion of the building of the church—at the completion of which the workmen held a fair in the churchyard, blowing cows' horns in their rejoicings. There can be no doubt, however, that in many cases where the true origin of many of our old fairs has in the course of years been forgotten, another has been invented in its place, and handed down with every mark apparently of plausibility.

Perhaps one of the most curious features of our provincial fairs is to be found in the odd customs associated with them, these possessing an additional interest, as they help to illustrate the social life of our forefathers. Thus, from time immemorial, it has been customary at several of our large fairs—such as those kept up at Portsmouth, Southampton, Chester, and Macclesfield—to announce their opening by hoisting a glove of unusual size in some conspicuous place. This, it has been suggested, is the earliest form of royal charter, denoting the king's glove—the custom being thus explained in the *Speculum Saxonicum*: 'No one is allowed to set up a market or a mint without the consent of the ordinary and judge of that place; the king ought also to send a glove, as a sign of his consent to the same.' The charter for Lammass fair at Exeter was formerly perpetuated by a huge glove, stuffed and carried through the city on a long pole, which was eventually placed on the top of the Guildhall, where, so long as it remained, it indicated that the fair was still open. A variation of this usage prevailed at Liverpool, where, ten days before and after each fair-day, a hand was exhibited in front of the town-hall—a sign which denoted that 'no person coming to or going from the town on

business connected with the fair can be arrested for debt within its liberty.' Englefield, in his *Walk through Southampton* (1805), describing the fair held on Trinity Monday at Southampton, says it was dissolved by the glove being taken down, 'which was at one time performed by the young men of the town, who fired at it till it was destroyed, or they were tired of the sport.' Without enumerating further instances of this practice, there can be no doubt that, as Mr Leadam has shown in the *Antiquary* (1880), the glove is the original 'sign-manual.'

One of the quaint features of Charlton fair, formerly held on St Luke's Day, was the elaborate display of horns; the booths not only being decorated with them, but most of the articles offered for sale having representations of this emblem. For a long time, antiquaries were much divided as to what connection there could be between horns and Charlton fair, and many conjectures were started without any satisfactory result. At last, however, light was thrown on this much-disputed question by an antiquary, who pointed out that a horned ox is the old medieval symbol of St Luke, the patron of the fair. In support of this explanation, it was further added, that although most of the painted glass in Charlton church was destroyed in the troublous times of the reign of Charles I., yet fragments remained of St Luke's ox 'with wings on his back, and goodly horns on his head.' As an additional illustration on this point, we may quote the following extract from Aubrey's *Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme*: 'At Stoke-Verdon, in the parish of Broad Chalke, Wilts, was a chapel dedicated to St Luke, who is the patron saint of the horn-beasts and those that have to do with them; wherefore the keepers and foresters of the New Forest come hither at St Luke's tide with their offerings to St Luke, that they might be fortunate in their game, the deer, and other cattle.' Many of those, also, who visited Charlton fair wore a pair of horns on their heads, and the men were attired in women's clothes; a mode of masquerading thus described by a writer of the last century: 'I remember being there upon Horn fair-day; I was dressed in my landlady's best gown, and other women's attire.' Referring to St Luke's Day, Drake tells us in his *Eboracum* that a fair was annually kept up at York for all sorts of small-wares, and was popularly known as 'Dish-fair,' from the large quantity of wooden dishes exposed for sale. It was also characterised by an old custom of 'bearing a wooden ladle in a sling on two stangs about it, carried by four sturdy labourers; this being, no doubt, in ridicule of the meanness of the wares brought to the fair.' At Paignton fair, Exeter, it was customary, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, to draw through the town a plum-pudding of immense size, and afterwards to distribute it to the crowd. The ingredients which on one occasion composed this pudding were as follows: four hundred pounds of flour, one hundred and seventy pounds of beef-suet, one hundred and forty pounds of raisins, and two hundred and forty eggs. It was kept constantly boiling in a brewer's copper from the Saturday morning to the Tuesday following, when it was placed on a car profusely decorated and drawn along the streets by eight oxen.

Again, among the numerous other customs which were attached to many of our fairs may be mentioned that popularly designated as 'Walking the Fair.' Thus, at Wolverhampton, on the eve of the great fair which took place on the 9th of July, a procession of men in antique armour paraded the town, preceded by the local authorities. According to tradition, this ceremony took its rise when Wolverhampton was a great emporium for wool and resorted to by merchants from all parts of England. These processions, however, were in all probability the remains of the Corpus Christi pageantry, which was frequently celebrated at the yearly fairs. At Avingham fair, held about twelve miles from Newcastle, an amusing ceremony was celebrated called 'Riding the Fair.' Early in the morning a procession moved from the principal alchouse in the village, headed by two pipers, known as the 'Duke of Northumberland's pipers,' who, fancifully dressed up for the occasion, were mounted on horses gaily caparisoned, and specially borrowed for the day. These pipers, followed by the Duke of Northumberland's agent, bailiff, and a numerous escort, rode through the fair; and after proclaiming it opened, they 'walked the boundary of all that was, or had been, common or waste land.' Riding the boundaries is still annually practised in many provincial parishes.

We must not omit to mention the 'Procession of Lady Godiva'—one of the grandest of these shows, and which has been the distinguishing feature of Coventry Show Fair, for many years one of the chief marts in the kingdom. This celebrated fair has generally commenced upon Friday in Trinity-week, the charter for it having been granted, it is said, by Henry III. in the year 1218, at the instigation of Randle, Earl of Chester. It is noteworthy, however, that the tradition of Lady Godiva is not confined to Coventry fair, a similar one having been handed down in the neighbourhood of St Briavel's, Gloucestershire. Thus Rudder, in his *History of this county* (1779), tells us how, formerly, after divine service on Whitsunday, pieces of bread and cheese were distributed to the congregation at church. To defray the expenses, every householder in the parish paid a penny to the churchwardens, and this was said to be for the liberty of cutting and taking wood in Huddalls. Tradition affirms that 'this privilege was obtained of some Earl of Hereford, then lord of the Forest of Dean, at the instance of his lady, upon the same hard terms that Lady Godiva obtained the privileges for the citizens of Coventry.'

Again, at the Whitsuntide fair held at Hinckley in Leicestershire, one of the principal attractions was the procession of the millers, who, having assembled from all the neighbouring villages, marched in grand array with the 'king of the millers' at their head. From the various accounts recorded of this ceremony, it appears that the dresses were generally most elaborate; and one writer, in 1787, describing these shows, says: 'The framework knitters, wool-combers, butchers, carpenters, &c., had each their plays, and rode in companies bearing allusions to their different trades.' Then there was the well-known practice of 'Crying the Fair.' Thus, in connection

with Stourbridge fair we read how in the year 1548 a proclamation was issued by the university of Cambridge in 'crying the fair,' in which it was directed, among other clauses, that 'no brewer sell into the fayer a barrrell of ale above two shillings; no longe ale, no red ale, no ropye ale, but good and holsome for man's body, under the penaltie of forfeiture.'

Ravenglass fair, celebrated annually at Mun-caster in Cumberland, was the scene of a peculiar ceremony, which is thus described in Lyson's *Magna Britannia*: 'The lord's steward was attended by the sergeant of the borough of Egremont with the insignia called the bow of Egremont, the foresters with their bows and horns, and all the tenantry of the forest of Copeland, whose special service was to attend to the lord and his representatives at Ravenglass fair, and remain there during its continuance.' In order, also, to attract visitors, various modes of diversion were contrived; these generally succeeding in bringing together large concourses of people from outlying districts. Thus, occasionally, a mock-mayor was appointed, whose duty it was to try any unfortunate person who on some trumped-up charge might be brought before him. It has been suggested that these mock-trials may have originated in the courts which were granted at fairs 'to take notice of all manner of causes and disorders committed upon the place, called pie-powder, because justice was done to any injured person before the dust of the fair was off his feet.' A notable instance of this custom was kept up at Bodmin Riding in Cornwall, on St Thomas & Becket's Day. A mock-court having been summoned, presided over by a Lord of Misrule, any unpopular individual so unlucky as to be captured was dragged to answer a charge of felony; the imputed crime being such as his appearance might suggest—a negligence in his attire or a breach of manners. With ludicrous gravity, we are told in the *Parochial History of Cornwall*, 'a mock-trial was then commenced, and judgment was gravely pronounced, when the culprit was hurried off to receive his punishment. In this, his apparel was generally a greater sufferer than his person, as it commonly terminated in his being thrown into the water or the mire.'—'Take him before the Mayor of Halgaver;' 'Present him in Halgaver Court,' being old Cornish proverbs.

A similar institution has existed from time immemorial at the little town of Penryn in Cornwall, at the annual festival of Nutting, when the 'Mayor of Mylor' is chosen. According to popular opinion, says Mr Hunt, in his *Romances of the West of England*, 'there is a clause in the borough charter compelling the legitimate mayor to surrender his power to the "Mayor of Mylor" on the day in question, and to lend the town-sergeant's paraphernalia to the gentlemen of the shears.' At the yearly fair, too, held in the village of Tarleton, a mock-mayor was until a very few years ago elected, this ceremony forming part of the after-dinner proceedings. 'Three persons,' says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 'were nominated, and it was the rule that each candidate on receiving a vote should drink a glass of wine—a "bumper" to the health of the voter—so that the one elected was not very steady on his feet when all the company had

polled and the newly elected mayor had to be installed.'

Lastly, referring to the days on which fairs were formerly held, it appears from *The Book of Fairs* that they were kept up on Good-Friday at St Austell, Cornwall; Droitwich, Worcestershire; Grinton, Yorkshire; High-Budleigh, Devonshire; and at Wimborne, Dorsetshire. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says that he saw a 'brisk fair going on in the little village of Perran's Porth, Cornwall, not far from the curious oratory of St Piran, on Good-Friday in 1878.' In some places, too, Sunday seems to have been selected; for in Benson's *Vindication of the Methodists* we find the following paragraph, with special reference to Lincolnshire: 'Wakes, feasts, and dancing begin in many parishes on the Lord's Day, on which also some fairs and annual markets are held.'

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

I.—THE DISINHERITED PRINCE.

It was the proud boast of the late Mr Charles James Stuart, of Balquhalloch, N.B., that he was the direct representative and lawful heir of the unfortunate royal family of Scotland. I do not quite know how he derived his descent, or from whom; but I feel sure that, had he lived at the beginning of the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century, he would, with considerable confidence, have contested the right of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges to reign over the northern, if not also the southern portion of Great Britain. He was not born, however, until 1796; and at that time there were in the Highlands but few people who still chafed under Hanoverian rule. When, therefore, as a young man, he first went to London, instead of plotting rebellion against the authority of King George III., he fell in love with an English girl named Eleanor Tudor, who also claimed, and, I think, not without justice, to be lineally descended from royal ancestors. A portrait of this lady was until quite recently in the possession of her daughter, Miss Stuart. She was not beautiful; and I strongly suspect that Mr Stuart would not have wooed her, had she borne any other name than Tudor; but the prospect of once more uniting the old kingly stocks of England and Scotland proved too seductive to be resisted; and in the summer of 1817, the laird married Miss Tudor at St James's, Piccadilly, and at once carried her off to his northern home. In the following year, Mrs Stuart gave birth to the above-mentioned daughter, who in due course received the name of Henrietta Maria; and when in 1820 a son was also born at Balquhalloch, he was, with equal fittingness, baptised Charles Augustus.

The old laird died in 1861; but in the meantime his son had grown up and married a pretty but penniless governess; and in 1857 a son, who was named Charles Edward, had been

born to him. Mr Charles Augustus Stuart, who, I regret to say, had more respect for whisky than for his magnificent ancestry, was seized with apoplexy in 1878, shortly afterwards departing this life; and in 1880, when the events which I am about to narrate began, the only living representatives of the old laird were his daughter Henrietta Maria, an eccentric lady of sixty-two; and his grandson Charles Edward, a lively and, I may add, rather unscrupulous fellow of three-and-twenty.

Miss Stuart was a tall and very dignified person. Twenty years ago, the thirsty cravings of Charles Augustus had dragged him into pecuniary difficulties, from which he only extricated himself by selling Balquhalloch and all its contents to his sister; and from that time, Miss Stuart was mistress of the fine old house, and maintained herself there in a style almost worthy of the descendant of a hundred kings. She was rich, her mother's relations having at different times bequeathed to her sums amounting in the aggregate to nearly three-quarters of a million; and she was generous, as all the poor of her neighbourhood would gladly testify; but, as I have already said, she was eccentric. She regarded herself as a British princess; she insisted upon her servants treating her as such; she lived in considerable state, and had a large household; and whenever she had occasion to sign her name, she signed it magnificently, 'Henrietta Maria, P.'

Young Charles Edward, on the other hand, inherited no fortune worth speaking of. His father had squandered his means in dissipation; and dying, left a paltry five thousand pounds, upon the interest of which the son, until 1880, lived in chambers in the Inner Temple. Up to that time he had no direct communication with his magnificent aunt, who, after purchasing Balquhalloch, had quarrelled with his father. In the spring of the year, however, Charles Edward happened to be breakfasting with his friend Tom Checkstone, who called his attention to the following advertisement in the *Morning Post*:

'A Personage of rank requires the services of a private secretary. Applicant must be energetic, well educated, of good address, and willing to spend the greater part of his time in the country.—Send full particulars to the Steward of the Household, Balquhalloch, N.B.'

'Balquhalloch is your aunt's place; is it not? I wonder who has taken it?' asked Tom.

'No one has taken it. My aunt always lives there; and, what is more, she is the Personage of rank.'

'Your aunt! Have they been making her a peeress, then?' demanded Tom incredulously.

'She's a little weak in her head, you know, on the subject of our supposed royal descent, returned Charles Edward; 'and she insists upon regarding herself as a princess.'

'And if she is a princess, what are you, Charlie?'

'Oh, I don't know. I haven't troubled myself to go deeply into the matter; but I suppose that in her estimation I am the legitimate king of England, or rather, of Great Britain. My grandfather claimed to be the representative of the House of Stuart; so, of course, as the only

son of his only son, I inherit that great but somewhat barren honour.'

'Well, I have made up my mind to write to your eccentric aunt's Steward of the Household,' said Tom. 'I have little to do, and, what is far more serious, little to live upon; and if the Princess will give me five hundred a year, Her Royal Highness shall have my services.—Is she rich?'

'O yes. I believe that she has a good twenty thousand a year, if not more.'

'And yet she lets you live here on two hundred and fifty! I can't say much for her princely liberality.—Do you know any one who will recommend me? And who is this Steward of hers?'

'He is a Scotchman, named M'Dum—Donald M'Dum: He used to be merely a kind of farm-bailiff; but he falls in with all my aunt's whims, and I rather fancy he is making a good thing out of his place.'

'Not what you would call a very upright man?' hazarded Tom.

'By no means. From what I have heard, I should take him to be a regular money-grubber. George Fegan, of Figblossom Buildings, who was in Scotland last autumn, met him several times, and told me all about him.'

'Ah, I shall go and see Fegan. Don't you mention the matter. But remember one thing: if I get the appointment, I'll guarantee that the old lady shall take you into immediate favour. I have an idea, a grand one. At present, never mind what it is. If this M'Dum is as mercenary as you make out, we must raise money to bribe him to use his influence on my behalf; and the question is, how can we raise it? All my modest expectations are centred upon the death of my uncle Blighter, who, as you know, is already bedridden. When he dies, I shall come into a few thousands.—Will you lend me a thousand, if I want it?'

Checkstone and Stuart were old school-chums, and although not altogether prompt in satisfying the demands of their tailors, trusted one another completely.

'I could realise my small investments,' said Charlie; 'but by doing so I should reduce my income by fifty pounds a year; so I hope that the favours from my aunt won't be long in coming.'

'Then you shall realise; and I'll give you my promissory-note for the amount. But first I must see Fegan and make inquiries. I won't do anything risky; trust me for that. While I benefit myself, I shall doubly benefit you. When I have called on Fegan, I shall at once, if necessary, go down to Balquhalloch and see the great M'Dum. When I wire to you, you can realise; and I can draw upon you for any sum up to a thousand, eh?'

'So be it,' assented Charlie. 'And I hope you will get the appointment and help me out of my difficulties. Why, if only my aunt would do the proper thing, I could marry. She might easily spare, say, a thousand a year; and with that addition to my income, Kate and I could do very well.'

'That marrying craze of yours is like a mill-stone tied to your neck. You ought to look out for a girl with money. Kate Smith is an orphan,

and has no expectations; and in any case, you might—if you will forgive my saying so—do better than marry a governess.'

'My father married a governess!' exclaimed Charlie warmly.

'So much the worse. The race will be ruined! However, we won't talk about that now. While you are a bachelor, there is still hope; and you shall have your thousand a year very soon, unless I am vastly mistaken.—Now I am off to see Fegan; so good-bye. If I go to Scotland to-night, you shall hear from me to-morrow. All depends upon Fegan's report of the great M'Dum.'

II.—THE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY.

Fegan's report must have been at least to some extent favourable, if not actually encouraging, for that evening Tom Checkstone left town by the limited mail for Scotland. For reasons that will presently appear, he took with him half-a-dozen boxes of very fine cigars and a considerable quantity of personal luggage; and, contrary to his usual habit, he travelled first-class.

Early on the morning of the next day but one, after having spent a portion of the previous night at the *Bagpipes Inn*, Aberdumblie, he hired the best conveyance in the town, and was driven over to Balquhalloch.

Balquhalloch Castle, as all Scotchmen and most Englishmen are no doubt aware, is a straggling building that dates back to the beginning of the fifteenth century. It occupies an isolated position, and consists of a grim gray keep, surrounded by a circle of stables, store-rooms, and servants' quarters.

It was to this ancient abode that Mr Tom Checkstone was driven. The carriage passed through the frowning gateway of the castle into a large courtyard, in which several servants in livery stood ready to receive it. Tom alighted, and, acting upon instructions which he had obtained from George Fegan, asked to see Mr M'Dum. His card was carried to that functionary, who at once professed his readiness to see his visitor in his private room. Thither, therefore, Tom was conducted; and scarcely had he taken a seat ere the Steward of the Household entered.

Mr M'Dum was a short, stout, red-faced man of about fifty years of age. He was negligently dressed in a brown velvet shooting-suit, and he was smoking a very large cigar.

'What can I do for you?' he asked bluntly.

'I have come down,' said Tom, 'with an introduction from Mr George Fegan of Figblossom Buildings, London.'

'Yes; I know him,' ejaculated M'Dum abruptly.

'And I wish,' continued Tom, 'to apply for a secretaryship which, as I see by an advertisement in the *Morning Post*, is vacant.'

'Well, sit down,' said M'Dum, as he threw himself into the most comfortable chair in the room; 'and we will talk the matter over.' And he proceeded to help himself to a stiff glass of whisky from a decanter that stood upon a table at his side.

'I think that I possess all the necessary qualifications,' began Tom; 'but of that you must

be the judge. Perhaps this letter from Mr Fegan will give you as much information as I can,' and he handed a sealed missive to the Steward.

M'Dum took it, and having opened it, read aloud:

'MY DEAR MR M'DUM—My friend Mr Checkstone has seen in the paper that a secretary is wanted at Balquhalloch. He is a young man of means, family, good education, and address; he is, moreover, a sociable companion; and you may in all matters rely upon his discretion. I therefore highly recommend him to you. I take advantage of his journey to Scotland to send to you half-a-dozen boxes of very prime cigars; and remain yours very faithfully,

GEORGE FEGAN.'

'And here are the cigars,' added Tom, pointing to a package which he had brought in with him.

Cigars were Mr M'Dum's second weakness. His first was good whisky. In a moment his demeanour, which up to that point had been by no means friendly, altered.

'Good!' he exclaimed. 'The letter, so far as it goes, is perfectly satisfactory, Mr Checkstone.—Now, let us look at the matter as men of business. The fact is that Miss Stuart—the Princess Henrietta Maria as we call her here—wants a well-educated amanuensis. I manage her estates and her household, but—and I needn't attempt to disguise it—my education has been neglected. I am not good at letter-writing. Still, I have worked my way gradually up into my present position, and I am not disposed to imperil it. The man who comes here must be my ally. He will be paid four hundred a year, and will keep his place as long as he likes, provided that he gets on well with me. The Princess is not exacting, although she is eccentric. I do not suppose, indeed, that the work will be hard; and as there is plenty of good shooting and fishing down here, the life is very pleasant. I may tell you that Mr Fegan has already telegraphed to me announcing your visit, and that I am upon the whole prepared to engage you.'

'You are very good,' returned Tom, who, however, did not add that he knew the telegram in question had been sent, and that he was perfectly aware of its contents. The words were: 'I send down Checkstone for secretary. Easy to manage. Perfectly innocent and harmless.' Nor did Tom explain that he, and not Fegan, was the real donor of the cigars.

'Oh, it is merely a matter of business,' rejoined M'Dum. 'I fancy that we should get on together. But, since if you obtain the post you will obtain it through my good offices, and since I naturally desire to have some guarantee that the Princess's confidence in you will not be misplaced, you must excuse my asking whether you are prepared to—well—to make some small—what shall we say—some small deposit, some trifling payment as a security, you know?'

'Nothing could be more reasonable, Mr M'Dum,' said Tom.

'I imagine,' continued the Steward, who was much encouraged by Tom's words, 'that a premium, say, of two years' salary would not, under the circumstances, be excessive; for the post would practically be a permanency. Two years' salary would be eight hundred pounds.'

'Yes; I think that eight hundred pounds would not be excessive,' said Tom. 'I am ready to agree to pay that sum.'

'That's good! Then I will introduce you to the Princess.' And placing his unfinished cigar in an ash-tray upon the table, Mr M'Dum arose, and led the way through some long and cheerless stone passages into a more pretentious and better furnished part of the huge building. Leaving Tom in a panelled anteroom, he went forward to announce him; and returning, conducted the new secretary into the presence.

In a large armchair in a long low drawing-room sat the Princess Henrietta Maria. Tom bowed low as soon as he saw her, and then—acting upon directions which had been supplied to him by Mr Fegan—advanced and respectfully kissed the tips of her outstretched fingers.

'Mr M'Dum tells me,' said the Princess, 'that you are in all respects competent to act as our private secretary. We particularly need the services of an amanuensis just now, because we are drawing up some memoirs of our family. The documents are here in the castle; but our health does not permit of sufficient progress with the work. Are you prepared to undertake the duties?'

'I am, your Royal Highness,' assented Tom meekly, as he stood before the majestic old lady.

'That is well. And when can you begin those duties, Mr Checkstone?'

'I am at any moment at your Royal Highness's disposal,' said Tom. 'I can even take up my residence here to-day, should your Royal Highness wish it.'

'Let it be so, then, Mr Checkstone. Mr M'Dum shall conduct you to your apartments; and I myself will take an early opportunity of visiting them and of satisfying myself that you will be comfortable.'

The Princess signified that the audience was over; and Tom and the Steward backed out of the room, bowing low as they went.

'You should not have said that you would come in to-day,' said M'Dum, as soon as the door was shut. 'And besides, how can you do so? Where is your luggage?'

'It is at the inn at Aberdumble,' answered Tom. 'I thought, under any circumstances, of staying in Scotland for a few weeks; and so I came prepared.'

'Humph!' ejaculated M'Dum, who was somewhat annoyed at his protégé's precipitancy.—'Now, if you don't mind, we will go back to my little office and complete our business arrangements.'

Ten minutes later, Mr M'Dum was the richer by a promissory-note for eight hundred pounds, and Tom was formally installed as private secretary to the Princess Henrietta Maria. At the earliest possible moment he sent back the conveyance to Aberdumble, instructing the coachman to forward his luggage to the castle, and intrusting the man with two telegrams, worded in French, one being addressed to George Fegan, and the other to Charles Edward Stuart.

Later in the day, the Princess requested him to attend her in the library; and there, without many preliminaries, he began, under her supervision, to transcribe the contents of numerous musty documents in English, and to translate those of others that were written in French and

Latin. He worked for only a couple of hours; and then the Princess, bidding him lay aside his pen, sat and talked to him about London, about politics, and about books. In the evening he played chess and smoked with Mr M'Dum; and after the toddy had been done full justice to, he retired, well satisfied, to his own snug rooms on the second floor of the ancient keep.

Thus did he spend his time for a week and more, until one afternoon the Princess fell to talking about the sad fate of her family.

'The principle of divine right,' she said, 'cannot be altered by popular clamour. It is a reality. She who at present sits upon the throne of these kingdoms is no more the Queen than you are. Excellent woman though she is, she is but the representative of usurpers. True kings cannot be made by vulgar acclamation, neither can wrong become right by lapse of time. But the blood of our race has been tainted. Our royal brother of sacred memory—though, to be sure, he never recognised his exalted position—married a commoner; and how can I expect that the child of that union should be worthy of his splendid ancestry? Ah, that child! What possibilities are his, if only he had the energy to seize them! But he cares nothing. He is content to live obscure. He will not accept his destiny.'

'Nay!' suggested Tom; 'perhaps he lives obscure because he is poor. Perhaps he is too proud to let it be known that he who exists upon a miserable two hundred and fifty pounds a year is the king of Great Britain. Your Royal Highness must not be unjust.'

'Would that what you say were true!' ejaculated the Princess. 'But if he only made some sign of his desire to win his own, heaven knows that I would aid him with my fortune, and even, if need were, with my life.'

'Your Royal Highness's sentiments are worthy of her great lineage,' said Tom courteously. 'I happen to know that the facts are as I have hinted; for, although I have not yet mentioned it, I have the honour of your Royal Highness's august nephew's acquaintance. Indeed, I may say the king deigns to honour me with his friendship.'

'The king!' exclaimed the Princess, with beaming eyes—'the king! You have heard His Majesty speak, have seen His Majesty walk, and you have not told me! Oh, Mr Checkstone, I cannot tell you how it rejoices me to have one of the king's friends in my service!—What is His Majesty's will? What are His Majesty's plans? You may trust me. I am devoted wholly and entirely to his interests. How I have longed to learn of his intention to take his rightful position!'

Thus encouraged, Tom Checkstone related to the Princess a very plausible and interesting story, the main points of which he did not forget to communicate by letter to his friend in London. He assured the Princess that poverty alone prevented the king from taking action; that His Majesty chafed grievously in his enforced seclusion; and that the legitimate sovereign of Great Britain, in spite of the plebeian origin of his mother, was in all respects a worthy descendant of the Jameses.

'Then His Majesty must come hither,' said the Princess. 'But I am greatly in doubt whether

I can place implicit confidence in Mr M'Dum. He is an excellent servant, but I fear he is not too loyal; and we must risk nothing.'

'Mr M'Dum,' said Tom, 'has very well taken care of himself hitherto. Your Royal Highness is perhaps not aware that he accepted a bribe from me when I applied for my present position in your Royal Highness's household. I have his receipt for eight hundred pounds.'

'Then, we shall certainly dismiss him,' remarked the Princess with signs of rising anger. 'But, as I say, he is withal an excellent servant, and it would not become us to act towards him in anger. I will pension him; and when he has left the castle, we may receive the king without any risk; for all my other servants have from their childhood been devoted to the royal cause.'

The result of this conversation—all the details of which were faithfully reported to Charlie Stuart—was that Mr M'Dum, after a somewhat stormy scene with the Princess, quitted Balquhalloch, with an eye to an eligible public-house in Glasgow; and on the day of his departure, the Princess wrote a loyal and affectionate letter to her nephew, and despatched it to him by the hands of her chaplain, the Rev. Octavius M'Fillan, a priest who, although he possessed no remarkable degree of intelligence, was of unimpeachable devotion to the Princess, and of great simplicity and kindness of heart. 'Our castle,' the letter concluded, 'is held at your Majesty's disposal; and all within it is at your Royal service.'

Father M'Fillan, with much ceremony, delivered the missive to Charlie at his chambers in the Inner Temple; and 'the king' was pleased to say in reply that he would at his earliest convenience visit his well-beloved aunt in the north.

Two or three days afterwards, the second column of the *Times* contained an announcement to the effect that Catharine Smith, daughter of the late John Smith of Manchester, intended thenceforth to assume the surname of Plantagenet, and upon all future occasions to style herself, and be known as, Catharine Plantagenet. Fortunately, the *Times* was not studied at Balquhalloch, the Princess reading only the *Edinburgh Courier*, because it was a thorough-going Tory journal, and the *London Morning Post*, because it was of eminently aristocratic tone.

A week later, Charlie, who had meantime received some long letters from Tom, went down to Scotland.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE exhibition of feats of legerdemain is at all times entertaining; and those who have had the pleasure of witnessing the performances of such accomplished professors of the art of magic as the late Wizard of the North, or Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke of the Egyptian Hall, London, are not likely soon to forget the same. In Britain, however, it is only now and again that a magician of the first class, who is likewise a native of the British Isles, appears. Eminent British jugglers are few and far between. But in the ancient East, magic is, and has from time immemorial

been, much more generally cultivated. India, as every one who has resided in our great tropical dependency knows, counts its jugglers by thousands. Indeed, magic is there a recognised calling or business; it descends from father to son; and an Indian juggler, be he Mussulman or Hindu, would not dream of teaching his son any other business than his own—that of magic. And so it comes about that the supply of Indian jugglers is both large and continuous. The Indian juggler is a very humble individual; he does not appear before his audience in the glory of evening dress; his only costume is a cloth bound round his loins. And thus, if coat-sleeves or pockets at all assist in magic, the Indian juggler is at a decided disadvantage, for both his arms and legs are bare. He is a thin, an unnaturally thin, wiry-looking individual—the Indian juggler. I do not know why he should be thin, but I do not recollect ever having seen a fat Indian juggler. Fat natives of India there are in plenty, as those who have travelled on Indian railways know to the detriment of their olfactory nerves; but I cannot recall a single fat Indian magician. Again, the Indian juggler does not appear before his audience with the swagger of the man who knows his power to command the applause of crowded houses. On the contrary, he appears meekly before you at the foot of your veranda steps, obsequiously salaaming, quite prepared to be turned away with rough words, but hoping to be invited up the steps to perform; for he knows that if he once reaches the top of the veranda steps, he will, an hour thereafter, be one rupee, perhaps two rupees, richer, and he will thus have earned his living for a week. Not a very liberal remuneration this, you may think; and yet it is a fact that a juggler whose receipts amounted to ten rupees—say eighteen shillings in one month—would consider himself a fortunate man.

His performance is a remarkable one, though, perhaps, not more remarkable than a first-class exhibition of magic in Britain. But between the British and the Indian juggler there is one great and important difference. The former has all the usual elaborate paraphernalia of home magical entertainments—a prepared stage, back curtains, tables, chairs, boxes, &c.; the latter has nothing of the sort: all his appliances are contained in a cotton bag which he carries about with him; he is nearly naked; and his stage is the ground or the stone floor of a veranda. Very often two or three jugglers combine and pay visits to the bungalows, thus giving variety to the performance—for each juggler has his own tricks. Recently, I had a visit from an amalgamated troupe consisting of seven members—five men, one woman, and a boy. Probably the seven had conjoined their entertainments for that particular day only, and next day they might be performing separately again. If I give a description of what this party of seven did, you will have a fair idea of a juggling entertainment in India.

Two of the seven—one man and the woman—performed a single trick only, namely, the famous basket trick. The man took an oblong basket about two feet long, one foot broad, and, say, a foot and a half high. The woman was bound hand and foot with ropes, and put into a net made

of rope, which was securely tied, so that she was practically in a sack of network. She was then lifted and placed into the basket on her knees. But a two-year-old child would have filled the basket, and the result was that the whole of the woman's person, from the loins upwards, was above the basket. The woman bent her head; the juggler placed the lid of the basket on her shoulders, and then threw a sheet over the whole—hiding both woman and basket from view. In about a minute he pulled away the sheet, folding it up in his hands, and behold, the lid was in its proper place, and the woman was gone! The juggler now took a sword about five feet long, and with it he pierced the basket through and through in all directions, horizontally, diagonally, upwards, and downwards; but there was no sign of any one inside. He even removed the lid, jumped into the basket with his feet, and danced in it, until one came to the conclusion that, wherever the woman had gone to, she was not inside. The juggler again took the sheet, and after we had examined it, he spread it over the basket, holding it tent-shaped, the apex where his hand was being about three feet from the ground. In a minute he withdrew the sheet once more, and behold the woman was back in her old position on her knees in the basket; but the ropes and net had disappeared, and she was now unbound. This trick has a few variations, one of which is that after the woman disappears, the basket is handed round to show its emptiness, and some other trick is exhibited, in the middle of which the female performer reappears before the audience ere any one can notice where she comes from.

A third juggler now made his salaam, and began by performing the beautiful mango-tree trick. He took an earthenware pot, filled it with earth moistened with a little water, and placed among the earth a mango-seed which we had examined beforehand. This done, he threw a sheet over the pot, and almost immediately removed it again, when we beheld, to our astonishment, that the seed had in the space of, say, half a minute become a young mango-tree. Again the sheet was thrown over the pot, and on being a second time removed, the mango-tree had doubled in size. The same process was repeated a third time, and now the tree was covered with small unripe mangoes. This time the juggler plucked the tree up out of the earth, displaying the roots and the remains of the original mango-stone from which the tree was supposed to have sprung.

The snake trick, which was the next item in the entertainment, is one which has a peculiar fascination for native onlookers, for the fatal ravages of poisonous serpents in India for centuries have produced a horror of such reptiles among natives. Our juggler showed us a parched skin which had once belonged to a large cobra. We examined it carefully, and were quite sure it was a serpent's skin and nothing more. He placed this skin in a circular straw basket about six inches deep. The basket was likewise examined, and we found no double bottom or any other peculiarity about it. When he put the lid upon the basket, it contained nothing but the empty skin—that we were equally well assured of. The wonderful sheet before mentioned was again brought into requisition, and was spread over the basket containing the dry skin. After

the performance of some mystic manoeuvres in the air with a little wooden doll, the sheet was withdrawn, the lid removed, and out of the basket arose a huge hissing cobra, his hood spread in anger, and his forked tongue darting in and out of his mouth. Some native servants who were looking on fled precipitately in all directions; but the juggler quickly took out an Indian musical instrument—not unlike a miniature set of bagpipes—and began to play. A change came over the spirit of the cobra's spleen; his anger died away; he stood up with half of his body in a perpendicular attitude, and presently began to sway to and fro in a sort of serpent dance to the music. In a word, he was charmed—for snake-charming is a reality, and not a fiction, strange as it may seem to the people of Britain.

The government of India offers a money reward for every poisonous snake killed in the country; and the result is that there exists in India at the present day a class of men, called snake-charmers, who earn their living by going about in search of serpents. They play on the peculiar instrument before mentioned, and if any serpent is within hearing distance, it is irresistibly attracted to the musician. Serpents will leave the roots of hedges, holes in walls, come down trees, or forsake paddy-fields, if they hear this strange music. They erect themselves vertically before the player, who at once seizes them by the throat, and puts them in a large basket or bag he carries with him for the reception of unwise serpents.* What became of the dry snake skin, we could not tell; we never saw it again.

The next performer was an elderly patriarchal-looking man, who exhibited two trained tropical birds, the names of which I forget. These birds did some really astonishing things, and their master the patriarch must be a man of infinite patience. For instance, one actually loaded a small brass cannon set on a miniature gun-carriage, pushed the charge home with a small ramrod, and fired the piece off by applying a lighted match, held in its beak, to the touchhole, displaying not the slightest fear at the noise caused by the firing. The other bird would, if its master threw any small object into the air, seize the object in mid-air and bring it to the bird-trainer.

Numbers five and six—man and boy—of the troupe were circus-wallahs, and gave a native gymnastic entertainment, which, as it did not materially differ from a British performance in the same line, need not be detailed.

Number seven was a juggler of divers accomplishments. He swallowed swords, and put an iron hook into his nostril, bringing it out of his

* With regard to the theory of snake-charming, opinions differ. It is an undoubted fact that snakes will frequently emerge from hiding-places at the sound of the charmer's pipe; but shrewd observers have reason to suspect that a single snake can be made to do duty for many, having been taught to obey the summons of its master's music (!). Thus, the wily Hindu will unobserved place his scaly pupil in some hole or crevice in the neighbourhood of a bungalow, or in the bungalow itself, whence he will lure it on a fitting occasion before an unsuspecting audience, who, deeming themselves well rid of an obnoxious intruder, applaud, and remunerate the charmer for having secured and carried away his own property!—Ed.

mouth. Neither of these feats, however, though undoubtedly genuine, is pleasant to look at. He blew fire and flames out of his mouth without revealing the origin or cause of the fire, and apparently without burning himself. He took about half-a-dozen stones of the size of, say, a hen's egg out of his mouth; how they got there, or how his mouth contained them after they got there, was a mystery. He was talking just before he began; but on being asked a question in the middle of this stone performance, he could not speak. After discharging the big stones, he wound up by disgorging about a handful of old nails and miscellaneous rubbish!

A much more pleasant trick to look at was the one which followed. He took a cocoa-nut shell with one end cut off, and filled it with water. In the water he placed a little piece of cork, having a bent pin on one side, and two straight pins on the other side, so that the cork as it floated roughly resembled a lilliputian duck. The cork lay dead in the water, and it was difficult to think what magic could possibly be got out of it. Presently the juggler, sitting about two yards off, took out a musical instrument and began to play a lively tune. Instantly the imitation duck commenced to dance violently in the water, suiting its motions to the music. The dancing continued till the tune was ended; then the juggler ordered the duck to salaam; and he was at once obeyed. He even requested the buoyant cork to dive to the bottom of the water; and his request was immediately complied with. While the performance was going on, the cocoa-nut shell was standing almost at our feet, and the performer was not only sitting beyond reach, but both his hands were employed in playing the instrument.

One more trick will finish my list. Our juggler told a native servant, whom he did not know, to stretch out his arm palm upwards. Into the outstretched palm he placed a silver two-anna piece, and—holding out his own bony hand to show us that it was empty—he lifted the coin from the servant's hand, shut his own fist, reopened it in the twinkling of an eye, and an enormous black scorpion dropped into the servant's palm. The latter fled shrieking with terror, for, next to the serpent, the particular aversion of the Hindu is the scorpion.

This finished the performance. In the foregoing, I have given as fair a description as I can of an Indian juggling entertainment; and probably you will agree with me in thinking that the feats of the poor Indian juggler are quite as wonderful as those of a first-class British magician, while the former suffers from numerous disadvantages which the latter is entirely free from.

A WORD ON WOMAN'S WORK.

BY A LADY.

WHILE education is doing much to relieve the question of the employment of women of some of the difficulties by which it has been surrounded, there is still great need of further effort ere the three million of women who are compelled to earn their daily bread shall be enabled to do so with anything approaching ease and comfort. Among the newer occupations for

the 'many'—few being as yet able to attain to the height of the professions—are china and card painting; but this market has become overstocked; and it is almost unnecessary to add that only those who are artists in every sense of the word can hope for success, originality of design being as necessary as correct drawing and good finish. Many women are now employed as clerks in insurance and other offices, and the movement has met with a large amount of success. It is to be hoped that this will stimulate others to follow the good example of finding employment for those who earnestly seek it, and such employment as they have proved themselves to be most fitted for. Numbers are employed in the Post-office; but competition is very severe in this branch of industry, and it may be asked: 'What will become of the already overcrowded ranks of male clerks, if a fresh contingent be admitted?' The reply, I think, should be: 'The man has many fields open to him; the woman, few.'

Shorthand writing may yet give employment to many women; the sewing-machine and the knitting-machine are also media for occupations more or less lucrative, but the main object of this article is to draw attention to an invention lately brought to our notice in various ways, 'the Scientific Dress-cutting'—of American origin—which is being so eagerly taken up by our countrywomen, hundreds flocking to the offices in London to learn the 'system'—some for the use of themselves and families; others, as a matter of business, intending as they do to become certificated teachers and agents. If any one is anxious or even desirous of seeing earnest workers, let him go to the rooms of the Association and he will be gratified indeed. Perhaps a few words from one who has just spent some days there may not be unwelcome, as many are inquiring about Scientific Dress-cutting.

Arrived at 272 Regent Circus, we are directed up-stairs; and at the top of the first flight we are directed to ascend a little higher, and then we are shown into a small room, where sits a gentleman, who answers questions, receives fees, writes receipts, and finally, courteously conducts us into classroom No. 1. There order reigns supreme. On the walls are the 'drafts' to be copied by the pupils, each and all correctly drawn by mathematical square measurement, the calculations being made upon a 'chart.' We take a seat, and are soon lost in the mysteries of arriving at the due proportions of a lady's figure. One pupil looks up with a smile and says, 'Is it not a fascinating employment?' another remarks in an under-tone, 'Well, this is a study;' while another declares it to be 'simplicity itself;' and so the work goes on. The teacher—whose patience is sorely tried sometimes—always seems ready and willing to render the needful assistance, and is kind and considerate alike to all. To our query, 'How long does it take to learn this system?' the reply is, 'Some learn in a few lessons, and some take longer.' One lady had attended the classes 'on and off' for a month, and attributed her prolonged study to the lack of consecutive lessons. But this is not always practicable when ladies live at a distance and have home duties which keep them away for days together.

Before leaving, we are introduced to the secretary, who, like the rest of the inmates of the establishment, until now has been a stranger to us; and as we are introduced, and she raises her bright, cheerful, honest English face, we feel that with her we shall meet with a friend able and willing to advise. When we leave the first classroom, we ascend more stairs, and are ushered into a room where skirts are to be discoursed upon—the 'short' to the 'trained' skirt being included in the lesson. Here we recognise faces we have seen in the room below; and, as in the other room, we find here also all classes represented—from the young girl who is learning to save the tedium of apprenticeship, to the first-rate dressmaker; and among the ladies, those of small means, who hope by the aid of the system to be better able to make both ends meet at the close of another year; to the lady of ample means, who has come partly out of curiosity, and partly to ascertain whether it is worth while to send her maid to take lessons, that her home-made dresses may in future be sure to fit well. Neither is she the only lady nor the representative of the only class who make at least *some* dresses at home, for there is scarcely a household where this is not necessary now.

In this room we are measured; and a curious and amusing performance it is, quite different in some respects from the way we should imagine it to be best accomplished; and here we may say that this feat is one of the most important in the whole process. Next to it perhaps stands the treatment of the shoulder. Instruction as to this is given in the 'Hints on Dressmaking,' with other valuable advice, as also on the 'chart,' which is part of the machinery sent by post with printed rules for the sum of twenty-two shillings, including the delicately made 'tracing-wheel.' But to attend a class for instruction is an advantage scarcely to be estimated by those who have not first tried to master the difficulties by themselves, and then placed themselves in the hands of a competent teacher; and the extra pound charged for the course of lessons is well laid out. There is no hurry; you can stay as long as you please, and will be kindly received; and you will pass on from stage to stage of the study until you are perfectly acquainted with the whole, each 'draft' being made separately and in its proper place in the course of lessons. Cutting and fitting are certainly women's work, and those who have taken up this new branch of industry benefit not only themselves but others.

The advantages of this system over the old plan may be summed up in one word—economy; for it saves time, trouble, labour, and material—time, by its exactitude; trouble, by not requiring fitting or 'trying-on'; labour, in the same way, and by having the turnings cut and the stitching-line marked, which serves for a guide for tacking and stitching; and of material, by its method of dividing and cutting. In this way the study soon repays any one for her trouble and outlay; added to which, it is an interesting employment; and many who have not yet left the darkness of the old guesswork method will be surprised that they held aloof so long, when they see how great an advantage it is to work scientifically instead of by 'rule of thumb.'

There are so many to whom economy is of vital importance, that we can conceive of none to whom this new system does not come as a boon indeed. Even those whose circumstances remove them from the necessity of exercising it themselves, cannot tell what is in the future for their daughters, especially should they leave the old country and go to sojourn in distant lands. Many a father pays what he considers an exorbitant sum per annum in dressmaking. One lady told us it was the case with her, and that was her reason for 'going in for the new method,' as she had six daughters; and hers is not an isolated case.

As agents are being appointed in the towns and cities in England and other countries, ladies will in future be saved the journey to London, as they will be able to attend classes in their own neighbourhood, as they do their cookery class. As an agency, the Society has found employment for numbers of women, who, as far as we are aware, are satisfied with the results.

THE STENO-TELEGRAPH.

A NEW instrument, as we announced last month, has recently been devised by Signor Michela, which, if successful, is likely to supersede altogether the present system of telegraphy. By its aid, the inventor states that it is possible to transmit from one hundred and seventy to two hundred words a minute—or about the rate at which the majority of speeches are delivered—in any language with which the operator is familiar. This is certainly a great and valuable achievement; and the instrument has this advantage over the more easily worked telephone, that it leaves a record of the message behind.

The following brief description will assist the reader in comprehending the method by which the instrument is worked. It is simply a printing-machine with two rows of ten keys each—six white and four black; the keys press on twenty studs, which by means of levers are connected with twenty styles carrying the signs or characters used for printing. The printed characters represent twenty phonetic sounds, which the inventor, by combining the signs and skilfully grouping the sounds in series, claims to be sufficient to represent all the phonetic sounds in any language. The system of stenography which he employs has for three years been practically tested in the Italian Senate; and it is now for the first time employed for the electrical transmission of words. The person who transmits the message listens to the words as they drop from the lips of the speaker; he subjects them to a process of mental analysis, arranges every syllable phonetically, touches the corresponding key on his instrument, and there appears on narrow slips of paper, as if by magic, a phonetic representation of the speech to which he is listening—not only on the materials before him, but on corresponding materials at the distant station with which his instrument is connected. He keeps his slips of paper as a record; while the slips at the receiving station are handed to persons, initiated in the mysteries of this system of shorthand,

for translation. Nor are its mysteries of an extraordinary character, for it is said that any intelligent person can translate this telegraphic shorthand after fifteen days. To transmit messages with facility, a study and practice of six months are necessary; and it is said that an expert hand can transmit as many as two hundred words in a minute.

The aim of the inventor is to telegraph by means of a keyboard instrument any speech, no matter in what European language, as fast as it is spoken. His invention may also be used for the ordinary purposes of telegraphy, with a great saving of time and labour. The instrument has been tried in the Italian Senate; and it may be seen at work every day at certain hours at No. 1 Rue Rossini, Paris.

The inventor claims that his instrument will be of especial value in the transmission of parliamentary speeches in the exact words in which they are delivered, to the different newspaper offices throughout the city and country. It is not, however, the practice in this country—with perhaps very rare exceptions—to reproduce verbatim reports of parliamentary speeches; but it is possible that those who are expert in the use of the instrument may be able to condense the reports and at the same time transmit them to the distant station. For country newspapers it would be absolutely necessary to send condensed reports; and this practice would be accompanied with disadvantages—trivial in some cases, important in others. No record would be kept in such cases of the exact words used by the speaker, and such records are occasionally of great moment. Where speeches are transmitted in their entirety to be afterwards translated, or if necessary condensed, the system would possess many advantages. Several persons could be employed in translating from the printed slips, and the copy handed direct to the compositors. It would, however, be attended with these disadvantages, that the transcription would not be made by the person who hears the speech, and consequently, any errors in manipulation would probably pass uncorrected to the press; while in condensing, the telling points of a speech may not receive, at the hands of any one who has not had the advantage of listening to the speaker, that prominence which they were intended to occupy.

The telephone has been used by the London press for a like purpose; but although in London the distances are short, it has not been found successful in practice, owing perhaps to the fact that it leaves no record behind, and that if it were used, it would be necessary to employ shorthand writers at the offices instead of in the House, as at present. The telephone is used, however, to communicate to the writers of leading articles what is passing in the House, so as to enable them to compose their work in the newspaper office.

There can be no doubt, whatever the future of Michela's instrument may be, that it is an improvement on the present system of telegraphy, in which each letter of a word is represented by a series of dots and dashes; and on this account, and because it points out the direction in which improvements in our system may be effected, we should give the invention our encouragement and support.

MAN AND NATURE.

The American Naturalist draws attention to the well-known fact, that the larger game of the Far West has been long diminishing in numbers. This, it goes on to say, is especially true of the bison, an animal which is unable to escape from its pursuers, and which can hardly be called a game animal. The once huge southern herd has been reduced to a few individuals in North-western Texas. The Dakota herd numbers only some seventy-five thousand head, a number which will soon be reduced to zero if the present rate of extermination continues. The Montana herd is now the object of relentless slaughter, and will soon follow the course of the other two herds. When scattered individuals represent these herds, a few hunters will one day pick them off, and the species will be extinct.

Let the government place a small herd in each of the national parks, and let the number be maintained at a definite figure. Let the excess escape into the surrounding country, so as to preserve the species for the hunters. Let herds of moose, elk, bighorn, black and white-tailed deer, and antelope, be maintained in the same way. Let the Carnivora roam at will; and in a word, protect nature from the destructive out-lawry of men whose prehistoric instincts are not yet dead. Let the newer instinct of admiration for nature's wonders have scope. Let the desire for knowledge of nature's greatest mystery—life—have some opportunity. Let there be kept a source of supply for zoological societies and museums, so that science may ever have material for its investigations. By securing the preservation of these noblest of nature's works, Congress will be but extending the work it has so grandly sustained in the past, in the support of scientific research and the education of the people.

MICHAELMAS.

THE brief September days are waning fast,
And a soft mellow fragrance fills the air
With Autumn's sweetest incense; now the leaves
Begin to colour, and the varied hues
Of scarlet, amber, russet, crimson, dun,
Hang over wood and forest.

The bright stars
Of the chrysanthemums dot everywhere
The cottage gardens; the sweet mignonette
Still sheds her perfume 'neath the fuchsia-bells;
Scarlet geraniums and lobelias
Are in their fullest glory; here and there
A rose late-lingering shows her crimson eup,
Though gone her beauteous fellows; and aloft
The dahlia holds high her queenly head,
The sovereign absolute of all the band.

The swallows, gathering for departure, twit
Their shrill farewell; the dormouse and the bat
Go into winter-quarters; short the days,
And chill the lengthening nights:

For comes apace
Mellow October, last of the three months
That own the Autumn's reign; then fogs and wet,
And snow and ice and wind-storms close the scene

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HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

In our last paper we spoke of the choice of a sick-room; we shall now proceed to discuss its management. In commencing to nurse a case that promises to be anything like lengthy, it is well to consider how to save unnecessary dust and unnecessary labour, whilst keeping the room in its proper state of cleanliness. With this end in view, heavy woollen draperies, retaining dust and bad smells, should be avoided; and if curtains are used at all, they should be of lace, or some light, washing material. The best chairs are those with simple wooden frames and cane seats and backs. Should a sofa be necessary, and a regular invalid couch not procurable, nothing is better than a chair-bed—provided it does not creak—fitted with washing-covers to its cushions. Much has been said for and against the use of carpets in a sick-room; and taking all into consideration, we see no reason for changing our opinion that, in ordinary cases, it is better to let them remain; they make a room pleasanter and more natural, and do away with the noise of scrubbing, incidental to a boarded floor.

If there are cupboards, they should be cleaned out before beginning to nurse, and in no case must they be used as receptacles for food or for anything that has become soiled in using. A chest of drawers is a comfort if used with discretion; but in home-nursing, it often proves the reverse of useful, and serves as a treasury for all sorts of things which have no business in a sick-room.

Pictures have a brightening effect, but they must hang straight, or your patient may worry himself with endless efforts to make them fit in with the pattern of the paper; though, if possible, the paper should be without those decided markings which so often add to the distress of unduly sensitive nerves.

Growing-plants have a cheerful look, and are

not deleterious, as many suppose; cut flowers may also be indulged in, with the exception of those which have a heavy, sickly smell; but it is better to remove them at night. In summer, it is necessary to take precaution against the patient's being disturbed by the buzz of insects; a fly-catcher at the open window will generally be sufficient; but such things in the room itself are worse than useless.

Small washable ornaments may be allowed to remain, but not to a greater extent than suffices to give the room its customary appearance, for it must be remembered that all useless articles increase the number of dust-receptacles and make the process of tidying-up more lengthy. I have seen mantel-boards and brackets covered with cloth, and literally crowded with ornaments, which have not been properly dusted for weeks because it made the patient sneeze! Such instances point the moral in regard to cloth-coverings as well as superfluous ornaments.

A folding-screen is an almost indispensable article of sick-room furniture; it not only serves to keep off draughts and the glare of the fire, but in convalescence is useful for putting round the invalid's chair. By its help, too, ventilation is made so much easier, that, if nothing pretty and ornamental is to be had, it is worth while to extemporise a screen with an ordinary clothes-horse and sheet; but a chintz or holland cover, bound with braid and made to tie on, is much more cheerful than the dull expanse of a sheet.

And now for the most important article of furniture, the bed, on which depends so much of the patient's comfort or discomfort. If possible, have a light iron frame without a foot-rail, or with only a low one. For an adult, the bed should measure not less than six feet three inches in length and about three feet in width. Greater width increases the difficulty of reaching the patient, and it is astonishing the journeys such a thing as a handkerchief will make over a large surface of bed. The height

of the bed is another serious consideration, for should it be too low, the nurse will find it add considerably to the back-aching tendency of nursing; and if too high, the constant straining up to the patient will be quite as bad. The rule then, is, that the bed when made shall be so proportioned to the nurse's height as to enable her to lift and attend to the patient without any undue effort. In home-nursing, the bed question is often overlooked altogether, or made much more of a difficulty than it need be; and though that relic of unenlightened days, the four-poster, is almost extinct in some households, most of the beds are large, and to alter the furnishing of a room seems beyond the imagination of the ordinary housekeeper. But surely, in time of illness, the first consideration should be how best to mitigate the patient's sufferings and lighten the nurse's labours; and in all but quite slight cases, it is worth considerable effort to secure the right kind of bed and bedding. This brings us to another home-nursing difficulty; for in spite of recent progress in hygienic knowledge, there are still not a few individuals who are foolish enough to prefer the unwholesome softness of a feather-bed to the healthy firmness of a good hair mattress. Yet few victims to this enervating habit fail to complain of the lumps, only to be got rid of by a large expenditure of strength and time. And if this be so in ordinary life, how much more complicated do matters become when the patient is too weak to bear to be removed for the necessary shaking, and is yet in a state to feel every discomfort with added force. Indeed, so true is this, that in serious illness, a feather-bed may be reckoned as an invincible enemy to comfort and cleanliness; and it is better not to allow your patient to remain under such unfavourable circumstances, even though it involve a few hours of dissatisfied grumbling. It may make things easier if the change is ushered in by allowing the feather-bed to remain under the mattress till the patient has become accustomed to the new order of things, when it will be well to substitute flock for feathers.

If the nurse's height will allow of two mattresses, it is a good plan to alternate them so that the under one of yesterday shall be the upper one of to-day. Those who have not tried this simple way of securing a change, will hardly believe the comfort it affords to a helpless patient.

On the same principle, it is a great alleviation to the monotony of long illness if the room will allow of two beds, one for day, the other for night; and this arrangement permits the thorough airing of bed and bedding, which it is otherwise so difficult to secure.

Bed-hangings are happily following the lead of the ancient four-poster, and will soon be only remembered as things of the past; and in illness, even the valance, still in use, had better be

banished. Pillows should be firm and not too soft; and bolsters should have covers of their own, and not be rolled round in the under-sheet, according to a common and very shiftless process. I have known the sheet to be tucked round the bolster in such a careless way that by the patient's merely getting into bed it has been pulled out of place, and has continued a fruitful source of irritation for the rest of the day.

How to keep the under-sheet smooth and free alike from crumbs and wrinkles is one of the professed nurse's arts, and is just one of those apparently small matters, neglected as such by inexperience, which make home-nursing the unsatisfactory thing it often is. Yet those who have gone through a tedious illness can hardly fail to remember the discomfort of what a tiny patient used to call 'rucks.' To him, poor little man, rucks made stopping in bed a misery; and his incessant demands to have them removed, suggested to even his inexperienced nurse the idea that there might be a right and a wrong way to such a commonplace thing as bed-making. The right and only proper way of arranging a bed for illness is to give special, minute attention to the placing of under-blanket and sheet. If the former can be dispensed with, especially in summer-time, it will be well; but very few patients will agree to this, and it is hardly of sufficient importance to argue about, except in special cases, when the doctor will probably give his veto.

In an ordinary way, be careful to choose a thin blanket, without holes of course, but one that has been pretty well worn, and that, therefore, will not greatly add to the heat of the patient's body. Then—more important still—the blanket must be considerably larger than the bed, in length as well as width. The mattress being arranged as evenly as possible, the under-blanket should be laid upon it, and well tucked in at top and bottom, as well as sides, till there is not a crease or wrinkle of any sort. The under-sheet must now be put on in the same way, and the nearer it resembles a drum in tightness the better. A few minutes spent in extra care at this point will save the patient hours of discomfort later on.

Should there, unfortunately, be no covered bolster, the sheet, after being securely tucked in at the bottom, must be drawn tightly upwards, and the bolster rolled round in the free end and then placed well up against the bed-head. The difficulty is to get the sheet tightly stretched without pulling the bolster away from its proper place. The number of pillows must be regulated by the nature of the patient's malady and partly by his previous habits. In ordinary cases, one large pillow is enough, and it is a good plan to place it lengthways, one end resting against the bed-head, and the other on the mattress, thus avoiding the hollow between the patient's shoulders and the bed, which is a fruitful source of uneasiness and restlessness. In convalescence and in many forms of illness, pillows play an important part, and we shall have more to say about them later on.

We now return to the bed, furnished as far as the under-sheet and pillow. Should the patient

be quite helpless, it will be necessary to place next, the contrivance known as a draw-sheet, which should consist of old linen or calico that has been washed to extreme softness. It should be folded lengthways till just long enough to reach from below the patient's shoulders to his knees. This, with an under-piece of mackintosh, is carefully put in place and tucked in with the same care and tightness as the under-sheet.

In regard to the upper bed-clothes, they too require care in tucking in, especially at the bottom; and if so long as to need folding back, the folding must on no account be done at the top. I have seen patients with chest complaints literally labouring under the weight of clothes placed in exactly the wrong place. In illness, as a rule the feet need extra covering, and the breathing organs no more weight of clothes than is absolutely necessary. The upper-sheet being light, may be allowed to turn over for neatness, but blanket and counterpane must only come up to the patient's neck. This folding back is such a common error, that it needs special notice, and in ordinary life, as well as in illness, should never be tolerated. The number of upper-clothes to be put on the patient's bed will vary with circumstances; but, as a rule, in a room with a fire, one blanket and a counterpane will be enough. The great point is to secure warmth without weight, and for this purpose, the ordinary cotton counterpane is about as bad as possible. An excellent substitute is the kind of blanket known as the 'Austrian,' which is cheerful in appearance as well as light and warm. In cases of exhaustion, nothing is better than a chintz-covered down, which can be shifted or removed without disturbing the patient.

A good many amateur nurses err on the side of over-heating a patient, and do not understand its connection with restless tossing and broken sleep. Should these symptoms occur at night, especially if accompanied with a flushed face and moist skin, it is well to gradually reduce the number of coverings, carefully noticing the effect of so doing.

On the ground of their greater warmth, cotton sheets and pillow-cases are preferable to linen; but some people have a decided fancy for the latter, and it may safely be used, provided the sheets are warmed just before being put on the bed. Simple airing is not enough; I have known the chill of linen set a patient off into a shivering fit, although the nurse has been particularly strong in the airing line.

It is absolutely necessary that all the bedding used in illness shall be thoroughly aired, but, of course, it should never be done in the sick-room. Unhappily, it is by no means rare to find the fire screened from a patient by clothes-horse or chairs, covered with damp things, the vapour from which ought to be sufficient warning of the folly of such a practice. A good rule in this connection is that everything, down to cups and saucers, shall be removed from the sick-room as soon as soiled, and only returned to it in a condition for immediate use.

Re-making the patient's bed is our next consideration. If well enough to go into another room, he should either be carried there, or laid on a sofa and wheeled in. As soon as he is out of the way, the window of the sick-room should

be thrown open to its widest, and the bed-clothes taken off one by one, well shaken, and left so exposed that the air can circulate freely around them. The mattresses should share the same treatment, and if possible, be left for a few minutes before being replaced. The patient will indeed be peculiar who does not enjoy the refreshment of a bed thus aired.

But in helpless illness, the changing of bedding is a more complicated matter, and needs practice to make perfect. There are two ways of changing the under-sheet. The first may be used when the patient is not quite helpless, and the nurse has to work alone. The soiled sheet is freed at the top, and after the removal of pillows and bolster, is rolled up to the patient's head; the clean sheet, after being well tucked in at the top, is loosely rolled in such a way as to lie close against the soiled one; they must now be worked down together, rolling the soiled, and unrolling the clean, the patient raising himself on elbows and feet just enough for the nurse to pass the sheets under him. In this way it is possible to get the under-sheet smooth and tight; but it is not an easy thing, and an assistant should be had, if possible. If help is to be had, and in all cases where the patient is quite powerless, it is better to adopt the second plan. Remove the pillows and bolster, so that the patient lies quite flat in bed; turn him over on his side with his back to you. Loosen the sheet lengthways, and proceed with the rolling and unrolling as before, till the rolls come close up to the patient's back. Depress the mattress under him, whilst the assistant draws the sheet through, and in so doing, slowly turns the patient on his back. He will now be lying on the clean sheet, and the difficulty is over. The trained nurse will be able to do this without removing the upper clothing, and in no case should all the coverings be taken away. Draw-sheets may be removed in the same way, but being small, are easier to manage. Some people tack or pin the clean to the dirty, and draw through whilst an assistant keeps the patient raised. Changing the upper clothes is not such a serious undertaking, though seldom properly managed by amateurs. The counterpane and blanket may be taken quite off the bed, and given to an assistant to shake, outside the room; but the sheet must never be removed without an immediate substitute. A good plan is to loosen the soiled sheet all round, tuck the clean one well in at the foot, and draw the free end upwards, under the dirty sheet, which is gradually drawn away or rolled up. As a general rule, the patient's bed should be made and his night-shirt changed at least once a day, and cases where this is not feasible ought not to come within the scope of home-nursing.

If a pair of clean sheets a day cannot be managed, one may be made to do, by letting yesterday's clean upper sheet be to-day's lower one; but draw-sheets must be changed as soon as soiled, irrespective of number. Where mackintosh is used, it should also be frequently changed, washed over, and thoroughly dried, in the open air if possible.

The patient's bed, it will be seen from the directions for making it, must never stand so that one side is against the wall, nor must it be in a direct current of air; but it is well if it can

be so arranged as to face the fire and at the same time allow the patient to amuse himself by looking out of window. In badly finished houses, there is often considerable draught from cracks in door or window frame, and from this the patient must be carefully guarded by the judicious use of screens.

We now turn to consider how the sick-room may be kept in that state of perfect cleanliness essential alike to the patient's comfort and recovery; and of all neglected points, this is perhaps the one most frequently forgotten or ignored; not one in a hundred of home-nurses having a conception of her duty in this respect. Difficult it undoubtedly is; but where the patient can be removed to another room for an hour or two once a week, it is quite possible for even inexperience to be successful.

We will suppose the weekly removal has taken place, and the nurse has to make hay while the sun shines. She first strips the bed, sending the clothes into another room to be aired; and throwing the window open to its widest, she directs her attention to the grate. The best way of removing the ashes is to carefully collect all the large pieces of coal and cinder, and then very gently draw the ashes away into a piece of stiff paper, which folded over them, will prevent any dust rising in their transit. After cleaning grate and fire-irons and making up the fire, the nurse turns her attention to the carpet, which, after being well strewn with damp tea-leaves, should be briskly swept with a hand-broom. If the furniture is simple, it may be washed over with a wet cloth and dried, all cushions or stuffed furniture being beaten out of the room. The window, often overlooked, should be nicely cleaned; and then the bed being re-made, the patient may be brought back into a room thoroughly well cleaned and aired. It is not necessary that a nurse should herself perform all menial work; indeed, it is much better she should not; but she ought to see that the above directions are faithfully carried out. For the rest of the week, the carpet should be wiped over with a damp (not wet) cloth, tied to the end of a long broom, and the furniture well and quickly dusted. It is not enough to merely wipe over furniture and let the dust loose; the duster should be folded over bit by bit as it becomes soiled, and once or twice during the process of dusting, shaken out of a window in another room or in the staircase. A room thus treated will keep in perfect order for some time; but should the illness be long, an effort must be made to take the carpet up about every six weeks or two months, that it may be beaten and thoroughly aired. If carpets are made in the sensible fashion of squares, secured by brass nails with broad heads, there will be little difficulty in managing this; but it will not hurt the carpet to let it remain loose.

In cases where the weekly removal is impossible, the floor must be wiped over carefully every day with a damp cloth, and tea-leaves used now and then, the patient being protected from the dust by screens; but this plan is only for use as a last resource in extreme cases. Under such circumstances, it is not a bad plan to have a small portion of the furniture, say a chair or table and an ornament or two, removed

each day and thoroughly cleaned, out of the room; otherwise, it is almost impossible to keep things in proper order, in spite of daily dusting.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—ANXIETIES.

MADGE awakened with the weary sensation of one who has passed through a long nightmare. It was some minutes before she could recall the incidents of the previous day; still longer before she could realise the unhappy meaning of the scene with Philip, and the fact that Uncle Dick and Aunt Hussy had found in her conduct cause for grave displeasure.

Surely she had been acting very wickedly, when those three, who were dearer to her than all the world beside, turned from her, and were vexed as well as pained by what she was doing, so far as they understood it. Surely Mr. Beecham must be mistaken in the course he was pursuing—she did not even now doubt the goodness and generosity of his motives. There was only one way in which she could set the minds of her friends at ease; and that she must adopt, no matter what it might cost herself. She dare not hope that Philip would be readily satisfied and come back to her; but at least he should understand that she had been thinking of his interest more than of herself. And Uncle Dick and Aunt Hussy would be relieved from anxiety on her account, and then—who could tell?—maybe they would influence Philip. Maybe Uncle Dick would overlook his loss of fortune, and tell him that he never meant to separate them on such a sorry score as that.

The one way which she saw to bring about this desirable consummation was to inform Mr. Beecham that she could no longer keep his secret; and that, if he did not come to Willowmere within the week to release her, she would take back the pledge she had given him and explain everything to her relatives.

Having arrived at this resolution, she was restored to a calm state of mind which was wonderful in contrast with the fever of the night. Morning is the time of hope and energy to a healthful nature; and Madge felt this, although the atmosphere was cold and the sky white with its load of snow, which was presently to descend in thick flakes, covering up the last patches of earth and shrub left bare by the glimpses of sunshine that had succeeded the previous fall.

She went about her duties quietly and resolutely; but it was hard to meet the wistful eyes of Dame Crawshaw without throwing herself into the arms that would have received her so gladly, and at once tell all. She had, however, made a bargain, and she would keep to it. Aunt Hussy would approve of what she was doing, when the time for explanation came. Uncle Dick was surly at breakfast, and he scarcely spoke to her at dinner. He did not once refer to the cattle show, and he went out to inspect his stock, a discontented and unhappy man.

Madge felt assured that Philip would say nothing more unless he heard from Uncle Dick; nevertheless, she was all day looking out for some sign from him. Old Zachy the postman

came twice, and she saw him approach, her heart pausing, then beating quick with excitement. But Zachy brought nothing from her lover. And she was pained as well as disappointed, although she assured herself again that she had not expected anything, and that she had no right to expect anything until Philip received some token of Uncle Dick's kindly intentions. Besides, she argued, it was needful to bear in mind the distracted state he was in about his affairs, and how many things he must have to attend to which could not be postponed on any account. Indeed, she did remember all this, and was so keenly sensible of the cruel effect his misfortunes were producing on his mind, that she was frightened about him—more frightened than she had been even on the occurrence of the accident with the horse.

So, when postman Zachy had made his second and last round in the afternoon, she could not rest until she had consulted Dr Joy regarding Philip's health. Having explained to Aunt Hussy where she was going and why, she started for the village, although the snow had begun to fall in a way which would have made any town-miss who understood what the signs meant glad to stay at home. What the snow meant was to fulfil the threats it had been making for several days, and to come down more heavily than it had done for years.

Dr Joy was surprised to see her on such a gloomy afternoon; but he understood the nature of her visit, after a few words of such necessary explanation as she was at liberty to give.

'And I want you to tell me plainly what his condition is, doctor,' she concluded, 'for I—that is, we are all very anxious about him.'

The good little doctor looked at her earnestly for a moment, as if to assure himself that she was not only desirous of hearing the truth but also able to bear it, and then made reply frankly, but was unable even then to dismount entirely from the hobby which he and his wife rode so diligently in theory.

'You will agree with me, my dear Miss Heathcote, that economy is the great principle which should regulate our lives—not merely economy in finance, but likewise in work, in strength, and (most important of all) in health. I daresay our friend has told you that I spoke to him on this subject.'

'When writing, he mentioned that you had visited him,' she answered, with some nervous anticipations assailing her.

'Well, I warned him then that his condition was extremely precarious. It is, in fact, that condition which when a man has fallen into, it requires him directly to throw up everything, if he cares to live. It requires him to sacrifice fortune, prosperity, and to run away anywhere and do anything to escape it.'

'But how can he do that?'

Her own observations of Philip's changing moods recently, formed a convincing argument in favour of the importance of what the doctor said. The doctor shook his head and smiled regretfully.

'That is precisely what he asked; that is what every man to whom the advice is given asks. My answer is—*don't* ask how, but go at once. Your affairs will be settled much more

satisfactorily to all parties in a year or two if you go, than they can be if you remain and die in a month or two.'

'But surely Philip is not so bad as that!'

'You asked me to speak plainly, and I am quoting extreme cases,' said Dr Joy, anxious to mitigate the alarm which he saw his verdict had created, whilst at the same time holding to his point. 'Philip is not quite so bad as that yet; but he will be in a few months, unless something occurs to relieve him from his present anxieties.'

The doctor's last words gave her more encouragement than he could have expected, or perhaps intended to give; and the terror which had made her pulse seem to stop, was changed to confident hope. She had every reason to believe that in a few weeks, it might be in a few days, Philip would be relieved of all his anxieties. But this did not lessen in any degree her eagerness to have direct and frequent information as to the state of his health. Dr Joy readily agreed to call at the chambers in Gray's Inn on the following day, and report to her on his return; then they were to arrange about further visits. Thus being relieved to some extent on this important point, she prepared to take leave; but Dr and Mrs Joy suggested that she should have a fly to take her home, as the snow was falling fast, and already lay three or four inches deep on the ground, whilst it had drifted into an embankment against the opposite houses.

'I should not think of your hiring a conveyance,' said the doctor; 'but we have had a long and heavy day, and both my horses are fagged out.'

But Madge would not hear of this kindly proposal. 'I like the snow,' she answered, 'and a brisk walk will do me good.' At another time, she would have smiled at the timidity of her friends on account of the weather.

'You will catch your death of cold, my dear,' said Mrs Joy, 'and then you will not be able to come to Edwin's lecture next week. I assure you it is the most interesting one he has yet delivered.'

Even the danger of missing the doctor's lecture was not enough to deter her from walking home. As she was passing the *King's Head*, the Ringsford carriage drew up at the door, and out of it jumped Coutts Hadleigh, in the full uniform of a captain of Volunteers. He was taken by surprise, and uttered a natural exclamation:

'Why, what brings you so far from home on such an evening as this? There is going to be a regular out and out of a snowstorm, and I would not be here myself, only this is the night of the feed I give every year to my men, and all the arrangements were made.'

She was more pleased to meet him than she was generally, for he might be able to give her some news of Philip. So, without troubling to answer his inquiries, she put her own.

'Don't know anything about him,' he answered—callously, as she thought, 'except that he has got into a precious scrape, and will disgrace our family, unless that uncle of his helps him out of it.'

'Disgrace?—How is it disgrace to fail in a noble enterprise?'

'Ah, it's something worse than failing in a noble enterprise,' answered Coutts, returning to his habitual tone of cynical indifference. 'But don't let us talk about it, if you please. I would rather not, even to you, until all the ins and outs are known.'

'When will you know about your brother's affairs?'

'I cannot say; but he will tell you all about them; and if he doesn't, I will. Meanwhile, let me do him a service—get into the carriage, and Toomey will drive you home. I am sure that is what Phil and the gov'nor, too, would say, if they found you trudging along the road in such weather. Do get in, or they will both have me down in their black books. The carriage is not to come back for me, so you won't give the horses any extra work.'

She consented; and Toomey, who was glad enough to turn homeward for his own comfort as well as that of the horses, wheeled round, and drove off at a good pace. A little way out of the village they nearly ran over a man, who, walking in the same direction, had not heard the carriage making up on him, either on account of the preoccupation of his thoughts or the thick carpeting of snow on the road.

'All right,' growled the man, having saved himself, and Toomey drove on.

Madge recognised the voice of Caleb Kersey. She would have liked to speak to him, but it was too late. She supposed, however, that he was on his way to visit Sam Culver, from whom he would learn the cause of Pansy's disappearance. Caleb was on this quest, as she surmised, and he was going to Ringsford, but not to seek information from the gardener.

CHAPTER XLIX.—AT MIDNIGHT.

Coutts Hadleigh relished good wine; but he was cautious in his cups, as in everything else. On this evening, however, he 'drank fair,' as it is called, with his comrades; and those who were acquainted with his habits noted the fact with increasing curiosity as the evening advanced. This was the fifth annual dinner he had given to 'his men' since the captain's commission had been thrust upon him, and he had on no previous occasion displayed so much hilarity or provided so many cynical anecdotes for the entertainment of the company. His lieutenant and sub.—both proprietors of the land they farmed—concluded that the captain must have made some exceptionally lucky stroke in business recently. Coutts believed he had.

The members of the Kingshope Volunteer corps were mostly young farmers and the sons of farmers, who should have possessed the physical proportions which would have specially qualified them for the soldier's career. But it was surprising to observe how few of them presented these qualifications. When Dick Crawshaw first saw them mustered, he exclaimed in loud indignation, his huge form towering over the whole troop: 'What! is that all our county can show in the way of Volunteers? Why, half a dozen of our old yeomen would scare them into

the middle of next week without a tussle! They are more like a set of town scarecrows than country-bred lads. . . . Ah, this comes o' givin' the land to people that have money and no muscle, and meddle with things they know nothing about.'

He was right in a certain degree, for these youths were the sons of wealthy merchants who take up farming as a hobby, and leaving the work to hired labourers, are indifferent to losses, and therefore able to pay rents which the working farmer has struggled for a time to compete with, and given up in despair, or emigrated. This was a sore subject with yeoman Dick, and although regularly invited by Coutts to this annual feast, he regularly refused to go—and even kept within his own bounds whenever he knew there was a parade. The prejudice prevented him from learning that a goodly number of these young fellows made up for physical deficiencies by skill as marksmen and efficiency in drill; so that the Kingshope Volunteer corps formed a by no means unsatisfactory body of men for home defence. But had any one dared to hint that even in some respects they might be favourably compared with the old yeomanry, he would have made Dick his foe.

On the present occasion, Captain Hadleigh's company showed that they had improved slightly on one of the yeomanry practices by keeping up their revels to a late hour without all getting drunk. The lieutenant having to pass Ringsford on his way home, and having his gig with him, drove the captain to the gates of the Manor. The snow had only ceased falling a little while before the company at the *King's Head* broke up, and now it lay deep on the roads, houses, and fields. The old church looked like a huge snow-house; and the meadows in the dim moonlight presented a white surface, apparently on a level with the hedgerows.

The lieutenant's powerful cob had its work to do, for at every step its hoofs sank deep in the snow-covered road. But the travellers were merry, and did not mind the slowness of their progress. Their chief trouble was to keep the road and avoid the open ditches. They succeeded in this, and also succeeded in distinguishing the point where the Manor gates broke the white wall.

Coutts made his way through the side, which shook large pancakes of snow down, and he opened it.

The avenue being guarded by its long, slender tree-branches, the path was comparatively to traverse, and Coutts was soon in front of the house, which, like the church, was a solid white mass, broken by a few points of light. Underneath these few lights was dark. As Coutts ascended the steps of the porch, a man stepped out from the shadow.

'I want to speak to you a minute, my dear Hadleigh; I've been waiting all evening for you.'

Coutts was no coward, although his face was somewhat muddy with wine; but a sudden apparition made him spring to the top of the steps and ring the bell, as he exclaimed fiercely:

'Who are you, and what do you want with me at this hour?'

'I want to know where is Pansy Culver?' said the man with enforced calmness, which contrasted to his advantage with the blustering ire of the other.

'Confound your impudence—how should I know?'

'I saw you with her at the London station. Where has she gone to? Where did you send her to?'

'She didn't tell me where she was going to, and I didn't send her anywhere.'

Caleb Kersey's calmness broke bounds, and he next spoke with savage determination:

'You are lying, and you shall tell me the truth.'

'You're an insolent fool.'

As Caleb swiftly ascended the steps, he received a vigorous buffet on the breast, which tumbled him backward on the snow. The door was open; Coutts entered; the door was instantly closed, bolted, chained, and locked.

'Tell that fellow Kersey to go about his business,' said Coutts to the attendant who had been waiting up for him; 'he is drunk or mad. If he has any business with me, he knows where to find me at proper hours.'

With that he went up-stairs in a furious temper with the man who had insulted him, and had evidently intended to offer violence to his person. Before he had reached the first landing, there was an impatient but not a very loud knock at the door. The servant repeated his young master's message, put out the hall lights, and gladly enough went off to bed.

Caleb stood in the portico hesitating as to what he should do. He had been waiting there for hours; he had been told that Mr Coutts Hadleigh was not at home—the servant declined to say where he might be found. The snow and the cold did not appear to affect him. He waited, and at last the man had come, but had not given the watcher any satisfaction. Caleb was aware that his application was untimely: but that was not his fault: the circumstances were exceptional. He must know from this villain what he had done with Pansy, and then he would seek her father, whose authority would rescue her from the evil influence under which she had fallen.

The poor fellow never thought that his first step ought to have been to consult Pansy's father. His natural delicacy, rude and earnest, made him shrink from the idea, because he felt sure it would cause him pain. He learned from his attendant in the village that Pansy had gone away

there; and as the gardener had no special liking to speak of her grandfather, he mentioned to any of his gossips whither she had gone. So Caleb, sitting in a train which he caught starting, having caught sight of Pansy's fortune-teller, Hadleigh talking together on the platform at Liverpool Street Station, instantly

thought that there was something wrong. He had jumped out of the carriage; but his mood was prevented him, and he had in the cruel torments of speculation and until he reached his destination.

He had no hope of winning Pansy; but he might save her from the fate to which she seemed to be hastening. He had no doubt she had been taught to repeat some falsehood to her father,

which kept him quiet about her absence, and he had no doubt of her danger. Then with a sullen resolution, in which the anxiety of a lover was combined with the suppressed fury of a maniac, he sought Coutts Hadleigh, determined to force the truth from him.

In those cold weary hours when he was hanging about the Manor waiting, the words of Philip frequently recurred to him: 'Trust her, man; trust her.' He imagined that he did trust her; he was sure that she did not mean to do wrong. But at the same time the wicked comment of Wrentham also presented itself, reminding him that trust gave the woman opportunity to deceive. He did not like the man who spoke or the words he uttered; but the remembrance made him uneasy.

'Ah, if Master Philip had not been in such a pickle with his own affairs, I'd have gone to him now, and he would have told me what was best to do, even though the villain be his own brother. But it would be a mortal shame to put more trouble on him when he's down enough already. I'll go my own way.'

All these things were careering through his mind, as he stood under the portico wondering how he should act. He heard a casement open above—it seemed to be directly over his head—and Captain Hadleigh shouted:

'You'd better move off quietly, Kersey, or I'll call our fellows and send for the police.'

The casement was closed violently, the two sides banging together, the principal windows of the Manor opening on hinges like doors, in the French fashion.

Caleb stepped out from beneath the portico and looked up. There was a ruddy glow—the effect of the light shining through deep maroon-coloured curtains—in two windows on the first floor. One of these windows opened on to the top of the portico which formed part of a balcony. That was the one from which Hadleigh must have spoken, thought Caleb; and was immediately satisfied on the point by seeing the shadow of a man who was passing slowly between the light and the curtains.

'The stable ain't far off, and I can find a ladder there,' muttered Caleb, moving away from the front of the house.

Mr Hadleigh, sen., was seated at his writing-table, his back towards the windows. Before him lay those sheets of manuscript which he had written at intervals during the past year. The broad shade on the lamp cast the soft light down on the table, and had it not been for the bright glow of a huge fire, the rest of the room—and especially the upper part—would have been in comparative darkness. As it was, the flickering flame of the fire made the shadows above and around him flutter and change like living things.

He was not writing. He was carefully separating certain pages from the others; having done so, he fastened them together neatly, and with his hand covering them, as if to hide the words from himself, he leaned back on his chair. Suddenly he rose and paced the floor slowly in melancholy reflection.

When he resumed his seat, there was a placid expression on his face, like that of one who, after

a long mental struggle, has come to a final decision and found peace.

With as much sad deliberation as if he were committing a dear one to the grave, he placed the separate packets of manuscript in different envelopes. The first and largest he addressed in a bold clear hand, '*To Mrs Philip Hadleigh. To be opened after my death.*'

Over the second packet his pen was poised for some moments, and his hand was not so steady as before when he began to write.

'To my son, Philip Hadleigh. To be opened after my death and read by him alone. When he has read, he shall decide whether to burn at once or first to show it to his wife. The secret of my life is here.'

As his pen stopped, a chill blast passed through the room, making the lamplight waver, as if it were about to be extinguished. Mr Hadleigh, surprised, raised his head slowly, and slowly looked round.

The window behind him was open, and before it stood a tall, rough-looking, muscular man. Mr Hadleigh's sallow cheeks became more sallow, his eyes started, and his lips trembled slightly. He recovered himself instantly, and rising calmly from his seat, and at the same moment lifting the shade from the lamp, his eyes remaining fixed all the time on the intruder, burglar, intending murderer, perhaps.

When the light was uncovered, the man drew back a pace with a kind of growl of surprise. Mr Hadleigh retained perfect self-possession; but he was not much relieved from apprehension by recognising in his midnight visitor the leader of the agricultural agitators who had on various occasions openly declared antagonism to the master of Ringsford.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE NOT DANGEROUS.

A REMARKABLE circumstance recently occurred which brings out strongly the fact that scientific teaching in medical and surgical matters has made giant strides of late. On the 8th of July an accident happened to a 'marker' at the ranges of the Civil Service Rifle regiment at Wimbledon when marking at the five hundred yards' range. According to the report, a rifle-bullet seems 'to have bounded off the corner of the target and to have entered the marker's breast.' Fortunately, the great annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was to commence in a day or two, and the Field Hospital prepared for the meeting was being got ready under the charge of Sergeant Monaghan and Corporal Melville, both of the Army Hospital Corps. Thither the wounded man was immediately carried; but there was no surgeon present or anywhere near. Seeing, however, the serious nature of the case, the two soldiers, without a moment's hesitation, took steps to extract the bullet, which had entered the right breast just under the collar-bone. Having carefully examined his patient and found the exact locality of the bullet, Sergeant Monaghan, with the assistance of the corporal, made an incision in the back

and was enabled at once to extract the bullet from the spot where it had lodged, just opposite to the point of entry in the breast. The injured man, a member of the corps of Commissionaires, expressed himself much gratified with the prompt attention he had received, as well as with the skilful operation by which, without a moment's loss of time, the important act of removing the bullet had been accomplished. Too much praise cannot be given to the two soldiers, who by their ready and intelligent action, saved their patient not only from prolonged suffering, but perhaps even from death itself.

The well-known saying of 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' is here singularly confuted, for it was just the 'little knowledge' applied with sagacity and intelligence that probably saved the life of a fellow-creature.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember a melancholy occurrence which took place last year on one of the Swiss mountains, when a valuable young life was lost for the want of a 'little knowledge,' and in itself, very simple knowledge too. A German engineer and two guides were ascending one of the famous Swiss mountains, when the younger of the guides appears to have had a very bad fall, by which either a bottle or a lamp-glass was broken, the fractured part entering the young man's thigh and dividing the femoral artery. It would not, we should suppose, have required very profound surgical knowledge to know that the man would inevitably bleed to death unless this great artery could be immediately compressed; but incredible as it may appear, neither the German nor the other Swiss guide knew anything about the matter. They tried to stop the spouting blood with their handkerchiefs, which of course was of no avail. Neither thought of tying the handkerchief or other ligature round the upper part of the limb, and then twisting it tight by the application of a stick; and so the poor young fellow quickly bled to death. Now, if the bleeding could have been arrested by ligature until surgical assistance was procured, the young guide would doubtless have recovered, for the injury, as a mere flesh-wound, was in itself by no means serious. Here, then, a 'little knowledge' would have done a vast amount of good.

One of the best, most useful, and practical associations of the present day is the St John's Ambulance Society, which teaches all who care to learn how to act in such emergencies as that related, and to take instant action *on the spot*, until surgical aid can be obtained—a ticklish and anxious time, often fraught with serious danger, when there is not a minute to spare, and where loss of time means loss of life.

Let every one, therefore, who has any real love for his fellows, and who feels that he or she has the nerve requisite for the work—for this is a *sine qua non*—at once learn how to act in cases of sudden accident, illness, faintness, drowning,

or any other of the many unlooked-for ills and mishaps that 'flesh is heir to'—a species of knowledge that will improve the mind of the possessor, and may be productive of infinite good.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

III.—KING CHARLES III.

THERE were great preparations at Balquhalloch Castle for the worthy reception of the king; and but for the fact that the editor, who was also the sole reporter, of the *Aberdumle Warder* was at the time confined to his house from indisposition, the whole matter would no doubt have found its way into the papers. The Princess spared neither trouble nor expense. Two Aberdumle carpenters arrived, and erected opposite the porter's lodge a wooden triumphal arch. An Aberdumle painter followed after them, and inscribed upon the arch, in large red letters on a blue ground, a legend welcoming His Majesty to his own again. And when the painter had departed, the Princess, accompanied by Tom Checkstone and Father M'Fillan, drove into Aberdumle and hired all the flags in the town. She also subsidised the local brass band, the members of which she instructed to be at the castle at a given hour, prepared to play at her behest the stirring strains of *Who'll be King but Charlie*, and as many other Jacobite tunes as they knew or could learn meanwhile; and she further engaged four pipers, who were to stand just within the castle gate and salute her royal nephew in their most tremendous style. It must be confessed that the Princess was a trifle indiscreet. She undoubtedly laid herself open to a prosecution for treason-felony, if not indeed for treason of the highest and most deadly type; but fortunately for her, the Aberdumle people had grown accustomed to her eccentricities, and not a soul dreamt of gainsaying her will and pleasure in the matter. She therefore returned with a carriage-load of flags, which she caused to be festooned from the battlements. In her own boudoir and with her own fingers, she had long since worked in silk a faithful copy of the old royal standard of Scotland, and this she ordered to be run up on the flagstaff that surmounted the keep, whenever the king should set foot within the castle walls. Furthermore, she directed that at that auspicious moment her head-butler, assisted by one of her stable-boys, should begin the firing of a royal salute from an old brass gun that stood upon the western wall; and in order to provide for this, she purchased in Aberdumle, Archie M'Pherson the ironmonger's entire stock of sporting-powder.

Betimes there came a telegram for the Princess. 'Shall be with you,' it ran, 'at noon to-morrow;' and it had been despatched by Charlie from the telegraph office in Fleet Street, London.

The Princess passed the night in a state of the utmost excitement. Instead of retiring to rest, she paced to and fro until daylight began to dawn; and it was only at Tom's urgent entreaty that she then consented to repair to her boudoir and lie down for a few hours. She

had talked of attempting to raise the country side, and of going to the railway station at the head of her kilted and armed retainers, to welcome her nephew; but Father M'Fillan's more sensible counsel prevailed. He pointed out that nothing could be gained by undue haste, and that any ill-advised display of force would probably end in the speedy collapse of the movement long ere it could ripen and bear good fruit. The fact is that, but for the common-sense of the chaplain, the Princess would have done a thousand rash deeds. Fortunately, he had constituted himself her temporal as well as spiritual adviser; and being a man of extraordinary kindness and goodness, he had easily won the Princess's confidence. He regarded her as a harmless maniac, and believed that there would be no danger in humouring her within due bounds; nor did he conceal his opinions from Tom Checkstone, who, while professing to coincide with them, fully made up his mind to carry on the game until it should bring some decided advantage to himself and his friend Charles Stuart.

The Princess, accompanied by Father M'Fillan, and by Tom, who rode, drove to Aberdumle Station without the retinue of armed tenants; and, punctual to the appointed hour, the king's train arrived. The Princess would have respectfully kissed His Majesty's hand; but Charlie, with right royal condescension, embraced his aunt and kissed her upon both cheeks. Then, having graciously shaken hands with Tom and the priest, he entered the carriage, which was driven rapidly back to Balquhalloch. A few children followed it for a short distance, but they were soon left behind, and it was not until the castle was well in sight that any further signs of excitement and expectation became visible.

The first loyal greeting came from Daft Andy M'Gregor, an old fellow of eighty-seven. He had heard from his grandfather of the great doings of the '45; and fully believing that patriotism required it of him, he stood at his cottage door waving a rusty claymore, and flung his bonnet into the air as the carriage rolled quickly by. A more formal welcome awaited the king at the gateway of the castle. The porter's eldest son, in his Sunday clothes, walked gravely forward, bearing on a cushion the castle keys, and, with profound obeisance, presented them to Charlie, who as gravely received them and gave them into Tom's custody. At that moment the four pipers struck up; and the carriage, as it passed through the gateway, was saluted by a boom from the old brass gun. Tears stood in the Princess's eyes, as, giving her hand to Father M'Fillan, she alighted. 'Thank heaven for this day!' she exclaimed devoutly; while in a louder voice she added: 'God save the king!'

The cry was taken up by all the servants and tenants who had collected in the courtyard, and was accentuated by a second boom from the brass gun. Thus acclaimed, the king, supported by Tom, walked into the great hall, and was thence conducted by the Princess herself to his private apartments.

'The first thing,' she whispered to him, 'will be to hold a council.'

'Of course!' assented Charlie. 'We must hold a council at once. Let me see. May Tom—'

I mean Mr Checkstone—act as my private secretary until I can appoint some one else to the post?’

‘Most certainly! Your Majesty’s wishes are commands. I will send Mr Checkstone to you.’ And the amiable Princess respectfully kissed her nephew and retired.

A minute later, Tom peeped in at Charlie’s door and entered his room. The two young men at once burst into fits of suppressed laughter.

‘It is really too bad!’ exclaimed Charlie. ‘You can’t imagine how difficult it has been for me to keep my countenance.’

‘Never mind; you have done very well so far,’ returned Tom. ‘I am to be your private secretary *pro tem.*, and you are to hold a council. I must therefore beg your Majesty to graciously nominate your councillors.’

‘Whom shall I nominate? There is Father M’Fillan.’

‘And Alexander Gordon, the factor; he is a presentable sort of fellow.’

‘And my aunt, the Princess.’

‘Ah, the constitution doesn’t permit you to nominate women.’

‘Well, then, we four can hold the council, if the council must be held,’ said Charlie. ‘Now, how am I to comport myself?’

‘Father M’Fillan understands, of course, that we are only masquerading; but you mustn’t let him know that you have even the most distant designs on your aunt’s money-bags, for he would spoil the game in an instant if he did know it. As for Sandy Gordon—to him you must be the king, the whole king, and nothing but the king. If I were you, I should knight him. It would consolidate his loyalty.’

‘I’ll make him a baronet, if you like,’ assented Charlie. ‘It won’t cost any more.—But what are we to do in council?’

‘To decide upon your plan of action,’ said Tom. ‘And we may as well settle that here. The decision must be that no public steps are to be taken at present.’

‘Quite so.—But don’t, Tom, push matters too far. I only want to be able to marry Kate, you know; and really five hundred a year from my aunt would satisfy me.’

‘All right, old fellow; you shall have a thousand.—But now to business. I will go and announce the nomination of councillors. The council will meet in the drawing-room in half an hour. Shave yourself, and make yourself look as royal as possible. There was to be a valet to wait upon you, but he hasn’t yet arrived from Edinburgh.—How they are pounding away with that absurd brass gun! Fortunately, the powder has almost run out, so you won’t be troubled with your full salute.’ And Tom disappeared.

The first sitting of King Charles III.’s council was not a long one. The decision at which Charlie and Tom had already arrived was, of course, adopted. Sandy Gordon was offered, but modestly declined, the honour of knighthood; and Father M’Fillan was commissioned to inform the Princess that the king did not deem it expedient for the present to take any public steps to assert his authority beyond the loyal precincts of Balquhalloch.

The Princess, who for nights had been dreaming

of rebellion, was grievously disappointed, and sought to bend her nephew’s determination. After dinner, when for a short time she was alone with him, she talked the matter over.

‘Well, my dear aunt,’ said the king at last, ‘I need not tell you that if we organise a rising, I must put myself at the head of it. And if I put myself at the head of it, I must of necessity risk my life. At present, as you know, I am not married. I am the last male of our house. Ought I not, before facing the danger, to look to the interests of my race, and indeed of the country? If I had a son, or even a daughter, I could go forth with a lighter heart to battle; for in that case my death would not mean the inevitable extinction of all our hopes. You, it is true, would succeed me, but only for a few short burdensome years; and with you the line would pass out of existence.’

‘True,’ assented the Princess; ‘you certainly ought to marry, and to marry quickly. But whom can you marry? Who is worthy of you? Your royal grandmother was a Tudor, a worthy spouse for my father of sacred memory. But there are no Tudors now; and besides, you ought not to marry a cousin. I fear that you must seek an alliance on the continent, among the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs.’

‘Why not among the English Plantagenets?’ asked the king.

‘Would that some remained,’ ejaculated the Princess.

‘But one does remain,’ said Charlie. ‘The fact is that I have had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of one whom I have determined to wed; and, my dear aunt, she is a Plantagenet. Mr Checkstone, who has the honour of her acquaintance, will tell you about her.’

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed the Princess. ‘This news greatly rejoices me. Let Mr Checkstone write to her at once in my name and ask her to come and visit me. I will judge of her worthiness.’

‘You had better write,’ suggested the king. ‘Why not write informally, as my aunt. You must remember that we cannot yet afford to risk anything by publicly hinting at my pretensions, much less by boldly proclaiming to the country and the powers that be that I intend to seize the crown.’

The Princess reflected; but she gave way, and, for once in her life, signed herself simply Henrietta Maria Stuart.

In due course Kate received the invitation. It was accompanied by a private letter from Charlie; and when she had read the two communications, she forfeited a month’s salary and quitted her situation. A few days had to be spent in preparing for the visit to so large and grand an establishment as she knew Balquhalloch to be; but in less than a week after hearing from Miss Stuart, Catharine Plantagenet left London for Scotland.

IV.—THE COLLAPSE.

The Princess was charmed with Catharine Plantagenet, who, in truth, was as gentle and true-hearted a girl as could be met with anywhere; but when she became fully aware of the deception to which she was a party, it was with the greatest difficulty that Charlie

persuaded her to refrain from telling her proud hostess the secret of her birth.

'Well,' said Catharine, 'under any circumstances I won't consent to take advantage of your aunt's weakness. I hate false pretences. Your aunt ought to do something for you, I confess, but let her do it with her eyes open.'

Ere long, however, the Princess, upon her own initiative, made a proposition to which even Catharine saw no objection.

'My dear,' she said one morning, 'I am getting old, and since you have been here with me, I have begun to feel that I should not like to be without you. Now I know perfectly well that Charles will be glad to stay here for the present; so, why don't you make up your minds to marry and stay here together? When I die, the castle and everything belonging to it will be his. You need never regard yourselves, therefore, as trespassers upon my hospitality.'

'And you really like to have me with you?' asked Catharine.

'Certainly, my dear.'

'For my own sake, I mean?' added Catharine.

'Yes, for your own sake, and quite apart even from the fact that Charles loves you. I shall speak to him about it.' And speak to him she did.

'You will be quieter and better off here than in London,' she said; 'and you will be able to mature your plans for the future. You and Catharine shall have a separate establishment for yourselves; there is plenty of room for all of us. And if you have any hesitation on the score of money matters—which, after all, trouble the highest as well as the lowest—I may set your mind at ease, my dear Charles, by telling you that I have determined to give Catharine on her wedding-day a hundred thousand pounds by way of jointure. When I die, the rest will be yours.'

'You are very good, aunt,' exclaimed the king, who was fairly overcome by his relative's liberality. 'Yes; nowhere can we be happier than here. But let us be married quietly.'

'By all means! Father M'Fillan shall perform the ceremony in the chapel. Get Catharine to name a day—the sooner the better.'

Charlie talked over the matter that very evening with his sweetheart, and an arrangement was soon come to between them. The wedding was fixed for an early date; a few favoured guests were invited; and in due course Charlie and Catharine became man and wife, Tom acting as best-man, and Sandy Gordon, who, on account of his age and patriarchal beard, seemed to be peculiarly fitted for the part, giving away the bride. There was, of course, a feast for the tenantry; and the brass gun on the wall was again fired—this time until it burst; but, as the Princess regretfully said, the ceremony was not worthy of the event. It ought to have taken place at Holyrood or Westminster Abbey.

Charlie and Catharine went to Edinburgh for their honeymoon; and when they returned to Balquhalloch, the castle settled down once more into its normal condition of peace and quietness. Tom and the Princess spent much of their time in the library, working hard at the family history; and the young couple, with nothing to

worry them, and only themselves to think about, passed a delightful existence, which seemed as if it could never become wearisome.

But matters could not go on for ever in this way. The Princess in time began to ask Charlie about his plans. 'Will arms be required?' she wanted to know. 'Will there be uniforms for the troops? What hope is there of foreign assistance? Can the officers and men throughout the country be bribed?' And above all, 'When are you going to rise and strike for your rights?' In short, the situation threatened to become critical. And when, nearly a year after his wedding, Charlie found himself the proud father of a boy, he realised that he must either act, or permit his good aunt to scorn him as a weak-kneed, cowardly shadow of a king.

The auspicious event caused the Princess to be unusually active. She desired, ere the grand stroke should be dealt, to be in a position to publish abroad a full and complete pedigree, tracing the descent of the Stuarts of Balquhalloch from the royal Stuarts of Scotland; and hearing that a number of old records bearing upon the question were for sale in London, she despatched Tom Checkstone thither with *carte blanche* to buy whatever he could lay his hands upon. Tom was absent for ten days; and when he reappeared, he had with him a large chest full of dusty, mouldy, discoloured documents. These treasures were conveyed to the library, and for a week the Princess almost lived among them.

One day Charlie and Catharine, who was now convalescent, were sitting at luncheon, when, without warning, the Princess burst into the room. She was very violently excited. Her gray hair had fallen loose, her cheeks were pallid, and her hands were clenched convulsively.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed Charlie and Catharine, both rising together and rushing to support their aunt.

'Matter!' she cried—'matter?' and she began to weep hysterically.

'Tell me,' implored Catharine. 'What can we do?'

But Tom, who had followed the Princess, and who now appeared in the open doorway, soon explained the cause of the outbreak.

'Look here!' he said, as he held out a yellow parchment. 'It is a terrible blow to your aunt, Charlie. There has been some mistake. You are not descended from the royal Stuarts at all. A similarity of names and some careless copying are responsible for the error.'

Charlie seized the manuscript, and having hastily glanced at it, threw it aside, and went to his aunt, who was already being attended to by Catharine.

The Princess had fainted; but ere long she recovered, and was able to tell her version of the story. She had been completing the pedigree; she had almost arrived at the last link, when the whole chain had been snapped by this hideous discovery. She would never get over the shock. To think that after all she was a nobody! It was too dreadful!

They led her to her own room, and in time succeeded in calming her. Then, in order to convince himself, Charlie carefully examined the parchment. Its statements could not be gainsaid.

The Stuarts of Balquhalloch had no connection with royalty; and he would not now be required to seize the throne of Great Britain. To him the revelation came, it must be remarked, as a welcome relief; but for days and weeks it made his poor aunt miserable; and when she finally reconciled herself to her lot, it seemed as if her energy and pleasure in life had departed for ever. Indeed, she never entirely got over the blow, and at the beginning of this year she died.

Charlie and Catharine were with her to the last, and she bequeathed everything to them. Balquhalloch, therefore, is now theirs; and Tom Checkstone, who, rightly or wrongly, regarded himself as Charlie's good genius, holds sway as his friend's secretary, man of business, chum, and general factotum.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

On the 27th of August, the British Association commenced its fifty-fourth annual meeting—not this year, however, on British soil, but at Montreal in Canada. Some hundreds of members travelled from this country to be present at the meeting. Both on the part of the city and of the Dominion, the reception of the Association has been everything that could be desired by its members. Montreal itself raised forty thousand dollars towards defraying the expenses of the visit, and three hundred of the members were, besides, received as guests into private houses. The new President, Lord Rayleigh, Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge, delivered the opening address, in which he sketched the progress that had been made in certain important branches of science. The final meeting of the Association was held on the afternoon of September 3, and was largely attended, about two thousand persons being present. Lord Rayleigh in addressing the assembly, said that no meeting had been held in which the Association had been provided with such spacious rooms. Resolutions in favour of the erection of a free public library in Montreal, as a memorial of the visit, were then passed, and a large amount of money was immediately promised in aid of this object, among the donations being one of ten thousand pounds. The total money grants in favour of scientific investigations made at the Montreal meeting were fifteen hundred and fifty pounds. The tickets issued for members of the Association for this session numbered seventeen hundred and thirty, and the money received amounted to eighteen hundred pounds.

Within the last twenty-five years, and more especially since the Franco-German war, when the French made such good use of balloons, there have been somewhat frequent rumours that the problem of aerial navigation, comprised in the possibility of guiding and propelling a balloon in a given direction, had been solved. The machine in each case is carefully described, and generally it is represented as having risen gracefully in the air, travelled about a little, and then returned to its starting-point. Then, nothing more is heard of it. Such an event is said

to have occurred last month in France. The gas-vessel—it can hardly be called a balloon, for it is cigar-shaped—is nearly two hundred feet long. A platform is hung below, upon which is a screw propeller, worked by a dynamo-machine and a large rudder. This description tallies almost exactly with the form of so-called steerable balloons which have been constructed, tried, and found useless by M. Giffard, M. Tissandier, and others in previous years. The French government have spent much money in experimental ballooning, and this last achievement is the result. Perhaps the authorities were obliged to show something for the money that was being spent, but we fear that that something is not anything new or profitable. Until an aerial machine be produced which shall make its way against strong currents, balloon navigation will remain as it has hitherto been.

Here is a clever American notion, and one which will probably have a wide application. It consists of a noiseless door-closer. In the ordinary metal or india-rubber spring, so commonly fixed to doors, the greatest energy is exerted at first, and the door generally slams with a noise which is very distressing to any one with nerves. In the new arrangement, the spring is fixed to the piston attached to a small air-cylinder, so that as the door closes, the resistance of the air in the cylinder checks its motion before the terrible bang arrives. A small opening in the cylinder then lets in the air, so that the spring once more asserts its authority with sufficient persuasion to gently close the door.

After the terrors excited by the alleged danger of using arsenical wall-papers, it is rather a relief to read the opinion of Mr R. Galloway, who has written an article upon the subject in the *Journal of Science*. 'Has it,' he asks, 'ever been proved that persons who inhabit rooms the wall-paper of which is stained with emerald green, suffer from arsenical poisoning?' He then points out that the injurious effects, if any, must be due to the mechanical detachment of the pigment from the paper, and that such homoeopathic doses of the substance as could be carried by the air, would be totally different from the effects which arise from larger doses of arsenic. Moreover, he has made inquiry as to any cases of poisoning occurring during the packing of this finely divided pigment—during which operation the packers are surrounded by clouds of its dust—and could hear of none. Mr Mattieu Williams, a well-known writer on Science, is also of opinion that 'arsenical wall-papers' are practically harmless. We are glad to record these opinions, for the tendency of the present time is to point out lurking dangers in every direction, until one is apt to wonder how our forefathers, in their happy ignorance of sanitation, ever contrived to reach adult age.

At Reading, this autumn, a honey-fair is to be held, when prizes will be distributed to beekeepers who work on humane and advanced principles, and also to those who can show the greatest amount of unadulterated honey raised in a Berkshire hive. Such a show as this is worthy of every encouragement, for honey fetches a high price, and so does wax, even in these days of cheap sugar and composite candles. It thus becomes possible for the intelligent cottager to add considerably to his scanty means; and if he can

be taught that honey can be won without periodical destruction of bees and comb, so much the better. There is some complaint that the new-fangled hives, efficient though they be, are too expensive to supersede the old straw skep. The British Beekeepers' Association might well turn their attention to this aspect of the matter.

Last year, Professor Huxley stated it as his opinion that no act of man could possibly influence the increase or decrease in the number of sea-fish. This was in answer to the gloomy anticipations of many that the herring and other fisheries would be gradually annihilated unless our fishermen were compelled by law to observe certain conditions. So far as herrings are concerned, the recent enormous catches have shown that there are fish as good and plentiful in the sea as ever yet came out. Last month, we saw these fish in splendid condition being sold at the Farringdon Fish Market, London, at one penny per dozen. By the way, can any one explain why, in these days of refrigerators and cheap ice, eighty-six tons of fish should be allowed in one month to become—at Billingsgate—unfit for human food?

At a flower-show at Frome the other day, prizes were offered by Miss Ormerod, the consulting entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, for the best collection of food-plants injured by insects, accompanied by samples of the injurious creatures themselves, and a short written account of the nature of their depredations and the preventive measures to be adopted in dealing with them. There was only one competitor, Mr Herbert Haley of Frome; but the collection which he showed was a very complete one, and was most highly commended by Miss Ormerod. As this was the first injurious-insect competition in this country, and was probably known to comparatively few persons, we need not be surprised at the want of competitors. Ten years ago in Paris, a similar Exhibition took place, in which nearly four hundred competitors took part. The exhibits included useful as well as injurious insects, which were divided into separate classes. Such competitions ought to be productive of a great amount of good.

Recent experiments have led to the adoption of many alterations in the torpedo system, which is likely to play such an important part in naval operations of the future. Hitherto, the torpedo—a huge fish-like case to hold explosives, and containing within itself an air-engine for propelling it through the water—was thrust from a ship's side below the water-line. But it was found in practice that it was impossible to fire the agent of destruction in a straight line, especially if its mother-ship were under way. In the new method, the torpedo, which is sixteen feet long and fourteen inches in diameter, is fitted into a steel tube just large enough to contain the projectile. The pressure of a key admits highly compressed air to this tube, and the torpedo is shot out of an open port on exactly the same principle that a pea is projected from a pea-shooter. But in the case of the torpedo, its little but powerful engine is set to work the moment it reaches the water, and away speeds the torpedo on its terrible errand.

Professor Tuck of New York has constructed an electric torpedo boat, which will render submarine warfare very terrible, if the hopes raised by its recent trial are fulfilled. It is made of

iron, in the shape of a cigar, or rather pointed at each end, and is thirty feet in length. It can travel on the surface of the water, or several feet below, at the will of its commander. The torpedoes are carried outside the vessel, and can be detached by the action of an electro-magnet, when it is desired to let one rise to the surface against any ship that may be lying overhead. By means of attached wires, the torpedo can be exploded when the submarine boat has retired to a position of safety. Jules Verne's clever romance *Thirty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, seems here to come into play.

Under the supervision of Mr Preece, the well-known electrician to the Post-office, an experiment of great interest has been recently conducted at Wimbledon, near London. The object of the experiment was to ascertain the best method of lighting streets by electricity, the lamps employed being the incandescence pattern advocated by Edison, Swan, and others. Some of the lamps were placed singly, others on poles twenty feet high, while at the same time the efficiency of different kinds of reflectors was tested. The cost is calculated to amount to one farthing per lamp per hour for each unit of light, valued at ten candles. Now, the cost of gas for a similar amount of light is one-fifth of a penny, so that the difference in expense between the two systems is not very great. On the other hand, the advantages of the electric light in the open air, where no question of impure products of combustion need come in, almost disappear; gas, therefore, still fulfils the required conditions.

It is to be hoped that the new regulations for the prevention of collisions at sea, which have just been published, will have the effect of reducing those calamities, which have of late become fearfully familiar. The twenty-seven articles contained in these regulations refer to lights, sound-signals for fog, steering and sailing rules, precautions to be adopted, and special rules for squadrons and convoys. We may call particular attention to article nineteen, which indicates how one vessel can signal to another by a steam-whistle. Thus—one short blast to mean, 'I am directing my course to starboard'; two short blasts, 'I am going to port'; three to mean, 'I am going full speed astern.' Any one will readily remark how such signals could be added to almost indefinitely. Indeed, it is simply the method adopted in the army for flash-signalling with the heliograph, adapted to sound-signalling with the steam-whistle. In such a system, unfortunately, there are few, in moments of danger, who can keep their heads cool enough to avoid making perilous mistakes. It is somewhat like talking quietly when the house is on fire.

About four years ago, the startling scheme of carrying ships upon a specially constructed railway track bodily across that little neck of land which ties together the two Americas was conceived by Mr Eades. This scheme was communicated to the British Association at York in 1881, and although the idea seems a novel one, like most engineering enterprises it can be doubtless accomplished if investors can be made to believe in its power of paying a good dividend. The suggested route would require a track one hundred and thirty-four miles in length, which

must be laid with a compound railway of extremely solid construction. The worked-out details of the method of raising a ship on a pontoon, transferring it to a travelling cradle, and finally committing it to the deep once more, after its journey on dry land, are most ingenious. Mr Eades, who hails from the United States, is now in England, endeavouring to interest capitalists in his proposals.

The demolition of the old law-courts which adjoined Westminster Hall, has brought into view one of the most interesting pieces of stonework belonging to Norman times that can be found in London. The state of preservation of the wall of the old hall, upon which the marks of the mason's tools are still visible, is due to the circumstance, that from a very early time it was under cover, for a cloister extended along the whole length of the building on this side. Mr Pearson, the architect, was lately requested to report upon the subject, and to suggest the best method of restoration compatible with the preservation of this unique relic of the reign of William Rufus; and it has been determined to restore the cloister as it originally stood. According to the opinion of Mr Shaw-Lefevre, the First Commissioner of Works, the edifice when completed will, with the Houses of Parliament and the old abbey adjacent, form one of the grandest groups of buildings in Europe.

The attractions of South Kensington Museum have lately been added to by the opening of a room containing a collection of antique casts, which have been collected and arranged by Mr W. C. Perry. This collection numbers about three hundred specimens, which illustrate the whole historical range of ancient art. Such a record of the plastic art of ancient times is of deep interest to the archaeologist, as well as of immense value to the art student. The arrangement of the specimens is mainly chronological, and where one or two casts are, on account of inconvenient size, not shown in their right place, it is in consequence of want of space. We may venture to hope that at some not distant date, better accommodation will be found for this valuable and interesting collection.

The Great Western Railway has always been famed for the wonderful engineering difficulties which were grappled with by the daring Brunel, and many evidences of his skill are apparent to the traveller on that line. But even Brunel did not conceive the bold idea of piercing a tunnel twenty-six feet in diameter, and four and a half miles in length, beneath the bed of the Severn. But this great work has now been in progress for some years, and the operations latterly have been pushed forward with such rapidity by three thousand busy men, that its completion may soon be looked forward to. The tunnel will shorten considerably the distance between London and South Wales. It is constructed so as to dip considerably towards the centre, to which point any water will naturally gravitate. Here it will enter a drainage subway, which will carry it to the Welsh side, to be pumped up into the river. The great difficulty which the workers have had to contend with is the irruption of vast bodies of water from local springs. The crown of the tunnel lies at a depth of from eighty to a hundred feet beneath the bed of the river.

In these days of quick communication by telegraph and telephone, it is strange to see how it becomes occasionally convenient to employ 'the bird of the air' to 'carry the voice.' In Haddingtonshire, at the Penston Colliery, messages are carried from the pits to the offices, a distance of more than six miles, by pigeons, and they accomplish the work in about as many minutes. Telegrams are found to take about an hour in executing the same business, and telephones are inadmissible, because as yet no plan has been found by which the sounds can be permanently recorded.

In a recent lecture on Cholera and its Prevention, Professor de Chamont called attention to the very common and erroneous idea that tobacco-smoke, camphor, and other strongly smelling compounds act as disinfectants. He pointed out that although chlorine, sulphurous acid gas, and carbolic acid may under certain conditions be safely regarded as true disinfectants, the best and most efficient known is fire. He also, in speaking of sulphurous acid gas, generated by burning sulphur, showed that a ready way of facilitating combustion was first of all to pour upon the brimstone a little alcohol.

Mr Graham, who recently gave an account of his mountaineering experiences in the Himalaya, seems to have negatived some of our preconceived notions regarding the difficulty of breathing at high altitudes. At an elevation of more than four miles above the sea-level, Mr Graham and his companions felt no inconvenience in breathing except what might be expected from the muscular exertion they had gone through. Loss of sight, nausea, bleeding at the nose or ears, and other unpleasant symptoms often described by travellers, were entirely absent. But the heart was sensibly affected, its rapid pace being easily perceptible, and its beatings quite audible. It may be remembered that Mr Glaisher and Mr Coxwell, in the course of an experimental balloon ascent some years ago, nearly lost their lives by the effect upon their breathing organs of the highly attenuated atmosphere to which they had risen. But the altitude then reached was about double that attained by Mr Graham in the Himalaya.

A scheme has been proposed for the construction of an Indo-European railway, the chief novelty of which is the adoption of a route along the south shore of the Mediterranean. The line would utilise the railroads of France and Spain. Then there would be steam-transit from Gibraltar Bay to Ceuta in Morocco. Here would be the terminus proper of the international railway, which would be in connection with the lines already laid in Algeria and Tunis. The route would be continued through Tripoli to join the Egyptian lines, and eventually along the coast of the Persian Gulf to Kurrachee in India. Here, of course, contact would be made with the great Indian railway system. Preliminary surveys have been already made, and the nominal capital of the undertaking is fixed at ten millions sterling.

At the late meeting of the British Association in Canada, a very curious contribution to our knowledge of carnivorous plants was made by Professor Moseley, as a result of certain experiments he has made with the water-weed *Utricularia vulgaris*. This plant is furnished with

small pear-shaped bladders, which at certain seasons are charged with air, and cause the weed to rise to the surface of the water. This movement has hitherto been supposed to be connected with the phenomenon of fertilisation. But Professor Moseley points out that each bladder has an opening closed by an elastic door, which will easily yield to the pressure of a small fish; and that any unfortunate intruder is either caught bodily, or can be securely held a prisoner by head or tail until dead. That there is here anything analogous to digestion as seen in other carnivorous plants, such as the *Dionaea*, &c., does not appear; but it is thought probable that the decomposing animal matter may contribute eventually to the life of the weed.

An invention of considerable importance in connection with the probability of saving life at sea has made its appearance during the month. This consists of an adaptation of the use of oil at sea to the ordinary life-buoy. Round the inside of the buoy is a brass reservoir filled with oil. This is so arranged that when the buoy is hung upon the vessel's side no oil can escape; while the moment it assumes a horizontal position, as, for instance, when it is thrown into the sea, the oil flows freely, and the water all around the buoy is rapidly covered with a thin film. This soon widens into a large circle, within which, of course, the waves are unbroken, which enables persons to be the more easily secured by the ship's boats. Since it is a well-known fact that in rough weather, when the cry 'Man overboard!' is oftenest heard, life-buoys are frequently useless, as even the strongest men are commonly washed off them, this practical adaptation of the use of oil at sea will probably prove of signal importance. It could, we imagine, also be readily applied to many of those improvised sea-rafts and similar appliances, and render them of great value in rough weather. It was the fault of many of those ingenious contrivances of this kind which were to be seen at the Fisheries Exhibition last year, that no one could possibly live on them in broken water, and this objection the use of oil in this way would certainly obviate. It should be noticed, however, that the chief value of the invention consists in the arrangement for the oil to flow automatically.

In addition to the electrically lighted colliery in South Wales, noticed in last 'Month,' we hear of another in Lanarkshire belonging to Mr John Watson, Earnock, near Hamilton. There may possibly be other workings thus illuminated throughout this country; and there is no doubt that ere long the brilliant and comparatively safe electric light will be generally adopted underground.

In Prussia also, as we learn from a contemporary, the electric light at the Mechernich Mines has now had a fair trial for more than three years, and has proved a complete success. The expectation that it would both facilitate the operations and increase their security, has fully been realised, and an extension of the plant is now being carried out. An open working two thousand feet long, one thousand feet wide, and over three hundred feet deep, in which three hundred men and twenty horses are continually occupied, was first to be supplied with the electric

light, and it was a question whether are lamps would answer for this purpose in the smoky atmosphere caused by blasting operations. For the first experiments, are lamps of three thousand and one thousand candles were used, with the positive carbon in the lower holder. The effect was brilliant, yet the light did not penetrate the white smoke cloud which collects at the upper wall immediately after the shot. But as the smoke settles within ten minutes, it was thought advisable to acquiesce in this interruption of a few minutes, and to use smaller lamps of three hundred and fifty candles, which proved quite efficient. Of these, there are ten in use, with about ten thousand feet of lead cable, the cable being partially elastic, as the lamps with their wires have to be removed when the blasting is to take place. The lamps were originally supplied with hexagonal lanterns with obscured glass to protect the eyes of the miners. The glasses were, of course, soon broken, but no complaints are said to have been made about the naked electric lights.

The speech-recorder would appear to be an instrument of no small importance, if it is able to do in a practical manner that which the title of a patent recently applied for by Mr W. E. Irish would lead us to suppose. The title of the patent is as follows: 'A system or method and means of receiving and recording articulated speech and other sounds transmitted telegraphically, telephonically, or otherwise, by the aid of electricity.' The transmitting, as by telephone, and recording of speech in characters which may be easily read, would be of incalculable value. If this instrument fulfils what is claimed for it, the anticipations once hoped for in the phonograph will be realised, and in the future we may expect to see business-men talking their correspondence into a box in which mechanism, by the aid of electricity, records the same on paper, which may be forwarded as a letter. Moreover, literary men will be saved the drudgery of the pen, and have their thoughts recorded as rapidly as they can convey them to the instrument. The system of natural phonetic signs, which we should expect this instrument to describe, may also be the means of influencing spelling and of simplifying the phonographic difficulties of the language. Applications innumerable suggest themselves to us to which such an apparatus may be applied; the verifying and duplicating of orders received and sent telephonically, would form no small item in the advantages to be derived from such a system.

According to the *Journal de Rouen*, quoting from the *Polytechnische Zeitung*, the recent invention of M. Verk, by which is produced the effect of any metal on felt, is likely to become extremely useful when applied to theatrical stage properties, as, besides being inexpensive, the articles so treated are not materially increased in weight. The things intended to assume a metallic appearance are first of all covered with a layer of felt, which is coated over with a resinous substance mixed with plumbago or blacklead. This is left to dry, and is then passed over with a hot iron. The article is next rubbed with pumice-stone, which produces the effect of burnished steel. If copper, bronze, or silver is wished to be

imitated, the felt—which is rendered a conductor by its coating—is covered readily by immersion in a galvano-plastic bath.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TELEGRAPHING EXTRAORDINARY.

A CONTEMPORARY supplies some interesting particulars as to the number of words transmitted by telegraph to all parts of the kingdom on the occasion of the Prime Minister's recent visit to Edinburgh. On the evening of Mr Gladstone's arrival, press messages containing over seventeen thousand words were handed in at the telegraph department of the General Post-office; but the actual number of words transmitted was over sixty-seven thousand, owing to the fact of the same report being sent to more than one newspaper. Mr Gladstone's visit to the Forth Bridge works led to the transmission of twelve thousand words, and his movements on the following day to nineteen thousand. On the occasion of his first speech on Saturday evening (August 30) in the Corn Exchange, sixty-two thousand four hundred and seventy-one words were handed in, and one hundred and thirty-eight thousand four hundred and forty-five transmitted. The number would have been greater had not Sunday intervened, allowing of the transmission of many messages by train. On Monday evening (September 1) the press messages reached the enormous number of one hundred and seventeen thousand words, causing the transmission of about four hundred and twenty-seven thousand words, the largest number ever transmitted on any one night from Edinburgh. After the Waverley Market speech of Tuesday night (September 2), one hundred and seventy-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-one words were transmitted.

On Monday evening, when the strain was heaviest, one hundred and thirty operators were at work, and in spite of the constant stream of messages the department kept abreast of the reporters. As many as four towns in the same telegraphic circuit were enabled to read almost the same message at the same time. The message having been 'punched' on long slips of prepared paper, the plan was adopted, instead of running it entirely through one machine, of taking the slip out of the first machine after it was three yards clear, and running it into a second and a third.

CASUALTIES ON THE BRITISH COAST.

A blue-book on sea-casualties to British vessels from July 1, 1882 to June 30, 1883, contains the Report of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, showing that the total number of vessels belonging to the United Kingdom to which casualties occurred (total losses and serious and minor casualties) was 5409. This is higher by one hundred and eleven than in 1881-82, when it was 5298, and higher than any year since 1876-77, when it was 5801. The number of total losses was eight hundred and ten (tonnage 277,490). This is lower than the previous two years, but higher than in either of the four years preceding. The decrease in the last two years is in sailing-vessels (classed and unclassified) and in unclassified steamships. There

is, however, a large increase (twenty-five per cent.) in the total losses of classed steamships. The number of serious casualties not amounting to total losses was 1268, and was lower than any of the previous six years, except 1879-80, when it was slightly higher. The decrease is entirely confined to sailing-vessels. The number of steamships (five hundred and seventy-one) to which serious casualties occurred is larger than in any of the previous six years, and the tonnage of the vessels affected is nearly one hundred and fifty thousand more than in 1876-77. From 1877-78 there is a steady annual rise in serious casualties to steamships from four hundred and six in 1877-78 to five hundred and seventy-one in 1882-83. In 1876-77 they were four hundred and ninety-three. The loss of life in vessels belonging to the United Kingdom was 2501 in 1882-83, or seven hundred and seventy-six less than in 1881-82, but was more than the loss in each of the five years preceding 1881-82, and was three hundred and thirty-one more than the average for the six years. Of these 2501 lives, 1463 were lost in missing vessels. The number of missing ships was one hundred and fifty-two, namely: Sailing-ships, 133; tonnage, 32,995; lives lost, 1080: steamships, 19; tonnage, 14,626; lives lost, 383—total lives lost, 1463.

'YES'

A LITTLE rain,
The sun again,
A shadow;
A summer day,
Some new-mown hay,
A meadow.

A girlish face,
A matchless grace,
And beauty;
We spend the day
In making hay—
Sweet duty.

Some fading flowers,
Some happy hours,
But fleeting.
A week of rain,
And then again
A meeting.

One quick shy look,
A rippling brook,
Some clover;

A sky of gold,
The story old,
A lover.

A fair sweet maid,
A short word said;
What is it?
I try my fate,
And not too late
To miss it.

The years have gone,
And still loves on
That lover;
He loves always,
As days and days
Pass over.

A loving wife,
A long, long life
Together,
Have made him bless
That shy sweet 'Yes'
For ever.

NORA C. USHER.

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THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

MORE than eighty years ago, Davy first produced and exhibited the arc-light to an admiring and dazzled audience at the Royal Institution; and forty years later, at the same place, Faraday, by means of his memorable experiments in electro-dynamics, laid down the laws on which the modern dynamo-electric machine is founded. Though known at the beginning of the century, the electric light remained little more than a scientific curiosity until within the last ten years, during which period the dynamo-electric machine has been brought to its present perfection, and electric lighting on a large and economical scale thus rendered possible. The first practical incandescent lamps were produced only seven years ago, though the idea of lighting by incandescence dates back some forty years or more; but all attempts to manufacture an efficient lamp were rendered futile by the impossibility of obtaining a perfect vacuum. The year 1881 will long be remembered as that in which electric lighting by incandescence was first shown to be possible and practicable.

The future history of the world will doubtless be founded more or less on the history of scientific progress. No branch of science at present rivals in interest that of electricity, and at no time in the history of the world has any branch of science made so great or so rapid progress as electrical science during the past five years.

And now it may be asked, where are the evidences of this wonderful progress, at least in that branch of electricity which is the subject of the present paper? Quite recently, the wonders of the electric light were in the mouths of every one; while at present, little or nothing is heard about it except in professional quarters. Is the electric light a failure, and are all the hopes that have been placed on it to end in nothing? Assuredly not. The explanation of the present lull in electric lighting is not far to

seek; it is due almost solely and entirely to speculation. The reins, so to say, had been taken from the hands of engineers and men of science; the stock-jobbers had mounted the chariot, and the mad gallop that followed has ended in ruin and collapse. Many will remember the electric-light mania several years ago, and the panic that took place among those holding gas shares. The public knew little or nothing about electricity, and consequently nothing was too startling or too ridiculous to be believed. Then came a time of wild excitement and reckless speculation, inevitably followed by a time of depression and ruin. Commercial enterprise was brought to a stand-still; real investors lost all confidence; capital was diverted elsewhere; the innocent suffered, and are still suffering; and the electric light suffered all the blame. The government was forced to step in for the protection of the public; and the result of their legislation is the Electric Lighting Act, which authorises the Board of Trade to grant licenses to Companies and local authorities to supply electricity under certain conditions. These conditions have reference chiefly to the limits of compulsory and permissive supply, the securing of a regular and efficient supply, the safety of the public, the limitation of prices to be charged, and regulations as to inspection and inquiry.

That the electric light has not proved a failure may be gleaned from a rough survey of what has been done during the past two years, in spite of unmerited depression and depreciation. In this country, permanent installations have been established at several theatres in London and the provinces; the Royal Courts of Justice, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, the Bank of England, and other well-known buildings; while numerous railway stations, hotels, clubs, factories, and private mansions throughout the country, have also adopted the new light either entirely or in part. In addition to this, over forty steamships have been fitted with the electric light during the past year; and the Holborn Viaduct, with its shops

and buildings, has been lighted without interruption for the past two years. On the continent, in addition to a large number of factories, private houses, and public buildings, numerous theatres at Paris, Munich, Stuttgart, Brunn, Vienna, Berlin, Prague, and Milan have been electrically lighted. In New York, an installation of ten thousand lights has been successfully running for the last year or two. Any one wishing to see the electric light to advantage and its suitability to interior decoration, should visit the Holborn Restaurant. This building, with its finely decorated rooms, its architectural beauties, and ornamental designs in the renaissance style, when viewed by the electric light, is without doubt one of the chief sights of London.

The electric light in the form of the well-known powerful and dazzling arc-light is the favourite illuminant for lighting harbours, railway stations, docks, public works, and other large spaces. But it is to the incandescent lamp that one must look par excellence for the 'light of the future.' It has been satisfactorily established that lighting by incandescence is as cheap as lighting by gas, provided that it be carried out on an extensive scale.

Very contradictory statements have from time to time been published as to the relative cost of lighting by electricity and gas; and a few remarks on the subject, without entering into detailed figures, will explain much of this discrepancy. These remarks will refer to electric lighting by incandescence.

In the first place, the lighting may be effected in one of three ways—(1) by primary batteries; (2) by dynamo-machines; or (3) by a combination of dynamo-machines and secondary batteries. The expense of working with primary batteries is altogether prohibitory, except in the case of very small installations; while secondary batteries have not yet been made a practical success; so that the second method mentioned above is the only one at present in the field. In the second place, a distinction must be made between isolated installations and a general system of lighting from central stations. Up to the present time, nearly all the lighting by electricity has been effected by isolated installations. If every man requiring one hundred or even several hundred lights were to set up his own gas-works and supply himself from them, the cost of lighting by gas would be enormously increased. Hence it is manifestly unfair to compare the cost of electric light obtained from isolated installations with gas obtained from gas-works supplying many thousands of lights; yet this is being constantly done. Central stations supplying at least, say, ten thousand lights, and gas-works on an equal scale, must be compared in order to arrive at a true estimate of the relative cost of electricity and gas. Several such extended installations are now being erected in London and elsewhere. With improved generating apparatus, and above all, with improved lamps, it is confidently anticipated that the electric light will eventually be cheaper than gas. Even if dearer than gas, it will be largely used for lighting dwelling-houses, theatres, concert-

halls, museums, libraries, churches, shops, show-rooms, factories, and ships; while perhaps gas may long hold its own as the poor man's friend, since it affords him warmth as well as light.

The incandescent light is entirely free from the products of combustion which heat and vitiate the air; it enables us to see pictures and flowers as by daylight; it supports plants instead of poisoning them, and enables many industries to be carried on by night as well as by day. Add to this an almost perfect immunity from danger of fire and no fear of explosion. When it is realised that a gas flame gives out seventeen times as much heat as an incandescent lamp of equal light-giving power, and that an ordinary gas flame vitiates the air as much as the breathing of ten persons, some idea may be formed of the advantage of the electric light from a sanitary point of view. To this may be added absence of injury to books, walls, and ceilings. Visitors to the Savoy Theatre in London will doubtless have seen the adaptability of this light for places of public amusement, and it is now possible to sit out a play in a cool and pleasant atmosphere without incurring a severe headache. To theatrical managers the light offers in addition unusual facilities for producing spectacular effects, such as the employment of green, red, and white lamps to represent night, morning, and daylight. The freedom from weariness and lassitude after spending an evening in an electrically lighted apartment must be experienced in order to be appreciated. The electric light very readily adapts itself to the interior fittings and decorations of houses and public buildings, and it can be placed in positions where gas could not be used on account of the danger of fire. The old lines of gas-fittings should be avoided as far as possible, and the lights placed singly where required, and not 'bunched' together. For the lighting of mines, electricity must stand unrivalled, though little has as yet been done in this direction. Its speedy adoption either voluntarily or by Act of Parliament, with the employment of lime cartridges instead of blasting by gunpowder, will in the future render explosions in mines almost an impossibility. In some cases, gas may yet for some time compete with the electric light both in brilliancy and economy; for the electric light has spurred on the gas Companies to the improved lighting of many of our public streets and places.

With the general introduction of electricity for the purpose of lighting comes the introduction of electricity for the production of power; for the same current entering by the same conductors can be used for the production of light or of power, or of both. The same plant at the central stations will supply power by day and light by night, with evident economy. Electricity will thus be used for driving sewing-machines, grinding, mixing, brushing, cleaning, and many other domestic purposes. In many trades requiring the application of power for driving light machinery for short periods, electricity will be of the greatest value, and artisans will have an ever ready source of power at their command in their own homes.

Is electricity to supersede gas altogether? By no means, for gas is destined to play a more

important part in the future than it has done in the past. Following close upon the revolution in the production of light comes a revolution in the production of heat for purposes of warming and cooking, and for the production of power. Gas in the future will be largely used not necessarily as an illuminant, but as a fuel and a power producer. When gas is burned in an ordinary gas flame, ninety-five per cent. of the gas is consumed in producing heat, and the remaining five per cent. only in producing light. Gas is far more efficient than raw coal as a heating agent; and it is also far cheaper to turn coal into gas and use the gas in a gas-engine, than to burn the coal directly under the boiler of a steam-engine; for gas-engines are far more economical than steam-engines. Bearing these facts in mind, it cannot but be seen that the time is not far distant when, both by rich and poor, gas will be used as the cheapest, most cleanly, and most convenient means for heating and cooking, and raw coal need not enter our houses; also that gas-engines must sooner or later supersede steam-engines, and gas thus be used for driving the machine that produces the electricity. In the case of towns distant not more than, say, fifty miles from a coal-field, the gas-works could with advantage be placed at the colliery, the gas being conveyed to its destination in pipes. Thus, coal need no longer be seen, except at the colliery and the gas-works. With the substitution of gas for coal, as a fuel, will end the present abominable and wasteful production of smoke. When smoke, 'blacks,' and noxious gases are thus done away with, life in our most populous towns may become a real pleasure. Trees, grass, and flowers will flourish, and architecture be seen in all its beauty. Personal comfort will be greatly enhanced by the absence of smuts, 'peasoup' fogs, and noxious fumes; and monuments, public buildings, and pictures saved from premature destruction.

The present method of open fires is dirty, troublesome, wasteful, and extravagant. With the introduction of gas as a heating agent, there will be no more carting about of coals and ashes, and no more troublesome lighting of fires with wood, paper, and matches. No more coal-scuttles, no more smoky chimneys, no more chimney-sweeps! On the other hand, the old open coal-fire is cheerful, 'pokable,' and conducive to ventilation; while the Englishman loves to stand in front of it and toast himself. All this, however, may still be secured in the gas stoves of the future, as any one could easily have satisfied himself at the recent Smoke Abatement Exhibition in London. The gas stove of the future must be an open radiating stove, and not a closed stove, which warms the air by conduction and convection chiefly, and renders the air of a room dry and uncomfortable.

It has frequently been pointed out that our coal-fields are not inexhaustible; but they doubtless contain a sufficient supply for hundreds of years to come. Long before the supply is likely to run short, other sources of nature will be largely drawn upon. These are the winds, waterfalls, tides, and the motion of the waves. The two former have to some extent been utilised; but little or nothing has been done or attempted

with the latter. Before these can be to any extent made use of, means must be devised for storing energy in the form of electricity, a problem which is now being vigorously attacked, but as yet without much practical success. That electricity has a great future before it cannot for a moment be doubted.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER I.—A CROW TO PLUCK.

THE two men stared at each other—Mr Hadleigh with an expression of stern inquiry; Caleb with a sullen audacity which failed to conceal the confusion and disappointment he felt. But he made no attempt to apologise, to explain, or to retreat.

After a brief inspection of the man, Mr Hadleigh was reassured: this was no common burglar he had to deal with, and no immediate violence was to be feared.

'My good man,' he said calmly, 'you have wasted your time and labour if you expected to find money or plate here. That safe, which you see is open, contains my cheque-books; but they are worthless to you without my signature. As for what plate and jewels there may be to reward your adventure, they are in different parts of the house, and before you can leave this room to seek them you must murder me. And before you do that, I shall sound this alarm.'

As he spoke he took up a green cord which lay beside his desk. The cord communicated with a bell in the butler's room, which if rung at that time of night would certainly have aroused the household.

'I didn't come here to rob; I didn't expect to find you in this room, and I don't mean to hurt you.'

Gruff and surly as Caleb's manner was, Hadleigh, even in that moment of peril, did him justice.

'I believe you, Kersey,' he said quietly; 'and to prove it, I shall sit down and listen to what explanation you have to give. Something very unusual there must be to have caused you to act as you have done. I told you at the end of the harvest that if I could serve you at any time, I should be pleased to do so. Is that why you have come?'

'No,' was the sulky answer.

Although tortured by passion, Caleb was not only sensible of the confidence which Mr Hadleigh showed him under such peculiar circumstances, but felt his self-respect raised by it, and was wishful to make matters clear. The thing somehow stuck in his throat, for he who had broken into the house at midnight had to tell this man of his son's guilt—as he believed—and of Pansy's shame.

'Then what did bring you here and in such an outrageous fashion?'

'I thought to find your son Mr Coutts here. I've been waiting for him nigh on six hours. When he came, he wouldn't tell me the truth, wouldn't wait to speak to me, and I am determined that he shall—not only speak to me

this night, but speak true. I thought I heard him hollering to me from that window. I didn't want to make a row if it could be helped, so I got a ladder and came in, meaning to ask him to do things straight and quiet. That's all.'

As Coutts's room was above the library, Mr Hadleigh comprehended the mistake Caleb had made, and was satisfied that no intention of robbery had brought him there. His own intense preoccupation had prevented him from observing any disturbance.

'What is it you wish him to speak truth about?' he inquired.

'I'd rather speak to himself,' was the gloomy response.

'You are aware that breaking into the house in this way might be an awkward thing for you if brought before a magistrate. But since the matter is important enough to induce you to run the risk you have done to-night, you had better take me into your confidence. I have no doubt of being able to assist you.'

'Well, then,' said Caleb, after another minute of hesitation, and the blood tingling in his honest cheeks on her account, 'I want to know what he has done with Pansy Culver.'

'What can he have to do with the girl?'

'More than I care to think—more, maybe, than you would care to learn. He has wiled her away from home and won't tell me where she is.'

'There must be some stupid mistake here, Kersey. Mr Coutts Hadleigh is too careful of his reputation to perpetrate such a monstrous act. On what grounds do you accuse him?'

Bluntly and speaking with less difficulty now that the ice was broken, Caleb gave his reasons for believing Coutts guilty—what he had observed at their chance meetings, and particularly her rejection of himself after she had led him to think that she favoured him. Mr Hadleigh allowed him to tell his story to the end without interruption. He could see that the man was blinded by jealousy and rage, was unconsciously exaggerating trifles, and distorting them into proofs of his foregone conclusion.

'It is fortunate that accident has made me the first hearer of this accusation,' he said calmly, when Caleb stopped. 'I had little doubt from the first that you were labouring under a delusion: I am now convinced of it. I will undertake to convince you of it in the morning, if you will be advised and remain quiet to-night.'

'I won't wait till morning—I'll have it out of him now. Where is he?'

'Stay where you are, sir!' said Mr Hadleigh authoritatively, as Caleb made a movement towards the door. 'If you have no care for yourself, you must have some for the girl. A brawl between you and my son on her account would disgrace her for ever.'

Caleb halted as if his feet were suddenly clamped to the floor. For the first time, he saw the danger with which his impetuous conduct threatened the being he wished to save.

'What am I to do, then?' he asked with more humility in his manner than he had yet displayed.

'What I have told you. Wait as patiently as you can till the morning. Be here at eight o'clock, and I promise to have everything explained to your satisfaction without causing the girl annoyance.'

'It's kind of you to think of that, sir.'

'Show your gratitude by doing what I tell you. Go back the way you came; if you mounted by a ladder, return it to its proper place; and when you come in the morning bring Culver with you.'

'I can't speak to him about it until I know she is safe.'

'There is no need. You have only got to say he is wanted here. It is better you should take the message than one of the servants. The less gossip we have the more likely the girl is to escape scandal. Good-night.'

'Good-night, and . . . thank you kindly.'

The Agitator had never imagined that there would come a day when he should be compelled to speak such words of gratitude to the owner of Kingsford. He obeyed his commands slowly but faithfully: all sense of humiliation was stifled by the knowledge that whatever might be the upshot of the meeting in the morning, the advice given him was sound, and that in adopting it, he was rendering the best service to Pansy.

Mr Hadleigh knew that he had conquered the man, and did not think it necessary even to look at him as he parted the heavy hangings and stepped out on to the balcony. A few minutes after the window had closed, however, he bolted it. That operation had been forgotten by himself during the evening, and had not been performed by the servant, who had instructions on no account to enter the library unless the bell rang.

Resuming his seat at the desk, Mr Hadleigh completed the task in which he had been so unpleasantly interrupted. He sealed the two envelopes, and placed them in the drawer of the safe, which he locked.

'I have done with these things now,' was his mental observation, and yet he lingered over the words, as if reluctant to pledge himself that he should not again look at those records of a sad life. With more firmness he said presently: 'I shall not look at them again.'

He drew a curtain aside and looked out. The moon was shining dimly through a haze; the white space before him looked like ghostland, and it was peopled for him by ghosts of blunders in the past and of hopes disappointed or relinquished as unattainable. If we could live our lives over again! What use?—unless we could start with the bitter experience which inspires the wish. Then how steadily we might steer through the shoals of folly, passion, and falsehood.

In that still ghostland on which he was gazing, there rose a new phantom offering comfort.

'I will find my happiness in fostering theirs,' he said, as he turned from the window, and with hands clasped behind him, head bowed, began to walk up and down the room.

Here happened one of those trifles which make and mar existence. He was tripped by a hassock and fell: in falling, his temple struck the corner of the table, and he lay insensible. About the

same time there was a strange sound outside like the distant boom of a heavy sea rushing upon a shingly beach: it was the wind forcing its way through the snow-laden trees of the Forest.

Caleb Kersey had reached the village, his hand was on the latch of his lodging, when looking backward, he saw a red glare in the hazy atmosphere. The terrible word 'Fire!' rose to his lips, and his landlord—Dr Joy's successful pupil in the science of economy—heard him. The alarm spread through the village with mysterious rapidity, and whether moved by a desire to render assistance, or mere curiosity and a craving for any unusual excitement which might break the monotony of their lives, groups of men, women, and boys were soon tramping through the snow in the direction of the blaze. The little engine of the village volunteer fire brigade was dragged from its shed, and with a shout the lads started to the rescue.

There had been much rick-burning during the past few months, and it was at first supposed that this was another outrage or accident of the same kind. But the wonder grew, and the pace was quickened when it became known, from messengers who were riding in search of assistance, that it was Ringsford Manor-house which was on fire.

Already there were people at the scene of disaster, and as the broad flames shot out from windows and roofs, there were murmurs of wonder such as one hears at a display of fireworks. The murmurs, however, were those of terror. The luminous glare cast a blood-red shade over the white ground; the snow quickly dissolved, and was trampled into a black puddle by the feet of the gathering crowd.

The fire had got complete possession of the building before it had been discovered. Still, gangs of men were passing buckets of water from the wells, which others heaved on the burning mass; whilst Coutts was vainly exerting himself with an 'extincteur.'

Eager questions passed from mouth to mouth as to the servants and family. All were safe except one—the master of the house, and it was feared he had perished.

Four men bearing a ladder came running from the direction of the stables. The ladder was placed against the portico, which protected it somewhat from the fire. Three of the men drew back from the scorching heat; the fourth, whose form reflected by the light was like that of a giant, dipped a big handkerchief in a bucket of water and fastened it over his mouth. That done he ascended the ladder and reached the balcony. He tried to open the nearest window, but it was fast, and a slight murmur of dismay rose amongst those who watched the rescuer. Placing his shoulder against the casement, he with one vigorous heave burst it open and disappeared.

Suspense lengthened ten minutes into an hour. The man came out carrying another in his arms, and all knew that the other was Mr Hadleigh. The rescuer reached the ladder: instead of descending step by step, he twined his legs round it and slid down, sailor fashion, supporting

his burden with the right arm and steadying himself with the left.

It was one of those feats of combined daring, courage, strength, and agility which always win the heart of a crowd, and he was greeted with as hearty a cheer as if he had saved the life of their best friend, instead of one who was at ordinary times no favourite. Nevertheless, there were not wanting expressions of sympathy when the report went round that Mr Hadleigh was dangerously burned, and unconscious.

The young ladies and some of the female domestics had taken refuge in the gardener's cottage, and thither Mr Hadleigh was conveyed, whilst messengers were despatched for Dr Guy and Dr Joy.

By this time the engines from Kingshope and Dunthorpe were at work. The fire had raged within the house for some time before the roof fell; now it came down with a great crash, and the melting snow aided the engines in checking the extension of the flames to the right wing; but it was long doubtful whether or not that portion could be saved. To this object all efforts were now directed, and there were constant relays of willing hands to work the pumps. By daylight the blackened walls of the main building remained standing, with a smouldering heap inside. Thanks to a thick wall between it and the right wing, the latter had sustained relatively little damage.

The first question asked by the county police was how had the fire arisen. No one could guess, until Coutts Hadleigh said briefly:

'I believe it was that ruffian, Caleb Kersey.'

He stated his reasons for the surmise, and Caleb was arrested that day on suspicion.

VÆ VICTIS!

WHAT Brennus shouted on the banks of the Allia, and the Romans made into a proverb after him, history has re-echoed ever since in deeds as well as in words. 'Woe to the conquered!' is traced in letters of blood on the sable lining of the golden shield, of which the legend in front, written in lines of light, is 'Hail to the victor!' 'Væ victis!' is the discordant echo of 'Io triumphe!' Woe to the conquered has been the experience of all who have fought either for a principle or a cause; a strip of land to add to the imperial territory, or for the integrity and freedom of the country and for dear life itself. Strike and spare not; kill all, even to the babes and sucklings, the aged men and the young women; tread under foot those who are prostrate; leave to perish by the wayside those who have fallen out from the ranks—væ victis! woe to the conquered, and death to the weak; but hail to the victor, and increase of power to the strong! So goes the world; so has it ever gone in the moral life as well as in the physical; the struggle for existence being as true of thoughts as it is of races.

We must remember the heroic past, when haply times are a little hard to ourselves, and we are bound to suffer in the comparatively mild way of modern days. We have to fight our fight,

whatever it may be, as the heroes of old fought theirs, till our cause conquers, or we are convinced that we are on the wrong—not the weaker—side. But till then, we have to endure private loss that humanity may have greater gain; and to remember that conscience is better than victory, and that truth has ever been buffeted before she has been crowned.

The world has this cruel cry for others beside the pioneers and martyrs of a cause. If nothing succeeds like success, so nothing is so fatal as failure; and *væ victis!* is in truth the sentence recorded against those whose fortunes fail, whose card-houses tumble to pieces, and whose flapping wings of ambition prove themselves to have waxen attachments, which melt in the using and land the poor highflyer in the mud. * That fatal settling-day on 'Change: that bad debt made through the bank, and added to indefinitely, on the theory of possible redemption if enough time were allowed and enough rope paid out: that terrible spell of ill-health which prevented the completion of the book, the painting of the picture, the execution of the order: that failure, that fiasco—and *væ victis!* as the commentary!

Væ victis! to the unhappy—to those vanquished by pain and cast down by sorrow. Only a very few compassionate souls care to give their time and strength to the miserable who sit in darkness ever unlifed, and with ashes never shaken off their bowed and melancholy heads. We naturally like the light better than the dark; and perfumed pomade, beneath rosebuds and fine feathered caps, is a more pleasant thing than ashes taken out of the grate and scattered over our hair. We get tired of enduring sorrow. At first, we are keenly sympathetic; but as time goes on, we wonder why the wound does not heal. Our own sympathetic pain has passed long ago; why cannot that of their real hurt? They are always so sad! They take no pleasure in the last fashion, the newest gossip, that good story which is going the round of society, or that smart saying of the ill-natured wit, whose epigram rips the skin from the flesh of his victim as neatly as if it were a rapier. They are always so dull, these poor creatures—it is really impossible to go and see them! *Væ victis!* They are conquered by grief, by loss, by pain; and they must suffer, as all those who are overcome have to learn how.

Væ victis! to the outspoken who cannot back their words by that kind of substantial evidence which passes by the name of legal proof. Thus they are in the power of those against whom they sought to warn the unwary and enlighten the blind. If they cannot so back their words with legal proof, they are conquered, and have to suffer the fate of the conquered—in the law-courts this time, as a change from the battlefield; and with such punishment as belongs to the law of libel

to inflict. All the same it was maybe no libel, no falsehood, but the absolute truth that they said; but all the same, too, truth which is only a moral certainty and not a substantive fact to be demonstrated by undeniable evidence, is not to be said without danger, and *væ victis!* to those who cannot substantiate it. By which we are taught the lesson of that silence which is golden; and, in private things, the wisdom of not interfering in the affairs of others. As the Italian proverb has it: 'A fool knows his own affairs better than a wise man knows those of others;' and again another: 'He knows much who, knowing nothing, knows how to keep silent.' A great deal of trouble is made for ourselves by this interference in the affairs of others. But it is difficult not thus to interfere, when we see all awry, things which we think a few honest words would put straight. But we must look out for signal discomfiture, unless we can hold the reins we seek to clutch, and make those with whom we have intermeddled see according to our lights and act according to our judgment. If their will is stronger than ours, it is *væ victis!* to us in good sooth—with the not over-pleasant reflection, that we have pulled that pot of boiling water over ourselves, and in not letting comparative well alone, have stirred it into active ill.

Væ victis! to the unsuccessful aspirant, whether it be for honours, a pass, a post, or for love. No one really pities him. He who droops on the way and falls short in his stride is passed by, and the triumphant reach the goal amid the plaudits of the crowd. Who cares to console a failure? to reconstruct a ruined cloud-tower? to follow after a fading rainbow? *Væ victis!* and let the pale illusions of a dead hope lie where they have fallen! The poor fellow was rejected, was he? Well, he really ought to have been more sure of success before he made the effort! Perhaps he was led on, as you say; but even so, this does not excuse him, nor in any way affect the principle of quasi-certainty before the attempt. When you hazard a great stake, you ought at least to know how to throw the dice, and to be sure that you have counted your cards. It is no use rushing darkly into enterprises for which one has not the material; and to offer one's self for a place, whether of love or honour, without having taken pains to measure one's strength against those forces which oppose, is to be more rash than brave, and more foolish than energetic. To be sure, no one can have who does not try. That is true for itself. But it none the more softens the verdict of the world for him who has failed, nor deadens the echo of the cry raised against him. If we do not try, we cannot get; but woe to those who try—and fail!

Væ victis! also to the stupid, to the poor, to all born conquered by fate even before they have begun to strive with fortune—who are thrust into the battle unlearned and heavily weighted or ever the lists are set. Who pities the dunce? Who cares to realise all the days and hours of hopeless endeavour to get those facts, that task, rooted in the sluggish brain? Is it his fault, poor dunce, that the atoms are slow to move? the nervous fluid insufficient to stir? the blood too thick to run or too poor to animate? He does his best; but as a schoolboy he gets flogged, as well as over-tasked; as a man he gets

distanced, and perhaps ruined, unless he has the luck of hereditary bread with butter superadded. But what is not his fault, is nevertheless accounted to him for blame; and because he is a dunce, he has recorded against him the sentence of disfavour.

What else, too, have the poor?—not the very poor, whose want of bread of their own baking forces the oven-doors of the rich—but the comparatively poor—those who have enough whereby to live, but nothing left for enjoyment—who have the necessities, but not the comforts, nor the graces, nor the pleasures of life? No one pities them, though they suffer in their own way quite as much as those ragged brethren who go cold and hungry for want of clothing and food. These others have to offer a brave front to the world, and to make a little seem a mickle, and not enough a full measure. It is done only at the cost of the night's sleep and the day's peace—at the cost of this thing pinched and that pared, and the deft interlacing of two gaping ends. No one pities all this, because no one realises it; and it may be, as has been known too sorrowfully before now, that those who have almost more than they can do to live decently are blamed for parsimony because they do not live luxuriously.

Perhaps no people deserve more sympathy than those poor gentry whose means fall below the standard of their original condition, and thus fail the present needs and degrade the future position of the family. Gentlefolks born and bred, with the niceness of feeling and delicacy of taste included in that term, they are forced to abandon all the embroideries of class refinement, and to see their children grow up with manners below their own mark, and with an education of less beauty if of as substantial value. They cannot give them the 'advantages' which count for so much. The girls do not learn music from the best masters, and their painting lessons leave much to be desired. The boys have to associate with lads of lower breeding, who teach them rude ways and vulgar expressions, so that all the influence of home goes to undo what that of the school has done. Neither boys nor girls can learn to ride, to hunt, to shoot, like their cousins—the rich branch of this unequally developed family tree; they cannot be taken to the seaside if they fail in health; and, when they are ill, they cannot be nursed so sedulously as if mamma had nothing else to do, and a nurse with brains and experience could undertake the rest. They are heavily handicapped all through, and set to play blindfold with Fortune, who holds loaded dice and marked cards. From the first, *væ victis!* has been recorded against them; and unless they have exceptional power, on which we cannot always count, they are foredoomed to comparative failure, and to that painful process of winnowing whereby the conquered fall through the meshes into the abyss, and only the victors remain safe on the surface.

So it is: *Væ victis!* all through! Nothing succeeds like success, and nothing is so fatal as failure. The law is inexorable, and tears cannot dissolve the links of brass and iron which Fate has forged. The survival of the fittest is only a form of *væ victis!*—the destruction of the weak, and woe to the conquered! But

—and herein lies the balm to the sore—it depends greatly on ourselves whether we will be the conqueror or the conquered; whether we will make ourselves strong by endeavour, resolution, self-control, and the cultivation of our reason and common-sense, or let ourselves go to ruin by self-indulgence, weakness of will, unreasonable desires, and the gratification of tastes which we cannot rightfully indulge, and of impulses which, even if good, are unworkable and disastrous. If we resolutely determine that it shall be *Io triumphe!* with us, for the most part we come to our goal; and at the worst we can always mitigate our failure.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

'You are a rank heretic, Mac, neither more nor less,' remarked the vicar, 'to say that you don't care for our lovely Lake scenery.'

'But listen, my dear friend,' protested the doctor; 'I never said anything of the kind. What I did remark was, that your English Lake scenery was not to be compared to our Scotch scenery. It's pretty—very pretty, but when you have said that, you have said all. If you want grandeur, if you want sublimity, you must go'—

'To Switzerland and see Mont Blanc,' broke in Miss Gaisford as she looked up for a moment from her writing.

The doctor shook his head. 'I have reason to believe that the Swiss scenery has been very much overrated. And then, just consider the expense! I'm told that the innkeepers there are rogues—every man-jack of them. No—no. I've been half over the world in my time, and all I can say is, that old Scotia's mountains and lochs are quite good enough for me.'

The scene was the lawn of the *Palatine Hotel*, overlooking a lovely stretch of Windermere, with the purple-buttressed hills that guard the head of the lake for an imposing background. The time was about four o'clock on a sunny afternoon. Of the three people who had engaged in the conversation just recorded, one was Dr M'Murdo, an army surgeon, the greater part of whose life had been spent abroad. He had just retired from the service on a small fortune left him by a relative, but had not yet quite made up his mind where to settle for the remainder of his days. He and the vicar had been great friends when young men, but had not met for a number of years till to-day, the doctor having arrived at the *Palatine* a few hours ago on a visit to his friend, who in his turn was spending a portion of his holiday with other friends at the hotel.

Dr M'Murdo was well on towards his fiftieth year. His hair and beard were already grizzled, while his once fair complexion was deeply tanned by many years' of torrid sunshine. He was a

tall, lean, high-dried man, somewhat formal and old-fashioned in his attire, with an expression of mingled shrewdness and good-humour.

His friend, the Rev. Septimus Gaisford, was about the same age as himself, and had been the vicar of a small country parish in the Midlands for nearly a quarter of a century. He belonged to the homely, unobtrusive type of country parson of which, even in these days of unrest and innovation, specimens happily are still to be found. He looked after the needs of his poorer parishioners both spiritual and temporal, and left the well-to-do pretty much to themselves. He abounded in good works in a quiet unostentatious way, while his Sunday discourses were as homely as himself and such as could always be 'understood of the people.' Like his friend the doctor, he had never ventured on the perilous sea of matrimony.

But the vicar was not without a worthy coadjutor and companion in his parochial labours. His sister, Miss Gaisford, who was ten years younger than himself, not only managed his small household, but looked after such portion of his parish duties as can often be performed better by a woman than a man, while it was even whispered that she occasionally wrote his sermons for him. So that, all things considered, it was no wonder the Rev. Septimus had more than once been heard to remark that 'Pen'—short for Penelope, if you please—was far more useful to him than any curate he had ever had. For the rest, Miss Pen was a bright-eyed, vivacious little body, not in the least inclined to be sanctimonious, but fond of a joke and a laugh, yet with an innate fund of sympathy about her which by some attraction of its own seemed to draw all who were in trouble or difficulty to her side.

On this sunny afternoon, the doctor and the vicar were seated one at each end of a rustic bench in the shade of a leafy elm. The former had his thumb in the pages of a medical review, to which, however, he was paying but scant attention; while the latter was mending his fishing-tackle, for our worthy parson was a genuine brother of the angle. At a small rustic table a little distance away sat Miss Gaisford, busy with her writing, but not so busy as to preclude her from taking an interest in any topic which the others might introduce.

Presently she looked up, and as if in answer to the doctor's last remark, she said: 'I am quite aware that we poor mortals who have the misfortune to live south of the Tweed are very badly off as regards many things. Still, we do now and then manage to produce an article which even you cool-blooded Northerners can't help admiring, and would find it difficult to excel.'

'The application, my dear madam, the application. To what particular article do you refer?'

'At present I refer to Madame De Vigne, the

charming widow to whom you paid such very marked attentions at luncheon.'

'Ah-ha. I noticed something of that myself,' chuckled the vicar.

'Everybody noticed it,' said Miss Pen emphatically.

Dr Mac rubbed the end of his long nose with his review and laughed uneasily. 'Ha, ha! Very good—very good indeed.'

'Come now, Mac, you can't say that you didn't cast sheep's-eyes at her,' put in the vicar blandly.

'Let the pawky Scot deny it if he dare,' said Miss Pen with a shake of her little fat curls.

'Very good, my dear friends; if you choose to make yourselves pleasant at my expense, you are welcome to do so. That I admire Madame De Vigne, I am quite willing to admit. From what little I have seen of her, she seems to me a very agreeable person, and if we could trace back her ancestry, I have no doubt we should find her to be of Scottish extraction.'

'Oh, come, Mac, give us poor Southerners credit for something.'

'Well, I don't mind admitting to you, who are one of my oldest friends, and to Miss Penelope, that I am getting tired of a bachelor's life. I want a home and I want a wife. I have a little money judiciously invested—and—and I thought, in fact—that—that'—

'Don't be bashful, Mac,' chimed in the vicar softly.

'You thought, in fact, that the charming widow would make you a charming companion for life,' put in Miss Pen briskly.

'Perhaps ay, and perhaps no,' responded the doctor quietly.

'All I can say is, that you may think yourself a particularly lucky fellow if you succeed in winning her,' remarked the vicar.

'Well, well; I know that both of you are friends of Madame De Vigne, and that she and her sister are parishioners of yours. What I should like you to do is to tell me all you know about her, and then leave me to consider what my future course ought to be.'

'All that we know about Madame De Vigne is very little,' remarked the vicar.

'Very little indeed,' assented his sister.

'Still, my dear'—to Miss Pen—'I am not aware that we should be abusing any confidence in telling our friend all that there is to tell, so far as we know it?'

'There can be no possible harm in that. Besides, it will only be charitable to take pity on the poor man. And now, please not to interrupt me again for ten minutes at the least.'

'It is now nearly two years,' began the vicar, 'since Madame De Vigne and her sister, Miss Lorraine, came down to Oaklands, bringing with them a letter of introduction from my London lawyer, a certain Mr. Railton, whom I have known for a dozen years or more. How Madame De Vigne came to be known to Railton, or what he knew with regard to her and her antecedents, I had not the curiosity to ask at the time, and I have never since made it my business to inquire. It is sufficient to say that Madame De Vigne had seen advertised as

being to let a certain furnished cottage which she thought would suit her requirements; hence her visit to Oaklands. The cottage did suit her. She became its tenant, and there she and her sister have lived ever since, shunning rather than courting such society as our neighbourhood affords, but visiting a good deal among the sick and poor. One day about six months ago, while I was out fishing I encountered a young fellow who was similarly engaged. We met again and again, striking up an acquaintance as brother Piscators have a knack of doing, till finally I invited him to dinner at the vicarage, on which occasion Penelope there took quite a fancy to the young man.'

'Of course I did,' answered Miss Pen, looking up quickly. 'Any one else placed as I was at the time would have taken a fancy to him. I was just in want of some one to sit for the hero of my next novel, and Archie came in very handy.'

Dr M'Murdo started. 'But, my dear Miss Gaisford, you don't mean to say that you make a practice of introducing portraits of your friends and acquaintances into the stories you write?'

'Don't I though! I shall have your portrait jotted down in my note-book before you are many hours older. I have no doubt it will come in useful one of these days.'

'Good gracious! I hope you won't paint me in very dark colours.'

'Not blacker than you deserve, you may rely upon it.' Then to herself she said: 'Where was I?—Yes—yes,' and so went on with her writing.

'Well, that first visit of young Ridsdale to the vicarage was but the forerunner of several others,' resumed the vicar as equably as though he had not been interrupted. 'It was there that he met Madame De Vigne and her pretty sister, and with the latter he at once fell desperately in love.'

'And the young lady fell desperately in love with him?'

'That is exactly what came to pass. But I'm nearly sure the affair might have been nipped in the bud had not Penelope, with true feminine perversity and reckless disregard of consequences, encouraged the two young nincompoops in their folly.'

'What else could you expect me to do?' asked Miss Pen, without looking up. 'When I see a little romance of real life going on under my very nose, do you think I'm the one to try to put a stop to it? No, indeed. Besides, it supplied me with a lot of hints for love-making scenes; it was what the painters call "a study from the life."'

The vicar shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: 'You hear the kind of arguments I am compelled to listen to.' Then he again took up the thread of his narrative. 'It was not till after young Ridsdale had become engaged to Clarice Loraine that we discovered he was the son of Sir William Ridsdale, a wealthy baronet of ancient family. The next thing was to obtain the baronet's consent to the engagement. It would appear that the family estates are not entailed, and, as a consequence, should Master Archie run counter to his father's wishes, the latter can dispose of his property in any way he

may think best. Well, the all-important missive was written and posted to Mentone, where the baronet was at that time residing. The answer was—well, what do you think it was?'

'A peremptory order by the first post to the young man to break off the engagement.'

'Nothing of the kind; but a visit one afternoon at the vicarage from a certain Colonel Woodruffe, who had come as plenipotentiary from the baronet. Sir William was an invalid, and could not travel, so he had deputed the colonel to act in his stead. The father had no doubt in his own mind that his son had fallen into the toils of an adventuress, and the colonel's instructions were to break off the engagement at any cost, and take Master Archie back with him.'

'A sensible man that Sir William. And how did the affair end?'

'In a way that you would hardly guess. The gallant colonel, instead of carrying out his instructions, and breaking off the engagement between the young people, ended by falling in love himself with the fascinating widow and proposing marriage.'

'A change of front with a vengeance! And the answer?'

'A rejection.'

'Check for the colonel.'

'But, old bachelor though you are, Mac, I daresay you know quite enough of the sex to be aware that a woman's No is not always final. At anyrate, the colonel, who is really a very fine fellow, is evidently a believer in that doctrine, seeing that five days ago on his way to Scotland he stopped here for an hour, had an interview with Madame De Vigne and renewed his offer.'

'And the answer to his second offer?' queried the doctor eagerly.

The vicar shook his head. 'Pen, perhaps, can tell you more about that than I.'

Miss Pen looked up quickly. 'The answer is to be given him to-day.'

'To-day!'

'The colonel will call here this afternoon on his way back from Scotland, when Madame De Vigne has promised that he shall have her final decision—Yes or No.'

'So that, my dear Mac,' said the vicar with a smile, 'all things considered, your chance of winning the widow does not seem a very promising one.'

'Well, well,' answered the doctor sturdily. 'If a better man than Sandy M'Murdo wins the fair prize, why then I'll—I'll be his best-man at the wedding.'

For a minute or two nothing was heard save the busy scratching of Miss Gaisford's pen.

'How will this do, Septimus?' she asked presently, and with that she began to read from her manuscript.

"Her eyes of tenderest April blue glance up shyly into his dark volcanic orbs, in which there is a half-smothered fire that causes her heart to flutter like an imprisoned bird. A moment later, and her slender willowy form is swept up in a passionate embrace by those stalwart arms, and Love's first burning kisses are showered on the sweet rosebud of her lips."

'Rather tropical, is it not, my dear?' hinted the vicar mildly.

'Oh, there's nothing namby-pamby about my readers, I assure you,' answered Miss Pen with a merry laugh. 'They like their love-making warm—and plenty of it.'

For ten minutes longer the busy scratching went on; then Miss Gaisford laid down her pen with a sigh of relief. 'There—not another line to-day,' she said. 'Now that I have got my hero and my villain in the midst of a terrific encounter on the verge of a precipice, I can leave them there for a few hours in comfort.'

'That seems rather cruel to the pair of them,' remarked Dr Mac.

'Oh, heroes and villains are used to that sort of treatment.—But I hope you will keep my little secret a secret still, doctor. If it were to reach the ears of any of the goody-goody people at home, that the parson's sister writes foolish love-stories for young people, what hands would be uplifted in holy horror—what ejaculations over her backslidings would be whispered across half the tea-tables in the parish! Neither the squire's wife nor Lady Pinchbeck would ever speak to me again, and what, oh! what would existence be worth under such terrible circumstances!'

'My dear madam, you may rest assured that your secret is perfectly safe with me.'

'It will be a bad day for the poor of my parish when Penelope gives up writing her love-stories,' remarked the vicar, who was busy with his tackle book. 'Every penny she earns goes to buy blankets, and coals, and such-like comforts for those who have no money to buy them for themselves.'

'My dear Septimus!' exclaimed Miss Gaisford with a flaming face.

'My dear Pen!—Now that Mac has been taken into our confidence as regards one side of the question, it is only right that he should be made acquainted with the other.—But here come our two truants,' added the vicar a moment later, as Mr Archie Ridsdale and Miss Clarice Lorraine, looking somewhat conscious, emerged from one of the winding walks, and came towards the hotel, each of them laden with a quantity of wild-flowers, ferns and grasses.

'The lovers, eh,' said Dr Mac, half to himself. 'A very bonnie young lady—very bonnie indeed.'

'We were just thinking of sending the bellman round,' said Miss Pen, as the trunks came up. 'Ting-ting-a-ling. Lost since early this morning, a pair of sweethearts. When last seen, he had his arm round the waist of she, and she had her head on the shoulder of he. Whoever will'—

'Stop, do!' cried Miss Loraine, as she dropped her ferns and grasses on the table and stuffed her fingers into her ears.

'We have been botanising,' observed Mr. Riddale with the most innocent air imaginable.

'And a pretty lot of rubbish you seem to have brought back,' remarked Miss Pen.

'Rubbish, indeed! And not one among them without a long and beautiful Latin name of its own.—Ask Archie.'

The vicar rose, and addressing the doctor, said: 'Allow me the pleasure of introducing you to Miss Lorraine.—Clarice, my dear, this is Dr M'Murdo, a very old friend of mine.'

"I had the pleasure of being introduced to your sister this morning, Miss Loraine, and now

the pleasure is doubled,' said the doctor with a touch of old-fashioned gallantry.

'I am happy to make the acquaintance of any friend of Mr Gaisford,' answered Clarice with a smile and a little blush.

'Mr Archibald Ridsdale—Dr M'Murdo,' said the vicar. The two men bowed. 'A capital fellow to know, so long as you are in good health, Archie, but a fellow to fight shy of the moment you begin to feel yourself out of sorts.'

Suddenly a shrill whistle was heard. 'Here comes the steamer,' exclaimed Miss Penelope. 'I'm going by it as far as Bowness. Any one going my way?'

'I will walk with you as far as the landing-stage, and see you safely on board,' answered her brother.

'That way will suit me as well as another,'
added Dr Mac.

As the two men turned to go, Miss Pen drew Clarice aside. 'Any news?' she whispered.

'None,' whispered back the girl with a doleful shake of the head. 'If Archie and I only knew the best or the worst! It is this suspense that's so hard to bear.'

'It seems hard to bear' at present, but it will be delightful to look back upon, by-and-by.'

'O Miss Penelope! how can that be?'

'Just now you are in the middle of the first volume of the romance of your life. Now you should like to know how a romance can be brought, anything without suspicion, without chime in without your being under, chimed in happen from one hour to the next.'

Penelope, you will find that the charm called out her brother's companion at a distance away.

'We will talk more perhaps no,' re
said Miss Pen hurrie

downhearted; all what you may th
of the third volume & fellow if you
a nod and a smile, thred the vicar.
off after her brother know that both
sently the trio w De Vigne, and tl
winding path that isioners of yours.
the lake. lo is to tell me all

POPULAR AMUSEMENT about Madame 1
the vicar.

WHEN one thinks of the way in which English people with cricket, football, horse racing, leaping, &c., all of a strange to find so little kindness among our muscular kind. To be sure there are athletic societies, and elsewhere; and so gymnastics, but there is stiffness about it. Mrs. Oaklands, bringing her character find most favour in a leisurely fashion, to listen to a band playing in a mode of enjoying at a penny-farthing a glass for a halfpenny, and a ne-

enough. It makes a great difference when you have not to pay very dearly for your whistle, and they certainly know how to get the most for their money in the land of the Teuton. Many houses of refreshment, even in towns, have gardens or courtyards thickly planted with trees, so that their branches meet overhead and form a pleasant and inviting shade. A large shed, too, is provided, open on the garden-side, in case of rain. Frequently, music is introduced, and on these occasions, an extra halfpenny is charged on the beer, to cover the expense of the entertainment. On Sundays and festivals, there is music, beer, wine, and tobacco everywhere. And yet these people know how to amuse themselves without going to excess. Sometimes a tipsy man is seen, but rarely till very late at night, and the occurrence is so infrequent, that, compared with the usages of our own country, it is quite remarkable.

We have more than once asked the question: 'Is it that the beer is weaker, or that the German heads are stronger than the English?' and we have been told: 'Perhaps it is a little of both.' Perhaps, too, there is something in the fact that there is in some respects less class distinction in Germany, and the middle classes may be seen sipping their wine or coffee in the same place with their hard-working brethren. Perhaps the national and natural good opinion, self-respect, or self-esteem—call it what you will—of the German helps to keep him straight; and then he takes his creature-comforts in a staid, stolid, philosophic way. Noisy fellows there are, of course; but they do not squabble and fight, as a rule; the utmost they are guilty of being the national practice, even at midnight, of singing rollicking choruses, to the great disturbance of peace-loving, law-abiding, slumbering citizens. The fact that soldiers are permitted to wear their side-arms constantly, speaks volumes for the sobriety of the men as a class, and redounds to their credit.

A *Turnfest* or athletic festival, generally held on a Sunday, is a great affair, often the event of the year in a small provincial town. There is a wonderful display of flags everywhere; and in the afternoon, a procession of the competitors and visitors with bands and banners and every variety of costume, the medals, badges, and ribbons of former contests being worn with great ostentation. The most is made of everything; and shouting and singing and cheering, and dust and noise, seem to be the order of the day.

Rowing-matches provoke immense enthusiasm, and a regatta is an affair that induces the keenest interest. A people with so much love for the wonderful and so much regard for themselves, cannot help throwing into such occasions an amount of enthusiasm and national pride as would do credit to the Oxford and Cambridge boatrace itself. The members of the Boat Club are the heroes of the hour, and their costumes the object of great admiration. Though not so peculiar as the French in this respect, our German neighbours are nevertheless great in their 'get-up' for every particular sort of occupation or sport that they engage in. If a man brings down only one snipe in a day, he looks tremendously cut out for business notwithstanding, and appears every inch

of him a sportsman when going to or returning from the 'hunt,' as he calls it.

The exercise of riding cannot be properly accomplished without a complete and appropriate rig-out, so that even when he is not actually on his horse, the equestrian gives to all the world the assurance of a man at home in the saddle. If spurs and jack-boots do not make a rider, they at anyrate look very much in earnest. Never did a be-uniformed people more thoroughly believe in the dignity of dress and the necessity for effect than the Germans.

However we may smile at the eccentricities and oddities of the Germans, we must admit that they beat us in the provision of cheap music for the people, most of whom understand and appreciate it. Every school-teacher is bound to be a musician and to pass in music, so that the people have a chance of learning from childhood.

If the Prince of Wales succeeds as well in popularising the study of music as his father did in popularising art, we may hope to see before long a great reformation in the morals of our own people; and the wandering German bands, composed of the worst players in their own country—where they would not presume to play in public—will no longer be tolerated in England, because the taste of the people will be educated above such wretched performances. Good music, then, everywhere is what is wanted to enable the lower classes to enjoy themselves rationally, and no better means of promoting the sobriety of a nation can be devised. The more the masses are leavened with a knowledge and love of music, the more indeed we imitate the Germans in this respect, the less necessity there will be for restrictive measures in the way of 'local option,' and the lighter and easier will be the work of temperance reformers. A great reform will have been effected. If music can charm savages and snakes, it can do much more for our toiling, amusement-lacking countrymen and countrywomen.

The theatre is much patronised in Germany, the prices being cheap, the music good, and the performances fair. The play begins at seven, and ends about nine or half-past. Concerts, too, both instrumental and vocal, are frequent; every town has its Choral Society, and every district its Choral Union, so that there is never any lack of vocalists of both sexes for the performance of an oratorio or the celebration of any great occasion.

Where a people is satisfied with simple pleasures, these can, of course, be provided at little cost. Children have their swings, climbing-poles, bowling alley, merry-go-rounds, horizontal bars, &c., in the public gardens; and when one sees groups of officers deeply interested in the game of dominoes, it does not cause so much surprise to witness a huge whirligig worked by horses or steam, where servant-maids and soldiers are driven round and round upon painted wooden horses to the enlivening strains of a barrel organ, aided by a cornet or two and the universal drum. This sort of affair is a great attraction to the masses, and being generally placed near a beerhouse, admiring friends sit round on benches with their beakers of frothy beer, their cigars or large pipes, waiting to take a turn on the machine after a time. Music everywhere seems to be the

rule—there can never be too much of it to please the people. Wherever there is a company of soldiers marching along the road without a band at their head, they make up for the deficiency by singing popular melodies and martial songs, keeping time with their feet; and this always gives strangers a favourable impression of the hearty, happy, and even merry German soldier.

A torchlight procession headed by a band of music is a favourite mode of making a demonstration on any particular festive occasion; and last, but not least, is the highly popular serenade. The Choral Societies of a town will unite—as was the case in Darmstadt on the night before the marriage of the granddaughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Victoria of Hesse—to the number of three hundred men, and parade before the residence of the person they delight to honour, each member carrying a lighted Chinese lantern at the end of a stick. A selection of popular songs and glees suitable to the occasion is sung, and in many instances the melodies and words are peculiarly fitting. One might write a whole chapter about the amusements of the Carnival time, the masked balls and street displays; and although these affairs are somewhat stolid and quite decorous in character, they contain the elements of simple fun, innocent recreation, and hearty enjoyment. Here, again, music is an important factor, for it enters into everything, and forms the beginning and the ending of every variety of popular amusement.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

It must be, to say the least of it, annoying to the speaker or writer possessed of any degree of sensitiveness, when he finds his plainest statements, or it may be his most carefully prepared flights of fancy, turned into nonsense by the substitution or omission of a letter in the printing; and by some unhappy chance it often seems that the mistake is made in just such a manner and place as will do the most mischief. The unlucky poet who wrote,

See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire!

must have been completely crushed when the line appeared as—

See the pale martyr in his shirt of fire!

We can sympathise also with the poet who, writing of his love, asserted that he had 'kissed her under the silent stars,' and found the compositor made him state that he 'kicked her under the cellar stairs.' True, it has been doubted if these two poets ever existed; but others, of less mythologic fame, have suffered as badly at the hands of the printer. Burns, in a cheap edition of his works, is made to say,

Oh, gin my love were yon red nose.

A well-known temperance lecturer was indignant at finding the sentiment ascribed to him that 'drunkenness was jolly,' whereas he had declared that it was 'folly.'

For the explanation of many of these blunders it is necessary to bear in mind that in setting up the type the compositor has the various letters arranged in separate divisions of his case and selects them one by one as required. Habit enables him to do this with extreme speed and accuracy; but it will easily be seen that the presence of a wrong letter in a division or a dip into the wrong box may occasion one of these unhappy blemishes. In this manner we find oats rendered 'cats;' songs, 'tongs;' poets, 'posts;' or as once happened in the report of a railway accident, 'confusions of the limbs' for 'contusions of the limbs.' And by the substitution of *n* for *h*, a newspaper report was made to state that 'the people rent the air with their ten thousand snouts.'

The blame, however, does not always rest with the compositor. Incorrect spelling and slovenly writing have much to answer for, especially in the case of proper names and quotations from foreign languages. Boerhaave becomes 'Boer-shave;' and *Et tu, Brute!* 'Eh, the Brute!' Authors should remember that the proof-reader is fallible; he is not, as is sometimes expected, a 'Universal Compendium' of facts, people, places. If a passage reads clearly and grammatically, although conveying anything but the sense intended, it is not to be wondered at that the error is often undetected until too late. Much surprise was occasioned by Sir Archibald Alison, in his *History of Europe*, including amongst the persons present at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the name of 'Sir Peregrine Pickle.' There can be little doubt that the author had made an unconscious slip, intending to name Sir Peregrine Acton. Sir Thomas Brassey having referred in a speech to the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, the compositor transformed the title into the 'Golden Treasury of Soups and Cynics.' A report in a Manchester paper of a recent dramatic performance mentioned the well-known farce of *No. 1 Round the Corner*, under the amusing and suggestive title of '*No One Round the Corner*.'

Mistakes in punctuation, such as the omission or misplacing of a comma, may cause serious alteration to the sense of a passage. The contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool by wick lamps, during the year 1819, was rendered void by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisements, thus: 'The lamps at present are about four thousand and fifty, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton.' The contractors would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads; but this being only half the usual quantity, the Commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following, instead of preceding, the word 'each.' In the following instance, it was no doubt a bachelor-compositor who, in setting up the toast, 'Woman, without her, man would be a savage!' got the comma in the wrong place, and made the sentence read, 'Woman, without her man, would be a savage!'

All the above-mentioned errors may fairly be ascribed to carelessness and mischance. Others, however, are on record which have been committed knowingly and intentionally, and so can scarcely be classed as errors. They have been mostly connected with Biblical matters, and

intended to further party interests. It is said that Field, a printer of the time of Charles I., was paid fifteen hundred pounds by the Independents to alter a single letter in the third verse of Acts VI., so as to make the word *we* read 'ye,' and so give the right of appointing pastors to the people, and not to the apostles. The deplorable state of the press in Field's time may be realised from the fact that Bishop Usher, on his way to preach at Paul's Cross, asked at a stationer's for a copy of the Bible; and on examining it, found, to his astonishment, that the text from which he was about to preach was not in the book! The well-known 'Vinegar Bible' was published in 1717, and obtains its name from the Parable of the Vineyard being printed as the Parable of the *Vinegar*. One of the most wilful alterations of the text, and one which cost its perpetrator her life, was committed by the widow of a German printer. One night, while an edition of the Bible was being printed in her house, she took the opportunity of altering the word *Herr* into 'Nar,' making the verse read, 'he shall be thy *fool*,' instead of 'he shall be thy *lord*.'

The celebrated Bibles of Sixtus V. are eagerly sought for by collectors. Their sole fame is the multitude of errata which crowd their pages, notwithstanding that His Holiness Sixtus V. carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press, and finally prefixed to the first edition a bull forbidding any alteration in the text.

A curious jumble appeared in a cabled critique of Mr Irving's acting on one of his appearances in the States. Instead of saying that 'the taste for Irving, like that for olives, must be cultivated,' the critic was represented as giving utterance to the incomprehensible assertion that 'the toast for Irving, like the toast for olives, must be cut elevated.'

A Glasgow divine, and one of Her Majesty's chaplains in Scotland, was lately reported as saying that 'personally he violated the Lord's Day as much as any member of the Court.' 'Venerated' was probably the word actually employed by the reverend gentleman.

Similarly, in an edition of *Men of the Time* published in 1856, the then Bishop of Oxford is thus described: 'Oxford, Bishop of (Rt. Rev Samuel). A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic as regards religious revelations, he is yet an out-and-out believer in spirit manifestations.' This description really belonged to 'Owen (Robert) of Lanark.' The edition was soon suppressed, but not before the Bishop had possessed himself of a copy for his private library.

Although both the chaplain and the bishop had reason to complain of their treatment, it must have been considerably more astonishing and mortifying for Herr Franz Liszt, who is still delighting his musical admirers with his productions, to find that in Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* (1870) he is represented as dying in October 1868.

The Queen's Speech at the opening of a recent session of parliament was hurriedly published in a Scotch newspaper without being revised by the press-corrector, and Her Majesty, instead of saying that certain negotiations 'will, I doubt

not, lead to satisfactory results,' was reported as saying, 'will, I doubt, not lead to satisfactory results.' So much for the misplacing of a comma!

With increased literature have come better systems of 'reading' and correcting, and greater accuracy has been attained. Such mistakes as above quoted are exceptional, and the morning newspaper may now be read week after week with but few misprints. A good example of accuracy in printing tables of figures—in which it is so difficult to avoid errors—may be seen in *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, every monthly part of which contains from seven to eight hundred thousand figures. Astronomical and mathematical tables require great care in printing, and very few are issued which can be relied upon as absolutely correct. Charles Babbage superintended the production of a set of trigonometrical tables in 1827 which perhaps stand unrivalled in this respect. They were prepared for the Ordnance Survey of England and Ireland, and a limited number of copies printed—it is said only thirty. They consist of tables of logarithms and log. sines, tangents, cosines and cotangents, to every second. Roughly speaking, they contain about six millions of figures. The proof-sheets were revised by several sets of readers, and were carefully examined and compared with other tables no less than seven times. From Mr Babbage's preface, we learn that after the final stereotyping, seven errors were found in the logarithms and one in the differences. These being corrected, the stereotyped sheets were hung up in the Hall at Cambridge University, and a reward offered to any one who could find an inaccuracy. Since their first issue in 1827, no error has been discovered, and it may reasonably be concluded that they are absolutely correct.

'THE KING COUNTRY.'

THE recent visit of King Tawhiao to this country has awakened a deep and widespread interest in New Zealand and its inhabitants. The Maori king has been feted and feasted far beyond his desires, and has paid the penalty of greatness. But he has suffered martyrdom in a good cause; and if he has not succeeded in bringing the wrongs of the Maoris home to the Pakehas, he has certainly aroused a very general curiosity as to the character and resources of the mysterious 'King Country' of which he is the titular chieftain. The publication of Mr J. H. Kerry-Nicholls's volume of travels—entitled *The King Country, or Explorations in New Zealand* (London: Sampson Low)—in this unknown region is, therefore, peculiarly well timed. Until within the last few years, 'the King Country'—as a vast tract of the finest land in North Island is still known—was a *terra incognita* to Europeans. Rivalries of race constituted a barrier more impassable than the *aukati* line itself, which separates the Maori lands from the European portion of the colony, and is marked on the one side by the farms and homesteads of the settlers, and on the other by the huts of the natives. In its vast forests, over its precipitous mountains, along its trackless plains, the natives alone wandered. It was an *imperium in imperio*, a fastness in which

aboriginal sovereignty sat enthroned, deaf to all the offers of civilisation.

It was through this unknown country that Mr Kerry-Nicholls pushed his way in company only with an interpreter. With but three horses, which were ultimately reduced to two, he accomplished more than six hundred miles of travel, discovered many new streams, penetrated almost inaccessible regions of mountainous forest, found extensive plains, traced the sources of three of the principal rivers of the colony, examined the unknown shores of its largest lake, ascended one of its highest mountains, experienced degrees of temperature varying from eighty degrees in the shade to twelve degrees below freezing-point, and successfully traversed from south to north a territory with an area of ten thousand square miles, which had been, from the early history of the colony, rigorously closed to Europeans. It is scarcely necessary to add that the records of these wanderings constitute a singularly interesting volume of discovery and adventure, which can hardly fail to prove of some practical utility to the colony, and a welcome contribution to geographical science.

'The King Country' comprises one of the finest tracts of land not only in New Zealand, but in some respects in the southern hemisphere. It is much more than merely picturesque, and in this respect alone it can compete with the finest scenery the world can produce. Its natural advantages are of the highest order. It is throughout well watered, and in parts exuberantly fertile; while even the mountains are richly clothed with forest trees and shrubs. The southern portion is drained by the Whanganui River, which is fed by many tributaries, flowing from the highest mountain-ranges in the central and southern divisions of the island; while the Moku River and its affluents flow from the central region to the coast. In the north, the Waipa and numberless minor streams flow from the mountains into the Waikato River itself, which has from time immemorial been renowned in Maori fable and romance. Again, more than a dozen streams flow into Lake Taupo, an immense reservoir, some twenty-four miles long by fourteen broad, which lies almost in the midst of the central tableland; while the Waikato is the only effluent river. During the rainy season, the waters of this lake, having only this one outlet, rise rapidly; and with the continuance of heavy winds, its waves are lashed into fury, and break upon its shores with all the force of a raging sea.

Geologically speaking, this district presents problems of surpassing interest. Here can be seen side by side the relics of the stupendous action of volcanic fires, and of the scarcely less potent force of the glacier. It is contended that the formation of North Island must be attributed to submarine volcanic eruptions, which, perhaps by slow degrees, perhaps rapidly, forced upwards the Taupo tableland. These fires bursting again through the plains, caused mountains to rise up in the form of serrated ridges and truncated cones, which poured out streams of lava and enormous deposits of pumice over the surrounding country. Probably the basin of the lake was once an active crater, from which the first vast pumice-plains flowed;

while later, the mighty Ruapehu, and, when it became extinct, the still active Tongariro, became the outlet of the volcanic fire. That this element is still largely active in many parts of the country is shown by the geysers, solfataras, fumaroles, and hot springs which form one of the characteristic features of North Island. Thus the 'lake country'—as the district round Lake Rotorua is commonly known—is 'a region of eternal fire.' The conditions of existence here are certainly novel. The natives bathe in such of the thermal springs as are of suitable temperature, at all times of the day, and in a very primitive fashion. In others, again, they cook their food and warm their houses by the same means.

These natural phenomena occur in many other districts, such, for instance, as that round Lake Rotokawa, and the districts near the native settlement of Tokanu, on the south side of Lake Taupo; while on the northern slope of Tongariro are some of the largest and most active boiling springs in the country. Moreover, the mountains possess all the rock formations in which gold, coal, iron, and other minerals are found to exist. Thus, the Kaimanawa Mountains, which are situated in almost the centre of the island, and stretch across the great central tableland to an extent of eighty miles, offer a peculiarly rich field to the geologist. Mr Kerry-Nicholls reports the existence of abundant auriferous indications, and confidently expresses his opinion that here lies a probable Eldorado.

It is not our purpose to do more than mention the adventurous journeyings recorded in this volume. Frustrated, owing to disputes between the natives and the colonial government, in an attempt to enter 'the King Country' from the north, the traveller successfully essayed to pass the southern boundary-line. By throwing himself upon the good-will of the natives, going fearlessly among them, respecting their customs, and following as nearly as possible their mode of life, and, in fact, for the time becoming a Maori, he succeeded at a time when many Europeans would not only have failed, but probably have paid the extreme penalty for their rashness. In one case, it is true, he only achieved his purpose by dint of exercising the greatest secrecy. Tongariro is *tapu*, or strictly sacred, in the eyes of the Maoris, and could only be ascended by a European without their knowledge. This is one of the most perfect volcanic cones in the world. But the resources of this rich district, from whatever point of view they may be considered, are still awaiting development. Its flora and fauna have still to be collected and classified. Its agricultural and industrial resources are still unknown; but we have evidence to show that these are worthy of attention.

THE MOULMEIN ELEPHANTS.

SOME time ago there was a discussion in the learned journals regarding 'intellect in brutes'; and I thought then, as I think now, that much of the controversy depended on the definition we assign to the word 'intellect.' Some say that it is merely an exaltation of the natural instinct of the brute; others, that it is an exhibition of true

reason. But then, what is instinct? Some arguers mystify their hearers, and exhibit their own ignorance of the subject by replying: 'Instinct is only that in animals which we call reason in man.' Well, this is not the place to argue the subject; but I shall exhibit certain facts, observed by myself, in the behaviour of the elephants employed in the Moulmein timber-yards, and leave my readers to judge whether they were due to instinct or reason.

Anchored abreast of Aga Synd Abdul Hosein's timber-yard, and within bare swinging distance of the shore, I had ample opportunities of minutely observing and recording the marvellous illustrations of the elephant's intelligence. These animals are largely employed in the timber-yards, and their functions consist in helping to embark and disembark the huge teak-logs, or move them about the yard; in fact, without them work would be at a stand-still. What struck me at once was the wonderful combination of enormous power with the gentlest, most loving docility. Here were huge logs being moved about as if they were matches, and yet with the utmost regard to any one in the way. A case in point. We were landing one day at the Aga's wharf, and found that the ebbing tide had left a thick layer of treacherous slime on the wooden slope, rendering it impossible for a lady to land. Seeing this, the manager called out to a mahout or driver, and in a moment his elephant pushed a log down the slope, just stopping short of the boat, and affording the lady a dry surface to step out upon. There must have been intellect in this act; for the great log was not pushed down at random on the wharf, nor into collision with the boat, but exactly at the right spot and into the right place.

All elephant-work is performed either by the trunk or right foot in pushing; by trunk and tusks combined, as in carrying logs; or by the strength of the whole body in dragging. Dragging-elephants are furnished with a light wooden pack-saddle, on which the mahout sits sideways, and to which the traction-chain is attached. This is Y-shaped, the leg being greatly prolonged and ending in a hook. Let us watch the handling of this log—twenty feet long, by sixteen inches square—which has to be dragged across the yard. The chain is passed round it by an assistant and then firmly hooked; and now the elephant has to do the rest. His first action is to get his hind-legs well within the V of the chain, and then he starts, the log helplessly following. Arrived at its destination, the elephant disencumbers himself of the log by unhooking the chain with the finger of his trunk, and then pulling it from under the log, or pushing the latter to one side. Now, mark what was involved in this apparently simple operation, the sole guidance to which was either the voice of the mahout, a pat from his stick, or a tap from his heels. First, there was the getting inside the V. Why did the old fellow do that? He has learned from experience that if he did not, traction would be interfered with, and his legs rubbed by the chain. Was not his action, therefore, dictated by reason? Secondly, there was the unhooking of the chain, which instinct never could have prompted. Imitation was at work; the elephant had seen that the

unhooking of the chain liberated the log, and had learned to follow the example; showing thereby the domination of reason.

Here are some logs being adjusted on the wharf-slope. Note the ease with which the elephant pushes each into its place with, apparently, the slightest movement of trunk or foot. Mark this one, which, by a greater than necessary exercise of force, has become tilted up against its fellow. The elephant has noted it too, and half-kneeling, and getting his tusks under it, he pulls the log backwards a little, and it drops square with its fellow. What dictated that action? Mathematical order and precision belong to the bee, and are said to be instinctively implanted in that humble animal; but could there have been anything in this elephant's antecedents to have prepared it for rearranging a dislocated log? Surely the impulse seized it at the moment, and must have been due to a sense of order or tidiness implying the presence of reason. Odd lengths of log, varying from four to six feet, are carried about the yard by elephants, a species of work which is distasteful to them, as exhibiting their awkward points. Indeed, they evidently feel degraded by it, for they set to work with an air of resignation quite foreign to their shifting or dragging feats. There they rejoice in their great strength, and are fond of exhibiting it. Here, little strength is needed; but the operations involve roughish treatment of the nose, and we know that all animals, including man, are very particular as to how their noses are handled.

The elephant is proud of his strength, but sensitive with regard to his trunk, especially when that delicate organ is brought to bear upon any rough work; and as the securing of a log between the trunk and tusks necessitates a large amount of awkward movement, I noticed that the selected elephant approached the job with reluctance. Resigned to his fate, he half-kneels before the odious object, and gets the points of his tusks under it; then he wriggles it up the ivory tramway with his trunk, and secures it therewith *in situ*. His troubles now commence; for on rising to his feet, the hateful log, obeying the laws of gravity, at once tends to drop; and to obviate this, the poor brute has to raise his head on high. Thus constrained, he commences his march with slow stateliness, as if to make the best of a bad job, and not let the world at large know that he is virtually walking blindfold. And so he is; for the elevation of his head upsets the axis of his vision, and he has to walk more by touch than by sight.

I have thus attempted to describe the main duties which elephants have to discharge in the timber-yards, and I have mentioned that they are guided by the voice, stick, or heels of the mahout. Watching them from shipboard, you are quite close enough to note every movement of the animal, but not sufficiently near to catch the signal, so that the elephantine actions seem purely automatic, and therefore the more astonishing. But when you are alongside the animal, and can see and hear the simple signals under which he works, you are equally astonished at the thorough manner in which he understands what he is expected to do, and the very little prompting he requires.

On one occasion, I arranged with a mahout to bring up his elephant to where I was standing, that I might indicate the work to be done, the mahout to be absolutely silent. Standing by a six-foot log, I beckoned to the mahout, and up came the elephant. Arrived at the spot, and being without chains, he must have opined that dragging was not intended. There remained, then, pushing or carrying, the latter operation being the one which the sagacious creature saw was intended, for he proceeded at once with his awkward preparations for carrying it away. Throughout this test the mahout was absolutely silent, and, as far as I could see, quite passive. The result of it was that the elephant divined what I, a stranger, wished it to do, and did it.

On another occasion, I applied the test to a difficult object, an eighteen-inch cube of teak, which the dear old fellow at once arranged to carry off; but how to do it, he could not at first determine. As his tusks diverged more than eighteen inches, they were no support, and the many sharp corners of the cube sorely tried the delicate trunk. After some failures, he managed to seize the fragment by the centre, and then raise it up below the tusks against his lower lip. As he had virtually accomplished the task, I discontinued the experiment, expressing my satisfaction and delight to the manager, who somewhat dampened my ardour by informing me that the mahout, while abstaining from use of voice or stick, might have conveyed his wishes to the elephant by pressure with his heels!

But a moment's reflection increased my admiration at the elephant's intelligence, for, allowing that the mahout's heels *had* pressed his side, how could such pressure inform him that he was neither to drag nor push, but carry? Surely the mahout could not have possessed a code of pressure-signals with which he had indoctrinated the elephant in prospect of curious visitors. If he had, then it must have included voice and stick signalling as well, to either of which I might have resorted. No; I believe that the elephant acted independently of signals, and reasoned on what he had to do, by what was laid before him.

Hitherto, we have seen the elephant in the yard; let us follow him into the mill, and there admire the triumph of reason over instinct. We all know how naturally timid and nervous the elephant is, and how susceptible to noise. Well, watch this noble old fellow solemnly dragging in a huge log to the sawmill. Onward he moves, undismayed by the horrid panting of the engine or the screeching of the saws. Instinct would have tempted him to turn tail and flee from the noisy turmoil; reason keeps him at his task, confident that amid the uproar and apparent confusion, perfect order and safety prevail. And so, with flapping ears and swaying trunk, he yields up his log to the grip of the remorseless saw, and goes off unconcerned to find a fresh victim. It was very pleasing to see that the Aga's elephants were kindly treated and well cared for; the goading *ankas* (iron hook and prod) was nowhere to be seen. A daily as well as a rigidly observed weekly rest was secured to them; besides, their cleanliness is well looked after; and morning and evening

they are taken into the river to be well scrubbed, the termination of each bath being a triple dive, which they enjoy immensely.

On a second visit to Moulmein, I noticed another totally different illustration of confiding reason in the elephant. We were at anchor in the river in a strongly flowing tide, when a deeply sunk raft laden with green forage, two men, and two elephants, swept swiftly past. The elephants stood motionless and quite unconcerned, knowing that they were under secure pilotage, and quite safe as long as they remained quiet. If they had proved restless, the raft must have come to grief.

GUM-ARABIC AND THE SOUDAN.

According to the *Scientific American*, the gum-arabic supply appears to have been in a great measure cut off owing to the state of affairs in the Soudan. It says: 'Gum-arabic comes almost exclusively from the Soudan, and owing to the operations of El Madhi, there have been no receipts of any consequence for a year past. In confectionery it makes about thirty per cent. of the best quality of gum-drops, marsh-mallow, and jujube paste. The annual supply from the Soudan has heretofore been from twenty to twenty-five thousand bags of four to six hundred pounds each, and there is usually a stock held in London about equal to one year's receipts. This reserve is now about exhausted, and the gum has been steadily advancing in price from the ordinary figures of fourpence to fivepence per pound, until it now commands from one shilling and threepence to two shillings, according to quality.'

ONE BY ONE.

Though from the boughs to which they've long been clinging,

The autumn leaves are dropping one by one,
Yet from their dust, new forms of beauty, springing,
Shall smile again in summer's gentle sun.

Though one by one the pearly drops of morning,
From drooping flowers, on viewless pinions rise,
We'll see them yet the gorgeous clouds adorning
With glowing arches of celestial dyes.

Though one by one the stars are fading slowly
That all night long kept vigil in the sky,
The distant mountain-peaks, like prophets holy,
Proclaim that morning's light and song are nigh.

Though with slow step goes forth the sower weeping,
And on earth's lap his precious treasure leaves,
Yet comes the harvest, with its joyous reaping,
When shall be gathered home the ripened sheaves.

Though one by one the friends we fondly cherish
Withdraw from ours, the cold and trembling hand,
And leave us sorrowful, they do not perish—
They yet shall greet us in a fairer land.

Yes; from all climes, where'er the faithful slumber
'Neath scorching suns, or arctic snow and frost,
Stainless they'll rise, in myriads without number;
All, all, shall meet—there shall not one be lost.

A. M'L.

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EUROPEAN EMIGRATION TO AMERICA, AND ITS EFFECTS.

ONE of the greatest economic problems of our time is associated with the double stream which has been setting westward across the Atlantic with steady persistence for some two or three years, and which even now does not seem to have passed its height. It is a stream which is composed of the labour and the capital of the Old World. To the number of many hundreds of thousands of individuals, some of the best bone and sinew of the European states has been transplanted each year to America. And latterly, this exodus has been accompanied by a large volume of that without which labour can do little collectively. During the last twelve months especially, the number of schemes for the employment of British capital across the Atlantic has increased enormously; and at the present time, there are many millions of money, belonging to people still residing on this side, invested directly or indirectly in land, and in industries connected with land in the States of the Union and of Canada. The receptivity of the American continent in respect both of labour and of capital is very great; but it is not unlimited. Nor is the supply of either labour or capital unlimited in the countries of the eastern hemisphere. There is not as yet any imminent danger of excessive contribution in the one case and of depletion in the other; but we are within sight of consequences which it may be well to consider.

And first with regard to Emigration. It must not be supposed that America—and for the present let us confine our attention to the United States—welcomes without exception the human stream. There are undoubtedly elements in it which would be objectionable anywhere. There are hordes of paupers and loafers and ne'er-do-weels, who are as little likely to do any good for themselves, or to benefit the community, in the New World as in the Old. But apart from these, there has been a flow of shrewd workers and

skilled artisans, which a certain section of the American nation is disposed to regard with a sour look. The reason is not far to seek. The dominant economic policy of America has been, as we know, one of strict protection of their own industries. For the benefit of the few, the many are heavily burdened, in the belief—fallacious, and not always genuinely entertained—that in process of time the many will reap the harvest. The conductors of these domestic industries are glad enough to get all the experienced foreign labour they can; but the domestic labourer says, very naturally, that the importation is unjust to him. He says, in effect: 'You tax foreign products to shut out competition with yourselves; but you admit freely foreign producers to compete with me. You raise the cost of living to me by the imposition of taxes to foster your trades; yet you reduce my means of living by suffering immigration which tends to reduce the level of wages.' Here is friction, and friction which is already producing sparks. It is not difficult to foresee the result. The working-classes cannot continue to burn the candle at both ends for ever. It is not practicable for any country in these days to prohibit, or even to restrict, the importation of human beings. Nor can America say: 'We will receive any number of farm-labourers, or miners, or anybody disposed to squat in the backwoods and open up our country; but we will draw the line at mechanics or any form of skilled labour which we can ourselves produce to the extent of our requirements.' The effect of the supply of foreign labour would have been more apparent ere this but for the suicidal policy of the American trades-unions, which practically prohibit the evolution of domestic skill, by forbidding apprenticeship to crafts. But, nevertheless, the effect must eventually be to diminish 'the reward of labour.'

A well-known American writer holds that the increase in the number of labourers does not tend to diminish wages, but the converse. What in his opinion causes the tendency of 'the reward of labour' to a minimum in spite of increase in

producing-power, is that rent increases in a still greater ratio. The result is much the same, as far as the labourer is concerned, and it proceeds, whether directly, as is commonly held, or indirectly, as the American writer holds, from there being three men to house and feed where there had been only two. If, however, it be really the matter of rent or interest which affects the price of labour, then the American citizen has all the more reason to regard with attention the other portion of the stream, namely, the flow of British capital for investment in land and cattle in the West. We do not know the aggregate capital of the numerous *Ranches* and other Companies which have been lately formed, but it is enormous; and with private investments as well, the total British capital occupied in them cannot be short of twenty millions sterling, and probably is even considerably more. The actual amount is not material to our argument. The effect of this tremendous diversion of capital is twofold. It is increasing the value of older estates by the absorption of cheap competitive lots, and it is arousing in the Americans themselves a species of earth-hunger which promises to be very keen. There are thoughtful, observing men on the other side of the Atlantic, who, noting the disfavour into which investments in railroads have fallen, because of their comparatively poor returns—and also because of the distrust begotten by their scandalous management—and who noting, also, the rapidity with which English capital is leading the way—predict that America is on the eve of the most tremendous land 'boom' ever known. That means, in plain English, that the enhancement in the value of land, legitimately produced by settlement and cultivation—in other words, by the employment of actual capital and labour—will have an artificial enhancement of indefinite extent added to it by the action of speculation. In all commodities dealt in by man, there is an intrinsic value and a speculative value. When the speculative value becomes inflated above the level of intrinsic value, there ensues a period of dangerous excitement, which invariably ends in collapse and disaster. This is especially the case with land; and it is precisely towards such a critical time that America seems verging.

All this, however, seems to us to point to the probability of free-trade becoming ere long the watchword of the working-classes in the United States. With free-trade in labour concurrently with land-speculation, subjecting them to diminution of wages, and at the same time increase in the cost of living, they will have no alternative but to demand the free admission of all materials bearing on their industries and affecting the cost of living. It is possible that in the present great land-movement may be germinating the seeds of the next great commercial crisis; and upon the theory of periodicity, one of these crises will be due in a year or two. So, also, it is probable that

the Emigration movement from the east has carried and is carrying with it elements which will aid in bringing about the much to be desired future of free-trade.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LI.—HEY, PRESTO!

COUTTS having seen that his father and sisters were provided with all necessary comforts, hastened to the city. He had an appointment which could not be postponed; he could do nothing more at Ringsford; in town he could arrange with some contractor to send out a band of men to make the least injured portion of the Manor again habitable, and to clear away the debris as quickly as possible.

The appointment was to meet Philip and Wrentham at Mr Shield's apartments. Coutts was confident that the bill he held was a forgery. He had no doubt Philip had been fooled into it somehow, but that was no reason why he should be fooled out of it. The way Shield had received him plainly indicated that he would give him no place in his will; whilst he was anxious to avoid scandal which would involve Philip.

'Well, if the old fellow won't give me a slice of his fortune, I'll screw a plum out of it,' was Coutts's agreeable reflection. 'I have the forged bill, and unless he hands me over double the amount, I don't give it up.'

That was a 'smart' stroke of business, which delighted Coutts almost as much as the prospect of gaining such a large sum of money, and of making the 'old fellow' stump up in spite of himself. There was, too, in his mind a kind of moral fitness in the transaction; for it would be paying out this precious uncle for some of the annoyance he had caused his father. In addition, there was to be reckoned the satisfaction of outwitting one of the eutest scamps he had come across—a fellow who had overreached even him—for with the same move which was to checkmate Shield, Wrentham would be paid out too. He gave little consideration to his brother, having no doubt that he would escape all right somehow.

He had secured the services of a detective who possessed the highest qualifications for his office, namely, he was not like a detective at all in manner, appearance or speech. Meeting Sergeant Dier in an ordinary way, you would regard him as a successful commercial man. There was not the slightest flavour of Scotland Yard about him. He was a good actor, a good singer, and a capital story-teller. Some of his most important discoveries were made whilst he was entertaining a roomful of company with his merry anecdotes. The secret of his success lay partly in a natural gift for his business, his enthusiasm, and the good-nature which underlay it all. He never allowed a scoundrel to escape; but he dealt very gently with any poor creature who might be betrayed into a first crime.

When Coutts reached his office, Sergeant Dier was waiting for him. Any one looking at the detective as he stood, bareheaded, reading a newspaper, would have imagined that he was one of

the bank officials. He accompanied Coutts to his private room.

'Well, what news have you?'

'Our man has everything prepared for a holiday abroad,' was Dier's smiling reply.

'Can he get away?'

'O dear, no; he is at present under the eye of one of my friends, and he has been obliged to delay his departure until to-morrow, owing to a difficulty he has found in collecting his funds on such short notice.'

'Is that all?'

'There is a little more,' said Dier complacently. 'I have found a man who can identify his writing under any disguise.'

'Who is he?'

'Our man's brother. It was not easy to persuade him to help us, but he consented at the last moment, and is to meet us at Mr Shield's place.'

'Capital,' said Coutts. 'You understand, I do not wish to proceed to extremities unless we are forced to it.'

'So you informed me; but the case is turning out such a pretty one that it would have been an honour to explain it in court.'

'Never mind the honour; we'll balance that somehow. I shall be ready in twenty minutes, and will meet you at the hotel.'

Sergeant Dier bowed and left. Outside the room he nodded and smiled to himself as he placed a glossy hat jauntily on his head. Mentally and cheerfully he was saying: 'I don't care about that chap—not much. I should not be surprised to find him coming my way sometime with the positions changed.'

Coutts examined letters, signed papers brought to him by his chief clerk, and punctually at the expiration of twenty minutes was on his way to Mr Shield's hotel. At the door he found Sergeant Dier and Bob Tuppit waiting. The poor little conjurer was nervous, and evidently required all the robust encouragement of the good-natured detective to sustain him in going through with the task he had been persuaded to undertake.

They were immediately conducted to Mr Shield's sitting-room. Coutts was a little surprised and not pleased to find that Philip and Wrentham had arrived before him; and beside Mr Shield stood Mr Beecham—for whom he entertained an instinctive dislike, not to mention that on the few occasions of their meeting his wittiest cynicisms had been silenced by the quiet searching gaze of the elder man.

Philip had not yet heard of the previous night's events at Ringsford. He was pale, but calm, and he greeted his brother somewhat coldly. Wrentham was apparently at ease and playing his part of devoted and therefore anxious friend to perfection. He had not yet caught sight of Bob Tuppit, who easily hid himself behind the broad shoulders of Sergeant Dier.

'I expected,' said Coutts after formal salutations, 'to have had the pleasure of a few minutes' private conversation with you, Mr Shield, before we proceeded with this disagreeable business.'

'I don't think it necessary,' answered Shield in his brusque way.

'As you will, sir,' continued Coutts with a slight inclination of the head. 'I have brought

with me two persons who will, I believe, aid us materially in the inquiry we are about to make.'

'Who are they?' was the blunt query, indicating Mr Shield's usual impatience of palaver.

'This is Mr Dier, who is interested on my behalf; and this'—

'Is a friend of mine,' interposed Dier blandly, 'who is an expert in distinguishing handwriting.'

Wrentham was the only one who showed surprise at these introductions, and he moved a little backward at sight of Bob Tuppit, covering his uneasiness by a slight cough, as if clearing his throat. Shield looked at Beecham, and the latter spoke.

'A very good idea, Mr Hadleigh, and as I have some acquaintance with Mr Tuppit, I can vouch for his ability to discharge any task he undertakes. I presume you have shown him specimens of the different handwritings?'

'I do not understand your position in this affair, Mr Beecham,' said Coutts superciliously; 'I can only address myself to Mr Shield, or if he chooses, I can retire, and let the matter take the ordinary legal course.'

'I am here as the friend of Mr Shield,' was the reply, without the least symptom of irritation at the manner and words of Coutts.

'You can speak to him as you would to me,' growled Shield.

'Oh, very well,' said Coutts, shrugging his shoulders. 'I thought you wanted to keep the affair as quiet as possible. But, please yourself. Then, I have not submitted any writing to Mr Tuppit, whose name I learn from Mr Beecham. He, being perfectly acquainted with the penmanship of one of the persons concerned, I thought it would be more satisfactory to you to have the investigation made in your presence.'

He glanced at Wrentham as he spoke, and that gentleman assumed an air of curiosity and interest.

'Begin with Tuppit at once: that will cut the thing short,' said Shield, as if already impatient of the delay caused by these preliminaries.

'Then here is a sheet of paper which Mr Shield has already signed,' said Mr Beecham. 'Will you put down your name, Mr Philip, and you, Mr Wrentham?'

They signed at once, and there was no reluctance apparent on the part of either, but the grand flourish which Wrentham was in the habit of drawing under his signature was not quite so steady as usual.

'Now,' proceeded Mr Beecham, 'here is a scrap of paper on which Mr Shield has written a few words. Will you both write something on separate slips, and that will enable us to test Mr Tuppit's skill in distinguishing the writers.'

This having been done, the sheet bearing the three signatures was first given to Tuppit, and it shook slightly in his hand as he advanced to the window to inspect it carefully. He then laid the paper on the table.

'I think I know the character of the writings now,' he said.

The three slips were next handed to him, and he named the writer of each correctly.

'Clever chap—knows what he is about,' was Shield's comment. Then looking almost fiercely

at Coutts: 'Suppose you have brought *your* paper with you?'

'Certainly.'

'Show it then, and let us hear what he has to say about it.'

Coutts slowly took out his pocket-book and looked inquiringly at Sergeant Dier. The latter had been observing the whole proceedings with that kind of interest which a skilful player bestows on an exciting game at cards or billiards. He responded promptly to Coutts's look.

'Best thing you can do, sir. It will settle the whole business at once.'

But Coutts did not want to settle the whole business until he had spoken to Shield in private, and explained the terms on which publicity might be avoided. So he put in a hypocritical protest which he hoped would aid him in making his bargain by-and-by.

'You are aware, Mr Shield, that there are reasons why I do not wish this matter to go beyond ourselves; and I believe you have the same desire. On that account we need not regard Mr Tuppit's decision as final.'

'I shall,' answered Shield, frowning. 'Hand him the paper.'

Coutts obeyed with the reluctant air of one who is compelled to do something he dislikes. He did not look at Philip, who was watching him with pitying eyes.

'It is rather a serious thing, gentlemen,' said Tuppit, speaking for the first time, and now as coolly as if he were on his conjuring platform, 'a very serious thing to give a decided opinion in a case of this sort without very careful examination. You will permit me to compare the signatures on this paper with the writing on the different papers you showed me.' He gathered them up in his hand as he spoke. 'I must use a magnifying glass.'

He whipped one out from the tail-pocket of his coat. Then with its aid he carefully compared the writings. After ten minutes he rose, and instead of giving his decision, he advanced to Philip with the bill in his hand.

'That is your signature,' he said.

'It is,' replied Philip, quietly.

Coutts gave a slight shake of the head, as if this was no more than he expected although he deplored it. Wrentham's eyes moved restlessly from one face to the other.

Tuppit next advanced to Mr Shield.

'This is the signature of Mr Austin Shield.'

'That is the signature of Austin Shield,' was the answer after a brief glance at the writing.

ILLICIT DISTILLATION IN IRELAND.

THE mountainous districts in the north of Ireland have long been famous for the manufacture of whisky—or as it is sometimes called when made without the concurrence of the revenue, 'poteen.' Until the last few years, the practice was exceedingly common, even within a few miles of towns of considerable size; but latterly the total output of spirits has been much reduced in quantity, and has been of inferior quality. Various causes have contributed to this. Formerly, the excise supervision was not so efficient as it has since become. Very often, Englishmen or Scotchmen were selected for Irish districts, and found the

peasantry combined to a man against them. They were aided, too, by a body of police whose sole duties were the detection and exposure of frauds against the revenue, and therefore it was a clear issue between two parties, with a large body of spectators standing neutral, or rather, in the national spirit, strongly sympathising with those who were trying to evade the law. Besides, if the Squire—who was of course a magistrate—found an anonymous present of a five-gallon jar of poteen, why should he go and waste good liquor by giving it up, and perhaps by so doing get some of his own tenants into trouble! It was clearly none of his business; in which opinion his neighbours heartily shared, as they sipped it in punch at his festive board. The priest, too, was of the same mind; for as long as the 'boys' did not take too much, or beat their wives, or neglect attending mass, it was a very convenient way of turning an honest penny in those hard times. With the tacit concurrence of these two great social forces, the owner of the still had little to fear, and could carry on his lawless trade with comparative impunity. The possession of a common secret encouraged cordial relations between all classes and creeds, until they resembled the proverbial happy family. But the events of the last thirty years have changed all this, and have indirectly led to a large diminution of private distillation.

The first blow which it received was the disbanding of the revenue police about the year 1858, and the absorption of their duties, and the drafting of the most capable members of the force into the Royal Irish Constabulary. This body have a great many duties to perform: they keep the peace; act as public prosecutors in petty cases; distribute and collect the census papers and votes for poor-law guardians; make up the agricultural statistics; act as an armed drilled force in time of riot; and lastly, as detectives of crime and, since 1858, of illicit distillation. On account of these numerous functions, they are brought into contact with almost every individual in their district, not so much at the barracks as at their own homes; and the sight of an empty jar in an unlikely place, or an unusual abundance of spirits about a particular house, are signs not lost on the vigilant constable, and carefully stored up by him for future use.

Again, the improved means of transit in the mountainous districts have given the affairs of the inhabitants more publicity. Post-vans, mail-cars, and narrow-gauge railways, are everywhere furnishing certain and regular communication between the better populated and more civilised valleys and the poorer and less inhabited mountains. By these means, enterprising travellers have penetrated the backward districts, and been received with the customary hospitality of the Irish to strangers. They are occasionally even permitted to taste the native 'mountain dew,' and sometimes thoughtlessly bring their enter-tainers into trouble by incautiously boasting of their privileges before strangers. The information has been carried to the police force in the district in which the, alas! too confiding host resided, and has caused a watch to be set on him, resulting eventually in the discovery of the fountain-head.

But information of this kind is accidental, and therefore such cases are rare. The fact is that the chief sources of knowledge are, as might be expected from the analogy of other Irish conspiracies, from within the camp, which is sure to hold sooner or later some informer. A difference of opinion about the division of the spoil, a row amongst their womankind, or some such characteristic quarrel, leads to ill-feeling, and some impulsive member of the gang, in the haste of momentary spite, secretly informs the police. Then the customary and well-known scene follows. A force of constabulary fully armed steals out under cover of night, carefully surround the fated still-house, and advancing from all sides, simultaneously burst in upon the unfortunate distillers just as the outlying scout has brought word that the police are coming. Resistance, though sometimes attempted, is useless, and the dread guardians of the law proceed to destroy the prepared materials, seize the still, and quench the fire. Finally, the sad procession of police, prisoners, and utensils—the last being placed in a cart with the manufactured spirits—wends its way down the mountain-side to the nearest barracks. Then, at the next petty sessions of the district, all those who were found engaged, together with the tenant on whose holding the distillation was being carried on, are heavily fined, with the option of a severe term of imprisonment.

But what has conduced more than anything else to the diminution of illicit distillation has been successive bad harvests, rack-renting, and absentee landlords. These have produced agrarian outrages, and these in their turn have led to Coercion Acts, giving the constabulary night-patrol powers of a very comprehensive character. As the mountainous districts are the poorest, so the outrages have been more frequent there, and the police in seeking for those intent on committing crime, have often accidentally found those merely intent on distilling poteen. All these discoveries are treasured up, and care taken that the same practice will not again occur in the same place; and thus the opportunities for illicit distillation are gradually becoming fewer and fewer, and everything seems to point towards its total extinction.

The place selected for the operations of the distiller is usually some natural hollow, or a sheltered spot partially hidden by some overhanging rock. But occasionally there are much more habitable places prepared. A favourite example of this is an artificial cave dug out in the side of a high bank close to a stream, the proximity of which is always necessary for their operations. The entrance is generally concealed with great ingenuity by a luxuriant growth of furze and other shrubs. Inside, a raised seat of earth, on which some heather has been strewn, and a rudely built chimney, complete the structure. The functions of the chimney are not by any means exhausted by being brought up to the natural level of the earth. As is well known, burning peat has an easily recognisable odour, and if this drew attention to a wreath of smoke ascending in the midst of a field, the chances of a long life for the still-house would be very small. Instead, therefore, of being directly brought out, every conceivable artifice is employed to render the smoke invisible. Some-

times it is led into a drain; at others, into a thick growth of underwood; again, it is carried for some distance, and allowed to make its escape in such small quantities as to be practically imperceptible. In one case of which we knew, the still-house was underground in the vicinity of the owner's cottage, and advantage of this was taken to convey the chimney up the earthen fence and effect a junction with the flue of the kitchen.

In some cases, a dwelling-house is chosen in such a locality as to defy suspicion. An example of this occurred in a market-town where distillation was carried on for many years in the main street within a hundred yards of an important constabulary barracks, and the owner in this case was said to have amassed a considerable amount of money. For aught that is known, many similar instances may still exist, as the shrewdness shown by the choice of such a hiding-place renders detection, except through treachery, a most unlikely event. It would be well perhaps to add, that in the case just related the proprietor of the still was a bachelor.

Having prepared a suitable place, the next thing is to procure a still and worm, which are usually manufactured by the local tinker. The still is generally made of strong tinned plate, and is of a cylindrical form, except the head, which is rounded and enlarged, in order to better collect the alcohol as it evaporates. The highest part of the head terminates in a tube, wide at first, but gradually becoming narrower, until it reaches the worm, which is a long tube curled into a spiral, and during work is always kept cold by immersion in water. It is sometimes made from tinned plate, but preferably of sheet-copper, as this material, in some mysterious way, is said to make better poteen.

The still having been procured, the materials from which the spirit is extracted must be obtained. Malt is, of course, the most important item, but in past times was very difficult to procure, as part of the excise officer's labours, until the repeal of the malt tax, was to prevent its preparation in corn-mills, so that the still-owner had frequently to choose between making it for himself with imperfect appliances, or using an inferior substitute. This was either ordinary grain or treacle, generally the latter, from its portability, and the quickness with which it could be prepared. Indeed, the extra sale of treacle in particular districts has been a very trustworthy indication of the quantity of spirits being manufactured. In one village where some years ago the average sale was three casks a week, the present consumption is not more than one every two months. But perhaps this may result as much from the repeal of the malt tax as the decline in illicit distillation.

The malt or treacle is laid down in water somewhat under boiling-point, and allowed to remain there until it has attained to the consistence of thin water-gruel. It is now ready for fermentation, which is effected by means of yeast; and when this process is complete, the mixture is called 'wash,' and is now ready for distillation. The still is now filled with wash, and a gentle heat applied, vaporising the alcohol, which passes through the still-head, and is cooled back to its liquid form in the worm, at the lower

end of which it is received by pans, crocks, 'piggins,' or indeed any vessel which will hold it. From these receptacles it is put into jars or casks—more commonly five-gallon 'kegs'—and conveyed to a place of safety. When all the wash has been distilled, the articles employed are carefully hidden, a favourite place for the still and worm being under water in the neighbouring stream. Then nothing remains but the distribution of the spirits in such a manner as to realise a handsome profit. This is an operation demanding all the craft of the distiller. To dispose of it to his immediate neighbours would be to disclose his secret, and they would either demand the poteen for nothing, or denounce him if he refused to give it. It must therefore be conveyed to a distance, and sold to some publican at such a price as will amply compensate both parties for their risk. As the publican must keep a record of all the spirits he receives, he incurs the danger of having material on his premises which is not entered in his stock-book; as a rule, therefore, the poteen is mixed with whisky resembling it in flavour, and the blend sold as the original.

In order to get the jar or cask safely into the town, the distiller usually envelops it in straw or hay, and tries to pass it off as innocent fodder; or another plan is to place it in the centre of a cart of turf, and on selling the turf to the proper person, its removal is easy, though occasionally even more ingenious methods are resorted to.

Fortunes acquired by means of illicit distillation have given rise to a very curious taunt amongst the inhabitants of the north-west of Ireland. When it was intended to convey to any person in the strongest possible manner that his pride in his family circumstances was only that of an upstart, the common expression for this was: 'Your grandmother was Doherty —, and wore a tin pocket.' The origin of this saying was as follows. The northern part of the county of Donegal, particularly the district of Innishowen, is largely peopled by persons of the name of Doherty and O'Doherty. In past times, one of the best means of smuggling poteen into Londonderry and other towns in the vicinity was by a tin flask carried by the women in their pockets. Hence the expression.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as Mr Ridsdale and Miss Loraine found themselves alone, they seated themselves on the rustic seat lately vacated by the vicar and Dr M'Murdo. Master Archie lighted a cigarette.

Clarice Loraine at this time had just left her nineteenth birthday behind her. She was tall and limber as any fabled nymph of the woods, with an easy, swaying grace in all her movements such as Art alone could never have taught her. She had a cloud of silky, pale-gold hair, that looked as if some sportive zephyr had ruffled it in passing; while her eyes were of the deepest and tenderest blue. Her habitual expression was one of sweet seriousness, of most gentle gravity; but when she smiled, which she did often, she smiled both with her lips and her eyes:

it was like the lighting up of a beautiful landscape with a sudden flash of sunshine.

And the young man to whom she had given away her heart? Well, he was a stalwart, good-looking enough young fellow, about twenty-five years old, with dark-brown hair, and a moustache to match; with frank, clear-gazing eyes, which looked as if nothing in the world could cause them to flinch; in short, one of those manly, clear-skinned, resolute-looking young Englishmen of whom those who choose may see scores any day during the season in London town.

'Are you sure, darling, that you are not too tired to go on the lake this evening?' asked Archie presently.

'I am just a little tired now; but I shall not be a bit tired when the time comes to start. To-night it will be full moon.'

Archie looked at his watch. 'The afternoon post will be in in about half an hour. I wonder whether it will bring us anything from the pater?'

'O Archie, if it should bring a letter from your father in which he orders you to give me up!'

'As if I had not told you a hundred times already that I am not going to give you up for any one in the wide world!'

'It would make me ever, ever so unhappy to think that I should come as an obstacle between your father and you.'

'Don't be a little goose. I'm old enough to choose a wife for myself; and I've chosen you, and mean to have you in spite of everybody. If the pater chooses to turn rusty about it, I can't help it. He did the very same thing when he was a young fellow. He ran away with my mother—oh, I've heard all about it!—and I'm not aware that he ever had cause to regret having done so. Of course it would be pleasanter—a jolly sight pleasanter—to have his consent and good wishes and all that; but if he won't give us them, I daresay we shall be able to get along somehow or other without them. There are worse things in the world than poverty, when two people love each other as you and I love each other, sweet one.'

What bold beings are these lovers! Nothing daunts them. They will take the world by storm and set Fortune herself at defiance. A very Paladin seemed Archie in the eyes of the girl who loved him. How beautifully he spoke—what noble sentiments fell from his lips!

'I am not afraid to face poverty or anything else,' she murmured, 'so long as I know that you care for me.' Tears trembled in her eyes.

'And that I shall never, never cease to do!' he responded fervently.

He had sidled a little closer to her on the rustic bench, and he now tried, after a fashion old as the hills, to insinuate one arm gently round her waist.

'No—no, Archie, dear, you must not do that! We are not alone. Although that young curate pretends to be reading, he's watching us all the time.'

'Confound his impudence!' growled Archie with a glance over his shoulder at the obnoxious individual. Then he drew exactly an inch and a half further away, and proceeded to light a fresh cigarette.

The fact was that, after the immemorial fashion of lovers, our two young lunatics had been so absorbed in themselves and their own affairs that they had had no eyes to note the fresh arrivals which the last steamer had brought to the hotel. One of these was a young man dressed in the garb of a modern curate. The afternoon was hot, and as he came slowly up the path that led from the level of the lake to the elevated ground on which the hotel was built, he fanned himself with the broad brim of his low-crowned felt hat. Behind him marched a porter carrying a bulky portmanteau, a mackintosh, and an exceedingly slim umbrella.

A little way from the path stood an immense elm, round the bole of which a seat had been fixed for the convenience of visitors. It looked cool and tempting; the young man glanced at it and hesitated.

'Why go indoors just yet?' he asked himself. Then turning to the porter, he said: 'Take those traps into the hotel and secure a bedroom for me. Then find out whether you have a Lady Renshaw and a Miss Wynter staying in the hotel, and come back at once and let me know.'

'Yes, sir—Lady Renshaw and Miss Wynter. —What name shall I have put down for the bedroom—your name, sir?'

'My name? Um. By-the-bye, what is my name?' the young man asked himself in some perplexity. Then his face brightened, and he said impressively: 'My name is Mr Golightly.'

'Yes, sir—the Reverend Mr Golightly.'

'No, sir—with severity—'not the Reverend Mr Golightly. Plain Mr Golightly—of London.'

'Yes, sir. Plain Mr Golightly. I'll be sure not to forget. Back in five minutes, sir.' Mr Golightly went and sat down in the welcome shade of the elm.

'I'm fairly in for it now,' he muttered. 'I've passed the Rubicon, and there's no going back. If they are not here already, they will be sure to arrive by the next train. Will Bella recognise me in this rig-out, I wonder? Upon my word, I don't think she will.'

Presently the porter came back. 'No ladies stopping here by the name you spoke of, sir,' said the man.

'At what hour is the table-d'hôte?'

'At seven o'clock, sir.—Got you a very nice bedroom, sir—splendid view across the lake. No. 65, sir.'

'When is the next train due in from London?'

'One about due in now, sir. The drive from the station takes about twenty minutes. Thank ye, sir.'

'About twenty minutes; I may as well wait here,' remarked Mr Golightly to himself as soon as the man had left him. 'This will be a capital "coign of vantage" from which to spot the arrivals.'

He yawned, crossed his legs, and produced from his pocket a soberly bound little volume, which might have been a volume of sermons, only it was not. He read a page or two, then he yawned again, and then he shut up the book.

'No, not even Alphonse Daudet has power to charm me this afternoon. Will she come?—will

she not come? Does she love me?—does she not love me? Upon my word, I'm in a regular fever; pulse about a hundred and twenty to the minute. I wonder why they can't inoculate one for love, the same as they do for other things. A mild attack for about a week, and then we should get over it for life.'

Suddenly he started and threw a keen look at the two young people some little distance away, whom he had scarcely noticed before. 'Archie Ridsdale, by all that's wonderful! I've not seen him for a century. Does Lady Renshaw know that he's here, I wonder? and is she dragging Bella down to this place that she may try to catch the rich baronet's son for her niece's husband? It's just like one of her ladyship's moves. Well, I'm not going to worry myself with jealousy. Besides, somebody at the club said that Archie had engaged himself to a girl without a penny. I wonder whether that is the demoiselle in question. She looks pretty enough to turn any fellow's head.'

Mr Golightly whistled softly to himself for a minute or two; then he muttered: 'Wretched slow work watching another fellow spoon and not be able to join in the fun one's self! That must be the girl. By Jove! Master Archie seems about as hard hit as I am.'

This latter remark was elicited by the sight of Mr Ridsdale sidling up to Miss Lorraine with the evident intention of encircling her waist with his arm; but, as we have already seen, he was very properly repulsed. Presently Clarice rose and gathered up her heap of ferns and grasses.

'You are not going indoors already, Clarice?'

'Already! Commend me to your sex for being unreasonable. A pretty scolding I shall get from Mora for having been out so long.'

'I don't believe Madame De Vigne could scold any one, were she to try ever so much.'

'You don't know her. She has a terrible temper. It runs in the family.'

'I am glad you have told me. I shall be prepared for the worst.—We shall meet again at the table-d'hôte; meanwhile, I'll go and look after the postman.'

'Should there be a letter, you will let me know as soon as possible?'

'Never fear.'

With a smile and a nod, she left him, and speeding across the lawn, entered the hotel by a French-window, one of a number which stood wide open this sunny afternoon.

Archie gazed after her admiringly till she was out of sight. Then he buried his hands in his pockets and turned and sauntered slowly up towards the main entrance to the hotel.

'Ah! here's Ridsdale coming this way,' exclaimed Mr Golightly. 'Wonder whether he'll know me? What larks!'

But Mr Ridsdale was thinking his own thoughts, and he passed Mr Golightly, who was apparently deep in the perusal of his sober-looking volume, as though there was no such person in existence. But he had not got more than a few yards beyond the tree when he heard himself called.

'Archie, dear!' cried some one softly. If it were not a feminine voice that spoke, it was a very good imitation of one.

Mr Ridsdale started, and turned. Beyond two

or three loungers round the door of the hotel, some distance away, not a creature was visible save the clerical-looking young man seated under the tree and intent on his book.

Archie's eyes struck fire and his face flamed suddenly. He advanced three or four paces. 'Did you address that remark to me, sir?' he sternly demanded.

'Of course I did, sir,' answered Mr Golightly, looking up innocently in the other's face. Then before Archie's wrath had time to explode, he flung down his book and started laughingly to his feet. 'Ridsdale, old chappie, how de do?' he exclaimed. 'Awfully glad to meet you. Don't you know me?'

'No, sir, I do not know you,' answered Archie with a cold stare. 'Never saw you before in my life, that I'm aware of.'

'What! Not recollect Dick Dulcimer?'

'Dick Dulcimer! You!' eyeing him from top to toe. 'It can't be.'

'But it is—at least I've every reason to believe so, and I think I ought to know.'

'But——, and again he eyed him critically over.

'Why this thusness, you would ask. I'll explain in a few words. But sit down for a minute or two; it's too hot to stand.—You remember Bella Wynter?'

'Rather. One of the prettiest girls out, the season before last. I was nearly a gone coon in that quarter myself.'

'Well—I'm quite a gone coon.'

'Glad to hear it. Congratulate you, old man.'

'It's the old story, of course. I've next to nothing, Bella has less. There's a dragon in the path in the shape of Lady Renshaw, Bella's aunt. But probably you remember her ladyship?'—Mr Ridsdale nodded.—'Well, she detests me, and has set her heart on Bella marrying money.'

'Of course. But what has Miss Wynter herself to say in the matter?'

'Oh, I think Bella likes me—a little; in fact, I've not much doubt on that point, although, like the young person in the play, I've never told my love. But she has been brought up to think it a crime to marry a poor beggar without a fortune, and then she's so completely under the dowager's thumb that she dare scarcely call her bonnet her own. The Fates only know how it will end.'

'And you are down here?'

'To meet them. I expect them by the next train. Bella corresponds with my sister, and Madge gave me the hint. I got a fortnight's leave, and made up my mind to follow them; but apparently I'm here first. Of course it would never have done to let Lady R. find me here; she would have taken the alarm at once, and have carried off Bella by the next train. What was to be done? All at once it struck me that I had lately been playing the part of a curate in some amateur theatricals in town. A month hence we are going to play the same comediotta again for another charity, so that, as it happened, I had the togs, obtained for the first performance, still by me. I shaved off my beard and moustache, had my hair and eyebrows dyed black, donned my clerical garb, took a ticket from Euston, and here I am.'

'Your own mother wouldn't know you if she were to meet you.'

'Not much fear of the dowager recognising me, eh?' asked Mr Dulcimer with a chuckle. Then he added more seriously: 'If I can only get Bella to myself for an hour while she's down here—there was no chance of it in town—I'll know my fate one way or the other. She's an arrant young flirt, I know; but I'll have no more of her shilly-shallying; she shall give me a plain Yes or a plain No.'

'I commend your resolution, and wish you every success with the fair Bella. Of course your secret is quite safe in my hands, and if I can do anything to assist you—'

'I'm sure you will. Thanks, Ridsdale. Don't forget that there's no Dick Dulcimer here. I am—'

'The Reverend?'

'No; not the Reverend, but plain Mr Golightly. It may be all very well to play the part of a curate in a comediotta, but I don't care to pose for the character in real life.'

'But your clerical garb—everybody will take you for a parson.'

'I can't help that. If driven into a corner, I will tell people that I'm a preceptor of youth, in fact a tutor, which is no more than the truth, because, you see, I'm teaching Will Hanover to play the fiddle, so that he's my pupil and I'm his tutor.'

'But what made you choose such an outlandish name as Golightly?' asked the other with a smile.

'Because Golightly belongs to me, dear boy—it's my own property. Know, good my lord, that my full name is Richard Golightly Dulcimer. My godfather was Dr Golightly, who's now Bishop of Melminster. Many's the tip I've had from him in the days when I wore a jacket and turn-down collar. But he wasn't a bishop then, and my dad hadn't lost his fortune, and things now in that quarter are by no means what they used to be.'

'I'll not forget the name. And now I must go; I'm expecting an important letter. We shall meet later on.'

'For the present, ta, ta,' said Mr Dulcimer.

'Sly dog! Never said a word about his own little affair,' muttered Dick. 'Intolerably slow work waiting here. I wonder how much longer they'll be? Ha! happy thought.—Hi!'

The last exclamatory remark was addressed to a waiter who was in the act of removing an empty bottle and some glasses from a garden-table a little way off.

Up came the waiter, a smiling, little, bullet-headed fellow, French or Swiss, with his black hair closely cropped, and clean-shaved, blue-black cheeks and chin.

'Bring me a pint of bitter beer in a tankard,' said Richard loftily.

'Oui, m'sieu.'

He was not away more than a couple of minutes. Dick was very thirsty, and he seized the tankard eagerly.

'Wait,' he said laconically. Then he blew off the beads of creamy froth, raised the tankard to his lips, and slowly and deliberately proceeded to empty it.

While he was thus engaged, two ladies, followed

by a maid carrying wraps and umbrellas, came round a corner of the shrubbery. They had driven from the station by way of the lower road, and hence had to walk through a portion of the grounds in order to reach the hotel.

'A clergyman, and drinking beer out of a metal pot!' exclaimed the elder of the two ladies. 'What can the Establishment be coming to!'

Dick, whose back was towards the party, gave a great start and nearly dropped the tankard. 'The dragon's voice! I'm caught!' Then giving the tankard back to Jules, he said with an affected lisp: 'Thank you very much, my friend. On a sultry day like this, nothing can be more refreshing than a little iced lemonade.'

'Lemonade! Ah-ha; monsieur s'amuse,' murmured Jules with a slight lifting of the shoulders as he took back the tankard and marched away.

'After all, dear, he was drinking nothing stronger than lemonade,' remarked the elder lady, who was none other than Lady Renshaw, in a low voice to her niece. 'No doubt he acquired the habit of drinking out of pewter while at college. I am told that they have many strange customs at the universities, which have been handed down from more barbarous times.—An interesting-looking young man.'

'Very,' assented Miss Wynter, who had started at the first sound of Dick's voice, and was now looking inquiringly at him. 'That voice!' she said to herself. 'I could fancy that it was Dick—I mean Mr Dulcimer, who was speaking. But that is impossible. And yet'—

Meanwhile, Dick had turned, and after gravely lifting his hat to the ladies, had resumed his seat, and was now intent again on his book.

Lady Renshaw was a fine, florid specimen of womanhood, who among her intimate friends gracefully acknowledged to being thirty-five years of age, but was probably at least ten years older. She still retained considerable traces of those good looks which several years previously had captured the elderly affections of the late Sir Timothy. Although her figure might display a greater amplitude of proportions than of yore, yet was her hair still black and glossy, her large dark eyes still as coldly bright as ever they had been, while if the fine bloom on her cheeks owed nothing of its tints to the lily, there are many people who prefer the rich damask of the rose even in the matter of complexion. Here, among the Westmoreland hills, her ladyship was dressed as richly and elaborately as if for a little shopping in Regent Street or a drive in the Park. Herein she showed her knowledge of the eternal fitness of things. Lady Renshaw in a cotton gown or a seaside wrapper would have looked little better than a dowdy. Simplicity and she had nothing in common. But Lady Renshaw fashionably attired in satins and laces was a sufficiently good imitation of a lady to pass current as such with nine people out of every dozen.

Miss Bella Wynter was a brunette, not very tall, but with a slender, graceful figure, black, sparkling eyes, and the saniciest little chin imaginable. Naturally, she was an unselfish, generous-hearted girl; but the circumstances of

life and her aunt's hard worldly training were doing their best to spoil her. She, too, was dressed in the extreme of the prevalent fashion, and looked as if she might just have stepped out of the show-room of a Parisian *modiste*.

'There can be no harm in speaking to him,' said Lady Renshaw in a low voice to her niece. 'He may be the son of a bishop or the nephew of a lord; one never can tell whom one may encounter at these big hotels.' Then going a little nearer to Dick, she said to him: 'I presume, sir, that you are staying at the *Palatine*?'

Mr Dulcimer started, rose and bowed. 'For a day or two, madam, on my way north.' He spoke with the same little affected lisp with which he had addressed Jules the waiter.

'I'm nearly certain it's Dick,' said Bella to herself with her heart all a-flutter. 'But what daring! what effrontery!'

'Then perhaps you can inform me at what hour the table-d'hôte takes place?' said her ladyship.

Dick knew quite well, but was not going to tell. 'I only arrived a couple of hours ago, madam; but I will at once ascertain.'

'No, no, no! Greatly obliged to you, but we are going indoors presently, and can then ascertain for ourselves.'

'It is he!' exclaimed Miss Wynter under her breath. 'O Dick, Dick!'

Lady Renshaw had turned, and was gazing through her eyeglass. 'Really, my love, the view from this spot is too utterly exquisite,' she said. 'Such luminosity of atmosphere—such spontaneity of sunshine! Observe that magnificent effect of *chiaro-oscuro* among the hills. Quite Ruskinian. I dote on nature—especially in her wilder moods.'

'No doubt nature is infinitely obliged to your ladyship,' murmured Richard under his breath.

Bella seemed as if she could not keep her eyes off him. 'He has shaved off his darling beard and moustache, and come all this way on purpose to be near me!' she mused. 'Does any one else care enough for me to do as much as that? Heigh-ho! why is he so poor?'

'And now, dear, I think we had better go indoors,' said her ladyship blandly. 'The heat is somewhat trying.' Then turning to Dick: 'We shall probably meet again, Mr—er—Mr—?'

'Golightly, madam. Mr Richard Golightly, at your service.'

'— At the table-d'hôte, or somewhere, Mr Golightly.' This very graciously.

'I trust, madam, to have the honour,' and Mr Dulcimer bowed deeply.

'O you wicked boy!' murmured Bella.

'The old she-dragon suspects nothing,' said the wicked boy to himself with a chuckle as soon as the ladies had turned their backs.

'A Golightly, my dear,' remarked Lady Renshaw to her niece. 'There are several good families of that name. One in Devon and another in York. The young man may be worth cultivating. I hope you will endeavour to make yourself agreeable to him.'

'I will do my best, aunt,' answered the young hypocrite demurely.

'How thankful I am that we have got rid of that odious Mr Dulcimer!'

Bella's black eyes danced with mischief; it was all she could do to keep back a laugh. 'O auntie, auntie, if you only knew!' she whispered to herself.

When she reached the door of the hotel, she could not resist turning her head for a parting look. No one was about, and Dick blew her a kiss. She blushed, she knew not why, but it was certainly not with indignation.

'Well,' mused Mr Dulcimer with a sigh as he resumed his seat under the tree; 'if she won't have me, I'll cut the old country and try sheep-farming at the antipodes. Capital cure for love, sheep-farming.' Taking a pipecase out of his pocket, he extracted therefrom a highly coloured meerschaum. 'Come along, old friend; let you and me have a confab together. Stay, though, is it the correct thing for a curate—and I suppose everybody will insist on taking me for one—to smoke a meerschaum? Well, if they don't do it in public, lots of them do it in private. Jolly fellows, some curates—others awful duffers.' He rose and stretched himself. 'There must be a quiet nook somewhere among those trees where a fellow can enjoy a whiff without the world being the wiser?' Whereupon he sauntered away towards the lower part of the grounds, his hands behind his back and his book under his arm, totally unaware that his movements were being watched by a pair of bright black eyes from an upper window of the hotel.

INTERVIEWED BY A BUSHRANGER.

I WAS staying in Sydney for a few weeks, and had put up at the *Polynesian Club*. There I made the acquaintance of a young colonial journalist, by name Alison Fellgate, a frank, clever, easy-going fellow, who had compressed a good deal of life into his forty years. One evening after dinner we sat smoking under the broad veranda that ran round three sides of the Club building. Presently, Fellgate took out his watch and held it in his hand for a few moments. 'I have an engagement this evening, but there is plenty of time yet,' he said.

'I have several times noticed what a particularly handsome watch that is of yours, Fellgate,' I said.

'Ah, that watch has a story,' he replied.

'I have observed some sort of inscription on it. A presentation, I suppose?'

'Right. It was a presentation, but of a somewhat unusual sort.'

'I grow curious. Let us have the story.'

'Very good. It is a story I have had to tell more than once. You must know, then, that I began my journalistic life in the colonies as editor of that able and distinguished organ of public opinion, the *Burrigundi Beacon*. I had been conducting it for some six months, to the satisfaction, I am always proud to remember, of the proprietors, when that outbreak of bush-ranging which was headed by the notorious Frank Gardiner began to keep the country in a state of continual excitement and terrorism. I need not tell you that of all the knights of the bush, Frank Gardiner was in prowess and achievement second to none. For several years, he and his gang eluded all efforts at capture on the part of the government, until the

country-people began to think that Frank, like his illustrious forerunner and prototype, Dick Turpin, bore a charmed life. At last, two thousand pounds was set on his head, alive or dead.

One morning I received a short letter something like the following, addressed to the editor of the *Beacon*:

SIR—I observe a statement in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of to-day to the effect that myself and my mates last Monday night attempted an attack upon Lawson's Station, Woonara. Will you allow me the use of your widely-read columns to say that this announcement is entirely erroneous, from the simple fact, that on that night I and my party were busily engaged elsewhere.—I am, yours, &c.,
FRANK GARDINER.

I was so tickled with this letter—there was something so funny in its cool audacity, and the whole circumstances—that I at once inserted it in the *Beacon*.

About a fortnight later, I received a second letter, which ran pretty much like:

SIR—It must necessarily be the fate of all public men to encounter much misrepresentation, and I must just submit, I suppose, like others. At the same time, when there is a remedy at hand, a man is merely doing himself justice in availing himself of that remedy. I appeal, therefore, simply to your sense of right and fair-play in requesting you to publish my flat and emphatic denial to a paragraph which appeared in the *Sydney papers* of last Friday—namely, that in the recent encounter with troopers, one of my mates was wounded in the arm. Nothing of the sort took place, thanks to the clumsy shooting of our opponents. The same paragraph also states that in the last sticking-up of the Binda Flat mail we treated our prisoners with much harshness. The very reverse of this was the actual case, and this statement can only have emanated from persons wilfully and maliciously determined upon prejudicing myself and my comrades in the public mind.—I remain, yours, &c.,
FRANK GARDINER.

That letter also found a place in the *Beacon*. Afterwards I received in all some half-a-dozen communications from the notorious bushranger, varying in details, but all of a similar purport—their object to correct some blunder or misrepresentation on the part of the public press. All these communications found a place in the paper. I saw no harm in thus inserting them. Some of my readers did not hesitate to accuse me of aiding and abetting the bushrangers by the publication of Frank Gardiner's letters, alleging that they were merely blinds to lead the police off the real track. But I reasoned that, even if this were the case, the ruse was so simple and transparent a one, that the police were not in the least likely to fall into it. But I did not think that Gardiner had any such purpose in sending the letters. I believed that their meaning was on the surface, though it sometimes struck me that, over and above this, the bushranger was himself aware in some degree of the humour of the situation, and that his sense of this sometimes shaped the wording of his letters. Most of the towns-

people took my view of the matter, and laughed at the thing; and the circulation of the *Beacon* in nowise suffered.

I had received, I say, about half-a-dozen of Mr Gardiner's communications, covering a space of ten or twelve weeks, when an event occurred. I was sitting in my little room about eleven o'clock at night; I had just finished some correspondence-work connected with the paper, and had just lighted a cigar and settled back into my chair with a Homeric sigh of relief, when there was a knock at the door; and the next moment, without waiting for the least countersign of any sort, a figure entered. I tipped my chair back until I very nearly lost my balance at the unexpected aspect presented by my unceremonious visitor—a tall, athletic man with a shaggy, light-coloured beard, dressed in ordinary bushman's garb, pistols in his belt, and a carbine at his back, his face hidden by a mask. Such outwardly was my visitor—a sufficiently awkward and disquieting figure thus suddenly to present itself at the dead of night to a harmless country editor armed with no fire-weapon more deadly than a cigar. My first thought was how the fellow had got into the house; but this and all other thoughts were quickly dispersed by my new friend addressing me: "Good-evening, Mr Fellgate."

"Good-evening, Mr—— I beg your pardon; you have the advantage of me."

"I've a little bit of business with you—never mind my name. I would have sent up my card, but I've forgotten my card-case."

This symptom of a vein of humour—thin as it was—in my guest, reassured me a little.

"I am very much at your service, I am sure," I replied. "Anything I can do to"—

"That's it, boss. I was sure you wouldn't cut up anyway rough about the business; and we on our side 'll try to make it pleasant all round for you. Well, the business simply is that you're to come along with me, Mr Fellgate; and the sooner we're off, the better for all parties."

I did not quite expect this, and my visitor's proposal had no great charms.

"You mean that I am to accompany you, wherever you are going to, now—at once?"

"That's it. That's my order. So hurry up, Mr Editor; and just think of others besides yourself. My neck's half-way in the halter at this blessed moment."

The man spoke in the coolest and most determined manner, and I at once saw that any further attempt at resistance would be worse than useless.

"One word more, Mr Fellgate," my companion continued. "If you follow me quietly and without any row, no harm will come to you. I promise you that, on my word as between gentlemen."

This should perhaps have been completely reassuring. Nevertheless, it was with some considerable feeling of doubt and disquiet that I prepared to accompany the bushranger, for such and nothing short the man evidently was. We left the house noiselessly. The aged lady who acted for me in the capacity of housekeeper had long since retired, and our cautious footsteps did not disturb her. Outside, tethered to a rail-fence at a little distance from the house, stood two horses.

My companion then blindfolded me, and I mounted one of the two horses. This blindfolding again I did not much fancy; but caution and discretion seemed now to be my safest cue. When the bushranger had himself mounted, he caught my horse's rein, and we started. For about a quarter of an hour we pursued the high-road at a quick walk, a jogging, uneasy half-ambly, that was anything but a comfortable pace, the uneasiness seeming to be increased by my being blindfolded. Then we suddenly diverged from the highway, and in a little had entered the bush, as I could easily judge from the fall of my horse's feet on the soft sand-track. I should have mentioned that the night was a very dark one, without either moon or stars.

We rode on for the best part of a couple of hours, very few words passing between us. I knew the time to be about that length afterwards; but in reality it seemed much longer to me, partly, perhaps, from the fact of my being blindfolded; partly, without doubt, from the whole conditions of my ride being in no sense what could be called lively or inspiring.

At the end of two hours, then, my leader suddenly tightened my rein, and we drew up. He bade me descend, which I did, still with the bandage on my eyes. The next moment my friend had removed the handkerchief which he had used for blindfolding me, when a strange sight met my eyes. I was standing in the middle of a small clearing in the heart of the forest. The darkness was lit up by half-a-dozen flaming torches and the light of a small fire, round which five or six men were reclining on the short sparse grass. The man nearest the fire at once caught my attention. He was about the middle height, and of a very active and well-proportioned figure; black-bearded, with particularly bright and alert eyes, and of not an unprepossessing cast of features. A few minutes' scrutiny of the man confirmed me in my identification of him. He was no other than my correspondent of the past three months—the notorious bushranger who had been harrying the country right and left for nearly two years, levying black-mail on all whom he encountered without the slightest respect to persons or dignities—the redoubtable outlaw, Frank Gardiner. Various portraits of the man were abroad throughout the country, all sufficiently like to enable me to recognise the original, now that he was before me.

All the men, from the leader downwards, were armed to the lips, so to speak; and as the light of the fire and the wavering torches gleamed from the bright steel of the carbines and pistols to the bronzed faces of the highwaymen, tanned almost black by constant exposure to a semi-tropical sun, I could not but be reminded of the old familiar stories of Italian banditti and the old pictures one had seen of the same.

The leader of the gang was the first to speak. "Good-evening, Mr Fellgate; or rather, good-morning. You recognise me, I daresay?"

"Yes; I think I do."

"From the several flattering portraits of me that are about, eh? I wonder you do recognise me from them, that's a fact. If ever I catch that blackguard of a photographer who has so abominably burlesqued me in those pictures, I engage to make it lively for him!"

It was generally understood that personal vanity was one of Gardiner's weaknesses, and remembering this, I could not help smiling a little at the speaker's words.

"You may smile, Mr Editor; but no public man likes to have such a vile caricature of himself scattered broadcast over the country; you know that well enough, and you wouldn't care about it yourself."

"Perhaps not; but I haven't yet attained enough distinction to be very well able to judge how I should feel," I answered.

"Yes; I daresay that makes a difference.—But to come to business. You're wondering, I suppose, why you've been brought here in this somewhat unceremonious fashion?"

"I am a little puzzled."

"But not afraid, I hope. You don't look that way much."

"No; not now. I was just a little startled at first, I must confess. But I am not aware of any wrong I have ever done you, Frank Gardiner."

"That's it, my boy—that's it. On the contrary, it has been all the other way; and that's why I wanted to have a word with you personally. I wanted to make the nearer acquaintance of my editor, you know.—How do you think they read? I mean those letters. Not so bad for a young aspirant in literature, eh? I'm positively thinking of getting them reprinted in a small book, if I can get any of those Sydney publishing sharps to undertake it. *Epistles of a Bushranger*. Taking title, eh?—a fortune in the very name. Would fetch the public no end, don't you think?—But I beg your pardon for keeping you standing all the time, Mr Editor. Just bring yourself to anchor; and have a drink, will you?—Young Hall, hand the editor your flask."

A young man, considerably the youngest-looking of the party, handed me his flask, which I put to my lips, merely touching the liquor.

"You drink mighty shallow, Mr Fellgate. One finger's about your mark, I judge.—Well, please yourself.—Now, look here. There's a cool two thousand set on my head; you know all about that. Well, there's a carbine by your side, as pretty a piece as you'll find this side the range. Now's your chance. Take up the gun, and you can hardly miss me, if you were to try."

Of course such a thing was totally out of the question, for more reasons than one. But even if it had been possible for me to do as the highwayman suggested, I should have been a fool to have attempted his life under the existing and peculiar circumstances.

"Just try the weapon, Mr Fellgate. Put it to your shoulder, and see how it lies as prettily in rest as a baby asleep. Let it off overhead there."

I raised the gun and attempted to fire it, when I discovered that I was quite unable to do so. I could not move the trigger a hairbreadth. It was some kind of trick-lock, the secret of which was probably known to the owner alone.

Gardiner laughed quietly. "A pretty thing, ain't it? But I don't believe you would have used the weapon against me just at present, even if you could—I'll do you that credit."

"I'm not so sure of that," said I, half jocularly.

"Shoot me down like a dingo in a trap? No, no! A fair field and a chance for his hair even to an outlaw. That would be more your motto, Mr Fellgate, I'm sure. Why, I'd grant that myself even to a trooper, unless the case was very pressing.—But now, I must really come to the point."

During all this colloquy, none of the rest of the gang had put in a word, but smoked silently on, regarding me with stolid gravity.

"I have always had a considerable admiration for the press as an institution," Gardiner resumed, "but never so much as since making your acquaintance as an editor, Mr Fellgate. You have acted towards me in the most honourable and gentlemanly manner; and while those wretched and ignorant Sydney rags the *Herald* and *Empire* have refused to insert my letters contradicting the many lying and libellous statements they have published regarding myself and my mates, you have vindicated the claims of the press to being a free and impartial organ of public expression. Now, no man who knows Frank Gardiner ever accused him of forgetting a friend or a service. I consider, Mr Fellgate, that you have done me a real service in this matter, and acted like a gentleman all round, and I would like to show you that I am not insensible of this. Though I am a bushranger, I am not a black-guard. If you will be good enough to accept this trifle, just in recognition of my admiration for you as an editor, and of my personal regard, you will do me a favour, Mr Fellgate." As he spoke, Gardiner took from his breast-pocket a small morocco case and handed it to me. I opened the case, and found inside a handsome gold watch.

Seldom, I venture to think, in the history of presentations was any one made under more singular circumstances. It seemed to reverse all precedent. Tradition was being read backwards; for instead of a highwayman taking a watch from me, I was getting one from him. To devise such a situation in fiction were, of course, easy enough; but I am relating a true incident, and as such I am inclined to think that the case was unique.

Of course, I accepted the watch. What else could I do? Sticklers for morality may refuse to indorse my conduct in so doing; but these same stern moralists would have probably acted precisely as I did under the same circumstances. I was by no means so sure of my position that I could afford to affront or offend my strange friends in any way. Under that easy sang-froid, careless banter, and studied politeness which Gardiner had shown throughout our conversation, I knew that there remained a will that brooked no contradiction, and that had never yet been thwarted. Under circumstances like these, where personal danger enters as a large factor in determining our ultimate action, the majority of us are apt to give an easy and liberal interpretation to the minor ethics.

I took the watch, uttering some commonplace words of acceptance in doing so.

"And now, Mr Fellgate, I think our interview is at an end. I am glad you like the watch, and I think you will find that it is as good as it looks. In all probability, you and I will never meet again. But if ever you hear any

of those snivelling city counter-jumpers maligning me and my brave fellows here, you at least may kindly think that we're perhaps not so black as they paint us.—Jim, take care of the editor.—Good-night."

I was once more blindfolded, and Jim and I returned as we had come. When we reached the confines of the forest, however, we dismounted, and my companion removed my bandage. The first gray glimmer of the dawn was stealing through the bush.

"You'll have to walk the rest of the way home, Mr Fellgate. I'm like the ghost in the play, you understand—must hook it with the first light. Sorry I can't take you to your door."

"Don't mention it; I know every inch of the road," I said, bent upon answering him in the same vein.

"You're a pretty cool hand, Mr Editor. Didn't think you scribbling chaps were that sort. No offence. Adieu!"

When I reached my rooms, I found my landlady already astir. She had not been much surprised to find my bedroom empty, for it had once or twice happened that I had to spend the night at the office, although that was not a frequent occurrence, the *Beacon* being only a bi-weekly issue. I lay down on the sofa in my sitting-room and took a couple of hours' sleep. When I awoke, the events of the night had for a little all the feeling of a dream; but that fancy quickly passed away. Over my morning coffee I examined my newly and so strangely acquired gift at greater leisure. I may say in conclusion that it has been my constant companion ever since that night, and I don't think there is a better time-keeper out of London. Would you like to look at it closer?

Fellgate handed me the watch. It was a remarkably handsome hunting-watch, very finely finished, and bearing the name of a famous London maker. Inside, I read this inscription:

Presented to ALISON FELLGATE, Esquire,
by
FRANK GARDINER.

'You know all about Gardiner's ultimate fate, of course,' my companion resumed, 'though you were not in the colonies at the time—how he and nearly all his gang were at last taken, and how Frank himself got a long term. It could never be proved against him that he had actually killed any one, and so he escaped the gallows. He is serving out his time now in Darlinghurst up there, and behaving himself very decently, they say.'

Gardiner, the most notorious highwayman, on the whole, that ever ranged the Australian bush, only served a portion of his allotted term. At the end of that period, Sir Hercules Robinson, the then governor of New South Wales, exerted himself to obtain Gardiner's release from further imprisonment, believing that the prisoner's good conduct from the beginning of his incarceration deserved this. Many persons thought this course on the part of Sir Hercules somewhat hasty and injudicious; and it was not without considerable opposition and difficulty that the governor had

his way, as he finally did. On his release, Gardiner betook himself to California, where it was generally understood that he became the proprietor of a drinking-bar—a somewhat inglorious finish to his career.

SOME REALITIES OF RANCHING.

FROM A MONTANA CORRESPONDENT.

MUCH has lately been written on the subject of Western Ranching—enough to make the matter perhaps wearisome to some readers; but I have not seen any writer touch on the worst side. Frequently I hear of young fellows, who, attracted by the tales they have read, are eager to go West and into ranching. For those who conduct it properly, there is money in this business; but let me tell these youngsters that there is little else in it. At first, everything is novel; but that soon wears off, and then for a thoroughly good monotonous life. I know nothing to compare with it. Life in a log cabin, with bacon and beans and canned vegetables for food, and a lot of uneducated cowboys as daily associates, is not the most fascinating thing in this world. Your men may be good, honest, trustworthy fellows; but they are rough and uncouth in speech and manners, and you soon get utterly tired of their company.

Your letters, papers, and magazines help, of course, to while away many a weary hour. Riding after cattle, branding, &c., is your chief excitement; but let me say that constant daily work at that gets monotonous in time. You have some big-game shooting, always more or less difficult of access; and you have trout-fishing—successful, when the fish choose to bite. I have generally found the best fishing when the weather was hottest and the mosquitoes thickest. Again, remember that a small band of cattle does not return ready cash in proportion to a large one. Your expenses are greater in proportion, and the results are liable to discourage you.

To a lover of scenery, the change from Britain's green hills and mossy woods to the dull yellow browns of the 'Rockies' is dispiriting. For a few weeks in June, a greenish tint pervades the hillsides, and then, alas! how quickly do the yellows and browns triumph! I do not write this to discourage earnest fellows from going into ranching; but they must not expect—as many seem to do—that life out West is one of roses, and that with a small capital to begin with, they can hunt and fish and have a constantly jolly time, and in a very few years come home with a fortune. Life in summer is endurable; but how about winter? The best ranges are in the north-western country, and the winters are simply awful. It has always been a wonder to me how cattle survive at all, much less come out in good condition in spring. How about the nice gentlemanly fellow from home and home luxuries, enduring a winter with thermometer ranging from twenty to sixty degrees below zero! (Two years ago, the spirit glasses stood in Southern Montana at sixty degrees below zero for over twenty hours at one time. Needless to say the mercury glasses were all frozen solid.) He rides forth on the range

to look at his cattle, and comes in, probably, with nose, cheekbones, hands, and feet nipped, more or less severely. Next day, he does the same, with similar results, and then vows he won't go again. He remains indoors for a few days, roasting beside a big stove, gets impatient at the deadly weariness of his life, and goes fishing through the ice—catches a few fish; results same as when riding. He then thinks he will try deer-tracking, or possibly a little amateur trapping. In either case he tramps all day through deep snow, varied by falling into a hidden spring-hole now and again, getting wet, and instantly his legs are incased in a solid mail of ice, which he must break, in order to walk. He comes home at night tired out, perhaps with game, more likely without; and vowing he has had enough of that sort of thing, falls back on cards and whisky, and so gets through the winter.

Some fellows have a hazy sort of idea that by hiring out as cowboys, they eventually will be, by hook or crook, taken in as partners by the stock-owner. This is about the greatest error they can fall into. Nine stockmen out of ten would not give a new arrival his board for his services. He cannot ride—I mean, he cannot *sit* on one of our quarter-tamed *bronchos* much over three minutes; he knows nothing whatever about the semi-wild habits of Western cattle, or how to manage them. A good cowboy requires special knowledge and special points in his character; and constant daily practice for years is needed to acquire the one and develop the others.

Of course, you can do as some of the Cheyenne fellows do, live practically in town, and let the ranche run itself. They have an attractive club and good society there, and lots of the men make Cheyenne their headquarters. This *may* be business, when you own, or manage, large herds, and when you depend on your foreman to do the work, while you pose gracefully in front as a cattle-king; but it is anything but business where you have only a small band, on the success of which depends your future. Sternly and ruefully, you must turn your back on the delights of town, and manfully determine to stay up-country and see it through.

REMAINS OF ANCIENT LONDON.

In constructing the last section of the Metropolitan (or 'Underground') Railway—that expensive three-quarters of a mile, which it is said will cost three millions—many curious discoveries have been made, and many interesting relics brought to light. The section commences at the present Mansion House Station, in Cannon Street, and proceeds nearly east, at a considerable depth, terminating at the present Tower Hill Station, and thus completing what is commonly called the 'Inner Circle.' In its course, the railway tunnel traverses one of the most ancient sites of the original British-Roman London; and the discoveries alluded to chiefly refer to that period. The most important of these has been a very perfectly built landing-stage or pier, not on the banks of the Thames, but on the left bank of Wall Brook, near its confluence with the Thames,

the site being beneath the present Dowgate Hill, which leads direct to the river. The stage appears to have been erected with much care and skill, and is a very superior work. First, the spot is filled in with oak timber-piling, carefully bound together; on this is laid a concrete bed, which, in its turn, supports a Roman tessellated pavement.

The Wall Brook at that period was doubtless a stream of some importance, having perhaps a mouth sufficiently broad to make a sort of useful harbour, just off the Thames; hence the necessity of a landing-pier or stage being constructed here for commercial purposes. Nor is this the only one of the kind which the railway-works have brought to light, for a second has been found beneath Trinity Square Gardens, which are situated on the spot known as 'Tower Hill,' so celebrated in history as the place of public execution. This second landing-stage also appears to have stood on a bank leading to the river, forming, like the other, a small harbour for the unloading of craft or landing of passengers. This stage is built in the same way—timber-piles supporting a concrete bed, and on this again the usual Roman tile pavement. But it was observed that the oak-piling was surrounded by a number of oak-tree roots, leading to the supposition that the ground had to be cleared of its original forest before the building operations of the landing-stage were begun. This is confirmed by the fact that the spot where these discoveries were made must have been outside the eastern boundary of the original city of London; because a fortress—or work of some kind—was erected by the Romans for the protection of the city on that side, on the site of Gundulph's still existing 'Tower,' and of course *outside* the town, and surrounded probably at that period by the 'forest primeval.'

The underground track of this part of the railway has proved a storehouse for relics of both Roman and mediæval times. A great deal of pottery has been found, as well as articles of glass-ware, and even cannon-balls. Two leaden coffins were brought to light of decided Roman pattern; also Roman coins. Amongst the many Roman tiles which were unearthed, one of them bears the distinct mark of a dog's foot, which can only be explained by the animal having walked over the tile whilst it was still soft after its manufacture. Two entire skeletons were also discovered, each head downwards—one in Trinity Square, and one at the bottom of a well twenty-five feet below the ground, in Aldgate. The remains of the windlass which had once been at the top were also discovered, together with some pieces of broken pottery. A second well was also found near the first; but their age has not been determined.

Below the station at Tower Hill, some timber-piles were uncovered, which have been stated to be the remains of the scaffold on which Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat suffered in the last century. But this seems unlikely, as no doubt the scaffold was removed after the last execution. But even if it was not, one hundred and forty years would hardly be sufficient to bury, many feet below the surface, so large an article as a timber scaffold. A rare and curious print, giving a view of Tower Hill on the occasion of the death of Lord Lovat, shows the scaffold

about the middle of the Hill, and consequently to the south-west of the present station.

Since the above was written, we learn that 'more unexpected but important evidence' has been brought to light of the buildings of ancient London, by the destruction of the remains of old London Wall. It had already been noticed that the foundations of the Roman wall by the river were made up very much of materials which had been already used in public buildings, and near to Tower Hill it has been discovered that some fine sepulchral monuments have been made to serve the same purpose. During the further destruction of the wall, it has been found to have been partly constructed with stones belonging to older buildings to a very great extent, some of the bastions being composed of them. In the wall in Castle Street, Bevis Marks, sculptured stones on which are inscriptions are being discovered, and carefully collected by some zealous antiquaries, for deposit in the Guildhall Museum.

THE 'STRONG-ROOM' AT PETERBOROUGH.

WE have already referred (see *Journal*, page 464) to the singular revelation of a regular system of medieval 'jerry-building' found to have existed in Peterborough Cathedral; and we have now to record another interesting discovery, by which the old 'strong-room' of the church has been brought to light. In excavating for the foundations of the piers of the new central tower, some ancient masonry was found deep below the surface, which was at once pronounced to be the remains of the original Saxon church, which, together with the monastery, had been destroyed by the marauding Danes. These remains indicated that the former church occupied nearly the position of the present one; and whilst these antiquarian researches were going on, speculation was rife as to a certain crypt or chamber supposed to exist close under the floor of the present church, as indicated by Gunton, who wrote the History of the cathedral not very long after its narrow escape from the hands of Cromwell's soldiers.

Accordingly, a careful search was made by Dean Perowne and the clerk of the works, to the north of the great central tower, and bordering on the south end of the north transept; when the accuracy of their calculations was proved, and their labours rewarded by the discovery, immediately under the pavement, of an underground chamber measuring six feet three inches in length, by four feet wide, and six feet high. A curved flight of steps rises from one side of the chamber, whilst a straight flight leads off at one end, and both ascend directly to the floor of the church above. The vault was found to be filled with all sorts of apparent rubbish in stone and metal. On close inspection, however, much of this proved to be parts of the choir-screen, which, from its great beauty, had been the glory of the church and the admiration of historians for centuries, but which, at the sacking of the church by Cromwell's soldiers in 1643, had been pulled to the ground with ropes, and then smashed to pieces. The rest of the contents consisted of pieces of stone, forming parts of what had once been, apparently, a reredos; bits of stained glass, which lost

their colour on exposure to the air; fragments of broken swords and pikes; pieces of leathern scabbards; bits of charred wood; and a quantity of bones of animals, probably sheep, which had been used for food.

On the chamber being cleared and closely examined, competent authorities pronounced the floor to be much older work than the rest of the vault, and it is not impossible that this might have been part of the floor of the original Saxon church. It was composed of large flags, several of which had been violently disturbed, possibly by Cromwell's looters, in their search for spoil, and in the thought of finding another hidden chamber still lower down. Whether or not they found any valuables does not appear to be known; but the supposition is that they did not, or it would have been referred to by contemporary historians.

Opinions seem divided as to the use of this vault. The more general opinion appears to be that it was nothing more or less than the 'strong-room' of the monastery. In medieval times, secrecy was often more trusted in than locks and bars; for the latter, force and patience might ultimately overcome; but a hidden secret would be a secret still; and in the present instance, as there was not the smallest outward indication of the existence of such a chamber, so long as the secret was kept inviolate, the chamber and its contents were safe. All the facts in connection with this interesting discovery being taken into careful consideration, the conclusion may be safely arrived at, that this chamber or vault was indeed the 'strong-room' or 'safe,' contrived and cleverly concealed centuries ago, beneath the floor of the great cathedral, for the purpose of containing the money and treasures belonging to the community of the monastery of Peterborough, and now so unexpectedly laid open to the eager gaze of admiring antiquaries and architects of this present year of grace 1884. Perhaps discoveries of still deeper interest are in store for us from amongst the foundations of this grand medieval fane.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

THERE are very few homes whose inmates have not at some time or other suffered more or less severely from the effects of a burn; there are few persons who ever forget the severity of the pain that succeeds a bad burn; and yet there are very few who make any provision for the proper treatment of such wounds. This neglect arises from indifference or from ignorance, but chiefly the latter. A burn treated in time does not take nearly so long to heal, and generally heals better than it otherwise would. The object of the present paper is to make familiar a few of the remedies which are generally applied to burns—remedies so simple in themselves that they can be applied by any person.

The best thing to apply to a burned or scalded part is Carron oil spread on lint or linen. The main object in the treatment of a burn is to keep the affected part out of contact with the air; but the part of the treatment to which our attention should be first directed is that which will lessen

or remove the pain. Ice or cold water is sometimes used; and sometimes water moderately warm, or a gentle heat, gives relief. Carron oil—so called from the famous Carron ironworks, where it is extensively used—not only lessens the immediate pain, but covers the part with a film which effectually shuts out the air and prevents the skin getting dry.

This Carron oil can be prepared in a very simple way. It consists of equal parts of olive oil and lime-water. Olive oil, or salad or Lucca oil, is the oil best suited for the purpose; but if not easily obtainable, linseed oil answers the purpose very well. Lime-water can be easily made by any one, if it cannot be procured otherwise. About a teaspoonful of the lime used by builders—if the purer kind is not obtainable—added to a pint of water and well shaken, is all that is required. It is then allowed to settle, and the water when required is drawn off without disturbing the sediment at the bottom. Pour the oil on the lime-water, stir or shake well, and the mixture is ready for use. It is poured freely between two folds of lint, or the lint dipped in the mixture; the lint applied to the wound, and held in position by a bandage. The wound may be dressed twice a day; but in dressing, the wound should be exposed to the air the shortest possible time. If the lint adheres to the wound, it must not be pulled off, but first moistened thoroughly with the oil, when it comes off easily. In some cases, it is not advisable to remove the lint. Under such circumstances, the best way to proceed is to lift up one fold of the lint, drop the oil within the folds, replace the fold as before, and secure the bandage. Carron oil is one of those things that no household should be at any time without.

Considering the simplicity of the cure, how easily olive oil and lime-water can be obtained, let us hope that for the sake of relieving even a few minutes' pain, no reader of this paper will be in the future without a bottle of Carron oil.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT ROME.

A beautiful statue of Bacchus has recently been discovered in a hollow place beneath the staircase in the library at Hadrian's Villa, Rome. It represents the god not as the coarse dissipated old man, but according to his later aspect, as a beautiful effeminate youth. It is singularly well preserved, the right hand only being missing. Its great beauty was at once recognised, and casts were immediately made, one of which is at Berlin, another at Strassburg, and a third in the new Cast Museum of Sculpture at Cambridge. The statue represents a youth standing with the weight of the body thrown on the right leg; the right hand is raised, and held, it is supposed, the two-handled wine-cup or *kantharos* of Bacchus. Over the right shoulder is thrown a *nebris* (fawn-skin), which falls back and front with studied symmetry. A question has arisen amongst the learned on these subjects as to whether this beautiful work of ancient art is itself an original, or a copy in marble from a bronze original. And then comes the still more important inquiry, what is its date? Professor Michaelis—a noted authority—states his opinion that 'the statue is a work of the eclectic school, the post-Alexandrian manner

which selected and combined, and advisedly imitated, the style of bygone manners, which sought to revive the manner of the best Attic and Argive work;' and which the learned professor fancies he can discern by certain peculiar appearances and treatment, and a want of harmony in many minute details, which, however, could hardly occur to any ordinary spectator, who sees before him simply an exquisitely finished and beautiful work of antique art.

TELEPHONING EXTRAORDINARY.

The most remarkable piece of telephoning yet attempted has been just accomplished by the engineers of the 'International Bell Telephone Company,' who successfully carried out an experiment by which they were enabled to hold a conversation between St Petersburg and Bolognè, a distance of two thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles. Blake transmitting, and Bell receiving, instruments were used, and conversation was kept up notwithstanding a rather high induction. The experiments were carried on during the night, when the telegraph lines were not at work. The Russian engineers of this Company are so confident of further success that they hope shortly to be able to converse with ease at a distance of four thousand six hundred and sixty-five miles; but to accomplish this astonishing feat they must combine all the conditions favourable for the transmission of telephonic sounds. If it is found possible to hold audible conversation at such extraordinary distances, it is possible that this fact will be speedily improved upon, and we shall be enabled to converse freely between London and New York, and by-and-by between London and the antipodes.

A MODERN MADRIGAL.

Come, for the buds are burst in the warren,
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead;
Come, be Phyllis, and I'll be Coryn,
Though flocks we have none to fold or feed.

Come for a ramble down the dingle,
For Spring has taken the Earth to bride;
Leave the cricket to chirp by the ingle,
And forth with me to the rivulet-side.

Lo! how the land has put from off her
Her virgin raiment of winter white,
And laughs in the eyes of the Spring, her lover,
Who flings her a garland of flowers and light.

Hark how the lark in his first ascension
Fills heaven with love-songs, hovering on high;
Trust to us for the Spring's intention,
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the meadow for daffodowndillies,
And the haunt of the crocus purple and gold;
I'll be Coryn, and you'll be Phyllis,
Springs to-day are as sweet as of old.

F. WYVILLE HOME.

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BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

COMING along a woodland lane, a small round and glittering object in the brushwood caught my attention. The ground was but just hidden in that part of the wood with a thin growth of brambles, low, and more like creepers than anything else. These scarcely hid the surface, which was brown with the remnants of oak-leaves; there seemed so little cover, indeed, that a mouse might have been seen. But at that spot some great spurge-plants hung this way and that, leaning aside, as if the stems were too weak to uphold the heads of dark-green leaves. Thin grasses, perfectly white, bleached by sun and dew, stood in a bunch by the spurge; their seeds had fallen, the last dregs of sap had dried within them, there was nothing left but the bare stalks. A creeper of bramble fenced round one side of the spurge and white grass bunch, and brown leaves were visible on the surface of the ground through the interstices of the spray. It was in the midst of this little thicket that a small, dark, and glittering object caught my attention. I knew it was the eye of some creature at once, but, supposing it nothing more than a young rabbit, was passing on, thinking of other matters, when it occurred to me, before I could finish the step I had taken, so quick is thought, that the eye was not large enough to be that of a rabbit. I stopped; the black glittering eye had gone—the creature had lowered its neck, but immediately noticing that I was looking in that direction, it cautiously raised itself a little, and I saw at once that the eye was the eye of a bird. This I knew first by its size, and next by its position in relation to the head, which was invisible—for had it been a rabbit or hare, its ears would have projected. The moment after, the eye itself confirmed this—the nictitating membrane was rapidly drawn over it, and as rapidly removed. This membrane is the distinguishing mark of a bird's eye. But what bird? Although I was within

two yards, I could not even see its head, nothing but the black glittering eyeball, on which the light of the sun glinted. The sunbeams came over my shoulder straight into the bird's face.

Without moving—which I did not wish to do, as it would disturb the bird—I could not see its plumage; the bramble spray in front, the spurge behind, and the bleached grasses at the side, perfectly concealed it. Only two birds I considered would be likely to squat and remain quiescent like this—partridge or pheasant; but I could not contrive to view the least portion of the neck. A moment afterwards the eye came up again, and the bird slightly moved its head, when I saw its beak, and knew it was a pheasant immediately. I then stepped forward—almost on the bird—and a young pheasant rose, and flew between the tree-trunks to a deep dry watercourse, where it disappeared under some withering, yellow ferns.

Of course I could easily have solved the problem long before, merely by startling the bird; but what would have been the pleasure of that? Any plough-lad could have forced the bird to rise, and would have recognised it as a pheasant; to me, the pleasure consisted in discovering it under every difficulty. That was woodcraft; to kick the bird up would have been simply nothing at all. Now I found why I could not see the pheasant's neck or body; it was not really concealed, but shaded out by the mingled hues of the white grasses, the brown leaves of the surface, and the general gray-brown tints. Now it was gone, there was a vacant space—its plumage had filled up that vacant space with hues so similar, that at no farther distance than two yards, I did not recognise it by colour. Had the bird fully carried out its instinct of concealment, and kept its head down as well as its body, I should have passed it. Nor should I have seen its head if it had looked the other way; the eye betrayed its presence. The dark glittering eye, which the sunlight touched, caught my attention instantly. There is nothing like an eye in inanimate nature; no flower, no speck on a bough,

no gleaming stone wet with dew, nothing, indeed, to which it can be compared. The eye betrayed it; I could not overlook an eye. Neither nature nor inherited experience had taught the pheasant to hide its eye; the bird not only wished to conceal itself, but to watch my motions, and looking up from its cover, was immediately observed.

At a turn of the lane there was a great heap of oak 'chumps,' crooked logs, sawn in lengths, and piled together. They were so crooked, it was difficult to find a seat, till I hit on one larger than the rest. The pile of 'chunks' rose half-way up the stem of an oak-tree, and formed a wall of wood at my back; the oak-boughs reached over and made a pleasant shade. The sun was warm enough to render resting in the open air delicious, the wind cool enough to prevent the heat becoming too great; the pile of timber kept off the draught, so that I could stay and listen to the gentle 'hush, rush' of the breeze in the oak above me; 'hush' as it came slowly, 'rush' as it came fast, and a low undertone as it nearly ceased. So thick were the haws on a bush of thorn opposite, that they tinted the hedge, a red colour among the yellowing hawthorn leaves. To this red hue the blackberries that were not ripe, the thick dry red sorrel stalks, a bright canker on a brier, almost as bright as a rose, added their colours. Already the foliage of the bushes had been thinned, and it was possible to see through the upper parts of the boughs. The sunlight, therefore, not only touched their outer surfaces, but passed through and lit up the branches within, and the wild-fruit upon them. Though the sky was clear and blue between the clouds, that is, without mist or haze, the sunbeams were coloured the faintest yellow, as they always are on a ripe autumn day. This yellow shone back from grass and leaves, from bough and tree-trunk, and seemed to stain the ground. It is very pleasant to the eyes, a soft, delicate light, that gives another beauty to the atmosphere. Some roan cows were wandering down the lane, feeding on the herbage at the side; their colour, too, was lit up by the peculiar light, which gave a singular softness to the large shadows of the trees upon the sward. In a meadow by the wood the oaks cast broad shadows on the short velvety sward, not so sharp and definite as those of summer, but tender, and as it were drawn with a loving hand. They were large shadows, though it was mid-day—a sign that the sun was no longer at his greatest height, but declining; in July, they would scarcely have extended beyond the rim of the boughs; the rays would have dropped perpendicularly, now they slanted. Pleasant as it was, there was regret in the thought that the summer was going fast. Another sign—the grass by the gateway, an acre of it, was brightly yellow with hawkweeds, and under these were the last faded brown heads of meadow clover; the brown, the bright yellow disks, the green grass, the tinted sunlight falling upon it, caused a wavering colour that fled before the glance.

All things brown, and yellow, and red, are brought out by the autumn sun; the brown furrows freshly turned where the stubble was yesterday, the brown bark of trees, the brown fallen leaves, the brown stalks of plants; the

red haws, the red unripe blackberries, red bryony berries, reddish-yellow fungus; yellow hawkweed, yellow ragwort, yellow hazel leaves, elms, spots in lime or beech; not a speck of yellow, red, or brown, the yellow sunlight does not find out. And these make autumn, with the caw of rooks, the peculiar autumn caw of laziness and full feeding, the sky blue as March between the great masses of dry cloud floating over, the mist in the distant valleys, the tinkle of traces as the plough turns, and the silence of the woodland birds. The lark calls as he rises from the earth, the swallows still wheeling call as they go over, but the woodland birds are mostly still, and the restless sparrows gone forth in a cloud to the stubble. Dry clouds, because they evidently contain no moisture that will fall as rain here; thick mists, condensed haze only, floating on before the wind. The oaks were not yet yellow, their leaves were half green, half brown; Time had begun to invade them, but had not yet indented his full mark.

Of the year there are two most pleasurable seasons: the spring, when the oak-leaves come russet brown on the great oaks; the autumn, when the oak-leaves begin to turn. At the one, I enjoy the summer that is coming; at the other, the summer that is going. At either, there is a freshness in the atmosphere, a colour everywhere, a depth of blue in the sky, a welcome in the woods. The redwings had not yet come; the acorns were full, but still green; the greedy rooks longed to see them riper. They were very numerous, the oaks covered with them, a crop for the greedy rooks, the greedier pigeons, the pheasants, and the jays.

One thing I missed—the corn. So quickly was the harvest gathered, that those who delight in the colour of the wheat had no time to enjoy it. If any painter had been looking forward to August to enable him to paint the corn, he must have been disappointed. There was no time; the sun came, saw, and conquered, and the sheaves were swept from the field. Before yet the reapers had entered one field of ripe wheat, I did indeed for a brief evening obtain a glimpse of the richness and still beauty of an English harvest. The sun was down, and in the west, a pearly gray light spread widely, with a little scarlet drawn along its lower border. Heavy shadows hung in the foliage of the elms; the clover had closed, and the quiet moths had taken the place of the humming bees. Southwards, the full moon, a red-yellow disk, shone over the wheat, which appeared the finest pale amber. A quiver of colour—an undulation—seemed to stay in the air, left from the heated day; the sunset hues and those of the red-tinted moon fell as it were into the remnant of day, and filled the wheat; they were poured into it, so that it grew in their colours. Still heavier the shadows deepened in the elms; all was silence, save for the sound of the reapers on the other side of the hedge, 'slash—rustle,' 'slash—rustle,' and the drowsy night came down as softly as an eyelid.

While I sat on the log under the oak, every now and then wasps came to the crooked pieces of sawn timber, which had been barked. They did not appear to be biting it—they can easily snip off fragments of the hardest oak—they merely alighted and examined it, and went on again.

Looking at them, I did not notice the lane till something moved, and two young pheasants ran by along the middle of the track and into the cover at the side. The grass at the edge which they pushed through closed behind them, and feeble as it was—grass only—it shut off the interior of the cover as firmly as iron bars. The pheasant is a strong lock upon the woods; like one of Chubb's patent locks, he closes the woods as firmly as an iron safe can be shut. Wherever the pheasant is artificially reared, and a great 'head' kept up for battue-shooting, there the woods are sealed. No matter if the wanderer approach with the most harmless of intentions, it is exactly the same as if he were a species of burglar. The botanist, the painter, the student of nature, all are met with the high-barred gate and the threat of law. Of course, the pheasant-lock can be opened by the silver key; still, there is the fact, that since pheasants have been bred on so large a scale, half the beautiful woodlands of England have been fastened up. Where there is no artificial rearing there is much more freedom; those who love the forest can roam at their pleasure, for it is not the fear of damage that locks the gate, but the pheasant. In every sense, the so-called sport of battue-shooting is injurious—injurious to the sportsman, to the poorer class, to the community. Every true sportsman should discourage it, and indeed does. I was talking with a thorough sportsman recently, who told me, to my delight, that he never reared birds by hand; yet he had a fair supply, and could always give a good day's sport, judged as any reasonable man would judge sport. Nothing must enter the domains of the hand-reared pheasant; even the nightingale is not safe. A naturalist has recorded that in a district he visited, the nightingales were always shot by the keepers and their eggs smashed, because the singing of these birds at night disturbed the repose of the pheasants! They also always stepped on the eggs of the fern-owl, which are laid on the ground, and shot the bird if they saw it, for the same reason, as it makes a jarring sound at dusk. The fern-owl or goatsucker is one of the most harmless of birds—a sort of evening swallow—living on moths, chafers, and similar night-flying insects. Thus the man in velvetens plays 'fantastic tricks' before high heaven!

Continuing my walk, still under the oaks and green acorns, I wondered why I did not meet any one. There was a man cutting fern in the wood—a labourer—and another cutting up thistles in a field; but with the exception of men actually employed and paid, I did not meet a single person, though the lane I was following is close to several well-to-do places. I call that a well-to-do place where there are hundreds of large villas inhabited by wealthy people. It is true that the great majority of persons have to attend to business, even if they enjoy a good income; still, making every allowance for such a necessity, it is singular how few, how very few, seem to appreciate the quiet beauty of this lovely country. Somehow, they do not seem to see it—to look over it; there is no excitement in it, for one thing. They can see a great deal in Paris, but nothing in an English meadow. I have often wondered at the rarity of meeting any one in the fields, and yet—curious anomaly—if you point

out anything, or describe it, the interest exhibited is marked. Every one takes an interest, but no one goes to see for himself. For instance, since the natural history collection was removed from the British Museum to a separate building at South Kensington, it is stated that the visitors to the Museum have fallen from an average of twenty-five hundred a day to one thousand; the inference is, that out of every twenty-five, fifteen came to see the natural history cases. Indeed, it is difficult to find a person who does not take an interest in some department of natural history, and yet I scarcely ever meet any one in the fields. You may meet many in the autumn far away in places famous for scenery, but almost none in the meadows at home. On the other hand, if the labouring classes have a holiday, they immediately go out into the country.

I stayed by a large pond to look at the shadows of the trees on the green surface of duckweed. The soft green of the smooth weed received the shadows as if specially prepared to show them to advantage. The more the tree was divided—the more interlaced its branches and less laden with foliage, the more it 'came out' on the green surface; each slender twig was reproduced, and sometimes even the leaves. From an oak, brown, and from a lime, orange leaves had fallen, and remained on the green weed; the flags by the shore were turning brown; a tint of yellow was creeping up the rushes, and the great trunk of a fir shone reddish brown in the sunlight. There was colour even about the still pool, where the weeds grew so thickly that the moorhens could scarcely swim through them. In a recent paper in *Chambers's Journal* (No. 25) I mentioned some of the points of interest that might be found about roofs. Since then, a correspondent has told me that in Wales he found a cottage perfectly roofed with fern—it grew so thickly as to conceal the roof. Had a painter put this in a picture, many would have exclaimed: 'How fanciful! He must have made it up; it could never have grown like that!' Not long after receiving my correspondent's kind letter, I chanced to find a roof near London upon which the same fern was growing in lines along the tiles. It grew plentifully, but was not in so flourishing a condition as that found in Wales. Painters are sometimes accused of calling upon their imagination when they are really depicting fact, for the ways of nature vary very much in different localities, and that which may seem impossible in one place is common enough in another.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LII.—HOW IT WAS DONE.

COUTTS was for an instant dumb with surprise and chagrin. That smart stroke of business on which he had been priding himself was completely spoiled, and all possibility of ingratiating himself with Mr Shield was at an end.

When the bill was produced by Coutts, Wrentham had become white, and his lips, dry and feverish, closed tightly. When the signatures were calmly acknowledged by Philip and Shield, he gazed at them with a bewildered expression,

then grasped the back of a chair and pretended to be looking through the window at something opposite. Sergeant Dier gave a slight jerk of his body as if lifting his heel from the floor. He darted a suspicious glance at his employer and at Wrentham. Then he turned to Tuppit and gazed at him with a bland admiring smile. Shield, Beecham, Philip, and Tuppit were unmoved.

Countts took the bill from Tuppit, and after deliberate examination replaced it in his pocket-book.

'I am delighted to find that it is all right, and that it will be duly honoured,' he said; but cool as he was, the acrimony of his tone contradicted the words. 'The fact that it is so takes me out of a very awkward corner. I must say, however, Mr Shield, that you would have saved yourself and me a great deal of unnecessary trouble and waste of time if you had told me when I first came that the thing was correct.'

'Have a lot of things on my mind. Forget sometimes,' Shield jerked out carelessly.

'Ah, it's a misfortune to have a bad memory in business. I trust you will not forget to do justice to the motives which brought me to you.'

'Oh, I'll do your motives full justice,' answered Shield with a grunt which would have developed into a coarse guffaw but for a strong effort of self-restraint.

Countts felt this indignity, although he did not feel the contemptible position in which he was placed, because he still believed that he had perfectly concealed the ulterior objects he had in bringing the supposed forgery directly under Shield's notice.

'That is all I ask, and I may say good-morning. I hope our next meeting will be on more agreeable business.—Good-day, Phil. I thought you had got yourself into a particularly nasty mess, and was doing my best to save you from the consequences.'

'Thank you,' said Philip, but there was none of his usual cordiality in voice or look.

'Well, there has been a mistake—somewhere. I suppose it must be put down to me. However, we can afford to let it drop now.'

'Best thing you can do,' growled Shield.

Countts paid no attention to the remark.

'You'll find bad news when you get to your chambers, Phil. There was a bonfire at Ringsford last night, and the gov'nor has got hurt.'

Philip was prevented from questioning him by Mr Shield.

'A word in your wise ear before you go, Mr Countts Hadleigh. I promised that your motives in coming to me should have justice done them. They shall. I know what they were. You have been useful to us, and that will be taken into account.'

'It is a satisfaction to have served you in any way,' rejoined Countts, unabashed, although he

understood the meaning of that parting address, and knew that somehow he had overreached himself, which was even more disagreeable than being overreached by others.

He left the room with as much composure as if he had satisfactorily completed an ordinary piece of business.

Sergeant Dier gave a cheery 'Good-day, gentlemen—come along, Mr Tuppit,' as he went out. Tuppit had continued to edge his way round the table to where Wrentham stood, and slipped a scrap of paper into his hand. He bowed as if taking leave of an audience, and followed the detective.

A hansom was already at the door, and Countts was about to get into it; before doing so he spoke with injudicious abruptness to his agent.

'Arrange with your friend about his expenses, and call at the office to-morrow at eleven.'

'Then I am to consider the job finished?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Glad of it,' said Dier, smiling to himself as the cab wheeled away. 'Come along, Bob, there's something I want you to show me, and we must have a refreshment.'

As they were about to move away, a servant informed Dier that he was wanted by a gentleman inside, and he was taken back to Mr Beecham. From him he received instructions which appeared to give him much satisfaction.

'Come along, Bob,' he said on rejoining that personage; 'I am put on to a decent sort of thing this time. Off with one thing, on with another—that's the way to do it, my boy.'

He lit a cigar, and linking his arm in that of his companion, he led the way to a small tavern situated in a by-street in convenient proximity to the mews. Although the bar was crowded with coachmen and ostlers, the tap-room was at this time of day little frequented, and at present was unoccupied.

'Ah, this is cosy,' said Dier, seating himself with his back to the window. 'Now we can have a rest and a chat. Won't you smoke?'

He gave Tuppit a cigar, ordered sherry for himself, and beer 'in the pewter' for his companion. The little conjurer drank as if he had been parched with thirst. Then he smoked and presently began to feel comfortable. Dier, meanwhile, entertained him with various amusing professional experiences; ordered more beer, and Bob felt more comfortable. When the sergeant saw him at ease, he approached the subject in which he was interested.

'I was forgetting that trick I wanted you to explain to me, Tuppit. When I saw it done, it fairly puzzled me, and you know I am up to a few tricks of your trade.'

'You'd have been a first-rate hand if you had only taken to it. But what was it puzzled you?'

'Well, the fellow who was doing it was handed a card, as it might be. He looked at it—gave it back to us, and it wasn't the same.'

'One of the easiest tricks in the whole art,' said Bob with professional contempt for the amateur. 'I thought you would have known how that is done.'

'Explain, Bob, explain. We haven't got cards, but here is a bit of note-paper, and we'll cut it in two, so that the parts will be exactly alike.'

So. Now this is the one I am to hand to you ; this is the one you are to give me back in its place' (unperceived by Tuppit, Dier deftly pricked the second piece with a pin which he held concealed between his forefinger and thumb). 'There, go ahead ; I'll shut my eyes until you are ready.'

The conjurer took the marked paper and almost immediately gave the word 'ready.' Dier gave him the second paper, and Tuppit, laughing, talked about the absurd simplicity of the trick, his astonishment that his friend should not know it, refused to believe in his ignorance, and gave him back the paper. The detective held it up between him and the light : the pin-pricks were there—the papers had been changed. He whistled softly, smiled, and emitted two clouds of smoke.

'I believe I understand it now,' he said, nodding familiarly ; 'that's how you changed the bills up there.'

Tuppit was silent.

'Well, I won't ask any questions,' the detective went on ; 'it is a family affair and to be settled on the quiet, and if the thing is genuine, it is no business of mine how it comes to be so. But that fellow who sent for me first meant mischief, although he fancied he humbugged me with his gammon about not going the entire length.'

'He did mean mischief,' said Tuppit, huskily.

'He can't manage it though. Now, what *you* have got to do is to let Mr Wrentham understand that if he doesn't make a clean breast of it by to-morrow, I'm down on him, and you won't have another chance of saving him.'

This information was given with good humour, but Tuppit was aware of the pleasant way Sergeant Dier had of conducting his business, and, having unconsciously betrayed himself, understood that further disguise was useless. So, looking uneasily at his pewter pot, he said :

'I suppose you mean that if he gives up everything, he won't be brought to trial.'

'It is not for me to say that. You have had dealings with the people, and ought to know what they are likely to do. Of course, if there is no charge, there will be no trial.'

There was considerable significance in the smile and nod which accompanied the words, and it was clear to Tuppit that Sergeant Dier was now in the confidence of Mr Shield and Mr Beecham.

'I have written on a bit of paper that I want him to meet me as soon as he can. He knows the place, and if he refuses to make things square after all the mercy that has been shown him, I will have nothing more to do with him.'

'That's right, Bob ; and you may give him a hint that if he tries to bolt, or to play any pranks with us, he'll be in limbo in less than no time, and if I am not mistaken, it will mean fifteen years at least.'

Bob Tuppit hung his head dejectedly, muttering to himself : 'What will become of the poor kid and the helpless little woman who thinks him such a pink of perfection.'

The detective slapped him encouragingly on the shoulder.

'Cheer up, Bob ; you're the right sort, and I'll help you if I can. Off with you to your meeting-place. Wrentham is no fool and will see that the game is up. . . . But, I say—detaining him

—you will tell me some day how you managed to get the right bit of paper ?'

'Yes, yes, some day—when no harm can come of it.'

The anxious and affectionate brother of the swindler got on to the top of an omnibus and smoked moodily, his reflections being to this effect : 'I suppose it's in our natures. I took to juggling in an honest way, and he took to juggling the other way. Ah, education was the ruin of him—Dad said it would be as soon as he saw what a beautiful hand Martin wrote. Lucky he's in his grave ; this business would have cut him up awful.'

At Cumberwell Green Tuppit left the omnibus and trudged moodily up to the *Masons' Arms*, a comfortable-looking old-fashioned inn, which had once been a favourite halting-place of travellers between London and the village of Dulwich, the town of Croydon, and other places in Surrey. It had also been a summer resort of Cockneys in the days when there were meadows and dairy-farms in the neighbourhood of the Green. Although the fields were now covered with houses forming long yellow rows with gaudy gin palaces lifting their heads on the most prominent sites, the *Masons' Arms* retained most of its ancient characteristics and the survivors of its ancient customers.

The stout white post with its faded swinging signboard, stood boldly out at the kerb, having at its base a long horse-trough, with a constant supply of water. The lower part of the building was cased in wood which had been painted oak colour and varnished, but the gloss had been long since rubbed off. The lower windows with their small panes of glass stretched from wall to wall, but from top to bottom they measured little more than three feet. Above was a broad balcony set in a rustic framework and railing. A huge earthen flower-pot stood at each end, while tables and benches were conveniently placed round about.

Tuppit did not enter the house ; he walked up and down, disconsolately watching every approaching vehicle in expectation of seeing his brother alight from it. He had to wait long ; but he was a patient little man, and the business he had in hand was too grave for him to think of quitting his post so long as there was a shred of hope that Wrentham would be wise for once and keep the appointment.

It was somewhat late in the afternoon when he came walking leisurely up from the Green as if he had no reason for haste. Tuppit led the way into the inn, nodded to the burly landlord as he passed the bar, ascended a narrow staircase and entered the room behind the balcony.

Wrentham at first affected an air of indifference, but the affectation was instantly laid aside when his brother sharply repeated the detective's warning and told him that the forged bill was in the hands of those who would make prompt use of it if he did not repay their generosity by a frank revelation of the schemes by which he had ruined Philip Hadleigh.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a little old man who was mumbling complainingly that he must and would have his beer and his pipe before he went home. This was spoken to a modestly dressed young woman who was gently

remonstrating with him. The old man shuffled across the floor to a seat. Tuppit opened the door of the balcony quickly and went out with his brother. In the dusk they could not be observed from the street. Wrentham had not quite closed the door when he followed his brother. There was more hurried conversation and argument on Tuppit's part.

'What is it they want me to do?' asked Wrentham sullenly.

'This is it,' answered Tuppit eagerly. 'The real bill was given to me for your child's and wife's sake on the appeal of Mr Philip—Coutts Hadleigh would have sent you to penal servitude. The first thing you have to do is to let Mr Philip know that your insinuations about Miss Heathcote were made for the purpose of distracting his mind from the business, so that you might be free to play your own game.'

'Well?'

'The next thing is, that as you have been dealing with firms whose clerks have given you invoices for double the amounts you paid them, you have to refund the money.'

Wrentham with elbows on his knees rested his brow on his hands.

'I didn't say anything about Madge Heathcote that wasn't true.'

'But you hinted a great deal that wasn't true, and you must own up to your purpose for doing it, or as I live, I shall bear witness against you myself.'

The young woman and the old man quitted the *Masons' Arms*. That same evening Pansy Culver arrived unexpectedly at Willowmere.

FALSE DAUPHINS.

WHETHER the boy who died in the arms of M. Lasne, and whose body was wrapped in a sheet, put into a deal coffin, and buried in the cemetery of St-Marguerite, was a poor waif of Paris, or the lad who cleaned the shoes of his jailer's wife and should have been Louis XVII. of France, is, judicial judgments notwithstanding, a question never likely to be satisfactorily settled. Those who have taken the most pains to elucidate the mystery agree to differ in their conclusions; M. de Beauchesne being certain that the Dauphin* was done to death in the Temple; M. Louis Blanc as strongly inclining to the opinion that he was rescued from durance. The wish being father to the thought, many royalists believed that the Prince had escaped his enemies, and would some day claim his own; and pretenders, as a natural consequence, have never been wanting.

The first of the sham Dauphins appeared in the days of the Consulate, in the person of Jean Marie Hervagault, a tailor by trade, who contrived to make some at least among the adherents of the ancient monarchy believe in himself and his pretensions. Notable for her enthusiastic

*The eldest son of a French king was termed the Dauphin.

espousal of his cause was Madame de Recambour. She lodged the impostor right royally at her mansion at Vitry-la-Française, and gloried in seeing her husband do a lackey's duties for her protégé. Balls, concerts, and fêtes followed hard upon each other in honour of 'Mon Prince,' until Fouché intervened, and the ambitious tailor was condemned to four years' imprisonment; finding his way, eventually, not to the throne of his supposititious sire, but to the Hospital for Incurables at Bicêtre, to die there in 1812.

In 1817, the *Gentleman's Magazine* informed its readers that on the 17th of September, a young man who called himself Louis XVII. had been apprehended at Rouen. Some twenty years before, he had presented himself to a lady of La Vendée as the orphan child of a noble family of the name of Desin. She took him in; but five months later, sent him about his business for some flagrant misconduct; and never saw him again until confronted with him at Rouen. This was Mathurin Brunneau, the son of a shoemaker of Vezins, Maine-et-Loire; who, having learned all that Madame Simon knew of the lost Louis, went about the country proclaiming himself the only lawful king of France, until his profitable peregrinations were stopped by his arrest and that of four or five of his deluded friends. In the following February, Brunneau was arraigned at Rouen, and behaved in a most unprincely fashion; challenging the president of the court to fight, and calling that dignitary a beast; his many insolent exclamations and observations being 'couched in ungrammatical language and most vulgar terms.' He was pronounced guilty of vagabondage; of publicly assuming royal titles; of fraudulently obtaining deeds, clothes, and considerable sums of money from divers persons; and finally, of insulting the members of a public tribunal in the exercise of their functions. For these offences, Brunneau was sentenced to pay a fine of three thousand francs and three-fourths of the costs of the inquiry, and condemned besides to suffer seven years' imprisonment—two of the seven being given him expressly for outraging the court—his person to be at the disposal of the government when the sentence had expired. 'I am none the less what I am,' was the only comment of the cobbler-prince. Of his accomplices, one only was punished, by being mulcted in a fourth of the costs of the trial and sent to durance for a couple of months. Brunneau served his term, and was then set at liberty, only to die soon afterwards.

While Brunneau's trial was yet in progress, a well-dressed man, of tall stature and goodly mien, walked into the Tuileries, followed the servants who were carrying in the king's dinner, and reached the dining-hall before his uninvited presence was discovered. He said he was Charles de Navarre, and insisted upon seeing the king. His desire was not gratified. He was handed over to the police, recognised as the mad nephew of an exchange broker, and relegated to Charenton for the remainder of his days.

Fifteen years later, one Richemont, a baron of

his own creation, was found guilty of having, by a resolution concerted and decided between two or more persons unknown, formed a plan for destroying the government and fomenting civil war. For this he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment; but his real offence lay in putting himself forward as a claimant of the throne, as the legitimate representative of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. Richemont managed to get out of prison and out of France too. He soon, however, returned to his native land, and lived there unmolested long enough to see the second Empire established. In 1853, he died at the house of the Countess d'Apchier, wife of a whilom page at the court of Louis XVI. All the papers he left behind him were seized by the authorities and sealed up. Determined his claims should not be abrogated by death, the pseudo-Dauphin's friends inscribed on his tombstone: 'Here lies LOUIS CHARLES DE FRANCE, born at Versailles, March 27, 1785. Died at Gleizé, August 10, 1853'—an inscription erased five years afterwards, by order of M. de Persigny, only to be replaced by the equally assertive one:

1785.

No one will say over my tomb:

'Poor Louis,

How sad was thy fate!

Pray for him!'

A gentleman bearing the name of Eleazar Williams died at Hogansburg, in the United States, in August 1858, after spending the best portion of his life in converting the Indians to Wesleyanism; the fact that he was the long-lost son of Louis XVI. being apparently unknown to any but his most intimate friends, until one of them published a book to enlighten the world on the matter. From this we learn as follows: That in the year 1795, a French family of the name of De Jourdin came to live in Albany, in the state of New York; Madame giving out that she had been a lady-in-waiting to Marie-Antoinette, a statement not belied by her appearance; while Monsieur looked and acted more like a servant than the husband of Madame, and the father of Mademoiselle Louise and Monsieur Louis, as the children of the establishment were designated. That, some little while afterwards, two Frenchmen appeared at Ticonderoga with a sickly and seemingly idiotic boy, who with his belongings—two large boxes, one of which contained a gold, a silver, and a copper coronation medal of Louis XVI.—was confided to the charge of an Indian chief known as Thomas Williams, to be brought up as one of the family. That, tumbling from a high rock into St George's Lake, made Eleazar—as he had been named—as sensible as his red-skinned brothers by adoption. That, one day a French gentleman called him *pauvre garçon*, and gave him a gold-piece. That, going to Long Meadow with one of Thomas Williams's sons, to be educated by a Congregational minister, somebody told him he must be of a higher grade of birth than the son of an Iroquois chief. That, after he became a missionary, one Colonel de Ferrière, before leaving Oneida, with several Indians, to visit Paris, obtained Eleazar's signature, thrice over, to a legal document; and that the said colonel returned to America a rich man, and was known to be in

correspondence with the royal family of France. Each and every one of the foregoing statements may be true, and yet Eleazar Williams no true prince.

Much more to the point was Eleazar's extraordinary story of making the acquaintance of the Prince de Joinville on board a steamer, and afterwards, at his request, calling upon him at his hotel; when the Prince laid a document in French and English on the table, which the missionary found to be a deed whereby Charles Louis, son of Louis XVI., solemnly abdicated the throne of France in favour of Louis-Philippe. If he would sign this, the Prince promised to stand godfather to his daughter, take his son to Paris to be educated, provide him with a princely establishment in France or America, at his choice, and transfer to him all the private property belonging to the supposed defunct Dauphin. Mr Williams was not to be tempted, and his tempter returned to France unsatisfied. Unfortunately, the Prince de Joinville emphatically declared the story to be a pure invention; and it remains as unsupported as Williams's other statement, that a gentleman in Baton Rouge wrote to him in 1848 to inform him that an aged Frenchman had upon his deathbed declared that he had assisted in the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple, and carried him off to North America, where he had been adopted by the Indians, concluding with avowing that Eleazar Williams was the man.

While that worthy was labouring at his vocation in the backwoods, a Prussian Pole, named Charles William Naundorff, weary of clockmaking, was getting into trouble by calling himself Louis XVII., for which piece of presumption a Prussian tribunal sent him to prison for three years. This was in 1822. At the expiration of a year, Naundorff was set at liberty, conditionally upon taking up his residence in the town of Crossen. In 1833, however, he appeared in Paris, and applied to the Civil Tribunal of the Seine to be recognised as Louis XVII.; an application resulting in his speedy expulsion from France, and subsequent retirement to Holland, in which country he died, on the 10th of August 1845. The official certificate of his death described him as, 'Charles Louis Bourbon, Duke of Normandy (Louis XVII.), known under the name of Charles William Naundorff, born at the château of Versailles, in France, March 27, 1785, and consequently more than sixty years old; son of his late Majesty Louis XVI., king of France, and of her Imperial and Royal Highness Marie-Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, queen of France, who both died at Paris; husband of Jane Einert of this town.' Those responsible for his burial inscribed on his tomb: 'CHARLES LOUIS, Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette of Austria.'

Naundorff left behind him a son, Albert, born in England, and four other children; on whose behalf, his widow, Jane Einert, in 1851, brought an action before the Tribunal of the Seine; but despite the advocacy of Jules Favre, failed in prevailing upon that court to recognise their claims.

In 1863 Albert, the English-born Naundorff, was naturalised as a Dutchman by a vote of the Dutch Chamber; and in 1874 he appealed against the

adverse decision of the Tribunal of the Seine, in a suit against the Count de Chambord, demanding that he, Captain Albert de Bourbon, of the Dutch army, should be declared the rightful representative of the royal Bourbon family. M. Favre again upheld his pretensions. He contended that the son of Louis XVI. had not died in the Temple. Inspired and paid by the Count de Montmorin and Josephine de Beauharnais, certain devoted royalists had drugged the Dauphin, placed him in a basket, and carried him into an upper room, leaving a lay-figure in his bed. Discovering that their prisoner had been spirited away, the government substituted a deaf-and-dumb child in his place, and employed a doctor to poison him; but the apothecary administering an antidote, and so frustrating the plan, a sickly lad was obtained from a hospital, and soon dying, was duly coffined. 'The coffin was taken up-stairs, where the Dauphin had passed eight or ten months; the dead body was taken out and placed in a basket, and the living Louis XVII. put in the coffin. On the way to the cemetery, the Dauphin was slipped out of the coffin, and some bundles of paper slipped in.' The hero of this series of substitutions was then confided to the care of some trusty friends, and all the European courts notified of his escape; of which Barras, Hoche, Pichegru, and several other public men were also advised.

By way of supporting this extraordinary story, M. Favre made some strange assertions; namely, that shortly after Bonaparte's marriage with Josephine, the Dauphin's coffin was opened in the presence of Fouché and Savary, and found to be empty; that Josephine told the secret to the Emperor of Russia in 1814, although the Count de Provence—that is to say, Louis XVIII.—tried to buy her silence with a marshal's baton for her son Eugène; that in the secret treaty of Paris the high contracting powers stated that there was no proof of the death of Louis XVII.; and lastly, that Louis XVIII. when dying, directed M. Tronchet to examine the contents of a certain chest, which proved of such a nature that, but for the obstinacy of one member of the Council, the ministers would have proclaimed the Duke of Normandy, king of France. Of course, the Duke of Normandy was the elder Naundorff, whose life had been twice attempted, once at Prague, and once in London; and, said the advocate, 'people do not assassinate impostors, but they do assassinate kings.'

Causes are not to be won by bare assertions and smart sayings. The court pronounced the story of the twofold substitution too fantastic to be entertained; the simultaneous residence within the Temple of the child that did die, the child that would not die, and the hidden Dauphin, too unlikely to be believed; while the evidence before it placed the death of that prince beyond all doubt. The documents produced by the appellant could have been easily forged by any one conversant with the events they sought to distort; and as for the elder Naundorff's claims being admitted by many people, that went for nothing, since no sham Dauphin had ever wanted adherents. It is needless to say that Captain Albert de Bourbon was dissatisfied; but he held his peace until the death of the Count de Chambord, when he publicly protested against the succession of the

Count de Paris, and once more proclaimed himself king of France. Two months afterwards, he died at Breda.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT and novel feature of the *Palatine Hotel* is its wing or *annexe*, which consists of a long, low, semi-detached building, in which are comprised a dozen or more commodious private sitting-rooms. Each of these rooms opens by means of a French-window on to a spacious veranda, from which two steps lead down to the lawn and the shrubberies beyond. A glass-covered passage lined with shrubs and flowering plants leads from the *annexe* to the hotel proper. One of the largest of these private sitting-rooms had been engaged by our worthy vicar for himself and party.

Not many minutes had elapsed after the departure of Mr Richard Dulcimer, otherwise Mr Golightly, in search of a quiet nook where he could smoke his pipe without being observed, when Madame De Vigne stepped out through the open window on to the veranda, and sat down on a low wicker chair opposite a tiny work-table. She had rung the bell a moment before leaving the room, and Jules, the waiter, now appeared in answer to the summons.

'Madame rang?'

'I want to know at what hour the next train from Scotland is due at the station.'

Jules bowed and retired.

At this time Mora De Vigne had touched her thirtieth year. She was taller than the ordinary run of women, with a quiet, Juno-like stateliness in her every gesture and movement. She had dark-brown hair, and large, dark, luminous eyes, that to many people seemed like eyes they had seen somewhere long ago in a picture. Her complexion was still as clear and delicate as that of Clarice her sister, who was a dozen years younger; but there were lines of care about her eyes, and a touch of melancholy in the curve of her lips. In her expression there was something which told you instinctively that in years gone by she had confronted trouble and sorrow of no ordinary kind, and that if peace and quiet days were her portion now, there was that in the past which could never be forgotten.

Jules returned. 'The next train from Scotland is due at half-past seven, madame.'

'Thank you. That is all.' She looked at her watch, and then she said to herself with a little thrill: 'Two hours, and he will be here!'

Jules was still lingering, and Madame De Vigne regarded him with a little surprise.

'Pardon, but madame does not remember me?' said Jules, addressing her in French.

'No; I have no recollection of having ever seen you before I came to this place,' she answered, after regarding him attentively for a moment or two.

'Yet I remembered madame the moment I saw her again.'

She could not repress a start. 'Again! Where and when have you seen me before?'

'In Paris, during the terrible days of the Commune.'

'Ah!' was the only answer, with a little air of relief.

'It was my fate, madame, to be shot down in one of the many street fights that took place from house to house. I was carried to the hospital. The doctors said I should be a dead man in less than a week, but I am alive and here to-day. No thanks to the doctors for that, but to you, madame—to you!'

'To me!'

'You were there, madame, at the hospital to which I was taken, nursing day and night, like an angel from heaven, among the sick and wounded. You nursed me, madame, ah! so carefully, so tenderly! But for you I should have died.'

'I am very glad to see you again; but I am afraid you make far too much of any little service I was able to render you.'

'No, no, madame! Pardon. It was to you I owed my life, not to the doctors. I was but a poor soldier then, I am but a poor garçon now; I have nothing, nothing in the world to offer you but my thanks.'

'I am amply repaid by them.'

'Ah, if Jules Decroze could but show his gratitude in some other way!'

'No other way is necessary or possible. Be satisfied to know that your thanks will dwell pleasantly in my memory for a long time to come.'

She rose and held out her hand. Jules took it as if it were the hand of a queen, bent over it, touched it respectfully with his lips, placed a hand on his heart, bowed again, then turned and went away without another word. He was only a garçon, as he had remarked, but then he was a Frenchman as well.

'Poor fellow!' said Madame De Vigne as she resumed her seat and took up her embroidery. 'It is pleasant to know that there is a little gratitude left in the world; only I wish, somehow, that to-day, of all days, he had not spoken to me about a past which I so often pray that I might be able to forget. Was it not enough that the writing of that letter this morning should cause all my old wounds to bleed afresh, should call up one spectre after another which I would fain chain down for ever in the lowest dungeon of my memory! Yes, the letter is written which reveals the secret of my life—a secret unknown even to dear Clarice. What will he say, what will he do, when he has read it? I fear, and yet I hope. If I did not hope a little, I should be one of the most miserable women alive.'

She rose, opened her sunshade, and stepped down from the veranda on to the lawn. Here she paced slowly to and fro. For the time being she had that part of the grounds to herself.

'Two months ago, he asked me to marry him, and I refused, although even then I had learned to love him. But how could I say Yes with that terrible secret clinging round me like a shroud? When he was gone, and I thought I had lost him for ever, I found out how dear he was to me. Five days ago he came again and told me that his feelings were still unchanged. My heart refused to say No, and yet I dreaded to say Yes. He went away unanswered. But to-day he is coming back—to-day must decide

the happiness or misery of all my life to come.' She sighed deeply, and closing her sunshade, went slowly back to her seat in the veranda.

'He asks no questions, he seeks to know nothing of my past life. But if I were to marry him without telling him, and some day, by some strange chance, he were to learn the truth, would he not say that I had deceived him? Would not his love?—No, no; I dare not. Come what may, he must know the truth before it is too late, and then if he— O Harold, Harold! why have you taught me to love you so deeply!'

Her head drooped forward into her hands. She thought herself unseen; but her sister had entered the sitting-room unheard, and was now standing at the open window, gazing at her.

'Mora dear, what is the matter? what is amiss? are you ill?' she asked as she crossed to her sister. Then drawing up a footstool, she sat down on it, and took one of Mora's hands in both hers.

'The matter, dear! Nothing. What should be the matter?' asked the latter with a fine assumption of indifference, but her under-lip trembled so much that she was fain to bite it.

'That is just what I want to find out,' answered Clarice. 'For the last four days there has been a change in you, that puzzles me and makes me unhappy. You scarcely speak, you scarcely eat, you shut yourself up in your room; nothing seems to interest you. Since Colonel Woodruffe was here, you have been a changed woman.'

'Colonel Woodruffe!'

'Ah, Mora dear, you can't deceive me. Since I began to love Archie, I see many things that I never used to think of before. One thing I see, and see plainly, that Colonel Woodruffe is very much in love with my sister.'

'Clarice!'

'Oh, I know quite well what I am talking about. I say again that he loves you. And, O Mora, he is so good, so kind, such a *preux chevalier* in every way, that if you could only find in your heart to love him a little in return, it would make me very, very happy!'

'Why should it make you happy, dear?'

Clarice, who was still holding one of her sister's hands, pressed it fondly to her cheek, and for a moment or two she did not speak.

'Because—because you know, darling, that when Archie and I are married, I may be compelled to leave you,' she said at last with a little break in her voice. 'And think how lonely you will be then! But if you and Colonel Woodruffe were married, I'—

Madame De Vigne did not let her finish, but turning up the fair young face, bent down her own and kissed it.

'Hush! you foolish child; you must not talk in that way,' she said. 'I had to live a lonely life for years while you were away at school, and should it ever become needful, I daresay I could do the same again.'

'It will nearly break my heart if I am compelled to leave you.'

'You must not say that, dear.'

'Do you know, Mora, as I lay awake last night, my thoughts all at once went back to that day, now so many years ago, when poor mamma lay dying—when she took your hand and placed it

on my head, and said in a voice so faint that we could scarcely hear it: "When I am gone, Mora, you must be mother and sister in one to my little Clari." You were only a girl yourself at the time, but from that day you devoted yourself to me. I lost one mother, only to find another in you!"

"Your love, darling, has repaid me a hundred-fold for everything," answered Mora while her fingers touched the young girl's hair caressingly.

"Here comes Miss Gaisford," cried Clarice, a moment later, as she started to her feet.

"Why did you stir?" said the vicar's sister. "You made such a pretty picture as I walked up from the lake, that I should like to have sketched you then and there." Then turning to Clarice, "Any news yet?" she asked.

The answer was a doleful shake of the head. "I begin to think there never will be any news again."

"Oh, but there will. Don't be in too great a hurry to begin the next chapter of your romance; enjoy the present one while it lasts."

At this moment, Nanette, Madame De Vigne's maid, put in an appearance. "Tea is served, madame," she said.

"The very thing I was longing for," remarked Miss Gaisford.

Clarice followed Nanette into the room.

"Has Colonel Woodruffe arrived yet?" asked Miss Gaisford.

"His train is due at seven-thirty."

"These are trying moments for you, my dear friend."

"I would not live the last five days over again for—well, not for a very great deal," answered Madame De Vigne as she stepped from the veranda into the room.

"Here am I, the sister of a quiet country parson," remarked Miss Gaisford to herself as she lingered behind for a moment, "who never had a love affair of my own, made a confidant in the love affairs of two other people! It's delightful—it's bewildering—it's far better than any novel. Two plots in real life working themselves out under my very eyes! My poor stories will seem dreadfully tame after this." She smiled and shook her curls, and then went in search of a cup of tea.

While this had been going on, a stranger had stepped out of the hotel and sauntered across the lawn, and sat down on the seat erstwhile occupied by Mr. Dulcimer. There was nothing in his appearance calculated to draw the special attention of any one to him, and no one seemed to bestow more notice on him than they might have done on any other commonplace tourist. He was a tall, thin man, with sandy hair, and a reddish, close-cropped beard and moustache. An artist who might have scanned his features with a view to painting them, would probably have said that his eyes were too close together, and that they were deeper set in their orbits than is at all common. Their habitual expression, when he was not talking to any one, seemed to be one of listening watchfulness, as though he were continually expecting some tidings, or some strange event to happen of which he might hear the news at any moment. He was dressed in

an ordinary tourist suit, with a large, soft felt hat. He sat down on the bench, crossed his legs, and lit a cigarette.

He went on smoking for a few moments, as if in contemplative enjoyment of his cigarette. Then he extracted from his pocket a telegram in cipher, which had reached him that morning at a little country post-office some fifty miles away. The telegram was headed, "From John Smith, London, to Cornelius Santelle, Post-office, Morsby-in-the-Marsh."

The stranger proceeded to read the telegram, translating it slowly word by word.

"You will take up your quarters at the *Palatine Hotel*, Windermere, at which place you will be joined in the course of to-morrow by B. and K., who will arrive at different times by different trains."—B. and K. must mean Borovski and Koriloff.—"They will place themselves unreservedly at your disposal, their orders being to take the whole of their instructions from you. Meanwhile, you will make all needful inquiries as instructed, so that no unnecessary time may be lost. You are fully aware of the arrangements that are always made in circumstances of a similar kind."

He folded up the telegram and put it away again. "Well, here I am at the *Palatine Hotel*, and a very pretty place it is, and quiet—oh, very quiet. Perhaps before next week at this time, the good people—and they all look very good—may have something to talk about—something to wake them up a little, and stir the torpid current of their lives. Who knows?"

Although he spoke his thoughts half aloud, as men sometimes get into the habit of doing who have lived much alone, and have been debarred by circumstances from that amount of human companionship which is needful for every one's health of mind, yet any one who might have wished to overhear what he was saying, would have had to be in very close proximity to him indeed. It is not impossible that at some period of his life this man may have undergone a long term of solitary confinement, and that his habit of talking aloud to himself dated its origin and growth from that time.

Whether this Mr. Santelle was an Englishman or a foreigner was a question which might well have puzzled many people, especially those individuals whose travels had never extended beyond their own insular boundaries. If his English differed by certain fine shades from that which a cultured Londoner speaks, it was certainly in no point like the English of Northumberland or Devon. Mr. Santelle spoke with very slight traces of an alien accent; the difference in his case consisted chiefly in an almost imperceptible lengthening of some of the vowels, and a slightly more emphatic enunciation of certain syllables over which the native tongue glides as if they had no separate existence.

Mr. Santelle flung away the end of his cigarette and drew a small memorandum book from his pocket. "What was the name of the man I was to ask for?" he said as he turned over the leaves of the book.—"Ah, here it is. Jules Decroze, waiter at the *Palatine Hotel*. Good."

He shut up the book and put it away, and then he turned his head in the direction of the main entrance to the hotel. An open carriage was

standing there containing two travellers, who were on the point of departure. There too stood Jules the waiter, superintending the arrangements. 'Yonder man looks somewhat like the one I want,' murmured Mr Santelle. 'We shall soon find out.'

He sat watching till the carriage which held the travellers drove away. Then he held up a finger in readiness to catch the eye of Jules, should the latter look his way. As if unwittingly magnetised, Jules a moment or two later turned and looked in the direction of the stranger. Then the finger beckoned him. He crossed the lawn leisurely with his napkin thrown over his arm after the manner of his class.

'A votre service, m'sieur,' he said with a little bow and a smile. He seemed instinctively to recognise that the stranger who had summoned him was not an Englishman.

'Oblige me with your name, my friend,' said Mr Santelle in French. 'When I require a person, I like to know how to ask for him.'

'My name is Jules Decroze, at monsieur's service.'

'Once on a time passing under the name of Jean Reboul, and previously to that known to the world as Pierre Lebrun.'

'How! monsieur knows'—exclaimed the little Frenchman with a gasp.

'Perfectly,' answered the other impassively. Then he rapidly made certain cabalistic signs with his fingers.

The face of Jules turned as white as the napkin on his arm.

Then still addressing him in French, the mysterious stranger said in his most impressive tones: '*The right hand of the Czar is frozen.*'

To which, after a moment or two, the blanched lips of Jules framed the response: 'But Signor Sanguineti lives and is well.'

For an instant or two the men gazed into each other's eyes. 'It is well,' said the stranger presently. 'We understand each other.'

'Monsieur has something to say to me—some instructions to impart?' said the other obsequiously, while his knees shook under him.

'I have. Come to my room at midnight, and I will talk with you.'

'I am at the service of monsieur.'

'Till midnight, then.'

'Till midnight.'

With a low bow, Jules turned and went. Santelle watched him with a grim smile as long as he was visible, then he lit another cigarette, and sauntered down the winding path that led from the high ground of the hotel to the level of the lake.

ORKNEY FOLK-LORE.

LEGEND OF THE DWARFIE STONE.

NOT the least interesting of archaeological remains in the Orkneys is the Dwarfie Stone, which has given rise to much speculation on the part of the learned. Situated in a beautiful valley among the hills in the island of Hoy, the stone cannot fail to attract the attention of the traveller, both on account of its size—some twenty-eight by fourteen feet—and its romantic situation. A close inspection of this natural curiosity puts one in

possession of the fact, that human ingenuity has been exercised to render what was originally a solid block of sandstone, a shelter for man. Whether the implements used were flint or steel, we know not; but certain it is that a chamber has been hollowed out of the stone, to which there is access through a doorway and a hole on the top.

We have no clue to the name of the architect of this strange dwelling. He probably belonged to a race long since extinct, whose history is unwritten; but that the Dwarfie Stone at various periods harboured men, who, either from necessity or a love of solitude, sought there a refuge 'far from the madding crowd,' is evidenced by the traditionary tales related of its several tenants. The following legend embodies the most popular of these.

Not even the oldest inhabitant of Hoy could remember when Snorro the Dwarf took up his abode in the hollow stone in the green valley far away among the hills. Indeed, the country-folk had come to regard his appearance as coeval with his dwelling. Both were mysterious, and as like as not, the first might have been the originator of the second. It was whispered that Snorro was the son of a *trolld* (Norwegian fairy), hence his more than human longevity; but that his mother was of mortal mould. From her he inherited certain characteristics peculiar to humanity; these were—ambition and vanity; the former being gratified by the obsequious attitude assumed by all who approached him; the latter, by the frequent contemplation of his face in a small steel mirror which he wore round his neck; for Snorro, though short of stature and distorted of form, possessed a countenance of singular beauty, and which had hitherto defied the ravages of time.

His days were spent in the gathering of simples, from which he distilled medicines; and the study of a huge tome inscribed with ancient runes; Odin's book, the country-folk called it, crossing themselves as they mentioned the great enchanter's name. But though seemingly intent on the prosecution of his calling as a vendor of drugs and philters, the Dwarf's main object in seeking an asylum in such a remote place, was its proximity to the Wart Hill of Hoy, where he had reason to believe the magic carbuncle was to be found. The properties of this famed gem were various. Health, wealth, and happiness, every good thing that heart could desire, became the possession of the holder of the talisman. He had but to wish, and on the instant, that which he coveted was within his grasp. Only at stated times and seasons, and under certain conditions, did the carbuncle show itself, changeful of hue as the rainbow, and seemingly as difficult of access. Many had risked life and limb to obtain it, but hitherto unsuccessfully; for like the *ignis fatuus*, it eluded all pursuit.

The Dwarf alone cherished the hope of acquiring the gem, being content in the meantime to earn his livelihood by the sale of medicines and love-potions. His constant companion and assistant in all his pursuits was a gray-headed raven. This

bird of ill-omen was as much feared as his master, who exercised unlimited control over the islanders, settling their disputes, ordering their households, but altogether behaving in a manner more calculated to earn their dislike than win their confidence.

Orkney was at this period (1120 A.D.) governed by two earls, Paul and Harold. They were half-brothers, and totally dissimilar in appearance and character. Paul, the elder—surnamed the Silent on account of his taciturnity—was tall and handsome, dark-haired and dark-eyed, excelled in all knightly exercises, and charmed both his equals and inferiors by his gentle, affable manners. Harold, the younger, was, on the contrary, as fluent of speech as his brother was taciturn; and his admiring subjects had therefore bestowed upon him the title of the 'Orator.' He was fair-haired and blue-eyed; but though a well-looking man enough, he possessed neither the gallant bearing nor the winning manner of his elder brother. Truth to say, Harold was quick-tempered and quarrelsome, brooking no control, and jealous to a degree of Paul, who was loved by all classes. This unamiable sentiment on the part of the younger brother, produced a coldness between the earls which time rather increased than diminished.

In the summer of 1120, Harold visited Scotland, where he had large estates, returning to Orkney in the autumn, carrying with him the Countess Helga, his mother; Fraukirk, her sister, a widow; and many other distinguished guests, conspicuous amongst whom was the beautiful Lady Morna, daughter of an Irish earl. This fair lady, whom he had met at the court of the Scottish king, had taken the Orator's heart by storm. That she received his homage with marked coldness, only increased his ardour; and fearful of a rival coming between him and the prize he had set his heart on winning, the young earl had, after much persuasion, induced the noble Irish maiden to visit his court, where he feared no rival. But in this he reckoned falsely; for ere many days had passed, it was plainly to be seen that Earl Paul and the lovely stranger were mutually attracted, and he who had formerly avoided the society of the gentler sex, now devoted all his time and attention to his brother's beautiful guest.

Harold was furious at this unexpected blow to his hopes, and having encountered his rival one day, alone and unarmed, he drew upon him, declaring if he did not relinquish then and there all pretensions to the lady's hand, he should run him through the body. Undismayed at the threat, Paul answered firmly, that he declined to forfeit his chance of winning Morna, though that chance appeared small when compared with his brother's—he whose persuasive speech was so much more acceptable to women than his own deplorable taciturnity. Mollified by the Silent earl's modest opinion of himself, the jealous lover sheathed his sword, and grasping his brother's hand, begged pardon for his petulance, which being readily granted, the rivals parted friends.

The court of the earls was at this time held in the ancient town of Kirkwall; but as Yuletide drew near, Paul took his departure to his palace in Orphir, distant some nine miles, to

prepare for the reception of his brother and his guests at the approaching feast of the Nativity. Before leaving Kirkwall, however, he sought an interview with Morna, which resulted in a mutual confession of their love; the lady avowing, that never until she beheld her present lover had she realised her ideal of a perfect knight; while he, kissing her many times, declared that until his eyes rested on her fair face, he had never known what it was to love. When he spoke, however, of informing his brother and stepmother of their betrothal, Morna begged him to defer doing so till Christmas-day. She should then be under her lover's protection, and the sanctity of the feast might have some effect in restraining any outburst of temper on the part of Harold. Paul agreed to this, and shortly after went to Orphir. But the lovers' conversation had been overheard by the widow Fraukirk, who played the part of eavesdropper on this occasion to confirm a suspicion she had long entertained of their attachment. This Fraukirk was a handsome woman, of middle age, fascinating in manner, but crafty and unscrupulous, sticking at nothing to further her own interests or those of her favourites. She loved Harold, and hated his half-brother with a bitter hatred. He was more popular than her darling nephew; moreover, he kept him from being sole earl of Orkney; and now he had stolen away the heart of the Lady Morna. Bent on avenging Harold's wrongs, she hastened to her sister the Countess Helga, and communicated the result of the lovers' meeting. Then these two women, devoid alike of pity and remorse, resolved upon the death of the man who stood between their favourite and the lady of his choice. No suspicion must attach to Harold. They meant to work for him, without apprising him of their infamous plans; and having arranged as far as possible the details of the plot, they parted.

That very night Fraukirk started for the village of Stromness on her way to the Dwarfie Stone, with the intention of consulting Snorro on the best means of compassing Earl Paul's death. Crossing the sound next day to Hoy, she travelled alone and in disguise to the dwelling of the Dwarf, who received her joyfully; for she was an old friend and kindred spirit. But when she disclosed the object of her visit, he at first flatly refused to aid her. She knew, he said, that he only occupied his present abode on sufferance; and in the event of the discovery of his participation in any plot against Earl Paul's life, he would certainly be driven to seek another asylum, in which case he should lose all chance of securing the magic carbuncle. His visitor, however, was equal to the task of winning him over. She bribed higher and higher, until at last he was dazzled by her offers of money and rank. He should be her private secretary, have leave to come and go as he listed, and she doubted not but she might be able to procure high preferment for him at the Scottish court. The Dwarf's ambition was stirred, and without further demur he promised his assistance. He could weave a piece of cloth, he said, of unrivalled beauty, which when fashioned into a garment would cause the wearer's death in a few minutes; and he proposed providing his visitor with just such a piece to be made into a vest for Earl Paul. Fraukirk declared herself perfectly satisfied by

this proposal, and the confederates parted with the understanding, that the fatal web should be placed in the lady's hands shortly before Christmas-day.

During his wicked aunt's absence, Harold made offer of his heart and hand to Morna, pleading his cause with eloquence and passion. But when met by a refusal, he burst into a great rage, anathematised himself and the object of his affection, rushed from her presence, flung himself on his horse, and galloped madly away. Two hours' hard riding brought him to the village of Stromness, where he drew rein; and his eyes resting on the snow-capped hills of Hoy, he suddenly recollected that among those very hills dwelt a Dwarf famous for the sale of philters. Resolving to visit the wizard, and procure from him a love-potion to be administered to Morna, Harold set sail for Hoy, actually passing the craft containing his aunt, who was on her return journey. But Frankirk's disguise defied detection, and all unconscious of her proximity, her nephew pursued his course. Arrived at Hoy, the Orator lost no time in seeking out Snorro, whom he found outside the Dwarfie Stone gazing intently at the setting sun. At his visitor's approach he looked up and saluted him gravely.

In few words the earl acquainted the wizard with the object of his visit, offering him at the same time a handful of gold pieces. The dwarf eyed the young man scrutinisingly, remarking as he took the gold: 'Blind must the maiden be, Sir Earl, who needs aught to fix her fancy on so gallant a knight.'

His visitor laughed harshly. 'A woman's fancy is harder to catch than a sunbeam,' he said. 'But hark ye, wizard! time and tide wait for no man. The philter I must have and instantly.'

Without a word, Snorro entered his dwelling. Returning almost immediately, he placed a tiny phial in the Orator's hand, saying: 'Pour the contents of this into the lady's wine-cup, and ere twelve hours pass her love for you will exceed yours for her.' And waving his hand in token of dismissal, the Dwarf disappeared into his comfortable abode.

Some days elapsed after Harold's return to Kirkwall before an opportunity presented itself to make use of the philter. But one night at supper, having secured Morna's cup, he dropped the potion into it, and filling up the cup with wine, sent it to her. His movements, however, had not escaped her notice, and suspecting treachery, she contrived, while affecting to drink the wine, to spill it on the floor. Next morning, fearing some further attempt to entangle her, she treated her would-be lover so graciously that he doubted not but what the potion had had the desired effect.

A week later, the court removed to Earl Paul's palace at Orphir. We can picture the joyful meeting of the lovers; the uneasiness of Harold, whose jealousy was again aroused; and the revengeful thoughts of Frankirk and Helga as they waited for the fatal web. It came at length, borne by the Dwarf's raven, and the two women, rejoicing in their evil work, proceeded to cut out the vest with which they hoped to effect the destruction of Earl Paul. The gift was to be presented on Christmas Eve. On the morning of that day, when they were engaged in putting

the last stitches into the garment, their bower-door opened, and Harold entered in a very ill-humour. He had lost faith in the philter; for since her return to the society of his brother, the Lady Morna had treated him but coldly; and he had come to his mother and aunt to rail at his rival.

Espying the vest, resplendent in its gold and silver tissue, he asked Frankirk if she meant it for him. 'Nay, my son,' said his mother; 'tis a Christmas gift for thy brother Paul.'

Then Harold fell into a mighty fury. Everything was given to Paul, he cried; but this vest he should not have, and he tore it out of the wretched women's hands. Frankirk and Helga threw themselves at his feet, crying out that there was death in the vest, and imploring him not to wear it. But he thrust them aside, assumed the coveted garment, and strode from the bower. Suddenly an appalling shriek was heard, and the inhabitants of the palace rushing simultaneously into the great hall, found Earl Harold writhing in mortal agony, and vainly endeavouring to tear off the vest, which only clung the more closely. His mother and aunt approached, but he repulsed them savagely; then turning to his brother who held him in his arms, told him to beware of them, and even as he spoke his spirit passed away.

When Paul learned the cause of his death, he swore to be avenged on the murderers. Frankirk and Helga, however, warned of their danger, fled away into Scotland, where they had great possessions. Their death was a miserable one—they were burnt alive in their castle by a marauding viking.

The fate of Snorro is wrapt in mystery. When Earl Paul went to seek him, he found the Dwarfie Stone untenanted, nor was there any clue to the hiding-place of the recluse. It was suspected, however, that he had followed Frankirk to Scotland, to claim that bad woman's protection. But the country-people had another tale to tell. They declared that the *trollds* had spirited the Dwarf away on account of his evil deeds. Be that as it may, he was no more seen in Orkney, and with him disappeared all hope of acquiring the magic carbuncle.

Balked of his vengeance, Paul returned to Orphir, and soon after his luckless brother's funeral, Morna and he were married. That their happiness was lasting is testified by the saying, 'As happy as Earl Paul and Countess Morna,' which was current in Orkney for many succeeding generations.

HUMOROUS DEFINITIONS.

A WITTY, humorous, or satirical definition cannot be universally acceptable, since it usually hurts somebody's susceptibilities. No man or woman delighting in a burst across country at the heels of the hounds, but would think it rank heresy to hold with Pope that hunting is nothing better than pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; and the novelist who says æstheticism means, 'none of the old conventionalities, no religion, very little faith, hardly any charity, and nearly all sunflowers,' has few admirers, we may be sure, among the

worshippers of bilious hues and graceless garments. Ladies ambitious of platform popularity would indignantly deny the truth of Whately's 'Woman is a creature that cannot reason, and pokes the fire from the top;' and how angrily your golden-haired girl graduate would curl her pretty lips at hearing a young lady defined as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve, and begins again at twenty. Her agreeing or disagreeing regarding matrimony being justly described as a tiresome book with a very fine preface; would depend upon whether she had private reasons inclining her to venture upon Heine's 'high sea for which no compass has yet been found.'

The gentlemen who instruct the British public respecting the merits and demerits of authors, artists, and actors, cannot be expected to own Lord Beaconsfield right in saying, 'Critics are the men who have failed in literature and art.' The newspaper writer who pronounced a journalist to be a man who spent the best years of his life in conferring reputations upon others, and getting none himself, would probably demur at that by which he lives being described as 'groundless reports of things at a distance;' and if an American, he would loudly exclaim against the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* defining 'interviewers' as 'creatures who invade every public man's privacy, listen at every keyhole, tamper with every guardian of secrets; purveyors to the insatiable appetite of a public which must have a slain reputation to devour with its breakfast, as the monster of antiquity called regularly for his tribute of a spotless virgin.'

The witness who enlightened judge and jury by explaining that a bear was a person who sold what he had not got; and a bull, a man who bought what he could not pay for, thought he said a smart thing; but he had been partly anticipated by Bailey, who in his Dictionary tells us that to 'sell a bear' means among stock-jobbers to sell what one hath not. The worthy lexicographer lays it down that a definition is 'a short and plain description of the meaning of a word, or the essential attributes of a thing,' but does not always contrive to attain to his own ideal. For example, we do not learn much about the essential attributes of things when told that bread is the staff of life; a bench, a seat to sit upon; a cart, a cart to carry anything in; that thunder is a noise well known to persons not deaf; dreaming, an act well known; that elves are scarecrows to frighten children; and birch, 'well known to schoolmasters.' He defines a wheelbarrow as a barrow with one wheel, and informs us that a barrow is a wheelbarrow. Some of his definitions are instructive enough, as showing how words have departed from their original signification. Thus we find that in his time a balloon meant a football; defalcation, merely a deduction or abating in accounts; factory, a place beyond seas where the factors of merchants resided for the convenience of trade; farrago, a mixture of several sorts of grain; novelist, a newsmonger; saucer, a little dish to hold sauce; politician, a statesman; and 'the people,' the whole body of persons who live in a country, instead of just that part of them happening to be of one mind with the individual using that noun of multitude.

Philosophers are rarely masters of the art of definition, their efforts that way, as often as not, tending to bewilder rather than enlighten. What a clear notion of 'common-sense' does one of these afford us by describing it as 'the immediate or instinctive response that is given in psychological language, by the automatic action of the mind; or in other words, by the reflex action of the brain, to any question which can be answered by such a direct appeal to self-evident truth.' Still better or worse is the definition of the mysterious process called 'evolution' as a change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations; which an eminent mathematician has thus rendered for the benefit of English-speaking folk: 'Evolution is a change from a no-howish untalkable all-likeness to a some-howish and ingeneral talkable not-at-all likeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations.' Putting this and that together, he who does not comprehend exactly what evolution is must be as obtuse as the playgoer who sitting out a play does not know he is witnessing 'a congeries of delineations and scenes co-ordinary into a vivid and harmonious picture of the genuine features of life.'

Impromptu definitions have often the merit of being amusing, whatever may be said as to their correctness. 'What on earth can that mean?' asked Hicks of Thackeray, pointing to the inscription over a doorway, 'Mutual Loan Office.' 'I don't know,' answered the novelist, 'unless it means that two men who have nothing, agree to lend it to one another.' Said Lord Wellesley to Plunket: 'One of my aides-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, what is your definition of "personal?"' 'Well, my lord,' was Plunket's reply, 'we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real; an explanation as suggestive as that of the London magistrate who interpreted a 'housekeeper' as meaning 'a sort of a wife.' 'Pray, my lord,' queried a gentleman of a judge, 'what is the difference between common law and equity?' 'Very little in the end,' responded his lordship: 'at common law you are done for at once; in equity, you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter, an angler's hook, which plays with the victim before it kills him. Common law is prussic acid; equity is laudanum.' An American contemplating setting a lawsuit going, his solicitor said he would undertake the matter for a contingent fee. Meeting Mr Burleigh soon afterwards, the would-be litigant asked that gentleman what a contingent fee might be. 'A contingent fee,' quoth Mr Burleigh, 'is this—if the lawyer loses the case, he gets nothing; if he wins it, you get nothing.' 'Then I don't get anything, win or lose?' said his questioner. 'Well,' was the consolatory rejoinder, 'that's about the size of a contingent fee.' So Brough was not very much out in defining a lawyer as a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

'What is a nobleman's chaplain?' inquired a legal luminary, perhaps over-fond of professing ignorance. 'A nobleman's chaplain, my lord,' said Dr Phillimore, 'is a spiritual luxury.' It

is astonishing how innocent gentlemen learned in the law are, by their own account. Addressing a matronly witness in a breach of promise case, counsel for the defence said: 'I am an old bachelor, and do not understand such things. What is courtship?' 'Looking at each other, taking hold of one another's hands, and all that kind of thing,' was the comprehensive answer.

An Ohio school-committee must have been puzzled to decide which of two candidates for a school-marmship was the better fitted for the post, the young woman who averred that 'respiration' was the perspiring of the body, or her rival, who believed 'emphasis' was the putting more distress on one word than another; definitions worthy of a place beside those achieved by the English medical student responsible for: 'Hypothesis, something that happens to a man after death;' and 'Irony, a substance found in mineral wells, which is carefully preserved in bottles, and sold by chemists as tincture of iron.' All abroad, too, was the intelligent New York 'health-officer,' who, having testified that his district was afflicted with highjinnicks, being pressed as to what he understood 'hygienics' to mean, answered: 'A bad smell arising from dirty water.'

At one of Sheridan's dinner-parties, the conversation turned upon the difficulty of satisfactorily defining 'wit.' Forgetting that he was expected to hear, see, but say nothing, Master Tom informed the company: 'Wit is that which sparkles and cuts.' 'Very good, Tom,' said his father. 'Then, as you have sparkled, you can cut!' and poor Tom had to leave his dinner unfinished. Probably a worse fate awaited the Brooklyn boy, who, called upon to explain the meaning of 'Quaker,' wrote: 'A Quaker is one of a sect who never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw each other, and never jaw back. Pa's a Quaker; but ma isn't!' The youngsters sometimes hit upon very quaint definitions, such as: Ice, water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep; dust, mud with the juice squeezed out; fan, a thing to brush warm off with; sob, when a fellow doesn't want to cry and it bursts out of itself; wakefulness, eyes all the time coming unbuttoned; chaos, a great pile of nothing and no place to put it in.

When the French Academicians were busy with their famous Dictionary, the members of the committee were at odds as to defining *de suite* and *tout de suite*. Bois-Robert suggested that they should adjourn to a restaurant and discuss some oysters and the question together. On arriving there, Bois-Robert asked the attendant to open *de suite* six dozen oysters, and Courart chimed in with: 'And serve them to us *tout de suite*.' 'But, gentlemen,' said the woman, 'how can I open your oysters *de suite* and serve them *tout de suite*?' 'Easily enough,' answered one of the party; 'open six dozen oysters *de suite*—that is, one after another—and serve them *tout de suite*, that is, as soon as you have opened them.' His definition of the two phrases was adopted by acclamation. There is nothing like practical illustration to bring home the meaning of things. Puzzled by hearing a deal of talk about contracting and expanding the currency, an American lass asked her sweetheart: 'What is the difference, John, between contraction and expansion, and how do circumstances affect them?' John

was quite equal to the occasion. 'Well, dear,' said he, 'when we are alone we both sit on one chair, don't we?' 'Yes.'—'That's contraction. But when we hear your pa or ma coming, we get on two chairs, don't we?' 'I should say we did.'—'Well, my love, that's expansion, and you see it's according to circumstances.'—'John,' said the satisfied maiden, 'we're contracting now, ain't we?'—'You're right!' said John; and then was performed an operation which a great mathematician defined as consisting 'in the approach of two curves which have the same bend as far as the points of contact.'

A NEW FUEL.

AN experiment as carried on by the contractors for the Forth Bridge at their works near South Queensferry, to determine whether crude shale oil can be advantageously employed as a substitute for coal in feeding boiler furnaces, possesses no slight interest; for should the new material fulfil the expectations of its introducers, the method cannot fail to be extensively adopted in the numberless manufacturing arts, where a heating agent combining efficiency and economy with cleanliness, is a desideratum. The general principles of the method adopted and the apparatus employed will be readily understood, when it is borne in mind that the process depends on the perfect combustion of crude shale oil, vapourised in connection with superheated steam and atmospheric air. The apparatus consists mainly of a cylindrical cast-iron retort, around which two pipes are coiled spirally, one externally, the other internally, meeting each other in a burner beneath the retort. Through the external pipe oil is forced by hydraulic pressure; through the internal pipe water is similarly driven.

To start the apparatus, the retort must first be heated, which may be readily effected by a small coal fire. The water valve is then slightly opened, and the water, after traversing the pipe coiled internally around the retort, issues at the burner beneath—a powerful jet of superheated steam. The oil is then similarly admitted through its pipe, namely, that coiled externally around the retort, and vapourised, or nearly so, by the heat, reaches the burner below. Here it is caught by the superheated steam, and hurled against the convex bottom of the retort, the force of the impact breaking up into finely divided vapour any portion of the oil which the heat may not have already converted into gas. In a short time the retort and tubes become red hot, chemical action is set up, and perfect combustion of the steam, the carbon from the oil, and atmospheric air, drawn in by the partial vacuum formed, ensues. The perfect combustion and intense heat generated consumes all the products, and leaves little or no residue requiring removal. The absence of ashes or other refuse necessitating constant attendance and cleaning; and the almost entire exemption from smoke, due to the completeness of combustion, are amongst the advantages claimed by the inventors of the apparatus.

With reference to the economy of the process, it may be added that crude shale oil is almost a waste substance, for that used during the recent experiments was the residue left in the process of obtaining the oil of commerce by distillation

from the shale. In appearance the crude shale oil resembles butter, and so viscid is it, that a match, cinder, or even a red-hot poker fails to ignite it. Even in those localities where the cheapness of coal would equalise the cost of the two substances, it is yet claimed for the shale oil, that economy results from the comparatively little labour required in connection with its employment; an immense gain is moreover made in space for storing purposes; whilst a saving is effected by the decreased amount of work expended in keeping the furnace and machinery clean, heat with cleanliness being a marked characteristic of this method.

Other advantages may be briefly enumerated: Reduced bulk and weight as compared with coal, by which a saving correspondingly great is effected in carriage, often a considerable factor in the cost of the latter material. Economy resulting from the instantaneous extinction of the fire, whenever the day's work is completed; whilst the facility with which the fire can be started, and the readiness with which the apparatus can be attached to furnaces at present consuming coal, are powerful arguments in favour of this new fuel.

It is estimated that if given quantities of crude shale oil and coal be taken, equal to each other as regards heat-giving efficiency, the former will occupy less than one-fifth the bulk of the latter. So great a reduction in space set aside for fuel, would, in our large ocean-going steamers, whose coal forms upwards of one-third of their tonnage, mean an enormous addition to cargo room, and consequently to earning power. 'Of seventy stokers to handle two hundred tons per day, and put out the ashes, sixty may be left at home. Instead of two thousand tons of dead-weight in coal, the steamer may carry four hundred. In carrying and consuming large quantities of coal, the matter of ballast is a serious consideration. A hydro-carbon liquid, carried in several tanks, would be expelled therefrom to the furnaces by pumping water into the tanks, the ballast remaining nearly the same.' There can be no question that such fuel is eminently suited to fast-sailing cruisers, which may be required to remain at sea for lengthened periods, without touching at port.

In conclusion, it will readily be perceived from the foregoing brief description of the method of employing crude shale oil as a fuel, how considerable are the advantages therefrom accruing; how important is the attempt—the first it is stated that has been made in Scotland—to utilise a substance hitherto regarded as little beyond a waste product.

DO SNAKES EVER COMMIT SUICIDE?

A correspondence as to whether snakes, when irritated or tormented to exasperation, will strike themselves with their own fangs and so commit suicide, has been going on for some weeks in *Nature*. The following striking story is given by an Indian correspondent, as an incident which he once witnessed:

'I was quite small,' he writes, 'but my memory of the strange occurrence is very clear and distinct. It was in the state of Illinois, when at that early day a short, thick variety of rattlesnake was very numerous, so much so, that the

state acquired an unenviable reputation in the older parts of the Union. Farmers in "breaking prairie," as the first ploughing of the prairie sod was called, would kill them by dozens in the course of a single summer. They were very venomous; but, owing to their sluggish nature and their rattle, which was always sounded before an attack, few persons were bitten by them. Moreover, there was little danger of death if proper remedies were applied at once.

'I was one day following one of the large breaking-ploughs common at that time. It was drawn by five or six yoke of oxen, and there were two men to manage the plough and the team. As we were going along, one of the men discovered a rattlesnake, as I remember about twelve or fourteen inches in length. They rarely exceeded eighteen or twenty inches, so that this one was probably about two-thirds grown. The man who first saw it was about to kill it, when the other proposed to see if it could be made to bite itself, which it was commonly reported the rattlesnake would do if angered and prevented from escaping. Accordingly, they poked the snake over into the ploughed ground, and then began teasing it with their long whips. Escape was impossible, and the snake soon became frantic at its ineffectual attempts either to injure its assailants or to get away from them. At last it turned upon itself and struck its fangs into its own body, about the middle. The poison seemed to take effect instantly. The fangs were not withdrawn at all; and if not perfectly dead within less than five minutes, it at least showed no signs of life. That it should die so quickly will not seem strange if it is borne in mind that the same bite would have killed a full-grown man in a few hours' time. The men watched it long enough to be sure that it would not be likely to move away, and then went on with their work. I trudged around with them for an hour or more, and every time we came where the snake was, I stopped and looked at it; but it never moved again. In this case, I do not remember that the snake had been injured at all. I have often heard of rattlesnakes biting themselves under such circumstances; but this was the only case that ever came under my observation.—W. R. MANLEY.'

A STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

A YOUTH and a maiden low-talking,
He eager; she, shrinking and shy;
A blush on her face as she listens,
And yet a soft tear in her eye.

Oh! sweet bloomed the red damask roses,
And sweet sang the thrush on the spray,
And bright was the glamour of sunshine
That made the world fair on that day.

But oh! not so sweet the red roses,
So sweet the bird's song from above,
So bright the gold glamour of sunshine,
As was the sweet glamour of love

That fell on that pair in the garden,
As 'mid the fair flowers they strolled;
And there, as 'twas first told in Eden,
Again was Love's tender tale told.

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DINNER-PARTIES OUT OF DOORS.

WALKING one wintry day along the promenade of a well-known Lancashire watering-place, a large notice-board at the entrance of the pier attracted our attention. A closer inspection showed that it bore the announcement: 'Feeding the sea-gulls from the pier-head every day at noon.' Curious to see what manner of performance this might be, we paid the entrance-money, took a ticket for the tram-carriage which was just about to start, and speedily found ourselves being whirled smoothly along towards the end of the 'first pier,' as it is called, which stretches across the sands for something like three-quarters of a mile towards the deep channel. A short walk was necessary before reaching the end of the extension pier, and there we found numbers of visitors congregated, all, like ourselves, evidently waiting for the performance to begin. Around, lay huge baskets of fish-offal; but where were the expected guests? On every side, far as the eye could reach, was a long expanse of flat sand, merging into the sea-line, with not a vestige of rock to afford foothold or shelter for wild-fowl of any kind. Yet, stay. By the margin of the waves, where it is now low water, are what look like huge glistening white boulders, forming a continuous boundary, whose snowy surface reflects the light, and glitters and flashes under the rays of a December sun, set in so blue a sky as more nearly to approach that of Italy than any we have yet seen in our sombre-tinted British Isles.

Twelve o'clock strikes; a piercing whistle sounds, and even while we are watching, these granite boulders—as, despite the geological formation of the place, we persist in fancying them to be—literally take to themselves wings, and fly towards us, a nearer approach showing them to be vast aggregations of sea-gulls, which have been waiting till the appointed signal should summon them to dine. No transformation scene in a pantomime ever took place with more startling rapidity. Round the pier-head, where all had been still and quiet, was now

the bustle and whirring noise made by countless gulls, each one intent upon getting a share of the good things provided. On they come; now swooping along in graceful flight right down to the surface of the water, anon darting aloft with the coveted prize; poised momentarily in mid-air, to see where a descent may most profitably be made, or engaged in a keen struggle for the possession of some particularly toothsome morsel. The whirl and commotion and changing beauty of the scene, it were impossible to describe. Rendered tame by having experimentally proved that the food scattered is no mere decoy meant to lure them to destruction, but the outcome of an honest effort for their sustenance and protection, they come so close as to afford every opportunity for studying their free and graceful flight and the beauty of their form and colour.

Something, we know not what, unless it be the fearless confidence with which these wild-birds respond to the offered kindness, showing no dread of the many spectators, carries us back in thought to the shores of sunny Italy, and above all to Venice, that Queen of the Adriatic, who, dethroned though she be, yet casts the spell of her irresistible charm over all whose hearts beat responsive to the touch of beauty in art; and those no less impressionable spirits over whom the hallowing influence of long-past ages holds a sway so potent, that both alike are fain to acknowledge her as empress of a far wider realm than any which can be measured by mere geographical limitations. Let us take our stand in the Piazza di San Marco, with its glorious many-domed cathedral, its campanile pointing to the heavens, its ducal palace, clock-tower, Moorish arcades, and that vastness of proportion, whose impressiveness is heightened by the stillness so foreign to our modern life in other cities where horse and vehicular traffic create an incessant, deafening hum. Two o'clock sounds from the Torre dell' Orologio. Immediately we hear the soft swish of multitudinous wings, and down from the turrets and

pinnacles where they have been poised, ever-watchful, though motionless, come the gentle, fearless doves to be fed. So tame are they, that to move aside out of your path as you attempt to cross the piazza, never seems to enter into their minds; and if, in your turn, you purchase and begin to scatter a little parcel of corn, the pigeons very soon find it out, and swarm over and upon you with the utmost confidence in your friendly intentions towards them. Such a picture, we imagine, is not to be paralleled elsewhere—one, for its suggestiveness, quite equal in interest to those artistic treasures which lie so close at hand.

Yet a third scene takes us to the grounds of a country-house in the north of England. Here, during the intensely cold winter of 1878-9, when for weeks everything was ice-bound, and all vegetation hidden under a thick coating of snow, myriads of birds were saved from perishing miserably of starvation through the thoughtful kindness of the owner, who for weeks, running into months, provided, twice daily, huge buckets of 'stirabout', whose contents were emptied on to a sort of wooden platform placed over the snow on the lawn. (For the information of those who are not acquainted with the term, we may say that 'stirabout' is nothing but coarse oatmeal mixed with water and slightly boiled.) Very pretty was the scene witnessed at feeding-time. Small birds, such as robins, finches, sparrows, tomtits, &c., would cluster on the neighbouring bushes, which were literally bent down with their weight, and reminded one of the ropes of onions so often seen in country places. These birds showed no sort of shyness, but evidently looked upon the food provided as simply their just recompense for helping to free the fruit-trees from insect pests. Large birds, too, used to come of species rarely seen near houses. Perhaps the prettiest sight of all was to watch the squirrels, which seldom, however, made their appearance until the birds had finished. Cautiously up the slope of the lawn they would come, and then very contentedly sat munching away, their bright eyes restlessly glancing here and there; but at the very faintest sound, there was a sort of twinkle, and like a flash of lightning the squirrels had vanished from sight.

Fresh from recollections such as these, which the feeding of the sea-gulls had brought vividly to memory, upon returning slowly down the pier, we were unpleasantly roused by seeing that five out of every six ladies we met were found to wear either wings or whole birds as the so-called decoration of hats and bonnets. To say nothing respecting the very questionable taste of wearing things which bear the semblance of death, the wholesale slaughter of small birds which goes on to satisfy the requirements of recurring fashion, cannot be too strongly deprecated. On economic and utilitarian grounds, it is no less bad, than from the more humanitarian standpoint,

which makes us unwilling needlessly to destroy creatures so full of life and joyousness as are these winged denizens of earth and sky. In view of the threatened injury to agriculture, an American periodical recently drew attention to the great destruction of swallows which resulted from the demand for their breasts and wings to ornament ladies' bonnets, and called for the enforcement of those laws which our cousins on 'the other side' have been wise enough to pass forbidding the killing of insectivorous birds. Turning to an English fashion-book, we read the description of a fancy-ball dress where swallows formed the staple adornment. Bouquets of whole birds were to be placed upon the skirt and bodice; birds in the hair, even wings upon the shoes! Unhappily, the plumage of doves and swallows happens to harmonise with the shades of gray which were worn, just as some years since did the breast of our poor friend cock-robin suit with the deeper-toned hues which were then affected by our *élégantes*. The result was that, around London at anyrate, robins were for some time quite a rarity.

Surely any one who has witnessed such scenes as those we have so imperfectly tried to describe, would hardly again order her milliner to use birds as a decoration for dresses and bonnets. This special form of cruelty, like so many other of our mistaken dealings with the animal creation, probably springs more from 'want of thought' than from 'want of heart.' Its effects, however, are no less baneful than if they were the deliberate outcome of a desire for wholesale slaughter. The question is confessedly a difficult one, for it would be absurd to say that there is anything wrong *per se* in wearing the plumage of pheasants, partridges, pigeons, cocks, and other birds which are killed for purposes of food. The misfortune is, that when birds and wings are once recognised as 'the thing' to wear, all birds, songsters as well, will of a certainty be pressed into the service.

In the 'Ladies' Column' of a French journal we have read: 'Perhaps fashion has never before laid the whole animal world to such an extent under contribution. Not only are all sorts of insects, lizards, spiders, bees, &c., imitated with marvellous fidelity to nature, but the dead bodies of the creatures themselves are fastened on hats and in the hair by means of golden pins. Nor is this all—upon hats, and sometimes dresses, are seen stuffed birds, cats, mice, squirrels, and even monkeys.' The article went on to say: 'We must acknowledge that such innovations are more startling than graceful. On some bonnets, one sees the heads of cats nestling amidst the folds of lace; others have quite a family of mice, poking their little pink noses into knots and loops of ribbon. It is a good thing that the animals are only stuffed ones; else, if two bonnets thus adorned were placed in juxtaposition, there would assuredly be a battle-royal.'

Latently, in England, we have ourselves seen bonnets and muffs which had tiny kittens cosily reposing amidst the folds of silk and velvet. Such gross violations of every canon of good taste and

right feeling lead us to ask, with something like a sigh of despair, what will the end be? In the name of Humanity, we would entreat our lady friends to spare, at anyrate, our Birds.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LIII.—PANSY.

PANSY and her grandfather, Eben Morris, were the persons whose arrival at the *Masons' Arms* had interrupted Tuppit and his brother. Even had Wrentham's attention been disengaged, the light in the room was too dim for him to recognise the girl before he was dragged out to the balcony.

Pansy had left home in a woeful state of mental perplexity; ashamed of her conduct to Caleb, anxious to hide from every one and to suppress in herself the silly fancies which had induced it. On alighting from the train at Liverpool Street, she was as much frightened by suddenly encountering Countess Hadleigh as if he had been the Evil One himself.

'Whither away, my forest nymph?' he said with a smile in which there was nothing more than the careless freedom he would have taken with any pretty maid of the servant rank. 'What brings you to Babylon?'

'I am going to visit a sick friend,' she answered, turning away her face.

'And when will you be back? We cannot afford to lose you from Ringsford.'

'I do not know—but I am in a hurry, sir;' and she attempted to pass.

'Stop a minute; you don't know your way about the city. Where does your friend live?'

'I know the way quite well, thank you, sir,' she replied nervously, without giving the address.

'Oh, that's all right, then. I thought I might save you some time and trouble by putting you on the right track.'

That was the whole of their conversation, and without looking at him, she hastened to Gracechurch Street, where she obtained an omnibus which carried her to the Green. Making her way through a narrow lane of small houses in various stages of dilapidation, and through crowds of ragged, gamboling children whose ages ranged from two to ten years, she came to a comparatively open space. There was a wheelwright's yard with samples of his trade—fragments of wheels, whole wheels, three or four broken-down carts of tradesmen—strewn about. The wheelwright had some idea of beautifying this oasis in the crowded district; for on the window-sills of his wooden house there were chrysanthemums in bloom, and the bare twigs of a rose-tree trained against the wall, suggested that in summer there might be pleasing perfumes and sights even in the midst of squalor.

Opposite was a blacksmith's shop, and nestling underneath the side of it, a cobbler's stall, where the occupant was busy singing a music-hall song as he stitched and hammered. Passing between the wheelwright's and the smith's places, she came to a square plot of ground—about an acre in extent—which was divided into patches for the use of the dwellers in the surrounding cottages. These were of one story, red-tiled, with whitewashed walls, and with many indications

of attempts to cultivate flowers. It was like dropping out of the town into an old country village; and indeed this was a relic of the ancient village of Cumberwell.

Pansy found that her grandfather's illness had been much exaggerated by the neighbour who had reported it, or that he had made a sudden recovery, for when she arrived he was dressed and shuffling about his little room, making preparations to start on what he called his 'business round,' whilst in a squeaky voice he kept on mumbling his favourite phrase: 'Oh, I am so happy!' This agreeable announcement he made on all occasions whether well or sick, and at times it formed as grim a satire on the common lot as if a death's-head sang a comic song.

He was a little man, and his shoulders being bent and contracted, his stature was not much more than that of a dwarf. Although his body was thin, his face was ruddy, set in a horseshoe of ragged gray hair. His features were large—the chin particularly prominent—the brow such as would have suggested intellect, but the dull faded eyes had little speculation in them. Neither features nor eyes had the least expression of laughter, whilst he was proclaiming himself in the highest glee. The absurd phrase sounded more like a whine than a cry of exultation.

He had been a greengrocer for over forty years, and in that capacity had daily made the round of the district to supply customers; but his wife had been the real manager of the business. This good woman, with shrewd foresight, insured their joint lives for the modest annuity of thirty pounds, to be paid to the survivor. On her demise the old man, then unfitted for hard work, was thus provided for. But he could not get over the habit of going his daily 'business round;' the only houses at which he now called, however, were the various taverns and ale-houses on his route, and he always found in several of them some cruel wags who were ready to give him 'two pen'orth' of beer or gin in return for the sad exhibition of an old man in his dotage talking nonsense and squeaking out snatches of ballads.

No persuasion could induce him to change his mode of life; and it was probably as an obstinate protest against the persuasion that he adopted his grotesque refrain of 'Oh, I am so happy!' Even on the first day of Pansy's arrival he insisted on going out as usual, and she was obliged to be content with the promise that he would return early. He was later than usual, however, and Pansy, resolute to rescue him from this pitiable course, decided that she would in future meet him before he had completed his round and entice him home. The first attempt was successful; the second landed her with him in the *Masons' Arms*—and she did not regret it after the discovery she made through the conversation between Wrentham and his brother of what mischief had been at work against Philip and Madge.

She was glad to be able to do something to show her gratitude and affection; Madge had been always a good friend and adviser—especially in her own present trouble. So, having seen her grandfather safely housed, she travelled down to Willowmere.

The gravity with which Dame Crawslay

received her, and the sad look in Madge's eyes, caused the visitor to fear for an instant that they were offended with her; but she quickly understood that it was their own sorrow which had made the change in their manner. There was another reason, however, for the expression in Madge's eyes—sympathy for the pain which the girl must feel when she learned that Caleb Kersey had been arrested on suspicion of having set fire to the Manor, and that the evidence was strong against him. For the present, Pansy was only told about the fire, and her immediate exclamation was:

'Is father hurt?'

'No, he is quite well, and poor Mr Hadleigh is lying in his cottage. As soon as he can be moved, he is to be brought here, and we are turning this room into a bedroom, so that he may not have to be carried up-stairs.'

'And the young ladies?'

'Miss Hadleigh is still with her father; Miss Caroline and Bertha are here.'

'And thou'lt have to stay here to-night, too,' broke in the dame as she continued her rearrangement of the lighter pieces of furniture; 'there cannot be a corner for thee in the cottage.'

Pansy gave thanks to the dame, and went on to say that it was her intention to return to her grandfather in the morning, but she would 'see father before starting.'

'I did not intend to be back so soon,' she went on, with an awkward glance first at Madge, next at Aunt Hussy. She did not know how to convey her information with the least offence. 'But there was something I heard about Missy and Master Philip this afternoon that I thought she ought to know—that you 'all ought to know.'

'About Philip and me!' exclaimed Madge, the colour heightening in her cheeks as she wondered if it could be possible that the broken engagement had already become the subject of common gossip.

'Sit thee down, Pansy,' said Aunt Hussy, ceasing to work, 'and tell us plainly what thou hast heard.'

Thus encouraged, the girl repeated with considerable accuracy the substance of the conversation she had overheard.

'And as I fancied,' Pansy concluded, 'that though you knew of the mischief, you might not know how it was being put right—I came straight to tell you.'

There was a pause. The treachery of Wrentham to Philip and the villainous insinuations with which he had endeavoured to poison his mind regarding Madge in order to distract him and prevent him from looking too closely into business details—the whole wicked scheme was made clear to Aunt Hussy. Madge saw at once how grossly Philip's generous confidence had been abused, but at the moment she did not quite understand why Wrentham in carrying out his plot should be so foolish as to try to slander her to Philip—she knew he could only *try* to do it, for not one word against her would be credited for an instant by her lover. And yet! . . . He had been so strange of late in many ways; he had shown so much displeasure with her for maintaining Beecham's secret—what may he not have suffered from brief doubt, although he did

not believe in anything ill that was suggested to him.

'Thou art a good girl, Pansy,' said Aunt Hussy, kindly, but without any sign of agitation, 'and we thank thee for coming to us with what is really good news—that the man is found out.'

'Ay, mistress, I thought that would be good news for you—and his own brother is against him!'

'I am sorry for the poor brother.—Now go into the kitchen and get supper with the maidens: make friends with Jenny Wodrow, for she will be thy bedfellow to-night.'

Pansy obeyed, although she would have intensely liked to have had some sign from Madge to show how the news had affected her.

'I will see you before bedtime,' said Madge in answer to the look; 'I have something to tell you.'

But Madge's friendly intention to break the news to her of Caleb's position was frustrated. Jenny Wodrow, the maiden to whose graces Pansy had been directed to recommend herself, although good-natured in the main, had been ready to give more of her favour to the stalwart Agitator than to any of the other lads about. That all the shafts levelled at him with her bright eyes and soft tongue fell pointless, she attributed rightly to the charms of the gardener's daughter. In church, in field, or at the harvest-home, Caleb had no rival for any one but Pansy. The maidens saw, understood, and discreetly turned their thoughts elsewhere.

Jenny was ready enough to follow their example, but she felt aggrieved and a little spiteful, especially as Pansy, not being precisely 'in service,' seemed to take a place above those who were 'quite as good as her any day, and maybe her betters.' Jenny continued to think of Caleb Kersey, and at present her head was full of his misfortunes. So, in the bright kitchen where the huge fire was reflected on rows of shining dish-covers and platters, and the supper of bread and cheese and beer was being served on a massive white deal table, the chatter of the maidens was all about the latest wonder, the burning of the Manor, and the parlous state of Mr Hadleigh.

'Ay, and who d'ye think they've taken up and put in prison for burning the big house?' said Jenny shrewishly, as she looked full in her rival's face. 'Who but Caleb Kersey; and if the master dies, hanging will be the end on't.'

Pansy was frightened. She became red and then so white that young Jerry Mogridge, who was not given to close observation of anybody when engaged with his meals, growled at Jenny.

'It's darned spite that. Can't you let the wench take supper in peace?'

'She didn't mean no harm,' retorted a young ploughman who had his own reasons for acting as Jenny's champion. 'How was she to know that hearing the news was to spoil Miss Pansy's supper. Ain't she like the rest ov us?'

'You keep your tongue in your jaw—it ought to be big enough for it, I believe,' snorted Jerry, his mouth full of bread and cheese, his mug of beer raised to his lips.

'I'll teach you, young man, to speak without splutter,' cried Jenny, administering a smart slap to poor Jerry's back with a result fatal to the contents of his mouth and mug.

The roar of laughter elicited by the coarse jest might have provoked Jerry—half choked though he was—to further argument, had he not been too well aware of the more immediate importance of securing the huge brown jug in order to replenish his cup.

Pansy had slipped out of the kitchen during this passage-at-arms. She was full of self-reproaches. Caleb arrested—in jail—in danger maybe of hanging! And all through her fault! If Caleb had emigrated, she might have consoled herself with the idea that in rejecting him she had done him a great kindness—for every strong man made a fortune in the colonies, she understood. But to think that she, however innocently, had some share in driving him to this terrible crime—that was a thought which made the poor girl's heart and brain ache.

(To be concluded.)

QUEEN MARGERIE.

WHEN I look back on my schoolboy days, there is one scene that always stands out before me with peculiar force and vividness; there is one occurrence that happened then more deeply graven than any other upon my memory; and that is no small thing to say, for I can call to mind any number of exciting things that took place when I was at Greychester. I could tell of many a victory that we gained, against heavy odds, by land or water; for there was scarcely a Greychester lad who could not pull an oar, as well as handle a bat, with more or less dexterity; and both on the cricket-field and on the river our opponents always found us pretty stubborn antagonists. I could tell many a story of our adventures and hairbreadth escapes, and of those little exploits and mischances of my own in which I figured as the hero or culprit, as the case might be, from the day on which I received my first 'swishing' until I left as top of the Sixth. There is a grim sort of interest, I always fancy, about one's first sound thrashing, that makes it, in a fashion, a landmark in a schoolboy's career. Even now I remember how I came by mine. It was soon after I entered the school, and I was in the third form—Tunder's. Old Tunder, we called him, not that he really was old, for he was not much over forty, but to a schoolboy with the best of life before him, forty seems a patriarchal age. Tunder was anything but a profound scholar, and he was, moreover, very near-sighted, so that there was perhaps some reason for the boys of his form being much more distinguished for their proficiency in the art of practical joking than for their attainments in any branch of knowledge. Anyway, the third-form room was a very hotbed of mischief.

It happened that about this time we had hit upon a novel and pleasant form of amusement with which to beguile the monotony of our

studies, Tunder's defective vision giving us ample opportunity for the recreation. There were to be had at the Greychester toyshops little wooden frogs made to jump with a spring. It was a matter of intense and absorbing delight to us to range our frogs in line and test their powers by seeing which would take the longest jump. The excitement on these occasions was great. Tunder's cane was constantly being brought into use, but until one ill-fated day I managed to escape it. One hot summer afternoon, Smithson Minor, who sat next to me, brought out of his pocket a couple of new spring-frogs, and making me a present of one, proposed that we should have a match between them, just to see what they were like. Now, if I had had my wits about me, I should have suspected that some snare lay hidden under this unusual generosity on the part of Smithson Minor, for, as a rule, he was not of a giving sort, and rarely parted with anything but for full and ample consideration. But I suspected nothing; the day was warm; a little relaxation from our struggles in decimal fractions seemed desirable, and old Tunder was safely moored at his desk just in front of us, correcting exercises, so that Smithson's proposal appeared both kind and opportune, and met with a ready acceptance on my part.

But Smithson Minor, though I knew it not, was a traitor, and compassed my ruin; for the frog which he had given me was equipped with a spring of some fourfold strength. Somewhere in the course of his researches at the toyshops he had come across it, and his keen scent for mischief had quickly detected a rare opportunity for fun. He got his fun—at my expense. The frogs were carefully stationed at the lower edge of the desk, Smithson Minor giving them a last touch, just to see, he said, that it was a fair start, but in reality to point mine in a particular direction. The course would be the upward slope of the desk; ample space, we thought—at least I thought—for the most actively disposed jumper; and if by chance one of them did overshoot the mark and tumble on the floor, then we should have the additional excitement of recovering it at the risk of drawing on to us Tunder's attention and Tunder's cane. Everything was ready; the critical moment came. The frogs jumped, and mine won—won easily, beating all previous records, for it soared majestically into the air and swooped down full on to old Tunder's nose! He regarded it quietly for a moment or two, and then taking it into his hands, said slowly and sarcastically: 'The proprietor of this ingenious toy has evidently more leisure on his hands than he knows how to dispose of; if he will kindly step this way, I will give him something that will engage his attention for a time.'

I stepped that way, and found him as good as his word. I went back to my place sadder, if not wiser, than when I left it; and for that day and for several days to come, I found that

a sitting posture was not altogether free from discomfort.

Poor old Tunder! he was not a bad sort of fellow after all. He left the school not very long afterwards, and then we found out how many kindly and generous things he had done in a quiet unobtrusive sort of way. I don't suppose his salary as an under-master was a very large one, and I know from what he said himself that he had no private income, so that he must have practised considerable economy and self-denial to have been able to indulge in those unsuspected acts of charity in the poorer parts of Greychester which came to light after he had gone. I have lost sight of him for some time; but if he should still be living, and should chance to read these lines, he will see that in spite of the spring-frog episode, I can still speak of him with respect, and even affection.

But I am wasting time in gossiping about so paltry an affair as my first flogging, and almost forgetting that I have a story of a very different kind to tell—a story so tinged to a certain extent with sadness, that even now it costs me something to relate it. Indeed, I should not do so, did I not think that—apart from the passing interest it may have—it may serve in some cases to point a moral and give a warning.

Two of my particular chums at school were Frank and Charlie Stewart, popularly known as the two young Hotspurs. Why, I will tell you. They were fellows of the real good sort, as we used to say, good run-getters in a cricket-match, and pulling a first-rate oar. Not that they were dunces either, for they were never very low down in their forms, and they had a quickness and readiness that carried them above fellows of more plodding industry. They had one fault—I suppose every schoolboy has one, many more than one—and it was this failing that gained them their nickname. Kindly and good-natured enough as a general rule, each of them had a quick and impetuous disposition, which was liable, under no very great provocation, to blaze out into hot passion. They resented anything like dictation or unfair treatment so much, that their high spirit could at times scarcely brook even a fair and proper opposition to their ideas and opinions, and instead of trying to gain their argument, they would lose their temper. But, to do them justice, there was nothing sullen, or mean, or vindictive about them; and their fits of temper were shortlived. They tried earnestly to guard against their besetting weakness, sometimes succeeding, and always bitterly lamenting afterwards if they failed. Occasionally, they came to words between themselves; but in a moment or two they would be as friendly as ever again, pulling a pair together, or tossing for sides at cricket. Once, however, they came to blows, and it is that scene which is so vividly painted on my memory.

Like myself, the Stewarts were town-boys, and as our homes were not very far apart, we generally went to and from school together, the intimacy thus formed being gradually ripened by congenial tastes and pursuits into a warm and lasting friendship, which made them almost like brothers, and their house quite a second home to me. Their father, who had been a

retired naval officer, possessed of ample independent means, had died a year or two before, and they lived with their widowed mother and a sister—a child, when first I knew her, of about six or seven. Margerie her name was—Queen Margerie, in a playful way, they always called her; and well she deserved her title, for she held absolute and sovereign sway over every heart in the household, and indeed over all who knew her.

I wish I were a word-painter, so that I could portray Queen Margerie as I see her in my mind's eye now. I wish a more skillful hand than mine could place the portrait before you—the portrait of a child—somewhat small for her age, you might say, and perhaps somewhat fragile-looking—with clustering soft brown hair, brightened here and there by a gleam of gold; hazel eyes, always lit up with mirth and happiness, except when the story of some one's troubles filled them with tears; and soft cheeks, where the shadow of ill-humour seemed never to find a resting-place. And then, what pretty ways she had; talking in such a demure, old-world fashion, with a voice deep for a child, and yet with such music in it, and doing everything so pleasantly and lovingly, that no wonder those about her made her their idol.

Chief among the idolaters were her two brothers. If I had not seen it, I should never have thought that two school-lads could have been so tender and loving to a child. No trouble and no self-sacrifice did they grudge her, gratifying her wishes, as far as lay in their power, as soon as they were uttered; often, indeed, anticipating them before they were spoken. It was curious, and yet pleasant, to see how they would come to her with the story of their feats and adventures, like knights of old, who valued most their victories in the jousts in that they gained them the smile of the queen of the tournament. If either of them had won a prize, or made the top score in a match, or done some other redoubtable thing, his chief pleasure was in the thought of Queen Margerie's delight at the news. 'Tell me all about it,' she would say, nestling eagerly close to him, 'tell me every word—every word from beginning to end.' Then would he give her a full and graphic account, she listening with growing interest the while, and gazing at him with a look of pride, until the tale was ended; and then her joy at the history of his success was to him his crowning reward.

Queen Margerie, how mother, brother, servants adored thee! I believe if the sacrifice of their own lives had been necessary to preserve thine, not one of them would have hesitated a moment to pay the price.

'They overdid it,' do you say? Nay, believe me, they did not, for a child in the home may be among the very richest gifts for which heaven claims our gratitude. A child's presence may fill with sunlight the house which else would be wrapt in gloom; a child's influence may preserve purity in the mind which but for it might become stained and corrupted; a child's love may serve to keep warm the heart which the cares and worries of life might otherwise make cold and selfish.

'I wonder,' said Frank Stewart once to me, in an abstracted sort of way, as if he had been

pondering over some weighty matter—'I wonder what we should do if anything were to happen to Margerie; if she were to—go away.'

'Go away!' I replied in wonderment. 'How can a child like that go away? What do you mean?'

He made no answer, but went on, as if in continuance of his own remarks: 'It would kill my mother, and I think it would me, if Margerie were to'—Then he stopped short.

I began to understand his meaning; but I said no more, for this was a sort of mood I had never seen Frank Stewart in before, and I did not know how to meet it. So the conversation ceased, and for a time I forgot all about it.

It was one afternoon some time after this that the Stewarts, one or two other fellows, and myself, were going home from school, not quite in our usual spirits, for a cricket-match we had played the day before had ended—rather unusually for us—in our suffering a disastrous defeat. True to human nature, instead of taking kindly to our reverse of fortune, we tried to find a pair of shoulders on which we might conveniently put the whole load of blame, and the owner of the shoulders happened to be Frank Stewart, who had been the captain of our Eleven, and who, we thought, had not managed matters very discreetly. In the course of our discussion on the subject, the two brothers irritated each other to such an extent that they came to blows. We tried to pacify them; but in vain. I am afraid that, like every British schoolboy, we had just a sort of lurking fondness for a good fair fight, which made the fray not without interest for us. Anyway, we watched it so intently that we did not see a childish figure come to the garden-gate leading to the Stewarts' house, and pausing a little to take in what was passing, run quickly down the road towards us. We saw and heard nothing until Queen Margerie was close to the struggling lads, calling on them piteously to stop; but in a moment—blinded and deafened with excitement—one of them stumbled against her, and fell—dragging the other with him—heavily over her to the ground.

The boys quickly rose unhurt, but the child never stirred. There she lay, the poor little face deadly pale, except where there were a few stains of blood from a bruise on the temple; and one arm seemed to have suffered some injury. There was for a moment a faint look of recognition, just a feeble attempt to smile, and then there was unconsciousness.

The whole thing took place so suddenly that none of us at first could realise it. For an instant or two the Stewarts seemed perfectly dazed, kneeling by the child, and calling her by name, as if she were only making a pretence of being hurt, and would spring into their arms presently. Then the truth seemed to burst upon them, restoring their self-possession; for, taking the little form gently to his breast, Frank Stewart strode hurriedly homewards, entreating us, as he went, to bring a doctor. We lost no time on our errand, and medical help was soon at hand. Shortly afterwards, we heard that the arm was fractured, but that that was not so serious as the injury to the head, from which the gravest results might be feared.

We did not see the Stewarts again at school during that term, of which a few days only remained. For three days they watched with their mother by the child's bedside, scarcely ever taking food or sleep. At times she was conscious, and gave them one of her old looks, or feebly held out her hand to touch theirs. Once or twice she rallied enough to speak a little, but not a word passed her lips about her injuries or the cause of them. She only asked them not to forget her when she had gone, for she seemed to think that the shadows would soon be falling about her.

Once, I remember, when I called to make inquiries, Frank Stewart came down to see me. I scarcely knew him, he looked so altered. 'It is bad enough to see her dying,' he said, sobbing; 'but to think of its being my fault!'—and he broke down utterly.

What words of comfort could a schoolboy utter in the presence of such grief? What could I say, when I feared they were only waiting for the King's messenger to take Queen Margerie where pain and weariness are not known? For though the doctor said there was a chance, that chance seemed but a slender one.

Fifteen years since then, is it? Why, it scarcely seems as many months. How well I remember it, and yet my schoolboy days ended long ago, and now I am a staid married man. My wife, to tell the truth, is sitting near me as I write, and now and then she comes and looks over my shoulder at what I have written, saying with a smile that she wonders how I can exaggerate as I have done once or twice. I turn the tables on her by replying that instead of being a help to me, she is my greatest hindrance, for as long as she is in the room I am always neglecting my work to look at her. And that is the truth. I am continually looking at her, because, to my mind, she is the prettiest picture one can look at. She has soft brown hair, with here and there a gleam of gold, bright hazel eyes, and a gentle face without a trace of ill-humour. It is true you may see on her forehead the faintest traces of a scar, but then, I say, it is a beauty-mark. Sometimes she says, in a make-believe solemn way, that she wonders how I could have married any one with one arm stiff and good for nothing. But I know she is only joking, for I don't think her arm is a whit worse now than any one else's.

But I am not the only one who worships her. There are her two brothers, for instance, who are quite as foolish as I am. The elder of them is a lieutenant in the navy, and he misses no opportunity of sending her wonderful treasures and curiosities, which he collects for her on his travels. Before long our modest-sized dwelling will be a storehouse of marvels. The other, a young lawyer, who lives with his widowed mother, is a perfectly infatuated brother, and under one pretext or another is always coming to see that all is going well with his idol. I tell him sometimes, laughingly, that I shall become jealous if this sort of thing goes on; that I shall forbid him the house, and bar the doors against him! But my threats are of little use; for he says that neither husband nor bolts nor bars shall

prevent his coming, like a loyal subject, to pay allegiance to Queen Margerie. For the one slender chance did prevail, and my story ends happily after all.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day was an hour older. The heat of the afternoon sun was tempered by a fresh breeze from the hills, which had sprung up a little while ago. The windows of Madame De Vigne's sitting-room stood wide open, and the curtains waved to and fro in the breeze, but the room itself was empty.

In a little while a sound of knocking was heard; but there being no response, the door was presently opened, and Jules, followed by Lady Renshaw and Miss Wynter, entered the room.

'Pardon, milady, but Madame De Vigne is not here,' said Jules.

At this moment Nanette, madame's maid, entered the room, seeing which, Jules made his exit. 'You wish to see madame?' inquired Nanette.

'When she is at liberty,' said her ladyship graciously.

'What name shall I give madame?'

'I am Lady Renshaw; and this is my niece, Miss Wynter.'

Nanette courtesied and went.

Lady Renshaw proceeded to make herself at home, appraising the ornaments on the chimney-piece, peering into a photograph album, turning over a book of engravings, trying a drawer or two in the cabinet, and so on.

'Really a charming room; quite the best in the hotel, I have been given to understand,' she remarked. 'To think of the audacity of this Madame De Vigne in engaging such a room for herself and party! But these adventuresses are nothing if not audacious. Yes, a charming room; and it will suit us admirably. And then the view—oh! the view'—going to the window and peering out through her glasses. 'It is *magnifique*—*très magnifique*.'

Miss Wynter was sitting languidly in an easy-chair; she had a knack of picking out the coziest and softest chair in a room.

'But you have not yet told me your reason, aunt.'

'For wishing to make the acquaintance of this Madame De Vigne. I will enlighten you.'

At this juncture Nanette re-entered the room. 'Madame will be down in the course of a few minutes, if your ladyship will please to wait.'

'A French maid, too!?' burst forth Lady Renshaw the moment the girl had left the room. 'One would like to know how this woman came by her money. Most probably at the gaming-table.'

'O aunt!'

'Happily for you, my dear, you know little of the world. You have never been to Monaco, for instance. I have.—But to explain to you my reasons for wishing to make the acquaintance of this—this person.' Her ladyship sat down

and opened her fan. 'On glancing through the Visitors' Book this afternoon—a thing which I always do as soon as I arrive at a strange hotel—I found there the name of Mr Archibald Ridsdale.'

'Aunt!'

'I was not greatly surprised, after the note I received from Mrs Delorme, Mr Ridsdale's aunt, a few days before leaving town. She wrote something to this effect: "I am given to understand that that foolish nephew of mine is philandering somewhere among the Lakes in company with those two adventuresses who have got him in their toils. Should you come across the party in your travels, write me all particulars you can pick up concerning them; and should any opportunity offer itself, I hope you will do all that lies in your power to extricate Archie from this dreadful entanglement."—Well, my dear, as good fortune would have it, here they all are.—Mr Archie and the two adventuresses—in this very hotel.' And Lady Renshaw fanned herself complacently.

'But under what pretext do you propose to introduce yourself to Madame De Vigne?'

'You will learn when the time comes,' answered her ladyship with a diplomatic smile. 'Meanwhile, I have something very serious to say to you.'

'Yes, aunt.'

'The season before last, Mr Ridsdale paid you very marked attention—very marked indeed. He really seemed quite taken with you; and it must have been entirely your own fault that you let him slip through your fingers in the way you did. I was never more annoyed in my life. But there is just a possibility that it may not be too late even now to repair your wretched blunder.'

'But Mr Ridsdale is engaged, is he not?'

'O my dear, engagements nowadays are lightly made and as lightly broken. It is quite possible that by this time the foolish young fellow may be thoroughly cured of his infatuation for this young woman, whom nobody seems to know anything about, and may be longing for some friendly hand to snap the thread that binds him to her. It is quite possible that when he sees you again he may'—Here her ladyship nodded meaningly at her niece. 'You know what I mean. Now, if the slightest chance is given you, I beg that you will play your cards differently this time! Think! the only son of one of our richest and oldest baronets! What a position would be yours! What a'—Suddenly her ladyship caught sight of something outside the window. She rose and crossed the room and peered out through her glasses. 'Why, I declare there's that young curate again, sitting under a tree all alone with his book!'

Miss Wynter's languor vanished in a moment. She started to her feet. 'Where, aunt?' she asked eagerly.—'Yes, poor fellow; he does look rather lonely, doesn't he?'

'I don't suppose you have the slightest notion who the young man really is?' said her ladyship, with the air of a person who has made a grand discovery.

Bella threw a startled look at her aunt. 'No—no—of course not. How should I?' Then coaxingly: 'But who is he, aunt dear?'

'The son of a bishop, my dear.—What do you think of that?'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed the young girl with a gasp, as well she might. 'But how did you find that out, aunt?'

'You remember that he told us his name was Mr Golightly?'

Bella nodded assent.

'Well, on reaching the hotel I asked to see the Clergy List, where I found that the only Golightly mentioned there is the Bishop of Melminster. It's by no means a common name, and this young man must be the bishop's son. I've not a doubt of it in my own mind.'

Lady Renshaw had evidently a fine faculty for leaping to conclusions from very insufficient data.

'O aunt, how clever you are!' was the comment of the wicked Bella.

'That's as it may be, my dear,' was the complacent answer. 'What are our brains given us for but to make proper use of them.'

'Don't you think Mr Golightly very nice-looking?' asked Miss Wynter with the most innocent air imaginable.

'Intellectual-looking, no doubt. He has the air of a man who habitually burns the midnight oil. I have no doubt that the dear bishop has inculcated him with studious habits.'

It will be observed that her ladyship's English was occasionally a little slipshod, especially when she lugged long words into her sentences with which she had only a bowing acquaintance.

Miss Wynter turned away to hide a smile. 'What fun it will be to tell all this to Dick, by-and-by!' she said to herself.

'We must cultivate him, my dear,' resumed her ladyship, who evidently deemed two strings better than one, to her niece's bow. 'In these days, a bishop's son is not by any means to be sneered at. Who knows but that he may take a fancy to you! You must endeavour to sit next him at dinner, and draw him gently on to talk of the subjects that interest him, and then of course you will discover that you are deeply interested in the same subjects yourself.'

'I will do my best, aunt,' responded Bella softly.

At this moment the door opened, and Madame De Vigne entered the room. The two ladies rose simultaneously to their feet.

'Lady Renshaw?' said madame inquiringly, with a slight but stately inclination of the head.

Her ladyship bowed in some confusion. 'Madame De Vigne, I presume?' she contrived to stammer out. For once in a way her self-confidence had deserted her.

'Yes,' was the simple answer, but still with the same look of inquiry in the large, lustrous, melancholy eyes.

Never in her life had Lady Renshaw felt herself so much like an intruder. She recovered herself somewhat behind the shelter of a little cough. Then she said: 'Before explaining my intrusion, allow me to introduce my niece, Miss Wynter.'

The two ladies bowed, and the eyes of the elder one kindled with a smile. There was something in the girl's face that attracted her.

'An adventuress indeed!' exclaimed Bella to herself. 'Aunt never made a greater mistake in her life.'

Her ladyship had recovered her fluency by this time. 'I must lay the blame of our intrusion, Madame De Vigne, on the shoulders of Mr Archie Ridsdale?'

'Of Mr Ridsdale, Lady Renshaw?'

'Archie is quite an old friend both of Bella and myself.'

'I am pleased to make the acquaintance of any friends of Mr Ridsdale,' responded Madame De Vigne gravely.—'Will you not be seated?'

The three ladies sat down, Miss Wynter artfully choosing a seat near the open window, whence she could glance occasionally at Mr Dulcimer, who, to all appearance, was still intent upon his book.

'And now to make a full confession,' began her ladyship smilingly, as she first opened and then shut her fan. 'When we arrived here this afternoon and requested to be shown to a private sitting-room, we were informed that the hotel was full, and that there was not one to be had for love or money. So I made up my mind that till a private room should be vacant, my niece and I would have to content ourselves with the accommodation of the ladies' coffee-room. But, O my dear Madame De Vigne, I had not been in the room ten minutes, before I found that it would be an utter impossibility for us to stay there. Such a strange medley of people I was never among before. Association with them, even temporarily, was altogether out of the question. So I told Bella not to have our trunks unpacked, but that, after a little refreshment, we would endeavour to find some other hotel where we could be properly accommodated. But at this juncture I discovered that Mr Ridsdale was staying here with a party of friends in their own suite of rooms. Then a happy thought struck me, and I said to my niece: "Considering our long friendship with dear Archie, I wonder whether we should be looked upon as intruders if we were to go to Madame De Vigne and beg of her to find space for us in a corner of her sitting-room during the two or three days we intend staying in this place." Here her ladyship, being slightly out of breath, paused for a moment.

Miss Wynter had first turned red and then pale while listening to her ladyship's apology. 'O auntie, auntie, what fibs you are telling,' she murmured under her breath.

'So now, dear Madame De Vigne, you know all,' resumed her ladyship. 'If we shall inconvenience you in the slightest degree, pray tell us so at once, and'—

Madame De Vigne held up her hand in gentle deprecation. 'Not another word is needed, Lady Renshaw,' she said. 'What you ask is a very small favour, indeed. Pray, consider this room as yours during your stay. It will please me much to know that you do so.'

'Isn't she nice!' said Bella to herself admiringly. 'If I were a man I believe I should fall in love with her.'

'You are really very kind, and I am more obliged to you than I can say,' remarked Lady Renshaw with her most expansive smile. 'Archie too, dear boy, will be immensely gratified when he finds us installed here.' Then after a momentary pause, she added: 'Do you purpose making much of a stay among the Lakes, may I ask?'

'I can scarcely tell. Our little holiday may

come to an end in two or three days, or it may extend to as many weeks.'

Bella's gaze had been intently fixed on Mr Dulcimer. 'I do believe he is winking at me over his book!' she cried to herself. 'But he has audacity enough for anything.'

'Pardon the question, dear Madame De Vigne, but am I right in assuming that, like myself, you have been left desolate and forlorn in this vale of tears?'

'I am a—widow, if that is what you mean, Lady Renshaw.'

'Then is there one more bond of sympathy between us. Never can I forget my own loss. It was five years last Monday since poor dear Sir Timothy died. But I see him every night in my dreams, and I carry his portrait and a lock of his hair—he had not much hair, poor darling—with me wherever I go. He was not handsome; but he was a most excellent creature. He left me all he possessed, and—and he only lived two years and a half after our marriage!'

The affecting picture was too much for her ladyship's feelings; she pressed her perfumed and delicately embroidered handkerchief to her eyes. Madame De Vigne, with a slightly disdainful expression on her pale features, sat as cold and unmoved as a statue.

'How ridiculous of aunt to carry on in that style!' thought Bella to herself with a very red face.

Madame De Vigne turned to the young girl. 'Is this your first visit to the Lakes, Miss Wynter?'

'Yes; I have never been so far north before.'

'I hope you will be favoured with as fine weather as we have had. They tell me that in these parts it sometimes rains for a week without ceasing.'

'O dear, how very depressing. I shouldn't like that at all.'

By this time Lady Renshaw was ready to resume the attack. 'Pardon me, dear Madame De Vigne, but judging from the name, I presume your husband was not an Englishman?'

'He was a Frenchman, Lady Renshaw.'

'Some of the most charming men I have ever met were Frenchmen. Am I right in assuming that your loss is of an older date than mine?'

'I lost my husband several years ago.'

'Ah, then, Time has no doubt softened the blow to you. I am told that it generally does; but, for my part, I feel that I can never cease to mourn poor, dear Sir Timothy.—In all probability you have spent much of your life abroad?'

'I have lived abroad a great deal, Lady Renshaw.' As she spoke these words she rose abruptly and crossed to the other side of the room. 'This woman is insufferable,' she said to herself. 'She must have some motive for her questions. What can it be?'

'There's something in her life she wants to hide. I scent a mystery,' remarked Lady Renshaw to herself with a fine sense of complacency.

Miss Wynter had again become absorbed in furtively watching Mr Dulcimer. 'Poor Dick, how sanctimonious he looks! But then, to be sure, he's the son of a bishop!' she whispered to herself with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Next moment the door was opened, and in came Miss Gaisford and Miss Loraine. At the sight of strangers they stopped suddenly. Madame De Vigne came forward. Lady Renshaw and Miss Wynter rose.

'Lady Renshaw—Miss Wynter—permit me to introduce to you Miss Gaisford and my sister, Miss Loraine.—Penelope, Clarice—Lady Renshaw and her niece, Miss Wynter—friends of Mr Ridsdale.'

The two girls shot a critical glance at each other, as girls always do when they are introduced.

'The girl Archie's engaged to!' remarked Bella under her breath. 'Well, she's awfully handsome; nobody can deny that. I suppose that by the side of her I look a regular gipsy. That gown she's got on was never made in town. Quite a country cut. But how well she carries it off!'

'What a very pretty girl!' was Clarice's unspoken comment. 'Only I never remember hearing Archie mention her name.'

As Lady Renshaw peered at Clarice through her eyeglass she instinctively felt that if young Ridsdale were really engaged to this splendid young creature, any hopes she might have cherished of winning him away from her side were likely to end in smoke. She at once admitted to herself that whatever pictures of the two sisters she might previously have drawn in her mind's eye were totally unlike the reality. If these women were adventuresses, they certainly didn't look it, so far as her experiences of such beings went. None the less did it seem certain that Archie was being inveigled into a marriage against which his father would no doubt resolutely set his face. There was no knowing what strange turn Fortune's wheel might bring about. Meanwhile she must watch and wait and keep her own counsel.

'May I be permitted to assume, dear Madame De Vigne, that, with the exception of Mr Ridsdale, your little party is now complete?' queried her ladyship.

'Not quite, Lady Renshaw. We are still short of two friends—the Rev. Mr Gaisford and Dr McMurdo, whose acquaintance you will doubtless make a little later on.'

'And that of their wives?' asked her ladyship languidly with a graceful sweep of her fan.

'They haven't any; they are bachelors,' interposed Miss Gaisford brusquely.

'O-h. Bachelors are always interesting creatures in the eyes of our sex, Miss Gaisford. But it is possible that the gentlemen in question may be on the eve of changing their condition?'

'Will this woman's questions never cease?' murmured Madame De Vigne to herself.

'Not at all, Lady Renshaw—not at all,' responded the vicar's sister. 'They know too well when they are well off!'

'O be, now, Miss Gaisford! You must not turn traitress to your sex. What are we sent into the world for if not to make the men happy!'

'It seems like it to any one who reads the daily papers,' was the grim response.

'By the way, dear, what has become of Mr Ridsdale?' asked Madame De Vigne of her sister.

'He has gone as far as the post-office. He

thought that the letter he has been expecting for the last few days might perhaps be waiting there for him.

'A letter from his father, without a doubt,' muttered Lady Renshaw. 'Probably the one containing Sir William's final decision.'

Clarice had crossed to the window to speak to Miss Wynter. Suddenly she gave a little start. 'Why, I declare there's Archie over yonder, talking to that young curate whom we saw this afternoon. They seem to be acquainted. And now they are coming this way.'

'Good gracious! Dick coming here!' exclaimed Miss Wynter under her breath.

Archie Ridsdale entered, the sitting-room from the veranda, followed—bashfully—by Mr Richard Dulcimer, otherwise Mr Golightly.

'Ladies all,' began Archie, 'allow me to introduce to you my old friend and college chum, Dick Golightly—one of the best of fellows when you come to know him, but, like the snail, of a most retiring disposition—one of those people, in fact, whom it takes a deal of persuasion to coax out of their shell.—Golightly, don't blush, there's a dear boy; the ladies won't eat you.—Madame De Vigne—Miss Gaisford—Miss Loraine. You will know them all better by-and-by.—Now don't, for goodness' sake, be a snail.'—Then turning, he exclaimed with a well-feigned start: 'Ah! Lady Renshaw, as I live!' and with that he held out his hand, which her ladyship grasped with much cordiality.

'This is indeed an unlooked-for pleasure,' he went on. 'I never see your ladyship without being reminded of what the poet says: "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."'

'Fie, you naughty boy'—tapping him with her fan—you are not a bit improved since I saw you last.'

'Allow me,' continued Archie. 'My friend, Mr Golightly—Lady Renshaw.'

'I think that I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr Golightly before—for a few minutes on the lawn this afternoon.'

Richard murmured something inaudible in reply. He was twisting his hat between his fingers and shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. He tried his hardest to call up a blush, but failed ignominiously.

Archie had turned to Bella.

'Surprises will never cease. My dear Miss Wynter, I am more delighted to see you than I can express. Words are powerless in a case like this.—Golightly, let me make you a happy man for ever by introducing you to Miss Bella Wynter—one of the most charming and at the same time most dangerous belles of the season.—Miss Wynter, do, for mercy's sake, take this unsophisticated youth under your wing, and try to coax him out of his shell.'

'Isn't that rather a mixed-up metaphor, Mr Ridsdale?'

'Twill serve, as Mercutio says. You know my meaning.'

'Mr—a—Mr Golightly,' said her ladyship.

Richard turned, and the dowager motioned him with her fan to take a seat beside her on the ottoman.

'O Archie!' said Bella in a whisper, 'what a dreadful scrape you have got poor Dick into by bringing him in here!'

'Don't you believe it,' responded Mr Ridsdale with a grin. 'For pure impudence, I don't know any young man of his years who's a match for Dicky Dulcimer. And as for throwing dust in Lady Renshaw's eyes, the scoundrel will revel in it—absolutely revel in it.'

'Poor, dear aunt, if she only knew!' said Bella with a touch of compunction, which, however, by no means tended to dim the sparkle in her eyes.

'And how was the dear bishop, Mr Golightly, when you last heard from him?' inquired her ladyship in her blandest tones.

Dick stared, as well he might. 'The bishop, Lady Renshaw!' he stammered.

'I mean your dear papa, of course. When I was quite a girl, I was several times at Melminster.'

'O-h!' answered Dick with a prolonged indrawing of his breath. 'I crave your ladyship's pardon. When last I heard from Melminster, every one there was quite well.'

A light had begun to dawn on him. 'She takes the bishop for my father, whereas he's only my godfather. Evidently the name has misled her,' he said to himself with an inward chuckle. 'Well—bless her stupidity! It's no part of my duty to enlighten her.'

'I am so glad to hear it,' continued her ladyship innocently. 'The duties of such an exalted position must be very trying to the constitution. For myself, I am happy to say that I have always been a staunch upholder of the Establishment.'

Mr Golightly bowed, but had no reply ready.

'I hope that we shall have the pleasure of a good deal of your society, Mr Golightly, during the time you stay in these parts.'

'Thanks. Delighted, I'm sure,' lisped that model young man. 'Mamma has always been wishful that I should cultivate the society of ladies as much as possible. Men nowadays—at least, lots of them—are so fast and slangy, don't you know. I always like to do as mamma bids me.'

'A most exalted sentiment. I wish all young men thought as you do, Mr Golightly. I should very much like to make the acquaintance of your mamma. She must be a most estimable lady. I suppose, now, that you lead a very quiet and domesticated life at the palace?'

'At the palace! Oh—ah—yes, very quiet.' Then he added to himself: 'By Jove, though, I haven't been at the palace for nearly a dozen years—not since poor old dad's fortune collapsed. Bishops, like other people, find it convenient to forget old friends when they have a mind to do so.'

'Charming young lady, Miss Wynter,' Master Dick ventured to remark presently to her ladyship.

'I'm pleased you think so. Bella's a sweet girl, though I say it who ought not. She is looking towards us. I believe she has something to say to you, Mr Golightly.'

'Has she? Then perhaps your ladyship will kindly excuse me.' He rose, glad enough to get away from the dowager, and crossed to his lady-love.

'A young nincompoop, if ever there was one!'

was the complimentary remark that followed him. 'Bella ought to be able to twist him round her little finger.'

'At last, my darling!' whispered the young man as he drew a chair up close to Miss Wynter.

'You dreadful, dreadful Dick!'

'What would I not venture for your sake, my pet!'

'I'm not your pet.'

'Deny it, if you dare. But what put all that rigmarole into her ladyship's head about my father the bishop, and?'

But at this moment the dull clangour of the dinner gong made itself heard throughout the hotel. There was a general movement in the room.

'I will talk to you later on. You may sit next me at dinner, if you can contrive it,' whispered Bella hurriedly before she joined her aunt.

'Be careful in what way you talk to Mr Golightly,' remarked the latter lady in an undertone. 'Above all, no frivolity; and don't forget that you have been brought up in a pious family.'

Archie came bustling up. 'Now, Lady Renshaw, permit me the honour.—Golightly, I leave you to look after Miss Wynter and Miss Loraine.—By the way,' he added, 'what has become of the vicar and his friend the doctor?'

'It is only that Septimus is late as usual,' answered Miss Pen. 'That big trout has detained him, and Dr M'Murdo is with him. No doubt they will turn up by the time dinner is half over.'

'Are you not going to join us at dinner, dear Madame De Vigne?' inquired the dowager with much snavity.

'Not to-day, I think, Lady Renshaw. Will you allow me for once to plead a woman's usual excuse—a headache?'

'So sorry.' Then to herself: 'She dines alone. Another evidence of a mystery.' Then aloud: 'And you, dear Miss Gaisford?'

'Oh, I never miss my dinner. They charge it in the bill whether one has it or not. Even now the savoury odours of the soup reach me from afar. I will join you anon.'

'What an odd creature! Inclined to be satirical. I don't think that I shall like her,' was the other's unspoken remark as she sailed out of the room on Mr Ridsdale's arm.

Mr Golightly followed with the two young ladies.

Miss Gaisford drew a long breath of relief as soon as the door was shut.

'And now, if I may be so inquisitive, pray, who is our redundant friend?'

'You know as much of her as I do,' replied Madame De Vigne. 'Introducing herself as a friend of Mr Ridsdale, she asked permission to share our sitting-room on the plea that all the other private rooms in the hotel were engaged. Under the circumstances of the case, I scarcely saw my way to decline her request.'

'Oh, we all know how soft-hearted you are, my dear friend. She would not have found me such an easy victim. If I am not mistaken, Master Archie was as much annoyed as he was surprised at finding her here.'

'I suppose we shall have the infliction of her company all evening,' remarked Madame De Vigne with a little shrug of resignation.

'I had forgotten that for the moment,' answered Miss Pen musingly. Then she added quickly: 'No—no; of all nights in the year, she shall not worry you to-night. When dinner is over, I will assign Dr Mac to her—together with Septimus. They shall take her down to the lake to see the moon rise—they shall even make love to her, if need be, so long as they keep her out of the way.' Then, after glancing at her watch, Miss Pen went on, with a change of tone: 'Another quarter of an hour and Colonel Woodruffe will be here!'

Madame De Vigne did not answer.

Miss Pen took one of her hands. 'Mora—dear friend,' she said, 'you will treat him kindly to-night—more kindly than you did before?'

'I shall not treat him unkindly.'

'You will not refuse him what he asks? He is a noble, true-hearted man, of whose love any woman might be proud. You will not say No to him this time? You have made up your mind that this time the answer shall be Yes?'

'Does a woman ever really make up her mind beforehand?—is she ever quite sure what her answer will be till the crucial moment has come?'

'Thank goodness, my mind is generally made up about most things; but then, I've never been in love, and hope to goodness I never shall be. Still, with so much of it about, there's no knowing. Like many other things, it may be catching.—But now, I must run off, or those good people will have gobbled up all the soup.' At the door she turned. 'Mora, I will never forgive you if the answer is anything but Yes—yes—yes!'

'There goes as true-hearted a friend as any woman need wish to have,' said Mora. She sighed, and rose and crossed to the window. 'If I could but open my heart to her!—if I might but tell her everything! But not even to her dare I do that. And yet he must know—he must be told! What will he say—what will he do when he has read my letter?—Ah me! I tremble—I am afraid!'

On the side-table stood an ebony and ivory writing-desk. This she now proceeded to open with a tiny key which hung from her châtelaïne. From it she took a letter, and then unlocked the desk.

'Shall I give it him, or shall I not?' she asked herself, as she held the letter between a thumb and finger of each hand and gazed intently at it. 'It is not too late to destroy it. No one in the world need know that it was ever written. The temptation! the temptation!'

For a few moments she stood thus, gazing fixedly at the letter, as though there were some power of fascination in it, her tall figure swaying slightly to and fro. Then she roused herself as if from a dream, and said to herself: 'No! I should be unworthy of his love, I should despise myself for ever, were I knowingly to let even the shadow of deceit come between us. There must be no more hesitation.' She crossed to the chimney-piece and laid the letter on it. 'Lie there till he comes,' she said. 'I will not touch you again—for fear.'

She shivered slightly, as if struck by a sudden chill, and going back to the window, she sat down in an easy-chair near it. A clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour with silvery tone. She started. 'A few minutes more and he will be here,' she said. She lay back in her chair, her head pressed against the cushions, her eyes closed, her slender fingers intertwined, in an attitude of utter abandonment. 'Oh!' she murmured, 'if the ordeal were but over!'

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE sudden appearance and subsequent disappearance of a volcanic island off the coast of Iceland, reminds us that there are natural wonders going on around us which cannot well be equalled in the pages of romance. This island had the shape of a flattened cone rounded at the top. It rose from the sea about twenty miles from the mainland. Last century, a similar phenomenon presented itself near the same place; but that island too had only a brief existence. It is not surprising that such structures should in course of time be demolished by the action of the waves, for these islands mostly consist of very loose materials, such as slag, ashes, and pumice-stone, which are readily acted upon by the surf. The disappearance of the island may, however, be due to other influences than that of the sea.

Some interesting particulars of the voyage of the Danish gunboat *Fylla* to the arctic regions have been published. This vessel was sent out by the Danish government on an exploring and surveying expedition, which has occupied four months, during which time the coast of Greenland has been explored to a very high latitude. Besides this work, many meteorological observations have been made, whilst dredging and trawling for specimens have been steadily pursued. Amongst the valuables so collected, and which have been divided into sections Botanical, Zoological, and Mineralogical, each under the care of a professor, is a meteoric stone weighing about two thousand pounds. Details of the expedition will be published at Copenhagen.

There are at present two large waterways in Africa upon which the attention of many nations is fixed—namely, the Nile and the river Congo. The interest regarding the first is of a military character, with which these pages have little to do; but with regard to the Congo there is much to claim our attention. Mr. H. M. Stanley has recently addressed the London Chamber of Commerce upon the subject, and has given a most interesting account of his personal experiences among the tribes inhabiting the valley of the great river. He describes the natives as being peaceful and anxious to trade with more civilised nations. The International African Association,

of which Mr. Stanley is a member, was formed some years ago under the auspices of the king of the Belgians, to put down slavery in this region, and to secure a system of free trade for the commerce of the world. Traders of all nations are invited by the Association to bring their goods to the river Congo, which presents, including its affluents, a navigable river of three thousand miles. When cordial relations between traders and natives have been established, the Association will consider the object of its existence to have been gained, and will be dissolved. The sole hindrance to the successful carrying out of the programme seems to be the presence of Portuguese settlers at the mouth of the river, which they claim to have discovered about four hundred years ago. They regard this discovery as an excuse for levying a heavy toll on every vessel ascending the river.

A clever system, by which shafts can be easily sunk in watery soils and quicksands, the invention of Herr Poetsch, was recently described in a paper read before a French Technical Society. The space where the shaft is to be sunk is marked out by a series of hollow iron tubes, which are driven into the ground, and form a ring round the site. In these hollow tubes are introduced smaller tubes, pierced with holes, through which a refrigerating liquid is forced in a continuous current until the ring of tubes is bound together by a wall of ice. By this means, the intrusion of sand and water is prevented while the sinking of the shaft is being accomplished. At a colliery in Prussia, belonging to Messrs Siemens, this plan has been successfully adopted. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the coal, which was overlaid by a quicksand, could have been won by any other means.

A novel method of street-paving has been tried with some success in Berlin; but as its trial only covers twelve months of traffic, it can hardly be held to have proved its superiority over other systems. The material is asphalt, but not treated in the usual manner. Bricks impregnated with the compound, under which treatment they lose their natural brittleness and become elastic, and capable of resisting heavy pressure and damp, are laid in rows just like the wood-blocks used for a similar purpose in this country. The new paving is said to last well and to afford a sure foothold to horses. There is certainly an opening for improvement in our present systems of paving.

Mr. Hiram S. Maxim, whose name is well known in connection with a system of electric lighting which was introduced by him a few years back, has invented a machine-gun which has lately been exhibited in London, and which gives some remarkable results. This gun has a single barrel only, which is protected from undue heating by a water-jacket. The cartridges are supplied to it in a continuous canvas belt, not unlike the belt carried by sportsmen. The recoil of the gun at each discharge is utilised in bringing

forward the next cartridge, forcing it into position, cocking the hammer and pulling the trigger, so that the gun when once set going is automatic. If its attendant were killed in action, the weapon would in fact go on firing its complement of cartridges until the last one was expended. The rate of discharge can be regulated from once a minute to the astonishing maximum of six hundred per minute. The same system of belt-feeding has been applied by Mr Maxim to ordinary rifles fired from the shoulder; and it is probable that the attention of our War authorities will be called to the matter.

How few of us realise the fact that there are among the sixty-three hitherto known elements of which this world is composed, no fewer than fifty metals. A large number of these are so rare that they cannot be said to have much importance; but frequently the so-called rare metals are, as knowledge advances, stepping over the boundary-line which separates them from metals having a commercial value. Of these, aluminium and magnesium hold a foremost place. But now another metal, iridium, often found associated with platinum and gold, is coming into use. (Possession of or dealing with iridium has hitherto been forbidden by Russian law, because it was found that gold was adulterated with it. When gold so treated was afterwards worked at the Mint, the individual particles of iridium indented the rollers, played havoc with the machinery generally, and entailed great loss on the government.) It was discovered a few years ago that this hard and intractable metal can be readily fused by the addition of phosphorus, the resulting material retaining all the hardness of the original metal. Hitherto, iridium has been used almost solely for pen-points. There are now, however, many uses found for it, among which we may mention draw-plates for wire, the wearing parts of various philosophical instruments, and contact-points for telegraphic apparatus.

An improvement in the art of glass-blowing has been introduced at the works of Messrs Appert, at Clichy, of which it may be said that it is remarkable that it was not adopted many years ago. Glass-blowers are by reason of their occupation subject to various diseases of the lips and cheeks, while the hot atmosphere in which they are compelled to work renders their frames peculiarly liable to other disorders. Instead of using the breath from the lungs to distend the bubble of molten glass, Messrs Appert have adopted the method of storing air under pressure for that purpose. The results are satisfactory in every way. The workman's health is greatly improved, and so is the quality of his work, while the rapidity of production is naturally much increased.

The prerogation of parliament means not only the release from work of the members thereof, but is also a welcome relief to that class of newspaper readers who care little for acrimonious debate. During the recess, space is found for much interesting matter that would otherwise be lost, and those with hobbies, useful and otherwise, have opportunity for airing their knowledge and their grievances. For instance, we usually find in the newspapers many interesting letters on natural history; and the doings of particular

birds, beasts, and fishes form the subject of much curious correspondence. The old question whether the ubiquitous sparrow is the friend or foe of the farmer has once more been raised. The evidence on this point is very conflicting, and leads one to assume that the sparrow is mischievous or useful according to local circumstances. One correspondent calls to mind a curious collection of the contents of the crops of various birds which was shown by a Frenchman at the Great Exhibition of 1851. This exhibit clearly showed that the bulk of the food was insectivorous, the grain being a minimum. On the other side of the discussion, we may refer to a paper lately read at a Farmers' Club in Chester in which it was alleged that sparrows' crops had been found with an alarming amount of wheat in them, and operations for reducing the numbers of the feathered pillagers were advocated. Still, the evil may be counterbalanced by the good.

It has lately been proved by direct experiment at Marseilles that the lower animals can be inoculated with the virus of cholera obtained from a human patient, and that death ensues with the same symptoms as are exhibited by mankind. It is believed that this fact will offer a sure method of diagnosing a case of true cholera, a guinea-pig or a dog serving as a necessary victim. Another curious observation has been made respecting this dread disease. The gastric juice and the bile tend to act as destroyers of the microbes. These secretions are most abundantly brought to bear during a meal, but hardly at all when liquid nourishment alone is taken into the stomach. It would therefore appear that there is much less risk in drinking contaminated water with food, than if it were merely taken alone to quench the thirst.

Mr James M. Share, R.N., sends us from South Africa a description of a leak-stopper which he has invented, and which, from its simplicity and cheapness, should command the attention of ship-owners. It is founded on the old system of hanging a sail over a ship's side to stop the inrush of water when from a collision or other cause a ship's side suffers injury. Mr Share's stopper consists of a strong canvas sheet rolled up upon an iron stove-pipe. By suitable gearing, the contrivance can be dropped overboard in any required place, when the sheet unrolls and covers the leaky place. It will therefore be seen that the invention aims at doing in a ready and workman-like manner that which has been done in haphazard fashion from time immemorial. We have particular pleasure in calling attention to this invention from the circumstance that its contriver does not intend to patent it, but offers it freely as a useful contribution to the means of saving life at sea.

An English firm has patented an ingenious invention for the better control of level-crossing gates on railways. The gates will be worked by manual labour in the signal-box. These gates, which are of light iron instead of the old-fashioned heavy wood, are closed and opened by means of rods and chains working on wheels connected with the back stile of the gate. These wheels are covered in with cast-iron 'wells' or 'boxes,' and part of the top of these is movable, permitting free and easy access to the underground workings. The rods are protected by channels of wood, iron, or brick.

The capabilities of bicycles and tricycles must be reckoned among the wonders of the age. Lately, the distance between London and Edinburgh was covered in three days by a tricycle rider. This feat was surpassed a week later by another traveller, who accomplished the four hundred miles in two days and nine hours, considerably more than half the distance being travelled in the first twenty-four hours. A medical writer in the *Lancet* warns all 'cycle' riders to beware of large wheels which are accompanied by small saddles. He says that unless a good-sized seat is provided, serious evils may result.

The second trial of the new French balloon, which, on its first ascent, is reported to have travelled several miles against the wind in a predetermined direction, seems to have been a failure. In the meantime, a Russian aeronaut is constructing a balloon at St Petersburg which is shaped like a cigar, is to carry sails, and will hold a steam-engine, a crew of sixteen men, and a huge amount of ballast. Its contriver reckons upon a speed of one hundred and sixty miles per hour. We shall be curious to learn how this new machine behaves itself.

The 'Refuse Destructor' is the name of a very useful furnace recently invented by Mr Stafford, the borough engineer of Burnley, which has been doing such efficient work in consuming street and other refuse by fire that it promises to be extensively adopted in other towns. Street sweepings, the offal from slaughter-houses and fishmongers' shops, and unpleasant matter of all kinds treated in this furnace are rendered not only harmless; but are converted into a residuum which can be utilised for mixing with mortar and for other purposes. Hence the machine can be made almost self-supporting. The erection of the plant at Burnley cost only one hundred pounds; but here there happened to be an idle chimney-stalk, so that there was no need to build one for the purpose. At Richmond, Surrey, a furnace on the same principle is in course of erection, and this will probably form a model for other metropolitan suburbs.

In New York, a Company—called the New York Steam Company—is supplying light, heat, and power to a large section of the city. One building alone has steam furnished to it by means of a six-inch pipe. With this supply it runs its elevators and works dynamo-machines for eighteen hundred electric lights, the surplus steam being utilised for heating purposes. The business of the Company is steadily increasing, and it is believed that in another year many of the leading thoroughfares in New York will be heated and lighted by its agency.

Recent experiments by Dr B. W. Richardson have demonstrated that the killing of animals can be accomplished without any pain whatever, and the suggestion that all slaughter-houses should be provided with the means of accomplishing this must be supported by all humane persons. At first it was believed that the desired end could be gained by employing an electric current, and certain accidents which have occurred within the last few years in connection with electric-lighting machinery will serve to remind us that electricity can be made a most effective life-destroyer. But electric apparatus is too

cumbrous and costly as well as too dangerous to intrust to unskilled hands. The recent experiments point to carbonic oxide and chloroform as being the best agents for the purpose in view.

An electric lighthouse has recently been erected on the island of Raza, at the entrance of the Bay of Rio Janeiro. The lighthouse stands upon a rock two hundred and thirty feet above the sea, and the building itself is eighty-five feet high. The light is thus three hundred and fifteen feet above the sea. The electric current is produced by a continuous current Gramme machine, working at the rate of seven hundred revolutions, and feeding a light of two thousand candle-power. The Gramme machine is worked by a stationary surface-condensing steam-engine, this arrangement being occasioned by want of fresh water. To provide for accidents, an oil-lamp is always kept in readiness, and the whole of the engine fittings are very cleverly made double in case of a breakage. The light is revolving, and has two white disks and one red one, succeeding one another at certain intervals, and is said to be visible at thirty-five miles.

Last month we referred to an exhibition of insects injurious to plant-life in connection with a flower-show at Frome. It seems that this town must now divide the honour of such an exhibit with Portobello, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where two glass cases were displayed at the local flower-show lately, containing specimens of various insects injurious to plants and flowers. A prize was awarded to the exhibitor who had with praiseworthy diligence collected and shown more than fifty specimens of such insects.

In the month of August, a grilse measuring fourteen inches in length was taken from the Scottish salmon-rearing pond at Howietoun. This and many others in the pond were raised from the ova and milt of salmon taken from the river Teith in December 1880. The specimen was a female, with the ova well advanced. This, according to Mr Francis Day, solves the question that our salmon may not only be reared in a healthy state in suitable ponds of fresh water, but also, if properly cared for, will breed without descending to the sea. Last year, the milt of the parrs (young of the salmon) from this pond was successfully used for breeding purposes.

Every invention or improvement calculated to alleviate human suffering is deserving of our approbation, and should be widely made known. As it is well known that smallpox and contagious fevers are often communicated during the conveyance of patients even in properly constructed ambulances through the streets to the fever hospitals, it has occurred to Dr Gayton, Senior Medical Officer of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, to substitute for the present open glass or wooden louver shutters adopted in these carriages, a double layer of perforated metal, inclosing an absorbent material saturated with a 'germicide' or destroyer of the minute microscopical particles which tend to propagate disease. Fresh air is admitted through modified and improved 'Tobin' ventilators of a horn-shape, with the large end opening externally; whilst the smaller extremity is provided, inside

the van, with a disinfecting air-chamber, constructed like those attached to the other apertures or windows. It is gratifying to know that these improved ambulances are in use by the Metropolitan Asylums Board in conveying patients to their different hospitals both ashore and afloat.

Another clever invention for saving life and limb has been brought out by Mr. J. Lindley, of the Clifton and Kearsley collieries, to prevent accidents from the breaking of the winding-rope when raising or lowering a cage full of miners. This consists in connecting the lower ends of the top rods to a pair of levers mounted on each side of the cage, the other end of the levers being forked and connected to opposite ends of a pair of links which are fastened to the ordinary wooden or iron guide-rods. As soon as the cage is released by the breaking of the rope, the inner arms of the levers rise and force the links together. The inner side of the forks being provided with wedge projections, which come in contact with similar projections on the sides of the links, the cage remains suspended, wedged fast to the guide-rods, instead of being hurled to the bottom, to the probable destruction of its unfortunate occupants. This useful invention should be at once adopted in every colliery and mine in the kingdom, for as a 'life-saving' apparatus it certainly admits of no doubt.

VACCINATION.

The following communication from a medical man connected with the Smallpox Ambulance Service of London will be welcomed by all who are interested in the subject of vaccination.

"Having read," says the doctor, "with interest the article on 'Vaccination' in your *Journal* of September 20, and being brought much in contact with smallpox—about three thousand cases having passed through my hands during the last few months—I hope you will allow me to offer a few remarks on some of the points treated of in your *Journal*.

The question of the relative protection of calf lymph and of humanised lymph is, as you say, not settled. One of the principal authorities of the present time on smallpox strongly disapproves of calf lymph, and I have been told by others connected with smallpox hospitals that they had known smallpox develop in persons recently vaccinated with calf lymph.

The experiments on animals with cholera bacilli recently described in the medical papers seem to show that the infecting agent, whether it be the bacilli or a *materia morbi* transported by them, undergoes very important changes by being "cultivated" in the system of animals of a different species from those from which it was first taken.

With respect to the possibility of transmitting certain constitutional diseases by vaccine lymph, I may mention that an eminent authority on smallpox tried to inoculate himself with lymph from diseased children, and came to the conclusion that it is possible, but so difficult, that in practice this risk may be excluded.

With regard to the possibility of infants escaping registration, and consequently vaccina-

tion, I have found that the number of unvaccinated persons who come under my care is so small that we may look on the system for securing vaccination of infants as practically nearly perfect, so far as London is concerned.

The protection given by vaccination is not absolutely complete. Persons exposed to smallpox in small rooms, where the doors and windows are rarely open, and the poison is undiluted by abundance of fresh air, contract smallpox whether vaccinated or not. The severity of the disease in the two cases differs, however, so greatly as to establish without doubt the value of vaccination. On the other hand, practical immunity against smallpox is given by comparatively recent vaccination or re-vaccination, when the patient is surrounded by plenty of fresh air, and proper attention is given to cleanliness of the patient's person and clothing; and amongst the hundreds of persons employed in the metropolitan smallpox hospitals, a case of death from smallpox, when re-vaccination has been successfully performed, is unknown.

NO TEARS.

'No tears to weep!' And wherefore not?

Say, is thy sorrow such?

And has thy heart no tender spot

That sympathy may touch?

Can no kind word unlock the springs,

And give thy tears their flow?

Are human woes such selfish things,

That none their depths may know?

'No tears to weep!' Nay, speak not thus,

For tears can bring relief,

And God has sent them unto us

To wash away our grief.

When earthly sorrow, pain, and care,

Our souls in sadness steep,

We pray to Him who heareth prayer,

To send us tears to weep.

'Tis true the world is sometimes dark

With gloomy clouds that rise,

And trembling Hope, with waning spark,

Fades faintly out—and dies!

But when some heavenly vision fair

Steals o'er us in our sleep,

We wake with joy to feel that there—

There are no tears to weep.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

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HOW THE WEATHER IS MADE AND FORECAST.

In the minds of foreigners, it is held to be one of the many peculiarities of the people of these islands that so much of their casual conversation consists of remarks on the weather. The national temperament is often held to be responsible for this failing; but some of the blame must no doubt be laid at the door of the weather itself. Our climate presents such a record of change and uncertainty, that we need not wonder if it is always in our minds, and the first subject on our lips when we meet a friend. Other lands may have their cold and hot, dry and rainy periods, that come round in the proper order year after year with unvarying monotony; but with us it may be said of the weather, that we rarely know what a day or an hour may bring forth. Even the seasons seem occasionally to be independent of any necessity of visiting us at the particular time of the year at which we have been taught to expect them. Spring weather in November, or a winter temperature in July, or a November fog in the merry month of May, all seem to be amongst the possibilities of our climate.

Happily, our meteorologists are at length beginning to define with growing clearness and confidence the laws which underlie and regulate the complicated and ever varying phenomena which we call the weather, and many of these laws, like most natural laws, are beautiful in their simplicity. Although 'weather wisdom' is as old as history itself, the science of the weather or meteorology is a growth of the last few years. The weather wisdom of our forefathers may in the light of present knowledge be divided into sense and nonsense. Under the nonsense may be included not only such proverbs as that which attributed to St Swithin's day and certain other times and seasons, occult influences over the weather, but most of the information of the old almanacs, which used to ascribe the character of the weather to the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies and the age

and changes of the moon. The prevalence of the belief that the weather was regulated by such influences, can only be accounted for by the well-known love of the human mind for the wonderful and inexplicable. Much of the old weather lore, however, had a large element of truth in it, and was the result of the collective experience of many generations, which had found that certain phenomena were generally followed by certain conditions of weather. The saying, that a rosy sky in the morning presages rainy weather, and the same appearance in the evening, fine weather, was current weather lore before the Christian era, and is recognised as being, in a certain sense, true at the present day. Amongst sailors, farmers, shepherds, and such like, weather maxims, the result of observation and experience, have always been current, and the value of many of these is now recognised and explained by science.

The first step towards acquiring an insight into the causes which control our weather is a study of the laws which regulate the flow and changes of the winds in these islands. The air is the great medium in which all the changes of weather are elaborated. We live at the bottom of a great ocean of air, which extends for many miles upwards, and which is always heaving and changing, like the other ocean which it covers. The winds, which are the ever-changing currents which flow through this invisible sea, are, roughly speaking, the principal factors in the making of the weather. Many of us know very well the general character of the weather which accompanies the wind from the principal points of the compass, that which comes from the moist warm south-west, for instance; or with the blustering, shower-bringing north-wester; or with the harsh, dry, east wind in spring; but to most of us the wind itself 'bloweth where it listeth.' The movements of the air and changes of the wind are, however, subject to laws, a knowledge of which is in some degree necessary before we can understand how our weather is made for us.

A simple definition of the wind which we ordinarily experience is that it is air obeying the force of gravity, in seeking to return to an equilibrium which has been disturbed. By the aid of the barometer we are able to form some idea of what is constantly taking place in the great ocean above us. The principle upon which this simple and useful instrument is constructed is easily understood. The air presses downwards upon the earth's surface with a weight averaging nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch. If a portion of the surface of any fluid is relieved from this pressure by inverting over it a tube exhausted of air, the weight of the air upon the surface outside will force the fluid up into the tube until the weight of the column counterbalances the pressure which the air would exercise upon the amount of surface covered by the mouth of the tube. A column of mercury in such a case will rise in an air-exhausted tube to a height of about thirty inches; while water, from its lighter specific gravity, rises to a height of about thirty-four feet before it counterbalances the weight of the air above. The depth, and consequently the pressure, of the air overhead is, however, constantly varying within certain limits; and the column of mercury in the barometer enables us to keep a faithful record of the movements of the waves of air in the great ocean under which we live. At times, the depth of air above us is comparatively shallow, and the pressure beneath is lessened; the column of mercury is not raised so high, and the barometer is said to fall. At other times, the air is heaped up in particular places; the pressure beneath is increased, and the barometer is said to rise. In stormy weather, the column of water in a water-barometer where the scale is very large may be seen to pulsate with every change of pressure from the air-waves at the surface.

The winds are nothing more than the rush of air from the regions of high pressure to fill up the spaces where low pressure prevails. Thus, if the column of mercury should stand 28.6 inches high at London, with a gradual rise as we travelled northward, until the barometer-reading was 29 inches at Edinburgh at the same time, this would indicate that a region of depression existed over the former place, and we should expect a rush of air in the form of wind blowing upon London from the north.

When the barometrical readings taken simultaneously at stations distributed over a wide area are compared, the distribution of atmospheric pressure can be ascertained, and it is possible to tell from this the force and direction of the winds prevailing within this area, and generally also the weather which is likely to be experienced. The greater the inequality of pressure, the greater will be the rush of air to the centre of depression, and the stronger will be the wind. The wind, however, does not flow in a straight line from a region of high to a region of low pressure. The surrounding air from all quarters has a tendency to flow in, and, as with water, which rushes to the centre of a funnel when it is flowing out at the bottom, a gyratory movement is the result. The wind blows round a centre of depression in

this way, always curving inward towards the centre; and in the northern hemisphere, this gyratory movement of the wind is always in a direction against the hands of a watch, while the contrary is the case in the southern hemisphere. These principles of the relation of the winds to atmospheric pressure hold good without exception over all the world. They were first definitively stated in America twenty-five years ago; but Professor Buys Ballot of Utrecht first drew attention to them in Europe, and the law expressing them is now generally recognised as Buys Ballot's law.

In ordinary circumstances in our latitude, the winds are generally regulated by the differences in pressure induced by contrasts between continents and oceans. Where the air becomes heated, an area of low pressure is produced, the warm air becoming rarefied and ascending, and the heavier cold air rushing in from the sides to supply its place. In winter, the weather over these islands is controlled to a great extent by the winds which sweep round a large area of depression which exists over the Atlantic, the mean centre of which is about midway between the continents of Europe and America, in the latitude of the Orkney Islands. This depression is the result of the contrast produced between the comparatively warm air over this portion of the Atlantic and the much colder air over the northern portion of Europe and America, which is continually flowing in to supply the place of the lighter and constantly ascending warm air. The winds sweeping round this centre strike our shores from the south-west. This depression is not stationary, but is continually shifting over a large but well-defined area, and it gives rise to many subsidiary eddies, or small cyclone systems as they are called, which sometimes skirt our coasts, or travel over these islands, bringing with them the storms of wind and rain and sudden changes of the wind with which we are familiar. In spring, the prevailing winds from the east and north-east, so much dreaded by many, are the result of a large cyclonic system formed by the sudden increase of temperature over middle and southern Europe, as the sun's rays gain strength and the days lengthen. The temperature is not yet sufficiently high to bring in the air from off the Atlantic, as happens when the season is further advanced, so that the cold air rushes in from the polar regions in a huge eddy, striking our coasts from the east and north-east, and bringing in its train all the attendant miseries which make our English spring a time to be dreaded by the weak and ailing.

A knowledge of the general principles which direct the flow of our prevailing winds is, however, only of general assistance in enabling us to forecast the weather which we experience in these islands. This is governed and produced to a great extent by the development of subsidiary centres of depression in and between the great cyclonic systems. These generally approach our shores from the west, travelling in a north-easterly direction; and they are responsible for most of the variable weather with which we are so familiar. They generally carry with them a certain well-defined course of weather. The readings of the barometer taken simultaneously at many places over a wide area on a system such as that

now controlled by the Meteorological Office, enables us to determine the approach and development of these small cyclonic systems, and so to forecast with a certain degree of confidence the weather likely to be experienced in a certain district from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance. Most of the disturbing influences reach us from the west; and as the west coast of Ireland is the extreme limit to which our stations reach in that direction, we can receive only very short notice of their approach. This is one of the principal reasons why, with the means at present at our disposal, we cannot expect to make our weather science as perfect as in a country such as America, where the central office receives warnings from stations dispersed over the face of a vast continent. Nevertheless, we have made great advances since 1861, when the first weather forecasts were prepared and issued in this country by the Board of Trade, under the superintendence of the late Admiral Fitzroy. The forecasts at that time, although admitted to be of considerable utility to the country, were thought to be scarcely accurate enough to justify their continuance upon the system then in operation, and they were discontinued in 1866.

In the following year, the Meteorological Office was constituted upon its present footing, and the daily publication of forecasts has continued down to the present. Considering that—judging from the forecasts published daily in the newspapers—the chances of a successful forecast are on the average about seventy-nine per cent. for ordinary weather, while the percentage of successes is slightly higher in the case of storm warnings, it is evident that the Meteorological Office is capable of rendering important service to the community at large. Every morning, the central office in London receives telegraphic reports from fifty-three stations. It also receives thirteen reports every afternoon, and nineteen each evening. Besides the numerous well-placed observation stations in the British Islands, there are twenty-three foreign reporting stations, extending along the entire western coast of Europe, from which information is received, in accordance with arrangements made with the meteorological organisations in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, and France. The morning observations are made at all the British stations at eight A.M. Greenwich time, and are transmitted direct to the Meteorological Office, where they are received between nine and ten o'clock. Thus are given the barometrical and thermometrical readings at the various stations at eight A.M.; the direction and force of the wind, and the state of the weather, together with any changes of importance which may have been noticed in the course of the preceding day. From these reports, weather charts are made out, forecasts of the weather are prepared and issued to the evening papers in London and the provinces; and a telegraphic résumé of the weather, or, if necessary, intelligence of storms, is despatched to various points on our coasts and to foreign countries. The forecasts for the morning daily papers are issued at half-past eight A.M. on the previous evening. They are prepared from reports received from twenty-six home and six foreign stations; but although these are the most widely distributed and read of any issued from the office,

they are much less complete than the eight A.M. forecasts.

The *Times* publishes every morning with the forecasts the weather chart issued by the department. This chart shows the condition and movements of the atmosphere over the British Isles and the vicinity; the distribution of pressure; the temperature, state of the sea, and the force and direction of the winds blowing within the area at six P.M. on the previous day.

The familiar dotted lines termed isobars, which are such a feature in weather maps of this sort, are lines at all places along which the barometer stands at the same height. Except where their regularity is broken by the existence of subsidiary disturbances, these lines extend in gradually widening circles around a centre of depression, the barometer always standing highest along the outside curve, and gradually and regularly falling towards the centre; so that if we could view our atmosphere from above one of these centres of depression, we would see a deep hollow, with sides sloping downwards to the centre, towards which the revolving air was being gradually indrawn, like water in an eddy.

At intervals, we receive warning across the Atlantic, from the *New York Herald* weather bureau, respecting storms which are crossing the Atlantic towards our coasts, and which are often described as 'likely to develop dangerous energy' on their way. Although many of those warnings are subsequently justified, or partially justified, it must not be supposed that these are storms which have left the American continent on their way to us, and that it has been possible to calculate their course across the Atlantic and predict the time of arrival upon our coasts. Mr Clement Ley, Inspector to the Meteorological Council, tells us that it is not yet satisfactorily shown that storms cross the Atlantic from America, and he presumes that arrangements must be effected by which the logs of passing steamers may be consulted in America as to the character of the weather experienced in crossing from this country; and from the information received in this manner, it is possible to arrive at conclusions respecting the direction and character of storms travelling towards this side of the Atlantic, and to anticipate their arrival by telegraph, the warning being flashed beneath the ocean in time to reach us long before the storm itself.

The variety and complexity of the phenomena which have to pass under careful observation render the science of the weather an exceedingly difficult one to study, more especially as, up to the present, we have done little more than master its fundamental principles. The time ought not, however, to be far distant when we shall have the means at our disposal to enable us to forecast the weather with a nearer approach to certainty than we can attain at present. The results already obtained by the Meteorological Office are certainly encouraging, and it must be remembered that, in attempting to forecast the weather in this country, it labours under two serious disadvantages. The first is our geographical position, which at present precludes us from obtaining any but the shortest notice of weather approaching from the west—the point from which most of our weather comes. The other drawback is of a pecuniary nature, and it is to be regretted

that it prevents us from testing to the full limit the usefulness of the Meteorological Office. It may be argued that, in this country, storms are seldom so sudden or disastrous as to justify us in maintaining at a very much larger outlay an organisation which would enable us to be warned of their approach. It is, however, only necessary to take into account the enormous losses in life and property occasioned every year by the weather in shipwreck alone, in order to appreciate what might be the value to the nation of a properly organised system of weather science, did it only succeed in reducing, even by a small percentage, the annual number of wrecks on our coasts.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER LIV.—POOR COMFORT.

MADGE awakened from the reverie into which she had fallen, to find Aunt Hussy's kind eyes resting on her inquiringly and with a shade of sorrow in them. She, however, instantly awoke, brightened and spoke with cheerful confidence, although there was a certain note of timidity in her voice indicating that she had not yet quite recovered from the effects of the scene in her bedroom.

'You see, aunt, how wickedly Philip has been deceived, and that I was right to trust Mr Shield.'

'Yes, but—Mr Beecham?'

Madge's cheeks flushed, the smile disappeared, and the head was lifted with something like impatience. It seemed as if the pronunciation of Beecham's name in that questioning tone revealed to her the full significance of Wrentham's insinuations—that she was not acting fairly to Philip.

'I have told you, aunt, that he is Mr Shield's friend, and that he is doing everything that can be done to help Philip out of his difficulties. You cannot doubt that whatever I may do is for the same object.'

'Ah, child, I never doubted thee. My doubt is that whilst desiring to do right thou may'st have done wrong in giving the trust to a stranger thou'rt afraid to give to those that love thee.'

'Mr Beecham will himself tell you before the week is out that he gave me such proofs of his friendship as would have satisfied even you.'

'Well, well, we shall say no more, child, till the time comes; but never expect Goodman Dick to be patient with what he thinks unreasonable. See what a handle this rogue Wrentham—I always felt that he was a rogue—has made of thy name to help him in cheating and ban-boozling Philip! Take my word, we may turn our toes barely an inch from the straight path at starting, but we'll find ourselves miles from it ere the end if we do not make a quick halt and go back.'

'I have only held my tongue,' said the girl quietly enough, but the feeling of offended innocence was there.

'Holding the tongue when one should speak out is as bad as telling a book of lies—worse, for we don't know how to deal with it.'

'I should be less sorry for vexing you, aunt,' said the niece, 'if I did not know that by-and-by you will be sorry for having been vexed with me.'

'So be it.—But now let us finish clearing up the room, and we'll get the bedstead down in the morning. Dr Joy says that Mr Hadleigh is not nearly so much hurt as was thought at first, and that they may be able to move him in a day or two.'

When the arrangements for turning the sitting-room into a bedroom had been completed—and there were nice details to be attended to in the operation, which the dame would intrust to no other hands than her own and her niece's—Madge went in search of Pansy.

Her sudden appearance in the kitchen interrupted the boisterous mirth which was going forward. When she inquired for Pansy Culver, there was an abashed look on the faces of those who had permitted the girl to go without inquiring whither; but Jenny Wodrow answered saucily:

'She got into a state when I was talking about Caleb Kersey, and slipped out before any of us could say Jack Robinson.'

The silent reproof in the expression of Madge's tender eyes had its effect even on this self-assertive damsel. Jerry Mogridge hobbled up to his young mistress.

'I'll find her for you, Missy,' he said cheerily, for he was in the happy state of mind of one who has enjoyed a good meal and knows that there is a good sleep lying between him and the next day's toil.

They went out to the yard, and Jerry, opening the door of the dairy, thrust his head into the darkness with the invocation: 'Come out or here, Pansy Culver; what are you doing there? Missy wants you.' There was no answer, and after groping his way amidst cans and pails standing ready for the morning's milk, he returned muttering: 'She ain't there anyhow. I'll get the lantern, Missy, and we'll soon find her, so being as she ha'n't gone to her father's.'

Whilst Jerry went for the lantern, the moon began to light the snow-covered ground, and Madge discovered Pansy in the doorway of the stable. She was leaning against the door as if support were necessary to save her from falling. Madge put her arm round the girl, and drawing her out from the shadows into the moonlight, saw that the face was white as the snow at their feet, and felt that the form was shivering with agitation more than with cold.

'I knew it would upset you, Pansy; and intended to tell you myself, but wanted to do it when we were alone.'

'It doesn't matter, Missy,' answered the girl through her chattering teeth; 'but thank you kindly. There's no help for it now. I've been the ruin of him, and standing out here, I've seen how wicked and cruel I've been to him. I knew what he was thinking about, and I might have told him not to think of it—but I liked him—I like him, and I wish they would take me in his place. They ought to take me, for it was me that drove him to it.'

'Hush, hush, Pansy,' said Madge with gentle firmness; 'Caleb is innocent, and will be free in a few days. It was only some foolish business

he had with Countts Hadleigh which brought him under suspicion.'

'Yes, yes, but it was about me that he went to speak to Mr Countts—and Mr Countts never said anything to me that a gentleman might not say. Only he was very kind—very kind, and I came to think of him, and—and—it was all me—all me! And you, though you didn't mean it, showed me how wrong it was, and I went away. And if Caleb had only waited, maybe—maybe. . . I don't know right what I am saying; but I would have come to myself, and have tried to make him happy.'

This hysterical cry showed the best and the worst sides of the girl's character. For a brief space she had yielded to the vanity of her sex, which accepts the commonplaces of gallantry as special tributes to the individual, and so had misinterpreted the attentions which Countts would have paid to any pretty girl who came in his way. She had been rudely startled from her folly, and was now paying bitter penance for it. She took to herself all the blame of Caleb's guilt, and insisted that she should be in jail, not him.

Madge allowed her feelings to have full vent, and then was able to comfort her with the reiterated assurance of Caleb's innocence, which would be speedily proved.

The fit being over, Pansy showed herself to be a sensible being, and listened attentively to the kindly counsel of her friend. She agreed to follow her original plan, namely, to see her father in the morning and then return to Camberwell to devote her whole energies to the task of reclaiming her grandfather from his foolish ways and bringing him out to Ringsford. Madge was certain that this occupation would prove the best antidote to all Pansy's unhappy thoughts and self-reproaches. Meanwhile it was arranged that Pansy should not have Jenny Wodrow for her bedfellow.

Affairs at the farm had gone on uncomfortably from the moment Dick Crawshaw expressed displeasure with his niece. She made what advances she could towards reconciliation; but she did not yet offer any explanation. He was obliged to accept her customary service as secretary; but it was evident that he would have liked to dispense with it. Neither his appetite nor his slumbers were disturbed, however; and he slept soundly through the night whilst the fire was raging at the Manor. It was not until the wain with its load of milk-cans had started for the station that he heard from Jerry Mogridge the report of what had occurred.

Then yeoman Dick mounted his horse and rode at full speed to Ringsford to offer what help it might be in his power to render, grumbling at himself all the way for not having been sooner aware of his neighbour's danger. Finding Mr Hadleigh in the gardener's cottage, where there was want of space and convenience, the farmer with impetuous hospitality invited the whole family to Willowmere. The invalid could not be removed until the doctor gave permission; but Caroline and Bertha were at once escorted to the farm. Miss Hadleigh remained at the cottage to assist the housekeeper in nursing her father; she was moved to do so by a sense of duty as

well as by the knowledge that Alfred Crowell would come out as soon as he heard of the disaster, and he would expect to find her there.

In the bustle and excitement of the first part of the day there was only one person who thought much about Philip and of the effect this new calamity might have upon him in his present state. As the afternoon advanced, everybody was wondering why he neither came nor sent any message. The arrival of Pansy relieved Madge on this and other points; and she was happily spared for that night the pain of learning that Philip did visit the gardener's cottage without calling at Willowmere.

Postman Zachy delivered two welcome letters in the cold gray light of the winter morning. Both were from Austin Shield—one for Mrs Crawshaw, the other for Madge. The first simply stated that his old friend might expect to see him in a few days, and that he believed she would have reason to give him the kindly greeting which he knew she would like to give him. The second was longer and contained important information.

'Be patient and trust me still,' it said. 'You have fixed the week as the limit of your silence: before the time is out I shall be at Willowmere. Philip has acted in every way as I would have him act under the circumstances, except in the extreme mercy which he extends to the man Wrentham; but he pleads that it is for the sake of the poor lady and child whose happiness depends on the rascal, and I have been obliged to yield. At the last moment Wrentham attempted to escape, and would have succeeded but for the cleverness of the detective, Sergeant Dier.'

'Be patient, and have courage till we meet again.'

'Be patient—have courage:' excellent phrases and oftentimes helpful; but was there ever any one who at a crisis in life has found the words alone satisfactory? They by no means relieved Madge of all uneasiness, although she accepted them as a token that her suspense would soon be at an end. In one respect she was keenly disappointed: there was not a hint that the proofs she had given Mr Shield of Mr Hadleigh's innocence of any complicity in his misfortunes had been yet acknowledged to be complete. Had that been done, Philip would have forgotten half his worries. Mr Shield was aware of that—he must be aware of it, and yet he was silent. She could not help thinking that there was some truth in Mr Hadleigh's view of the eccentricity of his character.

THE NEW MEDIEVAL ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ONE of the rooms at the British Museum, left vacant by the removal of the Natural History Collection to South Kensington, has lately been re-opened, under the title of the Medieval Room, with a collection of curious objects, many of which possess strong personal as well as antiquarian interest. The articles shown range from the twelfth century downwards. Some of them have already been on exhibition in another part of the building; but the majority are now publicly

shown for the first time. The various items have been carefully arranged and labelled by Messrs Franks and Read, the curators of the Ethnological Department, the fullness of the appended descriptions more than compensating for the temporary lack of a catalogue.

Among the curiosities of more modern date is a silver-mounted punch-bowl of Inveraray marble, formerly the property of the poet Burns, and presented by his widow to Alexander Cunningham. Not far distant rests the Lochbuy brooch, a massive ornament four inches in diameter, said to date from about the year 1500, and to have been fashioned out of silver found on the estate of Lochbuy, in Mull. Its centre is a large crystal, surrounded by upright collets bearing pearls of considerable size. It was long preserved as a sort of heirloom in the Lochbuy family, but passed out of it by the marriage of a female representative, and in course of time became part of the Bernal Collection, whence it was acquired by the British Museum. Hard by it is a handsomely carved casket, made of the wood of Shakspeare's mulberry tree, and presented in 1769, with the freedom of the town of Stratford-on-Avon, to David Garrick. The majority of the exhibits, however, belong to very much earlier periods. There is a choice display of horn and tortoiseshell snuff and tobacco boxes, two of the latter—duplicates, save in some unimportant particulars—bearing the arms of Sir Francis Drake, and the representation of a ship in full sail. We are told that boxes of this same pattern are frequently offered to collectors as having been the personal property of the great admiral; but an inscription on one of the specimens here exhibited shows that they were actually made by one John Obriset in 1712.

An ordinary-looking piece of rock-crystal in one of the cases claims to be the veritable 'show-stone' or divining crystal of Dr Dee, the celebrated astrologer and alchemist of Queen Elizabeth's time. Dee's own account of the origin of the show-stone was as follows. He declared that one day in November 1582, while he was engaged in prayer, the angel Uriel appeared to him and presented him with a magic crystal, which had the quality, when steadfastly gazed into, of presenting visions, and even of producing articulate sounds. These sights and sounds, however, were only perceptible to a person endowed with the proper mediumistic faculty. This the doctor himself unfortunately lacked; but such a person was soon found in one Edward Kelly, who was engaged as the doctor's assistant, and produced 'revelations' with Joseph-Smith-like facility. Indeed, his revelations had more than one point in common with those of the Mormon apostle, for it is recorded that on one occasion he received a divine command that he and the doctor should exchange wives, which edifying little family arrangement was actually carried out, with much parade of prayer and religious

ceremonial. It seems probable that Dee really believed in the manifestations, and was himself the dupe of his unscrupulous associate. Kelly was accustomed to describe what he saw and heard in the magic crystal, and Dr Dee took notes of the mystic revelations. These notes were, in 1659, collected and published in a folio volume by Dr Meric Casaubon, an eminent scholar of that day, who appears to have believed that the revelations were really the work of spirits, though of doubtful character. From these notes it would appear that Dee was possessed of two, if not more, divining crystals of various sizes. After his death, a stone, said to be one of these, came into the possession of the Earl of Peterborough, and thence into that of Lady Elizabeth Germaine. It subsequently fell into the hands of the then head of the House of Argyll, by whose son, Lord Frederick Campbell, it was presented to Horace Walpole. For many years it formed part of the Strawberry Hill Collection, and there was appended to the leather case in which it was contained a manuscript note, in Walpole's own handwriting, describing it as 'the black stone into which Dr Dee used to call his spirits,' and recording the above facts respecting it. On the dispersion of the Strawberry Hill Collection in 1842, the stone in question is said to have been purchased, at the price of thirteen pounds, by Mr Smythe Pigott; and at the sale of that gentleman's library in 1853, to have passed into the hands of Lord Londesborough. As to the later history of this particular stone, we have no information; but it is clearly not identical with the one in the British Museum. Horace Walpole's is described as being a 'black stone.' Others add that it was in shape a flat disk, with a loop or handle, and it is generally believed to have been a highly polished piece of cannel coal. The one in the British Museum more nearly resembles the descriptions given of Lady Blessington's crystal, employed for a similar purpose by Lieutenant Morrison, the Zadkiel of 'almanac' celebrity. It is a ball, about two inches in diameter, of rather dark rock-crystal, and, as Mr Read informs us, has been in the possession of the British Museum for nearly a century. Assuming, however, that, as stated in Casaubon's notes, Dr Dee used two or more magic specula, this may of course have been one of them.

This mystic crystal is appropriately flanked by a collection of oriental talismans, some in metal, for suspension from the neck; others of agate or chalcedony, engraved with charms and cabalistic signs, for reproduction on wax or parchment. Here also are a couple of bezoar stones, formerly much esteemed as possessing occult medical virtues, particularly as an antidote to poison. The genuine bezoar stone is a calculus found in the stomach of the goat or antelope. The specimens here shown are artificial, being compounded from a recipe in the possession of Sir Hans Sloane. They claim, however, to have all the virtues of the genuine article, which we think extremely probable! They have a peculiar aromatic smell, which probably assisted the belief in their hygienic properties.

In another of the cases we find post-mortem casts of the faces of Charles II. and Oliver Cromwell. A third, anonymous when acquired by the Museum, has since been identified as that

of Charles XII, king of Sweden. The musket-wound in the temple, by which he fell, is plainly observable. Not far distant are a leathern 'black-jack' and a couple of 'chopines,' the latter, however, not being, as French scholars might be inclined to suppose, the measure of that name, but a sort of stilt about sixteen inches in height, with a shoe at the upper end, and formerly worn by the Venetian ladies. Shakspeare alludes to this queer article where he makes Hamlet say, addressing one of the female players, 'By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.' Here, too, are a couple of the mallets and a ball used in the old game of pall-mall. The present specimens were found in the house of Mr Vulliamy, situated in the street of the same name, which adjoins the ancient Mall. The ball is of wood, about two and a half inches in diameter; and the mallets, save that their heads are bound with iron, are almost precisely similar to those used in croquet at the present day.

There are sundry curious ivories, among them being a drinking-horn made out of a single tusk, elaborately carved, and mounted with copper-gilt. It bears the inscription:

Drinke you this, and thinke no seorne
Although the cup be much like a horne.

It bears the date 1599, and is in general appearance like a fish, with a sort of scoop, or spoon-bowl, projecting from the mouth. There are indications that it was originally fashioned as a horn for blowing, but was afterwards converted to its present purpose. A small tablet of the same material represents 'Orator' Henley preaching. On the floor in the centre of the building, presumably Henley's chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is seen an inscription indicating that the notorious Colonel Charteris lies buried there. Immediately in front of the preacher stands a bear on his hind-legs, holding a staff; and the congregation are represented with horns, exaggerated noses, heads of animals, and other deformities. The preacher appears to be uttering the words, 'Let those not calumniate who cannot confute.'

In another part of the room is a choice collection of ancient watches, pocket dials, and time-pieces of various descriptions, some of very eccentric character. There are oval watches, octagon watches, and cruciform watches; watches in the form of tulips and other flowers. There is a dial in the form of a star, and another in the shape of a lute. A gilt clock, of considerable size, in the form of a ship, with elaborate mechanical movements, is said to have been made for the Emperor Rudolf II. A pocket dial shown has a special interest, as having belonged to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, some time favourite of Queen Elizabeth. This dial bears the arms of the ill-fated earl, together with an inscription showing that it was made by one James Kynvyn, in 1593.

Astrolabes, nocturnals, and other astronomical instruments, English and foreign, are largely represented. There are ancient chess and backgammon boards, with men carved or stamped in divers quaint fashions; and a number of drinking-cups in bronze, rock-crystal, and silver, among

those of the last material being a small goblet of graceful fashion long known as the 'Cellini' cup, but believed to be in truth of German workmanship. An elegant tazza of rock-crystal, mounted with silver-gilt, has a medallion portrait of Queen Elizabeth in its centre; but whether it actually belonged to the Virgin Queen is uncertain.

The connoisseur in enamels will here find a large and varied collection, ranging from the *cloisonné* of the Byzantine to the *champlevé* of the early Limoges school, and the surface-painting of later artists. Some of the specimens shown are extremely beautiful; indeed, this collection alone would well repay the trouble of a visit. One of the earlier specimens, a plate of German enamel, represents Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother to King Stephen. Among the more curious specimens of this ancient art are sundry bishops' *erosiers* of various dates, and a couple of 'pricket' candlesticks, in which the candle, instead of being dropped into a socket in the modern manner, is impaled upon an upright point.

A small *pietà* of the sixteenth century, placed in one corner of the room, deserves a special mention. The figures are in wax, skilfully draped with real silk and lace. Such a combination has usually a tawdry appearance, but it has no such effect in this instance. The name of the modeller has not been handed down to us, but he was unquestionably a true artist. The look of death on the Saviour's face, and the heart-broken expression of the Madonna as she bends over to kiss his blood-stained brow, are almost painfully real. The power of the representation is the more remarkable from its small size, the whole group being only about eight inches square.

In a collection numbering many hundreds of items, it is obviously impossible even to mention more than a very small proportion of the whole. We have spoken more particularly of such as have some personal or historical association connected with them; but on the score of antiquity alone, such a collection as this must be full of interest to thoughtful minds. Who can gaze upon these relics of the distant past without yearning to look back into the far-off times when all these things were new? What would we give to see, 'in their habit as they lived,' the men who fashioned these ancient timepieces, who drank from these crystal cups, and played tric-trac on these quaint backgammon boards? It needs but small imagination to call up Burns and his boon-companions carousing around the marble punch-bowl, with 'just a wee drap in their e'e'; but who shall name the knights who wore this iron gauntlet or that *repoussé* breastplate? Their 'bones are dust, their good swords rust,' and yet here is part of their ancient panoply, well-nigh as perfect as when it left the armourer's anvil four hundred years ago. Truly, they did good work, these mediæval artificers. The struggle for existence was not so intense; they did not hurry, as in these high-pressure days. Believing, with old George Herbert, that 'we do it soon enough, if that we do be well,' they wisely took their time, caring little to do quick work, so long as they did good work. And so their handiwork remains, *monumentum* are

perennius, a standing memorial of the good old time when 'art was still religion,' and labour was noble, because the craftsman put his heart into his work.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

FIVE minutes later, Archie Ridsdale burst abruptly into the room. 'Here's a pretty go!' he exclaimed. 'Read this, please, dear Madame De Vigne,' putting a telegram into her hand.

Madame De Vigne took it and read: "'From Beck and Beck, Bedford Row, London.'"

'The guy's lawyers,' explained Archie.

"To Archibald Ridsdale, *Palatine Hotel*, Windermere.—We are instructed to request you to be at our office at ten A.M. to-morrow, to meet Sir William Ridsdale."

Mora looked at him as she gave him back the telegram.

'The last train for town,' said Archie, 'leaves in twenty-five minutes. My man is cramming a few things into a bag, and I must start for the station at once.'

'Were you not aware that your father had arrived from the continent?'

'This is the first intimation I've had of it. You know how anxiously I've been expecting an answer to the second letter I wrote him nearly a month ago.'

'It would seem from the telegram that he prefers a personal interview.'

'I'm glad of it for some things. He has never refused me anything when I've had the chance of talking to him, and I don't suppose he will refuse what I shall undoubtedly ask him to-morrow.'

Madame De Vigne shook her head. 'You are far too sanguine. Sir William knows already what it is you want him to do. He knew it before, when—when—'

'When he sent Colonel Woodruffe as his plenipo, to negotiate terms with the enemy—meaning you,' said Archie, with a laugh. 'A pretty ambassador the colonel made!'

Madame De Vigne, who had risen and was gazing out of the window again, did not answer for a little while. At length she said: 'Archie, while there is yet time, before you see your father to-morrow, I beg of you once more seriously to consider the position in which you will place yourself by refusing to break off your engagement with my sister. That Sir William will sanction your marriage with Clarice, I do not for one moment believe. What father in his position would?'

Archie, when he burst into the room, had omitted to close the door behind him. It was now pushed a little further open, and, unperceived by either of the others, Clarice, dressed for walking, stepped into the room.

'Naturally, he must have far higher, far more ambitious views for his only son,' continued Madame De Vigne. 'As the world goes, he would be greatly to blame if he had not. So, Archie,' she said, as she took both his hands

in hers, 'when you leave us to-night, I wish you clearly to understand that you go away unfettered by a tie or engagement of any kind. You go away as free and untrammelled as you were that sunny afternoon when you first set eyes on my sister. I speak both for Clarice and myself.'

Here Clarice came quickly forward. 'Yes—yes, dear Archie, that is so,' she exclaimed. 'You are free from this hour. I—I shall never cease to think of you, but that won't matter to any one but myself.'

'Upon my word, I'm very much obliged to both of you,' answered Archie, who was now holding a hand of each. 'I don't know whether to laugh or be angry. A nice, low, mean opinion you must have formed of Archie Ridsdale, if you think he's the sort of fellow to act in the way you suggest.' Then turning to Clarice, he said: 'Darling, when you first told me that you loved me, you believed me to be a poor man—poor in pocket and poor in prospects. That made no difference in your feelings towards me. There was then no question of a rich father coming between us—and I vow that neither he nor any one else in the world *shall* come between us! I love and honour my father as much as any son can do; but this is one of those supreme questions which each man must decide for himself.'

'I have said my say—the raven has croaked its croak,' said Madame De Vigne with a little shrug, as she crossed to the other side of the room. 'You are a wilful, headstrong boy, and I suppose you must be allowed to ruin yourself in your own way.'

'Ruin, indeed!' exclaimed Archie as he drew Clarice to him. 'I don't in the least care who looks upon me as a ruin, so long as this sweet flower clings to me and twines its tendrils round my heart!' And with that he stooped and kissed the fair young face that was gazing so lovingly into his own.

'Ah—boys and girls—girls and boys—you are the same all the world over,' said Madame De Vigne with a sigh.

'And you won't be able to go to the picnic to-morrow,' remarked Clarice plaintively.

Nanette appeared. 'The carriage is at the door, sir. The driver says he has only just time to catch the train.'

'I'm going to the station, dear, to see Archie off,' said Clarice to her sister.

'Good-bye—for a little while,' said Archie, as he took Madame De Vigne's hand. 'The moment I have any news, you shall hear from me; and in any case, you will see me back before we are many days older.'

'Good-bye—and good-bye. Above all things, don't forget the love and obedience you owe your father, and remember—the moment you choose to claim your freedom, it is yours.'

'Ah, dear Madame De Vigne!'

She interrupted him with a slight gesture of her hand. 'Do not think me hard—do not think me unkind. I have to remember that I am this girl's sister and mother in one.'

'But—'

'Not another word.' She took his head in both her hands and drew it towards her, and kissed him on the forehead. 'Bon voyage! Dieu

vous protégé. The prayers of two women will go with you.'

There was a tear in Archie's eye as he turned away. Nanette was standing by the open door. A moment later, and the young people were gone.

Madame De Vigne stepped out into the veranda and waved her handkerchief as the carriage drove off.

'He will marry her whether Sir William gives his consent or not,' she mused. 'He is in youth's glad spring-tide, when the world is full of sunshine, and the dragons that beset the ways of life seem put there only to be fought and overcome. Well—let me but see my darling's happiness assured, and I think that I can bear without murmuring whatever Fate may have in store for myself.' She stepped back into the room, and as she did so, Nanette opened the door once more and announced—'Colonel Woodruffe.'

A slight tremor shook Madame De Vigne from head to foot. She drew a long breath, and advanced a step or two to meet the colonel as he entered the room.

'I told you that I should come,' said Colonel Woodruffe, with a rich glow on his face as he went forward and held out his hand.

'And you are here,' answered Madame De Vigne, who had suddenly turned very pale.

'Did you not expect me?'

'Yes,' she answered, as for a moment she looked him full in the eyes.

She sat down on an ottoman, and the colonel drew up a chair a little distance away. He was a tall, well-built, soldier-like man, some thirty-eight or forty years old.

'You know the purpose that has brought me?' he asked.

'I have not forgotten.'

'Two months ago I had the temerity to ask you a certain question. I, who had come to judge you, if needs were to condemn, had ended by losing my heart to the only woman I had ever met who had power to drag it out of my own safe keeping. You rejected my suit. I left you. Time went on, but I found it impossible to forget you. At length I determined again to put my fortune to the proof. It was a forlorn hope, but I am an old soldier, and I would not despair. Once more I told you all that I had told you before; once more I put the same question to you. This time you did not say No, but neither did you say Yes. To-day I have come for your answer.' He drew his chair a little closer and took one of her hands. 'Mora, do not say that your answer to-day will be the same as it was before—do not say that you can never learn to care for me.'

She had listened with bent head and downcast eyes. She now disengaged her hand, rose, crossed to the window, and then came back. She was evidently much perturbed. 'What shall I say? what shall I say?' she asked half aloud.

The colonel overheard her and started to his feet. 'Let me tell you what to say!' he exclaimed.

She held up her hand. 'One moment,' she said. Then she motioned to him to be seated, and herself sat down again.

'Has it never occurred to you,' she began, 'to ask yourself how much or how little you

really know about the woman whom you are so desirous of making your wife? Three months ago you had not even learnt my name, and now—even now, how much more do you know respecting me and my antecedents than you knew the first day you met me?'

'I know that I love you. I ask to know nothing more.'

'You would take me upon trust?'

'Try me.'

She shook her head a little sadly. 'It is not the way of the world.'

'This is a matter with which the world has nothing to do.'

'Colonel Woodruffe—I have a Past.'

'So have all of us who are no longer boys or girls.'

'It is only right that you should know the history of that Past.'

'Such knowledge could in nowise influence me. It is with the present and the future only that I have to do.'

'It is of the future that I am now thinking.'

'Pardon me if I scarcely follow you.'

'How shall I express to you what I wish to convey?' She rose, crossed to the table, and taking up a book, began to turn its leaves carelessly over, evidently scarcely knowing what she was about. 'If—if it so happened that I were to accede to your wishes,' she said—'if, in short, I were to become your wife—and at some future time, by some strange chance, some incident or fact connected with my past life, of which you knew nothing, and of which you had no previous suspicion, were to come to your knowledge, would you not have a right to complain that I had deceived you? that I had kept silence when I ought to have spoken? that—that?'

'Mora—Mora, if this is all that stands between me and your love—between me and happiness, it is nothing—less than nothing! I vow to you'—

'Stay!' she said, coming a step or two nearer to him. 'Do not think that I fail to appreciate your generosity or the chivalrous kindness which prompts you to speak as you do. But—I am thinking of myself as well as of you. If such a thing as I have spoken of were to happen, although your affection for me might be in no-wise changed thereby, with what feelings should I afterwards regard myself? I should despise myself, and justly so, to the last day of my life.'

'No—no! Believe me, you are fighting a shadow that has no substance behind it. I tell you again, and I will tell you so a hundred times, if need be, that with your Past I have nothing whatever to do. My heart tells me in accents not to be mistaken that you are a pure and noble-minded woman. What need a man care to know more?'

'I should fail to be all that you believe me to be, were I not to oppose you in this matter even against your own wishes.'

'Do you not believe in me? Can you not trust me?'

'Oh, yes—yes! I believe in you, and trust you as only a woman can believe and trust. It is the unknown future and what may be hidden in it, that I dread.' She crossed to the chimney-

piece, took up the letter, gazed at it for a moment, and then went back with it in her hand. 'Since you were here five days ago, I have written this—written it for you to read. It is the life-history of a most unhappy woman. It is a story that till now has been a secret between the dead and myself. But to you it must now be told, because—because—oh! you know why. Take it—read it; and if after that you choose to come to me—then'—

Not a word more could she say. She put the letter into his hand, and turning abruptly away, crossed to the window, but she saw nothing for the blinding mist of tears that filled her eyes.

Colonel Woodruffe, with his gaze fixed on the letter, stood for a moment or two turning it over and over in his fingers. Then he crossed to the fireplace. In a stand on the chimney-piece were some vesta matches. He took one, lighted it, and with it set fire to the letter, which he held by one corner till it was consumed. Madame De Vigne had turned and was watching him with wide-staring eyes.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead," said the colonel gravely, as the ashes dropped from his fingers into the grate. 'Your secret shall remain a secret still.'

'Tis done! I can struggle no longer,' said Madame De Vigne to herself.

The colonel crossed to her and took one of her hands. 'Nothing can come between us now,' he said. 'Now you are all my own.'

He drew her to him and touched her lips with his. All her face flushed rosy red, and into her eyes there sprang a light of love and tenderness such as he had never seen in them before. Never had he seen her look so beautiful as at that moment. He led her back to the ottoman and sat down beside her.

'Tell me, dearest,' he said, 'am I the same man who came into this room a quarter of an hour ago—doubting, fearing, almost despairing?'

'Yes, the same.'

'I began to be afraid that I had been changed into somebody else. Well, now that the skirmish is over, now that the fortress has capitulated, suppose we settle the terms of victory. How soon are we to be married?'

'Married! You take my breath away. You might be one of those freebooters of the middle ages who used to hang their prisoners the moment they caught them.'

'We are prepared to grant the prisoner a reasonable time to make her peace with the world.'

Madame De Vigne laid a hand gently on his sleeve. 'Dear friend, let us talk of this another time,' she said.

'Another time then let it be,' he answered as he lifted her hand to his lips. 'Meanwhile'—

'Yes, meanwhile?'

'I may as well proceed to give you a few lessons in the art of making love.'

'It may be that the pupil knows as much of such matters as her teacher.'

'That has to be proved. You shall have your first lesson to-morrow.'

'Merci, monsieur.'

'By Jove! talking about to-morrow reminds me of something I had nearly forgotten.' He started to his feet and pulled out his watch.

'Now that you have made me the happiest fellow in England, I must leave you for a little while.'

'Leave me?' she exclaimed as she rose to her feet.

'Only for a few hours. On my arrival here I found a telegram from my brother. He has been staying at Derwent Hall, near Grasmere. To-morrow he starts for Ireland. We have some family matters to arrange. If I don't see him to-night, we may not meet again for months. I'm sorry at having to go, but you won't mind my leaving you till to-morrow?'

'Can you ask? Do you know, I'm rather glad you are going.'

'Why glad?'

'Because it will give me time to think over all that has happened this evening. I—I feel as if I want to be alone. You are not a woman, and can't understand such things.'

Again his arm stole round her waist. The clock on the mantel-piece struck the hour. Mora disengaged herself. 'Twilight seems to have come all at once,' she said. 'You will have a dark drive. It is time for you to go.'

'More's the pity.'

'To-morrow will soon be here; which reminds me that we have arranged for a picnic to-morrow at High Ghyll Force.'

'You will be there?'

'Clarice and Miss Gaisford have induced me to promise.'

'If I should happen to drive round that way on my return, should I be looked upon as an intruder?'

'As if you didn't know differently from that!'

'Then possibly you may see me.'

'I shall expect you without fail.'

'In that case I will not fail.—My driver will be wondering what has become of me.'

'Good-night,' said Mora impulsively.

'Harold,' he said softly.

'Harold—dear Harold!' she answered.

'My name never sounded so sweet before,' exclaimed the colonel as, with a parting embrace, the gallant wooer quitted the apartment.

'Heaven bless you, my dearest one!' she murmured as the door closed. Then she sank on to a seat and wept silently to herself for several minutes. After a time she proceeded to dry her eyes. 'What bundles of contradictions we women are! We cry when we are in trouble, and we cry when we are glad.'

Nanette came in, carrying a lighted lamp. She was about to close the windows and draw the curtains, but her mistress stopped her. After the hot day, the evening seemed too fresh and beautiful to be shut out. Nanette turned down the flame of the lamp till it seemed little more than a glowworm in the dusk, and then left the room.

'How lonely I feel, now that he has gone,' said Mora; 'but to-morrow will bring him again—to-morrow!'

She crossed to the piano and struck a few notes in a minor key. Then she rose and went to the window. 'Music has no charms for me to-night,' she said. 'I cannot read—I cannot work—I cannot do anything. What strange restlessness is this that possesses me?' There was a canary in a cage hanging near the window. It chirruped

to her as if wishful of being noticed. 'Ah, my pretty Dick,' she said, 'you are always happy so long as you have plenty of seed and water. I can whisper my secret to you, and you will never tell it again, will you? Dick—he loves me—he loves me—he loves me! And I love him, oh, so dearly, Dick!'

She went back to the piano and played a few bars; but being still beset by the same feeling of restlessness, she presently found her way again to the window. On the lawn outside, the dusk was deepening. The trees stood out massive and solemn against the evening sky, but the more distant features of the landscape were lost in obscurity. How lonely it seemed! There was not a sound anywhere. Doubtless, several windows of the hotel were lighted up, but from where Mora was standing they were not visible. Dinner was still in progress; as soon as it should be over, the lawn would become alive with figures, idling, flirting, smoking, seated under the trees, or promenading slowly to and fro. At present, however, the lady had the whole solemn, lovely scene to herself.

She stood gazing out of the window for some minutes without moving, looking in her white dress in the evening dusk like a statue chiselled out of snowy marble.

'My heart ought to beat with happiness,' she inwardly communed; 'but it is filled with a vague dread of something—I know not what—a fear that has no name. Yet what have I to fear? Nothing—nothing! My secret is still my own, and the grave tells no tales.'

Suddenly a breath of air swept up from the lake and shook the curtains. She looked round the dim room with a shudder. The tiny tongue of flame from the lamp only served, as it were, to make darkness visible. She made a step forward, and then drew back. The room seemed full of weird shadows. Was there not something in that corner? It was like a crouching figure, all in black, waiting to spring upon her! And that curtain—it seemed as if grasped by a hidden hand! What if some one were hiding there!

She sank into the nearest chair and pressed her fingers to her eyes. 'No—no—no!' she murmured. 'These are only my own foolish imaginings. O Harold, Harold! why did you leave me?'

Next moment the silence was broken by the faint, far-away sound of a horn, playing a slow, sweet air. Mora lifted her head and listened.

'Music on the lake. How sweet it sounds. It has broken the spell that held me. It seems like the voice of a friend calling through the darkness. I will walk down to the edge of the water. The cool air from the hills will do me good.'

There was a black lace scarf hanging over the arm of a couch; she took it up and draped it over her head and round her throat and shoulders. Her foot was on the threshold, she was in the act of stepping out into the veranda, when she heard a voice outside speaking to some other person. The instant she heard it she shrank back as though petrified with horror.

'That voice! Can the grave give up its dead?' she whispered as though she were asking the question of some one.

Next moment the figures of two men, one

walking a little way behind the other, became distinctly outlined against the evening sky as they advanced up the sloping pathway from the lake. The first of the two men was smoking, the second was carrying some articles of luggage.

The first man came to a halt nearly opposite the windows of Madame de Vigne's sitting-room. Turning to the second man, he said, with a pronounced French accent: 'Take my luggage into the hotel. I will stay here a little while and smoke.'

The second man passed forward out of sight. The first man, still standing on the same spot, took out another cigar, struck a match, and proceeded to light it. For a moment by the light of the match his features were plainly visible; next moment all was darkness again.

But Madame De Vigne, crouching behind the curtains of the dimly lighted room, had seen enough to cause her heart to die within her.

'The grave has given up its dead! It is he!' her blanched lips murmured.

Some minutes later, Clarice Lorraine, on going into the sitting-room, found her sister on the floor in a dead faint.

AN EDUCATIONAL PIONEER.

It would be difficult to find a more unique or more interesting educational body than the so-called Brothers of the Christian Schools. Founded some two hundred years ago by the venerable John Baptist de la Salle, on lines which the best schools of to-day have not hesitated to adopt, the influence of this Institute has spread over all the civilised, and even to some regions of the uncivilised world. Its extension to Great Britain is but of recent date, and only seven schools have as yet been inaugurated. The thoroughness and practical value of the instruction given are mainly due to a strict adherence to the 'object' lesson principle.

Hitherto, we have been accustomed to associate this with the Kindergarten ideas of Pestalozzi and Froebel; but although their efforts to lighten the intellectual labours of the young were mainly instrumental in bringing 'playwork' to its present perfection, recent researches have shown that the venerable Dr de la Salle in his educational plan strongly urged that pupils should be taken to exhibitions and so forth, where their masters could give practical illustrations of special studies. Zoological or botanical gardens were in this way to be visited, that the uses and benefits of certain animals or plants might be demonstrated; and school museums, herbaria, geological, mineralogical, and other collections were afterwards to be formed by the pupils themselves. And not only did De la Salle institute object-teaching, but he was also the first to introduce class methods. Before his time, children were for the most part taught individually, or, where this was not so, large numbers were collected in one room, each in turn going to the teacher to have separate instruction, whilst the others were allowed to remain idle, free to torment one another or the little victim at the master's table. Great care was taken by De la Salle in examining and placing the children committed to his care in the classes best fitted for them; and the success

of his method was so great, that the numerous schools opened by the Brothers under his direction soon became overcrowded.

His great object was to reach the poor, and to train them to a knowledge of a holy life and an independent livelihood. The opposition he met with was at times very great. The ire of professional writing-masters was first aroused; the poor had necessarily been debarred from learning to write, because only the well-to-do could afford the stipulated fees, and writing-masters were therefore employed to do all the correspondence of those who could not write. So, when De la Salle undertook to teach every child who came to him what had been in some senses a secret art, their fury vented itself in an opposition so overpowering that they drove the Brothers from their schools in Paris and threw their furniture into the streets. The opposition was only temporary, however; and as time passed, fresh schools were opened, not only in France and her colonies, but in every European country, and many parts of America, as well as in one or two districts of Asia and Africa.

The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, though nominally Roman Catholic, is truly catholic in its widest sense, for, besides admitting children of every religious denomination, secular learning is admirably provided for. Their greatest successes have perhaps been achieved in the art of writing and drawing, as applied to all technical industries and art products. One illustration of the results of their method of teaching writing in a remote region where the pupils are not the easiest to train, may be cited as an example. When the treaty of commerce between France and Madagascar in 1868 was about to be signed, Queen Ranavalona was much struck by the beautiful calligraphy of the copy presented to her by the Chancellor of the French Consulate, and she determined that hers should not be inferior. The pupils in all the chief schools in the island furnished examples of handwriting to the queen's prime-minister, but without satisfying her taste. At last, an officer who had seen the Brothers' schools suggested that one of their pupils should compete. A young boy, Marc Rabily-Kely, sent in some beautiful specimens of different styles of writing; and the copying of the treaty was at once intrusted to him. When the two copies were presented side by side, a murmur of applause went round at the sight of Queen Ranavalona's copy, and all cried out: 'Reay ny rasoha' (The whites are beaten). This is only one instance among many, and shows how much can be done by systematic training in the art of writing, a subject much neglected in the majority of schools.

But De la Salle did not stop short at educating the poor; he was the first to found training colleges for masters, and the first to institute regular boarding-schools in which everything relating to commerce, finance, military engineering, architecture, and mathematics was taught, and in which trades could be learned. Besides these, he founded an institution in which agriculture was taught as a science. At St Yon, where the first agricultural school was started, a large garden was devoted to the culture of specimens of fodder-plants, injurious plants, grain, plants peculiar to certain soils, fruits and flowers. The

students of to-day study all this, and in addition to working on model farms, visit all the best farms around, are sent with special professors to attend certain markets and sales of live-stock, and have special field-days for practically studying botany, geology, and entomology. The innovations introduced by De la Salle extended to other matters than practical education. Before French boys in his day were allowed to study their own language, they were obliged to learn to read Latin, and thus years were sometimes spent in acquiring a certain facility in reading a language they never understood. De la Salle changed all this, in spite of repeated opposition, and succeeded in making the vernacular tongue the basis of their teaching instead of Latin. Owing to this change, the poor scholars progressed much more rapidly than those in other schools, and the Brothers' Institutes were soon far ahead of all the elementary schools of their day. The way in which they have held their position even till to-day is shown by the results of the public examinations in Paris during the last thirty-five years. Out of sixteen hundred and thirty-five scholarships offered during this time, pupils of these schools have obtained thirteen hundred, and sixteen. This in itself is an enormous proportion; but it is even greater than it appears, when we consider that seculars had more schools, fewer pupils per teacher, and thus a better chance to advance the individual scholar, and as a rule, a richer class of scholars to select from. These scholarship examinations have recently been discontinued, though not until after the Brothers' pupils were excluded from competition in consequence of the so-called 'laicisation' of schools in 1880, after which the Brothers of Paris gave up their government schools and opened voluntary ones.

The whole educational scheme of De la Salle was admirably complete; but perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole—now that we are familiarised with his systems for teaching special subjects by their spread in their original or a modified form to most European countries—was his very simple plan for enforcing discipline. He was always loath to believe unfavourable accounts of any pupil, and in the first place took pains to discover whether the failings were the result of the misdirection of those in authority or of the pupil's own wilfulness. When there was evidently a necessity for punishment, the culprit was put in a quiet and fairly comfortable cell. Once shut in alone, his notice was attracted to stands obviously intended for flowers, to empty cages and other things which reminded the little prisoner that there were good and beautiful enjoyments for those who deserved them. One of the first questions the boys generally asked was why there were nails for pictures, cages for birds, &c., and yet neither pictures nor birds. In answer, they were told that as they improved they would be supplied with all these good things; that if they left off using profane or bad language, a bird would be put in the cage; that as soon as they became industrious and worked well, their prison vases would be adorned with flowers; that when they acknowledged their previous wrong-doing, pleasant pictures would be hung on the panels; that when their repentance was seen to be sincere, they would rejoin their schoolfellows; and

that in time they would be allowed to go back to their families.

The system worked so well, and is still found to succeed so thoroughly, that it is almost a wonder it has not become more general. It has certainly many advantages over the plan of giving boys so many hundred lines to write, which is a mere task, soon forgotten, and benefiting no one. But as there are only seven schools, and those of very recent foundation, in England, we may perhaps still have to wait before hearing that this discipline is at all general. In the meantime, all interested in the training of the young might derive valuable hints from studying this and other methods initiated by the pioneer of popular education not only in France, but in all Europe.

THE MISSING CLUE.

A TALE OF THE FENS.

CHAPTER I.—THE ARRIVAL AT THE 'SAXONFORD ARMS.'

If any misanthropic subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George II. had wished to withdraw himself from the bustle of public life and turn recluse in real good earnest, he could scarcely have chosen a district more likely to suit his retiring taste than the country in the vicinity of Saxonford. Scarcely aspiring to the dignity of a village, the place so named was merely a cluster of cottages formed upon the edge of a rough highway leading apparently to nowhere. In ancient times this spot had been of somewhat more importance, for it was here that a religious house of no inconsiderable size had flourished. But those days had long passed away; and in 1745 the only remnant of the monastery which survived the depredations committed by man and the all-effacing hand of Time was a gray skeleton tower, a silent witness to its departed conventual magnificence. Being erected, as was usually the case with fen settlements, upon a rise of comparatively high land, the remains commanded a view of an almost unbroken horizon. Standing at some distance from the hamlet which had arisen round the monastic ruin was a quaint dilapidated structure, known to the scattered natives of those parts as the *Saxonford Arms*. Whatever might have been the causes that induced the architect to build such an inn—for it was by no means a small one—in so lonely a part, must remain a matter of conjecture. A visitor was almost unknown at the old inn. There it stood, weather-beaten and time-worn as the gray old tower which overlooked it, and much more likely to tumble down, if the truth be told.

At the time we speak of, the scene appeared unusually calm and beautiful, for the day was drawing to an end, and it was close upon sunset, a period which is seldom seen to so much advantage as in the low-lying districts of the fens. The weather had been unusually hot, and the sinking sun shed a warm glow over a tract of well-browned country, making its rich hues seem richer still. In the glassy water of the river, the vivid sky was reflected as in a mirror, while

the tall tops of the sedge-rushes that bordered it were scarcely stirred by a breath of air. A rotten timber bridge, which might have been erected in the time of Hereward, spanned the stream at a short distance from the old inn; crossing this, the road dipped down and led the way between patches of black peat, cultivated land, and unreclaimed watery morass, straight towards the south.

A small party of strong sunburnt fen labourers were seated on the rough benches in front of mine host's ancient house of entertainment, some of them swarthy, black-bearded men, others with light tawny hair and blue eyes. True types of the hardy race were they; their strong, uncovered brown arms, which had all day long been working under a baking sun, upon a shadeless flat, telling a tale of sinewy power that came not a jot under the renowned strength of their mighty ancestors. Mine host himself, a ruddy-faced man of middle age, was there too, smoking a long well-coloured pipe, and gazing in a thoughtful way across the long stretch of fen, over which the shades of night were steadily creeping.

'What be ye gaping at, master?' quoth one of the brawny labourers, as the landlord shaded his eyes with his hand and endeavoured to make out some indistinct object.

'What're ye looking after, Hobb?' asked another one in a bantering tone. 'Can't ye believe your own eyes, man?'

'Nay, Swenson, I can't,' returned mine host, lowering his hand and turning to the person who addressed him. 'I want a good pair sadly.'

'You're like to get 'em staring over the fen in that way, my boy!' remarked Swenson with a hoarse laugh.

'Lend me your eyes here, Harold,' went on the innkeeper. 'Take a squint across that bank and tell me what you see.'

'What be the good o' askin' me?' returned the man. 'I can't tell a barn-door from a pent-stack at fifty yards' distance.'

'I'll tell ye, Dipping,' cried a young sunburnt giant, starting up from the bench on which he had been sitting. 'Where is't?'

'You see yon tall willow?'

'Him as sticks up there by the dike?'

'Ay. Look out there to the left o' it, across the fen, and tell me what ye see.'

The fellow's blue eyes were directed with an earnest gaze towards the distant spot which the landlord pointed out; and then he turned sharply round and exclaimed: 'It be two horsemen.'

'Are ye sure?' asked mine host, as he bent his brows and vainly tried to make out the far-off speck.

'Quite sure,' was the reply. 'They're coming up the road by the old North Lode.—There; now they're passing One Man's Mill.'

'I see 'em!' exclaimed Swenson, pointing towards a solitary windmill, the jagged sails of which formed a slight break in the long line of misty flatness.

'Perchance they be travellers, and will want beds for the night,' said mine host, roused to action by the mere possibility of such an event occurring. 'I will see that the place is got ready for them.'

'Hobb Dipping is soon counting his chickens,' remarked one of the unouth fennemen, laughing,

as the landlord of the *Saxonford Arms* disappeared.

'Ay, it's like him all over,' rejoined Swenson, while he gathered up some implements and prepared to go.—'Are ye coming with me, Harold?'

'No, my boy; I'm agoing to stop and see who yon horsemen may be. News are scarce in these parts. If you're off now, why, good-night to ye.'

Swenson nods, bids the man good-night, and then strides off in the direction of the old gray tower. The major part of the loiterers go with him; but three or four still linger, looking along the misty road, and waiting as if in expectation of something.

A light up in one of the windows of the inn tells that Hobb Dipping is preparing his best room for the reception of the approaching travellers, in case it should be needed; and a savoury smell of hot meat which issues forth through the open doorway of the hostel makes the few hungry watchers that remain feel inclined to seek their own supper-tables. At length mine host has finished his task, and the most presentable apartment that the house contains is ready for instant occupation if necessary. Honest Hobb Dipping gazes wistfully out of a rickety diamond-paned window, and thinks that his labour must have been in vain. The moon is rising from the shadow of a thick bank of vapour, its dim red outline as yet but faintly seen through the misty cloud. It is getting late; the travellers must have passed by the bridge, and ridden along the flood-bank. 'If they know not the way well,' mutters Dipping to himself, 'they'll lose themselves in the fen for certain. An awkward path that be, specially linlight, with a damp fog rising.'

At this moment, a clatter of horses' hoofs breaks the silence, and two horsemen canter over the shaly timber bridge and draw up in front of the old inn. Mine host bustles about shouting a number of confused directions; the one youthful domestic which the place boasts of running helplessly to and fro and doing nothing. The foremost rider, suddenly leaping from his horse, strides into the inn, and flings himself into a chair, ordering a private room and supper to be made ready at once.

Honest Dipping hurries about, amused to strangers of distinction, bringing in liquor and glasses, meat, platters and knives, besides a quantity of other things that are not wanted, the stranger meanwhile having taken possession of the room up-stairs which had been hurriedly prepared for him.

Presently follows the gentleman's servant, a short muscular fellow, with a sullen, lowering countenance; and a short conversation takes place between the man and his master.

'Are the horses put up, Derrick?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And the pistols?'

'Here they are, Sir Carnaby.'

'Loaded, of course?'

'Ay, sir, both of them.'

'Right! Now, what think you of this part? Is it not quiet enough for us? I never was in such a dead-alive wilderness before; and taking that into consideration, I fancy it is pos-

sible to last out a few days even in this ghastly shanty. After that, I shall ride to Lynn and take ship, for, as I live, the country is getting too hot to hold me.'

Derrick gave vent to a sound resembling a grunt, and muttered a few words containing seemingly some disparaging reference to the 'king over the water.'

'Hush, you fool!' exclaimed his master in a low whisper; 'you should know better than to speak of what does not concern you. Be wise, and hold your tongue.'

'Your pardon, Sir Carnaby,' replied Derrick; 'it shall not be spoken of again.'

'And mind, Derrick, in case we should be inquired after, let the rustic boors know that I am Mr Morton, a landowner from somewhere or other. You, Derrick, are John Jones; so mind and answer to your name. D'ye hear?'

The attendant's face relaxed into a sly grin as he answered: 'I hear, sir.'

The truth is, Mr Morton—or to call him by his proper name, Sir Carnaby Vincent—was a young baronet of good family, and reputed to be enormously rich. In consequence of his being mixed up in some disturbances occasioned by the Jacobite party, he had found it necessary, at a previous period, to avoid the cognisance of the authorities. But a certain nobleman having interested himself in the youthful plotter's behalf, the affair was hushed up, and Sir Carnaby returned to society once more. Having a relish for all kinds of intrigue, besides being of too excitable a temperament to exist long in a state of quiet, the madcap young fellow again entered heart and soul into the intrigues of Prince Charles' followers, and this time succeeded only too well in attracting notice. A warrant was issued for his apprehension; and Sir Carnaby once more had to seek safety in flight, taking with him a quantity of valuable papers, and the blessings of all his companions engaged in the perilous cause. He was accompanied by only one person, his servant Derrick, a rough but doggedly faithful retainer, who had followed the fortunes of his house for nearly thirty years. Derrick himself cared not a jot for the Jacobite party to which Sir Carnaby was so attached; his first thought was to follow his master, and share the dangers which he might have to encounter. Their retreat from the metropolis was safely effected, much to the satisfaction of the baronet, who was really seriously alarmed at this second unlucky discovery. From London they journeyed through Cambridgeshire, Sir Carnaby's plan being to lie quiet for a few days in the heart of the fens, then afterwards proceeding to some obscure seaport on the borders of the Wash, to take sail for a foreign land, where he could best forward the fortunes both of himself and his hapless Prince.

CHAPTER II.—THE JACOBITE.

'Where did you place the saddle-bags, Derrick?' asked Sir Carnaby, when Hobb Dipping had quitted the old wainscoted apartment in which his distinguished visitor was about to partake of supper.

Speech was a gift which nature had bestowed very sparingly upon the attendant; moreover,

he was possessed of a rough, unmelodious voice. Pointing towards a chair in one corner, he slowly ejaculated: 'There, sir—underneath.'

'Good!' said Sir Carnaby, seating himself at the table.—'By the way, Derrick, I think it would be just as well to look after the innkeeper: his glances are a trifle too curious to please me. When I have finished my supper, you had better descend into the public room and try to ascertain his opinion of us.'

'Right, sir,' replied the attendant.

'Come from behind my chair, you varlet,' said the baronet, motioning him at the same time with his hand. 'Draw up to the table and break your fast with me; we shall gain time by so doing.'

Derrick sat down respectfully at the farther end of the board, and gazed in a thoughtful way at a dark patch of sky which could be seen through the diamond-shaped panes of glass in a window opposite him.

'You seem in no hurry to refresh the inner man,' remarked Sir Carnaby. 'What are you thinking of, Derrick?'

'A dream, sir.'

'A what?'

'A dream, sir,' repeated Derrick—'one I had last night.'

'Well, as your mind appears to be somewhat uneasy,' remarked Sir Carnaby, with a slight smile playing over his features, 'I should recommend open confession as being the proper thing to relieve it.'

'There's little enough to tell, sir,' said Derrick; 'twas only a bit of dark sky up there that brought it back to me.'

'Well,' said Sir Carnaby simply.

'It seemed to me,' continued the attendant, 'as if I was riding alone, holding your horse by the bridle. The moon was up, and the sky looked the same as it does out there. I can remember now quite plain that I felt kind of troubled, but what about, I know just as little as you, sir.'

'Is that the whole story?' asked Sir Carnaby with a laugh. 'Well, I can tell you, good Derrick, so far as riding alone goes, your prophecy is likely to prove a true one, though I certainly don't intend you to carry off my horse with you.—See here; this is something more important than a heavy-headed dream. You must start to-morrow for the Grange. Be in the saddle early, and don't spare your spurs.'

'Am I to go alone, sir?'

'Certainly. The journey has no object beyond the delivery of this letter; and as inquiry is sure to be pretty rife concerning me, I shall stay where I am and await your return.'

Derrick received the sealed envelope which was handed to him with a gruff but respectful 'Right, sir,' and then relapsed into his customary silence.

'I shall leave it to your discretion to find out the way,' said Sir Carnaby. 'Of course you will go armed?'

The attendant opened his coat without speaking and touched the hilt of a stout hanger which he wore at his side.

Sir Carnaby smiled. 'Yes,' he said; 'you are ready enough to play at blood-letting; but that sort of thing is best avoided. Let your movements be as quiet and speedy as possible; and

when you reach your destination, seek out Captain Hollis by means of that address. Give the note into his hands, then make haste back. I shall have other work for you when you return.'

'More plots,' thought Derrick, but he merely uttered a grunt and pocketed the letter.

'This room,' continued the baronet, 'seems to be parlour and bedchamber in one. So far well. If there should be any occasion to consult me again before you start, one rap at this door will be quite sufficient to wake me. I am a light sleeper.'

'Anything more, sir?'

'Nothing more to-night; you have all my orders for the present.—Good-night, Derrick.'

'Good-night, sir.'

When the last faint clank of Derrick's boots has ceased to ring upon the staircase, Sir Carnaby Vincent rises and locks the door, glancing outside first, to see that no one lurks without. This being done, he carefully bars the shutters over the window, looks inside two cupboards which the room contains, and then having ascertained that he is not likely to be overlooked, draws forth the afore-mentioned saddle-bags. A strange look of anxiety passes over the fugitive's face as he plunges his hand into one of them, and brings out a small, shallow, oaken box, black with age. Its contents are apparently of no little value, for the lid is secured by two locks, and a corresponding number of blotchy red seals, upon which may be deciphered the impression of a crest. Sir Carnaby turns the box over and examines its fastenings, then rises and walks slowly round the room, as if in search of something. His manner at this moment is most strange, and the light step with which he treads over the old flooring does not awaken enough creaking to disturb a mouse. Four times round the room he goes, with a curious expression on his face which would puzzle even a skillful physiognomist to interpret, then stooping down, he places the box on the floor and appears to listen.

THE MUSK-RAT OF INDIA.

FROM AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE musk-rat is from six to eight inches long, of a slatish-blue colour, with a long movable snout, and diminutive eyes. Its skin is very loose, and quite conceals the extremities, only allowing the feet to be seen. This formation occasions the peculiar pattering of its run. The tail, broad at its base, is pinkish and bare of everything except a few hairs; ears are diminutive. Loathed and detested by all, this creature leads a charmed life; only a few dogs will kill it, and then there is always sneezing and a little foaming afterwards. Cats follow but won't touch it; it is, moreover, equally avoided by more aristocratic rats and mice. As the animal runs along the wall of the room, it emits a kind of self-satisfied purr, which, if alarmed, breaks into a squeak, and immediately the scent-bottle is opened. If there is light to see the tiny creature, you will observe it scanning with its nose all parts of the horizon in search of what caused the alarm; the eyes apparently being unequal to the task.

Musk-rats have a singular habit of always running along the walls of a room, never crossing from one wall to the other; hence, as they are not swift movers, they are easily overtaken, and a blow from a cane instantly kills the animal. Traps are of little use in capturing these creatures; and if one is captured, that trap is for ever useless as regards ordinary rats and mice, which won't approach it after being contaminated. 'Muskie's' are omnivorous and very voracious. During the rains, the insect world is on the wing. If at this season you place a night-light on the ground near the head of a musk-rat, you will be amused at watching its antics in trying to catch some of the buzzers round the light, or those crawling up the wall, and will be surprised at its agility. The captives are ruddlessly crunched, and the animal never seems satiated; at the same time its enjoyment is evinced by its purring. Woe betide him should another musky invade this happy hunting-ground! War is at once proclaimed, and immediately the two are fighting for their lives, squeaking, snapping, biting, rolling over and over, and all the time letting off their awful scent-bottles. You, in the comparative distance, just escape the disgusting odour; but the insect invasion catch it full, and quickly leave the scene. And so the fight goes on, until you happily catch both the combatants with one blow of your cane, and the stinking turmoil ceases; and having thrown open the doors to ventilate the room, you are glad to retire to rest.

I was awakened one night at Arrah by the squeaking and stench of two musk-rats, which were in mortal combat near my bed. Quietly rising and seizing my slipper, I smote the combatants a wrathful blow, to which one succumbed, and the other escaped through the venetian. I then lay down again, but only to hear the hateful p-r-r-r of 'musky,' who had come to look after his dead brother. Seizing him, he carried him off to the venetian, and there dropped him with a squeak, as I rose to my elbow. Bringing the dead rat back and laying my slipper handy, I again lay down. Very soon I heard the disgusting purr and saw the dead musky being carried off; and now the slipper was true, and both muskies lay prone.

Apropos to this, if you throw out a dead rat or mouse, he is at once swooped upon by a kite or crow; but both these scavengers will avoid a dead musk-rat; the kite will swoop and pass on as if he had not noticed the odour, whilst our old friend the crow will alight at a safe distance, and with one eye survey the dead shrew. Perhaps in that glance a whiff from the scent-bottle reaches him, for he hops off a yard or two, caws, and then rubs his beak once or twice on the ground. Then he takes an observation with the other eye, caws, and flies up into the overhanging minna tree. No one will touch the dead musk-rat; even those faithful undertakers, the burying-beetles, avoid him.

Now, what is the scent of the musk-rat like? When I was last at home in 1875, I went into a greenhouse on a hot summer day, and found it given up to the musk-plant. 'Muskie's! muskies!' I exclaimed, as I fled from the stifling, dank, and fetid atmosphere. Get up that combination—a hot day, a dank, humid, and suffo-

cating greenhouse given up to the musk-plant, and you will have the full effect of only one full-blown musky. The odour of the plant, heavy when close, is delicate when diffused; the scent of the musk-rat, on the other hand, is heavy when diffused, and insupportable when near. The marvellous diffusibility of this odour is illustrated in many ways. It has long been maintained that the musk-rat has only to pass over a closely corked bottle of wine to destroy its contents. I have tasted sherry so destroyed, and at the same time have placed corked bottles of water in the runs of musk-rats without any defilement. The odour won't permeate glass, so the bottle of sherry must have been contaminated by a defiled cork. Place a porous water-goblet (*soorhi*) in the run of a musk-rat, and defilement is secure; and if that goblet endures for a hundred years, it will during that century affect all water which may be put into it. These animals seem to enjoy communicating their disgusting odour to surrounding objects. It doesn't follow that mere contact conveys it, for I have often handled these animals without contamination; but there is undoubtedly—setting aside the scent-bottle as a means of defence—an instinctive marking of objects for purposes of recognition, sheer mischief, or for the easing of the secretion organ.

Another anomaly pertains to this animal: though so disgusting to others, it is not so to itself; and it is one of the tidiest and most cleanly of animals. Its nesting arrangements, too, are very peculiar; nothing is more greedily utilised than paper, which it tears up. Some years ago, I lived in a boarded house, and used to be nightly worried by a pattering and purring musky dragging a newspaper towards a certain corner. Arrived there, it disappeared down a hole and pulled the paper after it—that is, as much as would enter the hole. If I gently removed the paper, the inquisitive nose would appear ranging round the hole, and shortly after, the animal itself in quest of the paper. I had the boarding taken up, and there, in a paper nest, lay five pink and naked muskies, all heads, with hardly any bodies, and quite blind.

I cannot find one redeeming trait in the character and conduct of *Sorex caeruleoescens*, I must admit that he is an ill-favoured and of questionable utility.

A DAY IN EARLY SUMMER.

A LITTLE wood, wherein with silver sound
A brooklet whispers all the sunny day;
And on its banks all flow'rets which
In the bright circle of the charmed borders
Primroses, whose faint fragrance you
From other blooms; and oxlips, which
Is kissed by windflowers—star-like ger
Beside pale sorrel, in whose veins is
Larch-trees are there, with plumes of
And cherry, dropping leaves of scent
While happy birds, amid the verdant
Warble their songs of innocent delight
Surely they err who say life is not blessing
Hither may come the weary and have rest
Which

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THE STORY OF A VAST EXPLOSION.

THE greatest physical convulsion of recent times occurred on the morning of the 27th of August last year, the scene of the catastrophe being a small island in the Sunda Straits, which separate Sumatra and Java. It is a region which there is much reason to regard as one of the intensest foci of volcanic activity on the earth's surface. The main facts connected with this event, although slow in coming to hand, are now fairly within the records of science. Krakatoa, the volcanic island which a year or two ago was seven miles long by five broad, is about thirty miles from the Java coast. When surveyed in 1868-69, the island was found to be clothed from base to summit with a luxuriant growth of forest and tropical vegetation, but uninhabited. A few weeks prior to the eruption, the volcano, which had been dormant for two centuries, gave signs of an awakening. On the 20th of May several shocks, accompanied by loud explosions and hollow reverberations, startled the inhabitants of the towns of Batavia and Buitenzorg, you—sainety miles distant.* These disturbances than aed for the next three months with more to-morractivity. On the 11th and 18th of August early, argy of the volcano increased, and there

'Am'ptoms of a crisis. On the 26th and 'Certe' following, several eruptions took place, the delivery max was reached on the following to be pretty submarine base of the mountain where I am and

Derrick recei, ording to all available evidence, was handed to 'caved in.' This was apparently 'Right, sir,' and an influx of the sea into the silence.

'I shall leave steam, and then an explosion the way,' said colossal energy, is unparalleled in go armed?' volcanic outbreaks.

The attendan, us power of this eruption can only and touched th, understood by its effects; these wore at his sid, summarise. The explosion itself, Sir Carn

according to Dr Verbeek, one of the Dutch Commission appointed to investigate the nature and results of this catastrophe, caused the north part of the island to be blown away, and to fall eight miles to the north, forming what is now named Steer's Island. Moreover, the north-east portion of the island of Krakatoa was also hurled into the air, passed over Lang Island, and fell at a distance of seven miles, forming what is now known as Calmeyer Island. In proof of this, we have the fact elicited by the newly made marine survey of the Straits, that '*the bottom surrounding these new islands has not risen.*' This would have been the case had they been upheaved in the usual way. Not only so, but the bottom round these new islands shows a slightly *increased depth* in the direction of the submarine pit, nearly one thousand feet deep, which now marks the place the peak of Krakatoa occupied prior to the convulsion. But out of the midst of this deep depression there rises 'like a gigantic club' a remarkable column of rock of an area not more than thirty-three square feet, which projects sixteen feet above the surface of the sea. The southern part is all that is now left of the island of Krakatoa, and this fragment on its north side is now bounded by a magnificent precipitous cliff more than two thousand five hundred feet high. It has been thought by some, however, that the first portion of the island was blown away on the evening of August 26th, and that on the following morning the larger mass, answering to Calmeyer Island, was shot out by an effort still more titanic.

The shock of the explosion was felt at a distance of four thousand miles, being equal to an area of one-sixth of the earth's surface—that is, at Burmah, Ceylon and the Andaman Islands to the north-west, in some parts of India, at Saigon and Manila to the north, at Dorey in the Geelvink Bay (New Guinea) to the east, and throughout Northern Australia to the south-west. Lloyd's agents at Batavia, in Java, stated that on the eve of this vast explosion, the detonations

* The eruption of May was noticed in a previous article (Nov. 24, 1883).

'grew louder, till in the early morning the reports and concussions were simply deafening, not to say alarming.' So violent were the air-waves, due to this cause, that walls were rent by them at a distance of five hundred miles, and so great the volume of smoke and ashes, that Batavia, eighty miles off, was shrouded in complete darkness for two hours. Nearly four months after the eruption, masses of floating pumice, each several acres in extent, were seen in the Straits of Sunda.

Paradoxical as it appears, the sound was sometimes better heard in distant places than in those nearer the seat of disturbance. This singular effect has been thus explained—assuming, for example, the presence of a thick cloud of ashes between Krakatoa and Anjer, this would act on the sound-waves like a thick soft cushion; along and above such an ash-cloud the sound would be very easily propelled to more remote places, for instance, Batavia; whereas at Anjer, close behind the ash-cloud, no sounds, or only faint ones, would be heard. Other explanations seem to be less probable, though not impossible.

Dr Verbeek states that within a circle of nine and a-half miles' radius (fifteen kilometres) from the mountain, the layers of volcanic ash cover the ground to a depth of from sixty-five to one hundred and thirty feet, and at the back of the island the thickness of the ash-mountains is in some places even from one hundred and ninety-five to two hundred and sixty feet, and that the matter so projected extends over a known area of seven hundred and fifty thousand square kilometres (285,170 square miles), or a space larger than the German Empire with the Netherlands and Belgium, including Denmark and Iceland, or nearly twenty-one times the size of the Netherlands. Moreover, he calculates that the quantity of solid substance ejected by the volcano was eighteen cubic kilometres, or 414 cubic miles. To give some idea of the enormous volume this represents, we may take the following illustration: the largest of the Egyptian pyramids has upwards of eighty-two millions of cubic feet of masonry; it would therefore take about *seven thousand three hundred and sixty* of such structures to equal the bulk of matter thrown out by this eruption. Some of this matter was found to contain smooth round balls from five-eighths to two and a-quarter inches in diameter, and composed of fifty-five per cent. of carbonate of lime.

As may well be imagined, the final outburst by its awful energy gave rise to a succession of air-waves. These we now know went round the earth more than once, and recorded themselves on the registering barometers or barographs at the Mauritius, Berlin, Rome, St Petersburg, Valencia, Coimbra (Portugal), and other far-distant places. At some points, as many as seven such disturbances were noted; other instruments not so sensitive gave evidence of five, by which time the wave had pretty well spent itself.

Having collected the observations made at all the chief meteorological stations, General Strachey recently read a paper before the Royal Society which, in his opinion, conclusively shows that an immense air-wave started from Krakatoa at about thirty minutes past nine A.M. on August 27th. Spreading from this common centre, the wave went three and a-quarter times round the globe,

and those parts of it which had travelled in opposite directions passed through one another 'somewhere in the antipodes of Java.' The velocity of the aerial undulations which travelled from east to west was calculated at six hundred and seventy-four miles per hour, those moving in the reverse direction at seven hundred and six miles per hour, or nearly the velocity of sound.

But another effect of the eruption was a series of 'tidal waves,' so called—although the term is objected to because not strictly scientific—which, like the air-wave, passed round the world. Whether this was synchronous with the final explosion, it is not possible to say. The highest of these seismic sea-waves, which was over one hundred feet high, swept the shores on either side of the Straits, and wrought terrible destruction to life and property. More than thirty-five thousand persons perished through it; the greater part of the district of North Bantam was destroyed, the towns of Anjer, Merak, Tjerimgin, and others being overwhelmed.

The initial movement of this destructive agent was undoubtedly of the nature of a negative wave; but the best testimony to this is lost, since those who witnessed it were its victims. The sudden subsidence of so large an area of the sea-bottom in the Straits caused the sea to recede from the neighbouring shores. This negative wave was, however, seen by Captain Ferrat from his vessel, as she lay at anchor at Port Louis. He states that towards two P.M. he saw the water in the harbour roll back and suddenly fall four or five feet; and that, a quarter of an hour afterwards, the sea returned with great violence to its former level, causing his own and other vessels to roll terribly. The best witness of this remarkable phenomenon, however, is Captain Watson, of the British ship *Charles Ball*. His vessel was actually within the Straits, and he states that he and his helmsman 'saw a wave rush right on to Button Island, apparently sweeping right over the south part, and rising half-way up to the north and east sides fifty or sixty feet, and then continuing on to the Java shore. This was evidently a wave of translation and not of progression, for it was not felt at the ship.' This latter movement, beyond question, must have coincided with the great 'tidal wave' above mentioned, and which was felt at Aden, on the Ceylon coast, Port Blair, Nagapatam, Port Elizabeth, Kurachee, Bombay, and half-way up to Calcutta on the Hooghly, the north-west coast of Australia, Honolulu, Kodiak in Alaska, San Cepto near San Francisco, and the east coast of New Zealand.

In this as in most other cases of volcanic disturbance, electrical phenomena were observed. One vessel in particular, while passing through the Sunda Straits, exhibited 'balls of fire' at her masthead and at the extremities of her yardarms. Further, it was noticed at the Oriental Telephone Station, Singapore, a place five hundred miles from Krakatoa, that on raising the receiving instrument to the ears, a perfect roar as of a waterfall was heard; and by shouting at the top of one's voice, the clerk at the other end of the wire was able just to hear something like articulation, but not a single sentence could be understood. On the line to Ishore, which includes a submarine cable about a mile long, reports like pistol-shots were heard. These noises were

considered due to a disturbance of the earth's magnetic field, caused by the explosion, and reacting on the wires of the telephone.

We have now to refer to what has been a much debated question. From about September to the beginning of the present year, remarkable coronal appearances and sunglows were noticed in different parts of the world, and especially the somewhat rare phenomena of red, green, and blue suns. Observers such as Norman Lockyer, Dr Meldrum, and Helmholtz maintained that the phenomena were due to volcanic dust at a great altitude; others, and notably meteorologists, rejected this hypothesis, and urged that the coloured suns were due to unusually favourable atmospheric conditions, such colours being probably due to the refraction and reflection of light by watery vapours. But the theory that volcanic dust caused these appearances is fast gaining ground, if it be not already an incontrovertible fact. The spectroscope has shown that dust of almost microscopic fineness floating in the air caused the sun to appear red. Such dust has already fallen, and the microscope reveals the existence in it of salt particles. This, then, is fairly conclusive evidence of the volcanic origin of such dust. That ash particles were actually carried very far in the upper air-currents, has already appeared from snow which fell in Spain and rain in Holland, in which the same components were found as in the Krakatoa ashes. Dr Verbeek estimates that the height to which this fine matter was projected 'may very well have reached' forty-five to sixty thousand feet.

In a letter addressed to the *Midland Naturalist* by Mr Clement Wragge, of Torrens Observatory, Adelaide, South Australia, and dated July 17, 1884, the writer remarks that recently, when there were magnificent sunsets, he obtained 'a perfectly sharp, clean spectrum without a trace of vapour-bands.' And further, he is strongly of opinion that the Krakatoa eruption is the primary cause of these wondrous pictures in the Kosmos.

There can now be little doubt but that the green and blue suns and exceptional sunsets observed in Europe, India, Africa, North and South America, Japan, and Australia, were due to the Krakatoa eruption. The enormous volume of volcanic dust and steam shot up into the higher atmospheric zones by this convulsion are adequate to furnish the chromatic effects above mentioned.

But we have better evidence still: these peculiar solar effects followed a tolerably straight course to one which was in fact chiefly confined to a narrow belt near the equator; the data now collected show that on the second day after the eruption they appeared on the east coast of Africa, on the third day on the Gold Coast, at Trinidad on the sixth, and at Honolulu the ninth day. Finally, in a paper read by Dr Douglas Archibald at the late British Association meeting at Montreal, it was stated that 'observations showed that the dates of the sunglows began earlier in Java, then apparently spread gradually away, the dust being so high as to be in the upper currents, of which we know little. These sunset glows were not seen before the eruption.

The dust appeared to have travelled at a uniform rate, over two thousand miles daily.

'The topic,' says Mr S. E. Bishop, writing from Honolulu, 'is an endless one. Many ask what is the cause of frequent revivals of the red glows, such as the very fine one of August 19. It seems merely to show an irregular distribution of the vast clouds of thin Krakatoa haze still lingering in the upper atmosphere. They drift about, giving us sometimes more, sometimes less, of their presence. It is also not unlikely that in varying hygrometric conditions the minute dust-particles become nuclei for ice crystals of varying size. This would greatly vary their reflecting power, and accords with some observations of Mr C. J. Lyons, showing that the amount of red glow varies according to the prevalence of certain winds.' Further facts are coming to hand respecting this great natural convulsion.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LV.—SWEET AND THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Soon after reading Mr Shield's letter, Madge walked to Ringsford with Pansy. There had been a thaw during the night, and the meadows and the ploughed lands were transformed into sheets of dirty gray, dirty blue, and reddish slush, according to the character of the soil, dotted with patches of snow like the ghosts of islets in a lake of puddle. But the red sun had a frosty veil on his face; by-and-by this puddle would be glazed with ice, and the heavy drops of melting snow which were falling slowly from the trees would become glittering crystal pendants to their branches.

The two girls, their cheeks tingling with the bite of the east wind, tramped bravely through the slush, with no greater sense of inconvenience than was caused by the fact that they would be obliged to perform the journey by the road instead of taking the short-cut through the Forest.

They spoke little, for each was occupied with her own troublous thoughts; Pansy did not know much of the sources of her friend's anxieties, and Madge had already exhausted the consolation she could offer to her companion. On arriving at Ringsford they found Sam Culver attending to his plants and greenhouses as methodically as if the mansion stood as sound as ever it had done and the daily supply of fruit and flowers would be required as usual.

Madge left Pansy with her father, and went on to the cottage. In the kitchen she found Miss Hadleigh fast asleep in the gardener's big armchair. She would have left the room without disturbing her, but at that moment Miss Hadleigh yawned and awakened.

'Don't go away; I am not sleeping.—Oh, it's you, Madge. Isn't this a dreadful state of things? I haven't had a wink of sleep for two nights, and feel as if I should drop on the floor in hysterics or go off into a fever.'

Miss Hadleigh had been relieved by a good many 'winks' during the period specified, although, like many other nurses, she was convinced that she had not closed her eyes all the time. Madge accepted the assertion literally, and was instantly all eagerness to relieve her.

'You must get away to Willowmere at once, and take a proper rest. You are not to refuse, for I will take your place here and do whatever may be required. You are looking so ill, Beatrice, that I am sure Philip and—somebody else would consider me an unfeeling creature if I allowed you to stay any longer.'

'But it is my duty to stay, dear,' said Miss Hadleigh a little faintly, for she did not like to hear that she was looking ill.

'And it is my duty to relieve you. Besides, Dr Joy has given us some hope that it may be safe to remove your father to our house to-day; and then you will be there, refreshed and ready to receive him.'

'I suppose you are right—I am not fit for much at present,' said Miss Hadleigh languidly; 'and you can do everything for him a great deal better than I can. But I must wait till Philip comes—he promised to be here early.'

'You have heard from him, then?'

'Heard from him!—he was here last night as soon as he could get away from that nasty business he has been swindled into by our nice Uncle Shield. He ought to have taken poor papa's advice at the beginning, and have had nothing to do with him.'

This was uttered so spitefully, that it seemed as if there were an undercurrent of satisfaction in the young lady's mind at finding that the rich uncle who would only acknowledge one member of the family, had turned out a deceiver.

Madge was astonished and chagrined by the information that Philip had been out on the previous evening and had made no sign to her; but in the prospect of seeing him soon, she put the chagrin aside, remembering how harassed he was at this juncture in his affairs. There should be no silly lovers' quarrel between them, if she could help it. She would take the plain, commonplace view of the position, and make every allowance for any eccentricity he might display. She would help him in spite of himself, by showing that no alteration of circumstances could alter her love, and that she was ready to wait for him all her life if she could not serve him in any other way. To be sure, he had said the engagement was at an end; and Uncle Dick had not yet said that it was to stand good. But she loved Philip: her life was his, and misfortune ought to draw them nearer to one another than all the glories of success—than all the riches in the world.

When he came, there was no sign of astonishment at her presence in the temporary refuge of his father: he seemed to accept it as a matter of course that she should be there. Neither was there any sign that he remembered the manner in which they had last parted. To her anxious eyes he seemed to have grown suddenly very old. The frank joyous voice was hushed into a low grave whisper; the cheeks and eyes were sunken; and there was in his manner a cold self-possession that chilled her. Yet something in the touch of his hand reassured her: love was still in his heart, although the careless youth, full of bright dreams and fancies, was changed into the man, who, through loss and suffering, had come to realise the stern realities of life.

They were for a time prevented from speaking

together in private because the doctors had arrived only a few minutes before Philip, and he waited to hear their report. Dr Joy came out of the invalid's room with an expression which was serious but confident.

'Our patient goes on admirably,' he said, 'You need have no fear of any immediate danger; and in six months there will be only a few scars to show the danger he has passed through. I am to stay here for a couple of hours, and then I shall know whether or not we can move him to Willowmere. By that time, too, I expect the ambulance we wrote for last night will be here.—And you, Miss Hadleigh, you really must take rest. I insist upon it. You will not make your father better by making yourself ill. Go and get to bed. Philip and Miss Heathcote will do everything that is necessary, and I shall be their overseer.'

Philip went to the stables to tell Toomey to bring the carriage round for his sister. As he was crossing the little green on his way back to the cottage, Madge met him. Although he had not observed her approaching, his head being bowed and eyes fixed on the ground, he took the outstretched hands without any sign of surprise, without any indication that he understood the cruel significance of the 'good-bye' which had caused them both so much pain. Whatever hesitation she might have felt as to the course she was to pursue was removed by his first words.

'You want to speak to me, Madge,' he said in a tone of gentle gravity; and then with a faint smile: 'I am better than when you saw me last, for I am free from suspense. My position is clear to me now, and I feel that a man is more at ease when the final blow falls and strikes him down, than he can be whilst he is struggling vainly for the goal he has not strength enough to reach. It is a great relief to know that we are beaten and to be able to own it. Then there is a possibility of plodding on to the end without much pain.'

She was as much alarmed by this absolute surrender to adversity as she had been by the strange humour which had prompted him to say that she was free.

'Yes, Philip, I want to speak to you,' she said tenderly, and a spasmodic movement of the hand which grasped hers, signified that the electric current of affection was not yet broken. She went on the more earnestly: 'I am not going to think about the foolish things you have said to me: I am going to ask you to give me your confidence—to tell me everything that has happened during the last two days. Tell it to me, if you like, as to your friend.'

'Always my friend,' he muttered, bending forward as if to kiss her brow, and then drawing slowly back, like one who checks himself in the commission of some error.

'Always your friend,' she echoed with emphasis, 'and therefore you should be able to speak freely.'

'There is not much to tell you. The ruin is more complete than even I imagined it to be, and the fault is mine. Your friend—I ought to say our friend—Mr Beecham has made a generous offer for the business, and, with certain modifications, will allow it to be carried on under my management. This relieves us from immediate

difficulties; and in a short time Mr Shield expects to have recovered sufficiently from his recent losses to be able to assist me in redeeming all that has been lost.'

'What gladder news could there be than this?' she exclaimed with cheeks aglow and brightening eyes; 'and yet you tell it as if it gave you no pleasure. Philip, Philip! this is not like you—it is not right to be so melancholy when the future is so bright.'

'Is it so bright? Are you forgetting how long it must be before I can repay Mr Shield? before'—

He was going to say, 'before I can ask you to risk your future in mine, and what changes may take place meanwhile!'

The earnest tender eyes were fixed upon him, and they were reading his thoughts, whilst she appeared to be waiting for him to complete the interrupted sentence. She saw the colour slowly rising on his brow, and knew that he was feeling ashamed of the doubt implied in his thought.

'I want to tell you something,' she said in her quiet brave way, 'and I hope—no, I believe that it will take one disagreeable fancy out of your head. I know that you did not mean what you said to me on that dreadful evening.'

'What else could a ruined man say?' (This huskily and turning his face aside.)

'He could say that he trusted his friends. Even Uncle Dick is angry with you for imagining that your misfortune could make any difference in his feelings towards you. And for me, you ought to say . . . but there, I am not going to speak about what you ought to say to me; I am only going to tell you what I shall do.'

He looked quickly at her, and the eager inquiry on his pale face rendered the words 'What is that?' superfluous.

'I shall wait until you come for me; and when you come, I shall be ready to go with you where you will, whether you are poor or rich. No matter what anybody says—no matter what you say, I shall wait.'

'O Madge!'

He could say nothing more; the man's soul was in that whisper. Their hands were clasped: they were looking into each other's eyes: the world seemed to sink away from them; and the woman's devotion changed the winter into summer, changed the man's ruin into success.

He drew her arm within his; and they walked past the blackened walls of the Manor, and along the paths where they had spent so many pleasant hours during his recovery from the accident with the horse, to the place where he had thrown off the doctor's control and got out of the wheel-chair.

'I am not so sorry now for what has happened,' were his first words. 'It is worth losing everything to gain so much.'

'But you have not lost everything, Philip.'

'No; I should say that I have won everything. I am glad to have saved Wrentham from penal servitude, for his frauds have enabled me to realise the greatest of all blessings—the knowledge that come what may you can make me happy.'

'And I am happy too,' she said softly, their arms tightening as they walked on again in silence.

By-and-by he lifted his head, and seemed to shake the frost from his hair.

'The doctor said I ought to have rest. I have got it from you, Madge. I can look straight again at the whole botheration—thank you, my darling.' (A gentle pressure on his arm was the answer, and he went on.) 'The arrangement offered by Beecham is a very good and kind one, which will enable me in course of time to clear myself whilst carrying out my scheme; we can take a small house; Mr Shield will live with us, and we must try to make him comfortable. Then we need not wait for the end of next harvest, unless you still insist'—

'No, Philip; when you bid me come to you, I am ready.'

CIGARS.

It has been abundantly shown by various writers that the Indians of North America as well as elsewhere looked upon tobacco as having a divine origin, as being a peculiar and special gift designed by the 'Good Spirit' for their delectation, and that it held a prominent place in their visions of a future life in the 'happy hunting-grounds.' In the present day, there seems to be an ever increasing dependence on—we might almost say slavery to—the plant, whose soothing influences are called in quest to counteract the effects of this high-pressure age. There are not a few of its devotees who are quite at one with Salvation Yeo in *Westward Ho*, who, when speaking of tobacco, says: 'For when all things were made, none was made better than this; to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire. There's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven.' We do not, however, propose to discuss the opposing views held by the smoker and the anti-smoker, but intend to restrict ourselves to some remarks on the manufacture of cigars, which have been suggested by a recent visit to the West Indies.

Of the endless varieties of cigars which are met with in various tropical localities, the majority are used for local consumption, and only find their way into England in very small quantities. The bulk of our cigars are either Havana or Manila, European or British, and of these it has been computed that considerably over two hundred million are consumed annually in the United Kingdom. It is evident, therefore, that the manufacture of this luxury is a business of great magnitude, irrespective of the other forms of tobacco used; and if we remember that the duty obtained from tobacco of all kinds puts nearly nine millions per annum into the national exchequer, it becomes possible to realise how much the comfort and happiness of a large number of Her Majesty's subjects depend on the products of the tobacco crop.

An Havana cigar of a good brand is deservedly looked upon as the *crème de la crème* of cigars; but, unfortunately, the number of good makers as well as the possible production of first-class cigars is necessarily limited. Thus the manufacture of the 'Villar y Villar' brand is stated to be never more than twenty-five thousand daily; while that of 'Henry Clays' is fully three times as many. For some time back there has been a deterioration in Havanas, which has

been variously accounted for. It is asserted that, from the exhaustive nature of the crop, guano or other artificial stimulants are largely used, and that the flavour of the leaf has suffered in consequence. Besides, owing to the increasing demand, tobacco has been grown on poor land unsuitable for the production of the finest leaf, and even has been largely imported into Cuba for the manufacture of 'genuine' Havanas. To those, however, who cannot afford to buy the best brands, it is satisfactory to know that a new source of supply is being opened up with great energy. The climate and soil of some parts of Jamaica very closely resemble those of Havana, and are well suited for the growth of the finest leaf. As the Jamaica planters open up their virgin soil, it is safe to predict that with growing experience they will improve in their manufactures, while already they produce a cigar which compares favourably with any but the best of Cuban make.

British cigars, like all other varieties, may be good, bad, or indifferent. By British we mean cigars manufactured in this country from the imported leaf; and as English capital can command the markets, there is no reason why the best tobacco should not be obtainable for importation. Using the same quality of leaf, a cigar can be produced in this country at a much lower cost than if imported ready made. We venture to think, notwithstanding popular prejudice, that a good British cigar is preferable to an inferior foreign make. Pay a fair price, and you will get a good article—home made, in spite of the Spanish labels, which are always used either from affectation or in order to deceive the ignorant. Much is heard about adulteration by means of cabbage-leaves, &c.; but we believe that it is almost unknown in this country. The fact that inferior tobaccos are so very cheap makes fraud both unlikely and unnecessary. Adulteration, however, is not unknown on the continent, where cigars can be obtained six and ten for a penny; but the duty of five shillings per pound is fortunately a bar to their importation into Great Britain. It is needless to say more about continental cigars than we do about all cheap cigars, and that is to recommend smokers to avoid them.

The manufacture of the finished article requires highly skilled labour, and long practice gives the workman an amount of accuracy and dexterity in producing cigar after cigar, alike in shape and size, with a rapidity that is truly wonderful. After the leaves have been properly cured, they are sorted according to size and colour. The centre rib is then extracted, an operation requiring great care. Each workman is seated before a flat board, and is supplied with a bunch of perfect leaves and a pile of broken tobacco. With his fingers, he quickly rolls up some broken pieces, inclosing them in one of the less perfect leaves, forming what is called 'the bunch.' This he proceeds to cover with the wrapper or perfect leaf, which he has already cut with his knife to the required size. The most difficult part of the process has now to be completed, namely, closing in the point. This he does by modelling it with his fingers, quickly twisting the wrapper round it, and fixing the end with a drop of gum. With one sweep of his knife—his only implement—he

trims the broad end, and the cigar is ready to be carried to the drying-room, afterwards to be sorted and packed in boxes.

It is easier to know a good cigar when you smoke one than to describe the points by which a good cigar may be selected. A good cigar, however, should have a good wrapper or exterior; it should have a faint gloss, not amounting to greasiness, due to the essential oil contained in it; and it should have a fine hairy 'down' on its surface. In addition to this, it should be firmly rolled, and yet not be hard, or it will not draw well. When lighted it should burn evenly, and not to one side; it should carry a two-inch ash without endangering your coat, and if laid aside for three or four minutes, should still be alight when taken up again. It is worth remembering the golden rule known to the lovers of the fragrant weed, namely, when holding a lighted cigar, always to keep the burning end turned upwards, so that the smoke may escape into the air—never downwards, as that causes the smoke to pass through the body of the cigar.

In concluding these brief remarks, it may not be amiss to say a word or two about the markings which will be found on the boxes, and about which a good deal of ignorance exists. On most boxes there are four distinct markings, which have each their own significance. First comes the brand proper, which consists either of the maker's name or of some fancy name adopted by the firm; such, for example, as Partagas, Villar y Villar, Intimidada, Henry Clays, &c. The quality of the tobacco is next indicated by Flor Fina, first quality; Flor, second quality, &c. Various names, such as Infantes, Reinas, Imperiales, &c., are used to represent the size or shape of the cigar. The fourth mark gives us an idea of the strength or colour of the tobacco contained in the box; and for this purpose the following terms are used—Claro, Colorado claro, Maduro, &c. To attempt to give any advice to our readers as to the best brands to buy would be beyond the scope of this paper. Experience will soon teach them what to accept and what to avoid; what suits their tastes and their pockets, and what does not.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER VI.

'PHEW! There's not a breath of air in this valley. One had need be a salamander to appreciate a morning like this. But what a lovely nook it is—eh, Mac? Quite worth coming half-a-dozen miles to see.'

'That it's very pretty, I'll not attempt to deny; but still'—

'By no means equal to what you could show us t'other side of the Border,' said the vicar with a twinkle. 'That's understood, of course.'

The time was the forenoon of the day following the evening on which Madame De Vigne had been so startled by the sudden appearance of one whom she had every reason to believe had died long years before.

The scene was a small but romantic glen. Over the summit of a cliff, at the upper end of a rocky ravine, a stream, which took its rise among

the stern hills that shut in the background, leapt in a cascade of feathery foam. After a fall of some fifteen or twenty feet, it reached a broad, shallow basin, in which it spread itself out, as if to gather breath for its second leap, which, however, was not quite so formidable as its first one. After this, still babbling its own liquid music, it fretted its way among the boulders with which its channel was thickly strewn, and so, after a time, left the valley behind it; and then, less noisily, and lingering lovingly by many a quiet pool, it gradually crept onward to the lake, in the deep bosom of whose dark waters lay the peace for which it seemed to have been craving so long.

A steep and somewhat rugged pathway wound up either side of the glen to the tableland at the summit, overhung with trees and shrubs of various kinds, with a rustic seat planted here and there at some specially romantic point of view. Ferns, mosses, flowers, and grasses innumerable clothed the rocky sides of the ravine down almost to the water's edge. At the foot of the glen the stream was spanned by a quaint old bridge, on which the vicar and Dr McMurdo were now standing. It was the day of the picnic of which Madame De Vigne had made mention to Colonel Woodruffe, and the party from the *Palatine* had driven over in a couple of wagonettes, which, together with the hampers containing luncheon, were stationed in a shady spot a quarter of a mile lower down the valley.

'Look, Mac, look!' exclaimed the vicar, 'at those two speckled darlings lurking there in the shadow of the bridge. I must come and try my luck here one of these days.'

'You look just a bit feckless this morning without your rod and basket.'

'Where was the use of bringing them? No trout worth calling a trout would rise on a morning like this, when there's not a cloud in the sky as big as one's hand, and not breeze enough to raise a ripple on the water. I've brought my hammer instead, so that I shan't want for amusement. Ah, Mac, what a pity it is that you care nothing either for angling or geology!'

'I could not be fashed, as we used to say in the North. Every man to his likes. I've got a treatise in my pocket on *The Diaphragm and its Functions*, just down from London, with diagrams and plates. Now, if I can only find a shady nook somewhere, I've no doubt that I shall enjoy myself with my book for the next two or three hours quite as much as you with your rod or hammer.'

'So that's your idea of a picnic, is it?' The question came from Miss Gaisford, who had come unperceived upon the two friends as they were leaning over the parapet of the bridge. 'To bury yourself among the trees, eh,' she went on, 'and gloat over some dreadful pictures that nobody but a doctor could look at without shuddering? Allow me to tell you that you will be permitted to do nothing of the kind. You will just put your treatise in your pocket, and try for once to make yourself sociable. Perhaps, if you try very hard, you may even succeed in making yourself agreeable.'

'My poor Mac!' murmured the vicar as he settled his spectacles more firmly on his nose.

The doctor said nothing, but his eyes twinkled, and he pursed up his lips.

'I have arranged my plans for both of you,' said Miss Pen with emphasis.

'For both of us!' they exclaimed simultaneously.

'Yes. Lady Renshaw'—

'O-h!' It was a double groan.

'Don't interrupt. Lady Renshaw will be here presently. As soon as she appears on the scene, you will take charge of her. I have special reasons for asking you to do this, which I cannot now explain. You will amuse her, interest her, keep her out of the way, and prevent her generally from making a nuisance of herself to any one but yourselves, till luncheon-time.'

'My dear Pen,' began the vicar.

'My dear Miss Gaisford,' pleaded the doctor.

'You will do as you are told, and do it without grumbling,' was the little woman's reply as she shook a finger in both their faces. 'I've arranged my plans for the day, and I can't have them interfered with.'

'My dear Pen,' again persisted the vicar, in his mildest tones, 'that your plan is a perfectly admirable one, I do not for one moment doubt, only, as you know very well, I am not and never have been a ladies' man, and that in the company of your charming sex I'm just as shy at fifty-five as I was at eighteen. But with Mac here the case is altogether different. All doctors know how to please and flatter the sex—it's part of their stock-in-trade, so that Mac would be quite at home with her ladyship; whereas I—well, the fact is I had made up my mind to walk as far as'—

'Blackstone Hollow,' interrupted his sister, 'in order that you might have another look at that big trout about which you dream every night, but which you will never succeed in catching as long as you live.'

'The traitor! eh, Miss Penelope?' cried the doctor. 'This is neither more nor less than prevarication—yes, sir, prevarication—there's no other word for it—and you the vicar of a parish, whose example ought to be a shining light to all men! Septimus Gaisford, I'm ashamed of you! As for Lady Renshaw'— He ended with a snap of his fingers.

'Neither of you is afraid of her. Of course not,' remarked Miss Penelope. 'You would scorn to acknowledge that you are afraid of any woman. But why run any risk in the matter? Why allow her ladyship to attack you separately, when, by keeping together and combining your forces, you would render your position impregnable?'

'Impregnable!' both the gentlemen gasped out.

Miss Gaisford's merry laugh ran up the glen. 'What a pair of delicious, elderly nincompoops you are!' she cried. 'Septimus, you dear old simpleton, haven't you discovered that this woman would like nothing better than to bring you to your knees with an offer of marriage?'

'Good gracious, Pen!' cried the vicar with a start that nearly shook the spectacles off his nose.

'Doctor, did you not see enough of her ladyship's tactics last evening to understand that her plan with you is to induce you to believe that she has fallen in love with you? and when one

of your sex gets the idea into his head that one of our sex is in love with him, why, then, a little reciprocity of sentiment is the almost inevitable result.'

'The hussy!' exclaimed Mac. 'I should like her to be laid up for a fortnight and let me have the physicking of her!'

'I noticed that she did press my arm rather more than seemed needful, when we were walking last evening by the lake,' remarked the vicar.

'And I remember now that she squeezed my hand in a way that seemed to me quite unnecessary, when she bade me good-night on the steps of the hotel.'

'Gentlemen, let there be no jealousy between you, I beg,' said Miss Pen with mock-solemnnity. 'If you decline to combine your forces, then make up your minds which of you is to have her ladyship, and let the other one go and bewail his sorrows to the moon.'

'By the way, who is Lady Renshaw?' asked the vicar. 'I never had the pleasure of hearing her name till yesterday.'

'Her ladyship is the widow of an alderman and ex-sheriff of London, who was knighted on the occasion of some great event in the City. Her husband, who was much older than herself, left her very well off when he died. That pretty girl, her niece, who travels about with her, has no fortune of her own, and one of her ladyship's chief objects in life would seem to be to find a rich husband for her. At the same time, from what I have already seen of her, it appears to me that Lady Renshaw herself would by no means object to enter the matrimonial state again, could she only find a husband to suit her views.'

'A dangerous woman evidently. We must beware of her, Mac,' said the vicar.

The doctor shook his head. 'My dear friend, your caution doesn't apply to me,' he said. 'Lady Renshaw is just one of those women that I would not think of making my wife, if she was worth her weight in gold.'

They had begun to stroll slowly forward during the last minute or two, and leaving the bridge behind them, were now presently lost to view down one of the many wooded paths which intersected the valley in every direction.

But a few minutes had passed, when Lady Renshaw and Miss Wynter appeared, advancing slowly in the opposite direction. They halted on the bridge as the others had done before them.

'What a sweetly pretty place!' exclaimed Miss Wynter. 'I had no idea it would be half so lovely. I could wander about here for a week,' adding under her breath, 'especially if I had Dick to keep me company.'

'Pooh! my dear; you will have had quite enough of it by luncheon-time,' responded her aunt, who had seated herself on the low coping of the bridge with her back to the view up the glen.

'I always thought you were an admirer of pretty scenery, aunt.'

'So I am—when in society. But now that we are alone, there's no need to go into ecstasies about it. On a broiling day like this, I would exchange all the scenery of the Lakes for an easy-chair in the veranda, a nice novel, and

the music of a band in the distance.' Then, as if suddenly remembering something, she gazed around and said: 'By-the-bye, what has become of Mr Golightly?'

'I saw him strolling in this direction a few minutes ago,' was the innocent answer. 'I have no doubt that he is somewhere about.'

'Now that Archie Ridsdale has been called away, you will be able to give him the whole of your attention. There seem plenty of quiet nooks about where you will be able to get him for a time all to yourself. He certainly seems excessively infatuated, considering how short a time he has known you, and I should not be a bit surprised if that waterfall were to lead him on to make violent love to you before you are six hours older.'

'Aunt!'

'Oh, my dear, I've known stranger things than that happen. When a susceptible young man and a pretty girl sit and watch a waterfall together, he is almost sure before long to begin squeezing her hand, and then what follows is simply a question of diplomacy on her part.'

'If—if—in the course of a few days—Mr Golightly were to propose?'

'He may do it this very day for aught one can tell. He seems infatuated enough for any thing. When he does propose, you will accept him—conditionally. You will take care to let him see that you care for him—a little. You have known him for so short a time that really you scarcely know your own feelings—&c., &c. Of course, before finally making up your mind, we must have some more definite information as to the position and prospects of the young man, and what his father the bishop has in view as regards his future. Besides, Mr Archie Ridsdale may possibly be back in the course of a day or two.'

'But in what way can Archie's return affect me?'

'You stupid girl! have I not already told you that Sir William is nearly sure to refuse his consent, and that Archie's engagement with this Miss Lorraine may be broken off at any moment. Then will come your opportunity. Archie seemed very fond of you at one time, and there's no reason why he should not become fond of you again. Young men's fancies are as changeable as the wind, as you ought to know quite well by this time.'

Bella only shrugged her shoulders and sauntered slowly over the bridge.

The expression of Lady Renshaw's face changed the moment she found herself alone, and her thoughts reverted to a topic over which they had busied themselves earlier in the day.

'So this high and mighty Madame De Vigne—this person whom nobody seems to know anything about—could not condescend to come in the same wagonette with us poor mortals! She and her sister must follow in a carriage by themselves, forsooth! Last evening, when we got back from the lake, she had retired for the night; this morning, she breakfasted in her own room. I feel more convinced than ever that there's some mystery about her. If I could but find out what it is! Of course, in such a case it would become my duty at once to communicate with Sir William.'

Miss Wynter came back over the bridge, but much more quickly than she had gone. 'Oh, look, aunt!' she exclaimed; 'I declare there's D—— I mean Mr Golightly, standing yonder, gazing at the water, and all alone.'

Lady Renshaw took a survey of the young man through her glasses. Feeling safe in his disguise, Richard had now discarded some portions of the clerical-looking costume he had worn yesterday, and was attired this morning more after the style of an ordinary tourist.

'You had better stroll gently along in the same direction,' remarked her ladyship. 'Poor young man, he looks very lonely!'

'But I can't leave you alone, aunt.'

'Never mind about me. Besides, I see that dear vicar and Dr M'Murdo coming this way.'

Lady Renshaw turned to greet Miss Gaisford and the two gentlemen, who were still a little distance off.

'Here they come. To which of my two admirers shall I devote myself to-day?' she simpered. 'Why not endeavour to play one off against the other, and so excite a little jealousy? It is so nice to make the men jealous. Poor dear Sir Timothy never would be jealous; but then he was so very stupid!'

Miss Gaisford was the first to speak. 'We were just wondering what had become of you, Lady Renshaw.'

'I lingered here to drink in this fairy scene. It is indeed too, too exquisitely beautiful.'

'If they would only turn on a little more water at the top of the cliff it would be an improvement,' answered Miss Pen.—'Septimus, you might inquire whether they can't arrange it specially for us to-day.'

'My dear!' protested the vicar with mild-eyed amazement.

'Maybe, like myself,' remarked the doctor, 'your ladyship is a worshipper of beautiful scenery?'

'O yes. I dote on it—I revel in it. After I lost poor dear Sir Timothy, I went to Switzerland, in the hope of being able to distract my mind by travel. Those darling Alps, I shall always feel grateful to them!'

'What did the Alps do for you, Lady Renshaw?' queried Miss Pen with the utmost gravity.

'They gave me back my peace of mind; they poured consolation into my lacerated heart.'

'Very kind of them—very kind indeed,' answered Miss Pen drily.

Lady Renshaw threw a quick, suspicious glance at her. 'What a very strange person!' she murmured. The vicar's sister was a puzzle to her. It could not be that she was covertly making fun of her, Lady Renshaw! No; the idea was too preposterous.

Dr Mac had not gone about for fifty years with his eyes shut. He had discovered that many persons, both male and female, who plume themselves on their knowledge of the world and their shrewdness in dealing with the common affairs of life, are yet as susceptible to flattery, even of the most fulsome kind, and just as liable to be led away by it into the regions of foolishness, as their far less sophisticated fellow-mortals. What if this woman, with all her worldly-mindedness and calculating selfishness, were one of those individuals who may be dexterously led

by the nose and persuaded to dance to any tune so long as their ears are judiciously tickled? A peculiar gleam came into the doctor's eyes as these thoughts passed through his mind. He cleared his voice and turned to her ladyship.

'It appears to me, Lady Renshaw,' he began, 'speaking from a professional point of view, that you are gifted with one of those highly-strung, super-sensitive, and poetical organisations which render those who possess them peculiarly susceptible to all beautiful influences whether of nature or of art. Hem.'

'How thoroughly you understand me, Dr M'Murdo!' responded her ladyship, beaming on him with one of her broadest smiles.

The vicar took off his spectacles and proceeded to rub them vigorously with his handkerchief. 'Mac, you are nothing better than a barefaced humbug,' he whispered to himself.

'It would seem only natural, my dear madam,' resumed the unblushing doctor, 'that a temperament such as yours, which throbs responsive to beauty in all its thousand varied forms as readily as an Æolian harp responds to the faintest sigh of the summer breeze, should—should find an outlet for itself in one form or other. Have you never, may I ask, attempted to pour out your thick crowding fancies in verse? Have you never, while gazing on some such scene as this, felt as if you could float away on—on the wings of Poesy? Have you never, in brief, felt as if you could only find relief by rushing into song? Hem.'

The poor vicar fairly gasped for breath.

'Yes, yes; that is exactly how I have felt a thousand times,' gushed her ladyship. 'At such moments I seem to exhale poetry.'

'Dear me! rather a remarkable phenomenon,' murmured Miss Pen.

'I long to be a dryad—or a nymph—or one of Dian's huntresses in some Arcadian grove of old.'

'A nymph! Hum,' remarked the vicar softly to himself.

'But I have never yet ventured to—'

'Gush into song,' suggested Miss Pen.

'To attempt to clothe my thoughts in rhythmic measures,' went on her ladyship with a little wave of the hand, as though deprecating interruption, 'although I have often felt an inward voice which impelled me to do so.'

'Let me advise you to try, my dear madam,' resumed the doctor with his gravest professional air. 'If I may be allowed to say so, you have the eye of a poet—dreamy, imaginative, with a sort of far-away gaze in it, as though you were looking at something a long way off which nobody but yourself could see.'

'Ought I to listen to these things in silence?' asked the vicar of himself with a sudden quail of conscience.

'You are a great, naughty flatterer, Dr M'Murdo,' said the widow, shaking a podgy finger archly at him.

'Madam, that is one of the points on which my education has been shamefully neglected.'

She turned with a smile. 'I trust that our dear vicar is also a worshipper of the beautiful?'

'With Lady Renshaw before my eyes, it would be rank heresy to doubt it,' stammered the dear old boy with a blush that would have become a lad of eighteen.

'Pass up one, Septimus,' whispered his sister in his ear.

'If you talk to me in that strain, I shall begin to think you a very, very dangerous man,' whispered her ladyship.

'There's a charming view of the lake from an opening in the trees a little farther on,' remarked Dr Mac. 'Would not your ladyship like to walk as far?'

'By all means, though I am loath to tear myself from this exquisite spot.'

'We shall find our way back to it later on.'

'With your permission, I will leave you good people for a little while,' remarked Miss Pen. 'I've other fish to fry.'

Her ladyship stared. 'What an excessively vulgar remark!' was her unspoken thought.

Miss Gaisford turned to her. 'Lady Renshaw, I must intrust these two young sparks into your hands for a time.'

'You could not leave us in more charming captivity,' remarked the gallant doctor.

The vicar, as he fingered the hammer in his pocket, looked imploringly at his sister, but she pretended not to see.

'Au revoir, then, dear Miss Gaisford,' said her ladyship in her most affable tones.

'Au revoir, au revoir.'

As the three went sauntering away, the vicar lagging a little behind the others, Miss Pen heard the doctor say: 'You know the song, Lady Renshaw, *When I view those Scenes so charming*, after which nothing but a murmur reached her ears.

She turned away with a little laugh. 'The doctor will fool her to the top of her bent. Who would have thought that high-dried piece of buckram had so much quiet fun in him?—And now to look after my hampers. If I trust to the servants, by luncheon-time the ice, like Niobe, will have wept itself away, the corkscrew will have taken a ramble on its own account, the vinegar and salt will have gone into house-keeping together, and the mustard will be making love to the blanc-mange. My reputation is at stake.'

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS ON THEMSELVES.

It has been fairly proved in previous numbers of this *Journal* that so long as advertising continues, a newspaper can rarely be altogether dull, for the curiosities of the advertisement columns often exhibit strange freaks and fancies of human nature, which may afford amusement when the news columns are at their grimmest and dreariest. But the place of all others which may be regarded as the headquarters of the advertising genius is the land across the Atlantic, and the papers which are the medium of the greatest enterprise in this line are the *Tribunes* and *Suns* of the United States; and most entertaining of all are the announcements by which the American journals draw attention to their own brilliant pages. An English newspaper directory is not very attractive, except to the business portion of the community; but an American publication of the kind is of a much more amusing character; and in two bulky and comprehensive volumes, an indomitable transatlantic publisher has issued a universal gazetteer, wherein

the newspapers of every part of the globe may be studied.

In the first place, it is enough for an English paper, as a rule, to state the town and county it represents; but young America must do more than this, if readers outside her various regions are to estimate the value of her press. Jacksonville or Euteroga must be set forth as indisputably the most thriving city in the richest district of the most prosperous State. Magnolia, advertisers are 'notified,' is a 'flourishing town with more than twenty-five business-houses;' Augusta 'is growing and has a bright future;' Westfield is 'a thriving town of above a thousand inhabitants,' clearly affording scope for a large circulation.

Manchester (United States), we learn, in a sentence racy of the soil, 'is a large, live, and growing city, makes one hundred and seventy-nine miles of cloth per day, can build fifteen locomotives a month, and fifty steam fire-engines a year, and an endless variety of other products of skill and industry.' Another rising spot has 'fourteen grocery, three hardware, and five dry goods stores, four tailor-shops, six butcher-shops, two banks, four hotels, three grist-mills, two stove-factories, foundry, planing-mills, &c., and six churches, one of which cost about sixteen thousand dollars, and has a spire one hundred and forty-eight feet high.' But this edifice is outdone in a third town which 'points with just pride to its magnificent iron bridge, costing over forty thousand dollars, and other evidences of public enterprise.' Middle Loup Valley is, we are told, 'one of the largest and most productive valleys in the State, which is from its picturesque scenery and fertility of soil poetically called the "Rhine of America." Another touch of poetry is come across unexpectedly: 'A belt of fire from thousands of coke ovens surrounds Mount Pleasant, the centre of the great Connells-ville Coke County, and the place where the *Times and Mining Journal* is published;' and there is a rhythmical swing about the remark that the *Honey Grove Independent* 'is published in the land where cotton grows rank and tall, and where cattle grow fat in the wild prairies.' But Honey Grove with its cattle is nothing to Hancock County, where 'the people have become so corpulent, that the druggists are all becoming independently rich from the sale of Allen's Anti-Fat;' and the Blue Grass Valley of Kentucky 'is famous all over the world for its handsome women, thoroughbred horses, rich soil, and fine climate.'

To be worthy of a land like this, the newspapers also possess rare attractions for readers and advertisers, the latter especially. They are 'alive and growing' 'newsy! pithy! spicy!' one is a 'paper for all mankind,' another 'overflows with local gossip,' and a third 'discusses public questions with lively respectability, and feeds its readers with no less than four and often five columns of spicy local matter each week;' a fourth has 'everything first-class;' you can get 'a bright and newsy wide-awake local paper,' or 'a live thirty-two column weekly;' and the *Eaton Rapids Journal* will be found, appropriately to its name, 'a live paper in a live town.' Yet more richly descriptive is the account of the 'red-hot local paper that feeds twenty thousand people

every week and makes them fat; advertisements can reach millions of hungry minds through this medium.' Again, we learn that 'Life on the ocean wave is nothing compared with reading the *Plymouth Pantograph*.' The *Sacramento Bee* is 'the spiciest, ablest, most brilliant, and most independent journal published on the Pacific coast'; while for 'talking large,' honourable mention should also be accorded to one of Cincinnati's lights, which is 'the best paper ever published. All its news is first-hand from upwards of fifteen hundred reporters and correspondents in every part of the United States and Europe.'

But these are mere outward characteristics and generalisations. Politics denote more distinctly the paper's line of action, whether 'stalwart Republican,' 'sound Democratic,' or 'Independent in all things, neutral in nothing.' Independence is the cry of many; they are 'bold and fearless,' express a hatred of party, rings and ringsters. 'Now in its third volume,' exults one banner of freedom, 'and has never halted by the way nor wearied of the fight. Always ready to take up the cause of the poor and oppressed, and never ready to surrender its independence to party, clique, or ring.' 'Has no axe to grind other than the advancement of every social reform,' a second patriot proclaims. 'Therefore it hits a head whenever that head is seen in opposition to true advancement.' For the extremes of party violence we must go to a Southern journal, which does not, it may well be hoped, 'speak as the masses of our people feel and talk;' if it does, so much the worse for the people. 'If the Yankees,' this redomontade begins, 'want to know the real sentiments of our people; if they want to have a realising sense of the utter madness of trying to govern the grand old sovereign States of the Confederacy, they will close their ears to the lying professions of our policy-bumming politicians and subscribe to the *Bartlett News*.' Perhaps some such rant as that of the *Bartlett News* a certain *Labor Standard* had in view while stating itself to be 'not a blowing, blustering, black-mail sheet which has to be read in private because its contents are unfit to be seen in the family; but a clean live weekly paper, devoted entirely to the interests of the working-classes.'

A Texan organ 'will seek to be a photograph of all the resources and needs of Texas; a mirror of her markets; a barometer of pure principles, sound public faith, and private honour. Democratic, but conservative, independent and outspoken in the exalted interests of just criticism—no panderer to partisan men or measures, whether right or wrong!' This is independence with a vengeance, ahead even of the gazette which 'favourites immigration, morality, and the Christian religion; and unflinchingly opposes shams, rings, rogues, and enemies to the people. It exposes villainy and crime wherever found, and hence is read by the more intelligent classes of people in the field where it circulates.'

The conjunction of immigration and the Christian religion reminds one of the much bemoaned lady who 'painted in water-colours and of such is the kingdom of heaven.' But there is a still more frank linking together of things temporal and spiritual in the 'only Democratic out-and-out

paper in Western Iowa,' which sails under the motto, more Yankee than reverent, 'Fear God, tell the truth, and make money;' the editor further announcing that if he 'is allowed to live under a Republican administration another year, he will carry your advertising at five cents per line, fifty dollars per column, or furnish his paper for one dollar fifty cents per year.'

The *Horseheads Journal and Chemung Co. Greenback* 'exposes rascality everywhere, and aims to give something to interest and instruct everybody every week,' from which it may be surmised that the *Horseheads Journal and Chemung Co. Greenback* is happier in its object than in its title. Many of these 'wide-awake and spiky' representatives of Western culture are not remarkable for the elegance of their names, the admixture of Indian and American resulting in some curious compounds, such as the *Petroleum Topic*, the *Klickitat Sentinel*, the *Katahdin Kalendar*, the *Waxahatchie Enterprise*, and the *Coshocton Age*. Yankee, pure and simple, reigns in the *Weekly Blade*, *Jacksonian*, *Biggsville Clipper*, *People's Telephone*, and *New Haven Palladium*; but there is a charm of euphony about the *Xenia Sunlight* and *Golden Globe*, and the brevity which may be the soul of wit in the *Call*, *Item*, *Plaindealer*, and *Editor's Eye*.

The editors, as is well known, come much more to the front than is the case in England; they do not remain the invisible and mysterious 'we' of the editorial sanctum; their names are frequently advertised with those of the publishers, occasionally, indeed, accompanied by a portrait or other additional recommendation; one paper 'is edited by two of the ablest newspaper men in the State, and it will be hard to find a better team in the editorial harness.' 'The most important feature,' we learn, 'of the *Free Press* is its funny squibs by the editor, "Driftings from Dreamland," which are original and spicy;' and as appropriately named, surely, is 'a humorous department, "Tea and Toast,"' to be found in another print. A Texas editor offers 'upon justifiable encouragement to visit any county or city in Texas or Mexico and make a statistical "write-up" of their every interest and advantage,' indicative of lively and reliable information for intending immigrants; and a *Highland Recorder*, with an affection for the Land o' Cakes one can but sympathise with, says that 'every page breathes of Clan-Alpine freshness.'

Great stress is laid upon the home-printing of the small journals—'no patent outside or inside;' 'almost every sentence is of home manufacture, little clipping is done;' 'the only paper that does all its work at home,' &c. A further noticeable feature is the frequent use of certificates and testimonials as to circulation from public and private individuals or from contemporary prints, or of self-recommendations such as that of the paper which 'has a very fine list of country subscribers,' or of the journal 'published by a genuine Jayhawker,' which 'goes to every post-office in the northern part of the State.'

It is when we come to the direct announcements to advertisers, however, that we get perhaps the queerest hints from our American cousins. 'Advertising rates cheerfully furnished' appears frequently; 'Advertisers love it' is a short and sweet statement regarding one paper; 'Should be

patronised by every live advertiser; 'Advertisers, do you want some return for your money? Read our inducements,' say others. Then, 'The modesty of the publishers deters them from mentioning the peculiar merits of the *Courier* as an advertising medium'—a modesty rivalled by the remark, 'Rates of advertising so low that we are almost ashamed to announce them,' which differs from the standpoint of a third, 'Advertising rates held high enough to make a living for the publisher;' and the latter appears upon the whole to be the more general sentiment, as may be testified by 'Don't send offers under price,' 'We only advertise for money.' The last sentence alludes to a species of exchange evidently less popular among the publishers than with their clients. 'No advertising solicited,' says the *Westfield Pantograph*, 'except for cash, or what may be as good. No space to give away or let at half-price.' More decisive is the *Calhoun Pilot*, which 'is choice in the admission of advertisements in its columns, and those it does admit, "due bills" of no character will settle for them. Must be in hard cash quarterly in advance, unless good references are given. Save your paper and postage, ye advertisers who have nothing to offer us for our space than your wares and due bills. We don't want 'em. We have a good article to retail, and nothing but the almighty dollar will buy it. But,' adds the *Pilot* more amiably, 'while this is strictly our rule, our rates are low, and we give value received for all the lucre you place in our possession.' Still more downright is the declaration, 'No three-cornered patent pills, second-hand clothing, skunk-hunting machines, or hand-organs taken in payment for advertising.' 'The *News* publishes no dead ads, and gives no puffs;' 'No half-cash advertisements accepted, no swindling or bogus patrons wanted.' 'Dead-beat, swindling advertisers,' sarcastically announces the *Troy Free Press*, 'can have their matter clucked carefully into the stove by sending them to our office. Our space is for sale, and must be paid for at living rates.' But there is encouragement for honest advertisers given by a *Clipper-Herald* through whose columns announcements 'go to that class of people who are honest and intelligent and who pay for what they get;' and in an equally straightforward assertion elsewhere, the *mens conscia recti* of the editor rises superior to grammar into the realms of wit: 'Has a good circulation among a prompt-paying class of people—these be facts!'

Facts or not, there is a distinctive character about Jonathan's advertisements equal to some of the fiction with which he has supplied us.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER III.—THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

DOWN-STAIRS in the public room, the faithful Derrick is engaged in a seemingly interesting conversation with mine host Hobb Dipping and two or three other jolly good fellows, who are all drinking at his expense. No sign yet had the attendant discovered that had served to rouse his suspicions. No word had been spoken which in any way showed that the natives of this desolate place were anxious to know more about his master or himself. A suspicion of danger often arouses our fears and doubts

when there is perhaps the smallest occasion for either. The honest countrymen troubled themselves much less about the matter than even the worthy host, who was happily indifferent to everything but the fact that Mr Morton and his servant were rare and profitable customers. The lumbering knot of labourers at length departs, and mine host locks and bars the door; while Derrick, not a little fatigued with the harassing events of the day, is left standing alone, surveying a row of empty benches which the retiring feunnen have just quitted. Burly Hobb comes back puffing and blowing, his red face glowing like the setting sun, and his bald skull spotted with perspiration through the exertion he has undergone in securing the strongly built outer door.

'Landlord, I'm going to bed,' says Derrick, who has suddenly returned to his original gruffness.

'Very good, sir,' is the reply of the host, who forthwith trims and lights an atom of a lamp which he fishes out of a cupboard by the fireplace. 'I hope you will sleep well, sir.'

Derrick's eyes are watching the innkeeper from under his beetling brows, and he answers gruffly: 'I hope so.'

'I've heard it said,' goes on the loquacious host, 'that a good sleep is worth a fortune to an over-tired man. I see nothing to prevent you sleeping well here, sir.'

'Not much likelihood of being roused in the night, eh?' remarks the attendant.

'Why, no, sir,' answers Dipping, wondering what motive his guest could have in asking such a question. 'There's no one to disturb you here, unless, indeed, it be your master himself.'

'Many visitors here?' inquired Derrick, as old Hobb leads the way up the dusky, creaking staircase with the flickering lamp in his hand.

'None at all, sir,' replied the landlord in a melancholy tone. 'There never is any one here—leastways, very, very seldom. I haven't had a visitor stopping in this house for a matter of—I can't rightly say how long; but I know it's a mortal long while, for since my poor wife died—'

'Is this my room?' interrupts Derrick, as the innkeeper halts before a solid-looking black door at the head of the staircase.

'It is,' answers old Dipping. 'You are pretty close to your master, sir.'

'I know,' is all that the attendant deigns to say, as he pushes open the door and enters with the light, leaving the landlord to stumble down-stairs in the dark as best he may. Having carefully fastened the door, Derrick sets down the light, and approaches the window with the intention of getting a breath of fresh air. The casement is somewhat hard to unfasten, and when at length he succeeds in opening it, the lamp which he has brought is blown out under the sudden influence of a gust of air which is admitted. No matter; he does not want it. The night-breeze is cool and refreshing, a favourable contrast to the hot stifling room below, and Derrick, as he leans upon the window-ledge, begins to appear more contented and at ease. All afterglow of the twilight has long disappeared, and the moon is shining with a sickly light upon a low layer of mist which

covers the marshy flats. Above the thin watery fog which has arisen from the sluggish stream and enshrouded the village as in a winding-sheet, the great shattered tower of the monastery rises ghostlike and dim, while the silence of the vast solitude is unbroken by a single sound. Even Derrick is not insensible to the peculiar beauty and stillness of the scene, and he lounges there, humming a tune, and watching the silvery trickle upon the watery marsh long after mine host has retired to rest. At length he closes the casement and divests himself of his heavy boots. Tired as he is, he does not attempt to remove his clothes. The man had seen a deal of sharp service, and experience had taught him long ago that in cases where he might be wanted at any moment, it were better to sleep in them. He merely places his pistols within reach, and then throwing himself upon the bed, endeavours to sleep.

Every one knows what it is to arrive at that dreamy state of semi-unconsciousness when the weary senses, failing at once to engage the attentions of the drowsy god, find a sort of relief in a long train of most disconnected thought. It was thus with Derrick. The fatigues of the day had proved too much for even that hardy individual, so that, instead of falling at once into a sound refreshing sleep, he was drowsily conning over the different events which had occurred, his rambling imagination colouring them with a variety of indistinct pictures and incidents. These weird fancies at length grew fainter and fainter, and the attendant was fast sinking into slumber, when suddenly, and as it seemed without a cause, he awoke. Through the casement the moon was staring down upon him like a pale still face, and the greater part of his recumbent person lay bathed in its cold light. All was still; there seemed not the slightest reason why he should be thus aroused. The silence was profound, and the very beating of Derrick's heart sounded like a hammer thumping time in his head. Scarcely knowing what he does, he sits up on the edge of his bed and listens. Yes; he was not mistaken, there seemed to be a faint noise approaching the old inn—a low measured tramp. The hammer-like beating grows louder as Derrick, with every nerve strained to the utmost pitch, silently rises and once more opens the casement. There can be no mistake now; some persons are approaching; and in that low tramp, distant as it is, he recognises the marching of a body of soldiers. He closes the window softly, and taking his heavy riding-boots in his hand, unfastens the door, and glides softly along the gallery towards his master's apartment. Owing to the pitchy darkness in which the gallery is enveloped, he experiences some difficulty in groping his way without stumbling; but reaching the further end at last, he feels his way to his master's door and gives the required signal. It is answered with unexpected suddenness, the door being instantly thrown open, and Sir Carnaby appearing on the threshold. He is fully dressed, like Derrick; he has not even removed his outer clothing, and in his hand is a short broad-bladed knife. The saddle-bags lie upon the table, and a portion of their contents, discernible by a dim night-light, is scattered about; but the black box is gone.

In a very few words, the trusty henchman explains what is the reason of his coming, and urges his master to hold himself in readiness to escape, should it be necessary. Sir Carnaby looks at him while he speaks as if he does not quite understand his hurried explanation; but when the attendant has finished, he looks around the room with an anxious air, and then says: 'If it be so, Derrick, we must get off somehow as quickly as we can. This window, I think, looks towards the back of the house. Can you not manage to descend into the courtyard and get out our horses? Lead them down the bank of the stream towards that tall beacon by the dike. You must remember the place; we remarked it as we passed the mill on our journey here.'

'I remember the place, Sir Carnaby; but I am not going to make off there, and leave you alone here.'

'I shall be safe enough, I tell you, Derrick,' said the baronet as he hastily motioned to the attendant to go. 'I cannot come yet; I cannot; it is impossible.'

'I will wait below, then,' is the stubborn reply of his servant, who is already half out of the window.

'Derrick,' says Sir Carnaby, laying his hand upon the attendant's shoulder, 'do what I tell you. I cannot come now; and if you wait below for me, as you say, we shall both be discovered. More lives than our own depend upon your obeying me at this moment. Go, as I tell you, and wait for me by the beacon; and I will join you as soon as I possibly can.'

The man clasps his master's hand, and, with something like tears in his eyes, makes his way to the ground. The fugitive baronet has no emotion expressed on his countenance, for he fears not for himself; his thoughts are centred upon that black box which has now so strangely disappeared. With the broad-bladed knife still in his hand, he goes towards a corner of the room, kneels down, and appears to busy himself with the planking of the floor.

Fortunately for himself, Derrick had found his way to the shed where the horses had been stabled; and his efforts to saddle and bring them out had proved successful. The great gates leading out of the courtyard of the old inn were fastened; but this did not deter the attendant's movements for an instant. Leading the horses through a gap in the fence at the back of the *Saxonford Arms*, he crossed a small cultivated inclosure, and emerged from the cover of a hedge upon the open highway. Stopping for a moment to listen, he plainly distinguished the measured tramp of soldiers approaching the inn, mingled with the low peculiar clank of arms and accoutrements. One circumstance which particularly alarmed Derrick was that the sound plainly came from the direction in which he had to go. There was no time for thought, however; the warning tramp which broke the stillness of the night came nearer and nearer, and over the old timber bridge which crossed the stream came a dim file of figures—eleven of them. Derrick could easily count the number as they passed over the bridge and came straight towards the old *Saxonford*.

Arms, their fixed bayonets flashing and glittering in the moonlight.

There was but one course he could take; he must move forward and pass them. No opportunity for making a detour, for the military were not one hundred yards from the house, and the attendant knew that he had been seen. Muttering a prayer for his master's safety, Derrick put the horses to a slow trot, and advanced towards the soldiers with a feeling of fear at his heart which he had never before experienced. He had not covered half the distance before a sharp word of command came from the front, and a line was drawn up across the road, evidently with the intention of disputing his further progress. A dash for it now; delay meant capture both for himself and his master. Digging spurs into his horse's sides, the attendant laid the flat of his broad blade over the flanks of Sir Carnaby's charger which he led, and tore down the road like a whirlwind. It was all over in a minute. A sheet of flame shot forth as the bold horseman broke through the line, and then, without a check, he found himself ascending the steep bank close against the bridge. The soldiers, however, who had taken the initiative, had no intention of letting their suspected quarry escape. Before Sir Carnaby's servant could head the bank, he was surrounded, and a hoarse cry to stop and surrender came from his pursuers. In this they had mistaken their man. Derrick entertained no such idea. He indeed hoped that the firing would alarm his master, and allow him time to make his retreat in safety; but not a thought had he of yielding. Once more clapping spurs to his horse, and striking right and left with his drawn blade, the attendant partially succeeded in clearing himself from the press.

At this moment, a random shot from one of the military dropped his master's horse, which he had been leading. Derrick had scarcely time to disengage his arm from the bridle before the poor animal went crashing down, breaking the worm-eaten railing of the bridge like matchwood, and throwing one of his assailants headlong into the stream below. In the confusion, Derrick received a bayonet-wound in the left arm, and he was nearly pulled from his saddle; but shaking himself free with almost superhuman strength, he applied his spurs, and galloped across the old bridge for dear life.

Although there appeared to be no attempt at pursuit, Derrick did not judge it prudent to ride straight for the spot where he hoped to meet his master. After making a considerable circuit, the trusty henchman, faithful to the last, reined in his reeking steed, and gazed across the flat misty space in the direction of the *Saxonford Arms*. The silence, however, was as complete as when he had sat at that open window looking over the fen. Not a soul was anywhere near him. Putting his horse once more in motion, the man rode slowly along the bank until he reached the place of rendezvous. It was as he both feared and suspected. Sir Carnaby was not there. He must wait. The clear night clouded, and the hours passed by, but yet his master came not. Derrick might wait until the crack of doom, but he never would meet his master again on earth. The devoted courage

of the servant was useless now, for, pierced by a musket bullet, Sir Carnaby Vincent lay lifeless across the stairs of the old *Saxonford Arms*.

CHAPTER IV.—AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

It wanted but a few days to Christmas 1760—a seasonable Christmas, and in keeping with that festive season of the year. Snow and sharp north-east winds had been plentiful for nearly a week past. The flat country all around the time-honoured cathedral city of Eridswold had been covered with a vast sheet of drifted snow, which had found its way into every nook and crevice, filling up all the ditches and dikes until they were level with the surrounding country. The minster tower was embellished with an innumerable number of white patches, and the minster roofs were hidden under a thick covering of frozen snow. It was evident that King Christmas had things to his liking this time, and was bent upon enjoying his own particular time in his own particular way. Meanwhile the wind roared on, roared and whistled, and whisked the sharp frozen snow-flakes round and round, dashing them, as if in impotent rage, against the sturdy walls of the minster. The air was so thick that, although the hour was not late, darkness had set in with a density that obscured every object from view, while the tolling of the great vespers-bell was drowned by the distracting uproar of the elements.

It was during one of the uncertain lulls which occurred from time to time, that a figure emerged from the protecting shelter of one of the cathedral buttresses, and wrapping himself in the folds of a horseman's cloak, strode hastily forward, evidently intending to take advantage of the brief calm and reach some haven of shelter. Scarcely a single person was to be seen in the deserted streets, through which the blast tore with such mad fury that the buffeted wayfarer staggered again. Visions of glowing fires, dry clothes, and comfortable shelter rose before his imagination as he passed a brightly lighted window. But there was no stopping for him; he must on and fight this tough battle with the pitiless wind as best he may. His destination is at length reached. The weather-beaten traveller descends a couple of steps, passes through an open doorway, and emerges from the outer darkness into a warm, cosy-looking bar—his clothes half-frozen, and crusted with patches of snow. He is apparently known here, for he is instantly relieved of his cloak and hat by a neat-looking damsel, who up to the present moment has been engaged in a light and refreshing flirtation with a large, hot-visaged man lounging before the fire.

'Sharp weather this, sir,' remarked that worthy, slightly moving from his place.

'Sharp indeed!' returned the other in a deep voice, as he shook some loose particles of snow from his person.

'Ah, this'll be a bad time for many people,' was the next remark the large man ventured upon.

A muttered exclamation dropped from the lips of the last comer, but was too indistinct to be heard.

'There'll be many a person remember this night,' continued he of the fiery countenance, with an insane notion that he was getting along capably.

The individual addressed turned sharply round, fixing a pair of dark eyes upon the other's face, but he did not speak.

Somewhat discouraged, the large man paused for a minute ere he spoke again. The person he seemed so wishful to converse with was a tall, handsome, young fellow, dressed in a sort of half-military costume, and with a bold dashing look, sufficient in itself to attract notice. By his side was a silver-hilted rapier, the ordinary weapon of a gentleman of the day; and the martial look of the wearer was sufficient proof that he would be prompt to use it in any emergency. Seemingly not satisfied with the long inspection he had thought fit to take, our red-faced friend once more endeavoured to enter into conversation; but the gentleman, after giving the maid some orders, quitted the room.

'Is that gentleman staying in the house, Peggy, my dear?' asked the red-faced one of the waiting-maid.

'Yes; he came here last night,' replied the girl, who was perfectly ready to resume the aforesaid flirtation, which had been interrupted by the entrance of the visitor.

But the man with the fiery face now seemed to be persistently interested in the stranger. 'What may his name be, Peg?' he asked in a tone of affected carelessness.

'That's no business of yours, Mr Goff,' retorted the damsel a trifle tartly, for the swain's indifference somewhat nettled her.

'Now, Peggy, my chuck, don't get crusty,' said the big man in wheedling accents. 'What's that you've got in your pretty hand?'

'It's the gentleman's hat,' replied the fair maid, somewhat relaxing. 'I'm going to dry it by the fire with his cloak. They're sopping wet, now the snow's melted on them.'

'He's not likely to lose his headpiece, whoever he may be,' remarked Mr Goff. 'I can see "R. Ainslie" on the lining quite plain, as you're holding it now.'

'You seem to take a deal of interest in the gentleman,' laughed Peggy as she turned the hat away.

'It's mighty little interest I take in any one except you, my beauty,' returned Mr Goff. 'I only thought the young fellow looked wonderful weary and tired like.'

'He looked that yesterday,' said Peggy, warming to the subject. 'I felt quite sorry for him when he rode up. It wasn't fit weather to turn a dog out in.'

'And he's been out again to-day?' hazarded the big man.

'Yes,' replied Peggy, depositing the hat and cloak in front of the roaring blaze. 'He went out early on foot, leaving his horse in the stable, and we saw nothing more of him till two o'clock. He came back then, and ordered something to eat; but, as I'm a living creature, I think he scarcely touched it. After that, he went out again, and did not return till just now.'

'It seems wonderful curious,' said Mr Goff slowly, as he buttoned up his coat and prepared to go—seems wonderful curious that a young

gent should go on in that fashion. When I see 'em a-doing so, I always have a sort of notion that they've got something on their minds, and are going to act rash.'

'That's your experience, is it?' said the girl with a laugh. 'I don't think much of it.'

'Possibly not,' returned the other. 'Good-night.'

A SOLITARY ISLAND.

THE government of Iceland have commissioned Mr Thoroddsen to undertake systematic explorations of that island, with a view to investigating its physical features and describing its natural history. While on a visit to Grimsey, a small island twenty-two miles due north of Iceland, he found it inhabited by eighty-eight human beings, debarred from all communication with the mainland, excepting once or twice every year, when, at great risk, the natives contrived to visit the mainland in their small open boats.

After describing the flora and meteorology of this secluded islet, Mr Thoroddsen informs us that the 'pastor of the island, M. Pjetur Gudmundsson, has for many years been engaged in exceedingly careful meteorological observations on behalf of the Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen. This most worthy gentleman, living here in conspicuous poverty, like a hermit divorced from the world, though he has the comfort of a good wife to be thankful for, is not only regarded as a father by his primitive congregation, but enjoys, moreover, the reputation of being in the front rank among sacred poets in modern Iceland.

'The inhabitants derive their livelihood for the most part from bird-catching, nest-robbing, and deep-sea fisheries. The precipices that form the eastern face of the island are crowded with myriads of various kinds of sea-fowl. On every ledge the birds are seen thickly packed together; the rocks are white with guano, or green-tufted with scurvy-grass; here everything is in ceaseless movement, stir, and flutter, accompanied by a myriad-voiced concert from screamers on the wing, from chattering on domestic affairs in the rock-ledges, and from brawlers at the parliament of love out at sea, the surface of which beneath the rocks is literally thatched at this time of the year with the wooing multitudes of this happy commonwealth. If the peace is broken by a stone rolled over the precipice or by the report of a gunshot, the air is suddenly darkened by the rising clouds of the disturbed birds, which, viewed from the rocks, resemble what might be taken for gigantic swarms of bees or midges.

'The method adopted for collecting eggs is the following: Provided with a strong rope, some nine or ten stalwart men go to the precipice, where it is some three hundred feet high, and one of the number volunteers or is singled out by the rest for the perilous *styg*, that is, "sink" or "drop," over the edge of the rocks. Round his thighs and waist, thickly padded generally with bags stuffed with feathers or hay, the *siyamail*, "sinkman" or "dropman," adjusts the rope in such a manner that he may hang, when dropped, in a sitting posture. He is also dressed in a wide smock or sack of coarse calico, open at the breast, and tied round the waist with a belt,

into the ample folds of which he slips the eggs he gathers, the capacity of the smock affording accommodation to from one hundred to one hundred and fifty eggs at a time. In one hand the sinkman holds a pole, sixteen feet long, with a ladle tied to one end, and by this means scoops the eggs out of nests which are beyond the reach of his own hands. When the purpose of this "breath-fetching" sink is accomplished, on a given sign the dropman is hauled up again by his comrades. This, as may readily be imagined, is a most dangerous undertaking, and many a life has been lost over it in Grimsey from accidents occurring to the rope.

For the pursuit of the fishery, the island possesses fourteen small open boats, in which the men will venture out as far as four to six miles out-fishing; but this is a most hazardous industry, owing both to the sudden manner in which the sea will rise, sometimes even a long time in advance of travelling storms, and to the difficulty of effecting a landing on the harbourless island.

Now and then the monotony of the life of the inhabitants is broken by visits from foreigners, mostly Icelandic shark-fishers, or English or French fishermen.

Of domestic animals the islanders now possess only a few sheep. Formerly there were five cows in the island; but the hard winter of 1860 necessitated their extermination, and since that time, for twenty-four years, the people have had to do without a cow! Of horses there are only two at present (1884) in the island! Strange to say, the health of the people seems on the whole to bear a fair comparison with more favoured localities. Scurvy, which formerly was very prevalent, has now almost disappeared, as has also a disease peculiar to children, which, in the form of spasm or convulsive fit, used to be very fatal to infant life in former years.

Inexpressibly solitary must be the life of these people in winter, shut out from all communication with the outer world, and having in view, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but arctic ice. The existence of generation after generation here seems to be spent in one continuous and unavailing arctic expedition. The only diversion afforded by nature consists in the shifting colours of the flickering aurora borealis, in the twinkling of the stars in the heavens, and the fantastic forms of wandering icebergs. No wonder that such surroundings should serve to produce a quiet, serious, devout, and down-hearted race, in which respect the Grimsey men may perhaps be said to constitute a typical group among their compatriots. However, to dispel the heavy tedium of the long winter days, they seek their amusements in the reading of the Sagas, in chess-playing, and in such mild dissipations at mutual entertainments at Christmas-time as their splendid poverty will allow!

FORESTRY AND FARMING.

At one of the evening lectures in connection with the late Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition, Mr J. Meldrum spoke of the 'Johore Forests' which are situated in the Malayan Peninsula between the British settlements of Singapore and Malacca. The greater part of the interior, he said, consisted

of a virgin forest, and abounded in timber trees of a large size, no fewer than three hundred and fifty specimens of which were to be seen in the Forestry Exhibition. About three hundred kinds awaited the advent of the papermaker, who would be able to convert them into useful wood-pulp at a very low cost. Railways were required to make this wealth of timber available for commercial purposes.

Another lecture by Mr Cracknell at the model of the Manitoba Farm embodied some interesting information regarding the Canadian north-west. The Bell Farm in Qu'Appelle he described as the largest farm in the world. There were eight thousand acres under crop, five thousand under wheat, and a portion of the remainder under flax. From this farm, ten thousand bushels of wheat had been exported at a good price last year; and this year's crop was estimated to be forty per cent. better. The estimated wheat acreage this year in Manitoba is three hundred and fifty thousand; and in the north-west territories sixty-five thousand, with an estimated yield of twenty-three bushels an acre. There was thus a total of four hundred and fifteen thousand acres, and nine million five hundred and forty-five thousand bushels; but deducting two million seven hundred and sixty thousand bushels for home consumption and seed, there remained a surplus of six million seven hundred and eighty-five thousand bushels. There is little consolation here for the British farmer, who finds wheat-growing at the present low prices positively unremunerative.

A LOVE-THOUGHT.

If thou wert only, love, a tiny flower,
And I a butterfly with gaudy wings,
Flitting to changing scenes each changing hour,
Careless of aught save that which pleasure
brings—

Not even I could leave the lowliest glade
That held thy loveliness within its shade.

If thou wert but a streamlet in the vale,
And I a sailor on a stormy sea,
Flying through whirling foam beneath the gale,
Chartless in all that wild immensity—
Thy murmuring voice would echo in my soul
Through howling storm or crashing thunder-roll.

If, darling, thou wert but a far-off star,
And I a weary wanderer o'er the plain,
Unwitting of celestial worlds afar,
And knowing naught of all the shining train—
My glance would single out thy ray serene,
Though blazing suns and planets rolled between.

Yet, dear one, thou art these to me, and more :
My flower, whose radiance passeth all decay ;
My streamlet of sweet thoughts in endless store ;
My star, to guide my steps to perfect day ;
My hope in earth's dark dungeon of despair ;
My refuge 'mid life's weary noonday glare.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

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SCOTTISH DEER-FORESTS.

DEER-STALKING has for many a long year been looked upon as the king of sports; and in Scotland, a large area of land has from an early period been occupied by the red-deer and the roebuck. At the present time, as far as has been ascertained by a recent inquiry under Royal Commission, the extent of all the deer-forests in Scotland amounts to about two millions of acres. It is only, however, right to say that the land devoted to these animals could not be more profitably employed. It has been affirmed by practical men that it is scarcely possible to feed even one hardy black-faced sheep on less than six acres of such land, so scant is the herbage. Indeed, some intelligent farmers maintain that it will take a hundred and sixty acres of forest-land to graze a score of these sheep. No person who is even tolerably familiar with the deer-districts of Scotland will gainsay this. The contour, altitude, and climate of a deer-forest quite unfit it for agricultural purposes—the range of ground occupied by these stately animals is of the most miscellaneous description: hill and dale, moor and morass, mountain and glen, with every here and there rocky precipices, and small groups of trees naturally planted, and chiefly of the hardy native birch. In the three chief deer-counties of Scotland, the cultivable area is singularly small in proportion to their total extent. Taking Argyll, Inverness, and Ross-shire as examples, only three hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred and ninety-eight acres are to be found under cultivation, out of an area which covers six million eight hundred and twenty-three thousand and two acres, leaving nearly six and a half millions of acres to be inhabited by sheep, deer, and grouse, and as the site of lochs, rivers, and mountains, and sterile places on which nothing grows and nothing can live.

No authentic statistics are collected in Scotland of the deer which are annually slain in the way of sport; but we are enabled from records which

appear from time to time in the public prints, to estimate the number of stags which are killed in the different forests. In the county of Inverness—which may be called the deer-county of Scotland *par excellence*, in the same way as Perthshire is looked upon as being the representative grouse-producing county of the kingdom—probably about sixteen hundred stags are annually killed. The figure which represents the number of deer in all Scotland, counting animals of all ages, must be very considerable, seeing that, as stated in evidence before the recent Royal Commission, it yields to the sportsman's rifle four thousand six hundred and fifty stags per annum, and a nearly equal number of hinds. Scrope the deer-stalker, when writing his celebrated work some fifty years since, estimated that in the Forest of Athole, which at that date contained an area of over fifty-one thousand acres, there would be, young and old, between five and six thousand deer. Calculating on that data, there ought now to be found on the two million acres of land at present given over to stags and hinds and their calves, as many as two hundred and twenty-five thousand animals of the deer kind. Each stag which succumbs to the prowess of the stalker has been estimated to cost fifty pounds to the lessee or proprietor of a deer-forest. At that rate, the four thousand six hundred and fifty stags annually killed in Scotland represent a sum of two hundred and thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds paid in the form of rent and other items of expenditure which are yearly incurred. As to the rent paid for particular deer-forests, it varies considerably according to extent and amenities. Some forests contain a large area of ground; and although the rental per acre looks trifling enough—ranging as it probably does from ninepence to double, or in some instances to treble, that sum—the amount soon accumulates and becomes important. For an area of twelve thousand acres, a thousand pounds will frequently be paid. Many Scottish forests are, however, rented at double that sum;

and not a few at an even larger rent. In the county of Inverness, for example, there are a dozen which yield a total amount of fully thirty-three thousand pounds, including five of three thousand pounds and upwards, and one of nearly six thousand pounds, of yearly rent. In the counties of Ross, Argyll, Aberdeen, and Perth there are also many forests which command a high price. In the first-named county, we could name twenty that fetch an aggregate annual rent of upwards of thirty-three thousand pounds, or an average of nearly seventeen hundred pounds; while it is no secret that an American gentleman pays a yearly rental for deer-ground in Inverness and Ross of nearly eleven thousand pounds.

Deer-stalking has been denominated 'the pastime of princes;' and it is a sport that calls for pluck, patience, and endurance on the part of those who undertake it. From daybreak to sundown has been often spent in circumventing the monarch of the mountain; and often, after a hard day's work, the noble hart has got the better of his pursuers, and found his way to a place of safety. The deer is difficult of access, being a most suspicious and wary animal, with a wonderfully acute power of scent and sense of hearing. The antlered stag has to be watched from afar with a powerful telescope, the anxious stalker and his gillies requiring to be circumspect in all their movements. As an intelligent forester told the writer: 'You have to creep on your stomach like a serpent; you have to crouch as you go like a collier at work; while to make sure of your prey, you may have to make a tour of a couple of miles, even though you are just about within range. You must force your way through the morass, and must, if necessary, walk for a few hundred yards up to your middle in water—that is all in the way of business, sir, when you go deer-stalking. A slight rustle, the displacing of a stone on the mountain-side as you laboriously creep or climb to overlook your quarry, and your chance is gone; the deer being perhaps miles away before you can realise the fact that you have disturbed him.'

These words contain an epitomé of the work of deer-stalking. A stag will note a man a long way off, and will, when he does so, most probably at once take alarm and run for his life. The sense of smell which has been bestowed on these animals is wonderful; wind carries the scent to them unbroken, and whenever they have 'got the wind,' as it is called, of man, or any other source of disturbance, they are sure to move off to a place of safety. When once a herd of deer is disturbed, they will take themselves away to a distance; and it is generally a considerable time before they settle down again to rest or feed in quietness. The red-deer is excessively shy, and, as we have been trying to show, easily frightened. The melancholy note of a flying plover, the crowing of a cock-grouse, or the bustling past of a mountain hare, will sometimes cause him to gallop in a state of alarm for a mile or two before he pauses to see what has happened; and consequently, it is generally the policy of the devoted deer-stalker to discourage the rearing of grouse or hares in his deer-forest. The desire for possessing 'fine heads' causes some of the

best specimens of the tribe to be shot at an early stage of the season, a stag-royal being a prize greatly coveted. It is a somewhat curious feature of the economy of a forest that so few horns are found. The deer sheds its horns every year; but what becomes of most of those that are shed is not very accurately known, the number found not being in anything like proper proportion to the number that must be shed. The horns, as a general rule, are given to the foresters who find them, as a perquisite; and therefore it may be taken for granted they are well looked after; or their scarcity may be partly due to the fact of their being eaten by the deer themselves after being shed! This, to a certain extent at least, seems certainly to be the case.

It has been said of the Highland sports of deer-stalking and grouse-shooting, that as they never can be made to 'pay' in a commercial sense, so they never can be vulgarised. The deer-forests in particular are sure to remain select; it is only men who have an annual income of many thousands who can afford to indulge themselves in the 'pastime of princes.' As regards the produce of these vast areas of ground—the venison—it can hardly be said to have a marketable value. To produce a haunch at table on the occasion of a dinner-party is with some persons a matter of ambition; but table venison, except in Highland shooting-lodges and hotels, is generally obtained from park-bred fallow-deer, especially fed for the purpose, and which in its season commands a very high price. Red-deer venison—that is, a haunch from a Highland hart or hind—can only be assigned a secondary place in the cuisine. Happily, some sportsmen have discovered that venison does not require to be kept till it has begun to decay before it can be brought to table, but can be used to the greatest advantage in the space of two or three days after being killed, when its flavour is excellent and the flesh presumably nutritious. The deer can also be cut into chops, such cuts being delicious. Among sportsmen who thus utilise their venison we may be allowed to name the father of them all—Horatio Ross. There is, however, some probability that the Scottish red-deer may yet cut a better figure at table than it has ever done, and pains are being taken, we understand, to fortify the various breeds. The deer is a rather local animal, and therefore there must be in the various herds a certain amount of in-breeding; and to counteract the deterioration which must result from such a circumstance, Sutherland stags were some time ago placed in the forests of Ross and Cromarty with gratifying results; the Queen, it was some time ago stated, had forwarded some red-deer from Windsor to be crossed with the deer of the Duke of Portland in the county of Caithness; and various gentlemen well known in the deer-forest world of the Highlands have recently followed these examples. It is to be hoped we may learn in time how these experiments have succeeded.

In conclusion, we have only to remark, that it is a fortunate circumstance for the owners of Highland estates that they can be rented for deer-forests. In no other way could the proprietors obtain so good an income from their

lands. Those engaged in the sport of deer-stalking year by year expend a large amount of money; they give remunerative employment to many hundred persons, and have done much in many instances to improve the moral as well as the material circumstances of the people by setting those employed by them a good example. As to the question whether it would be more profitable to feed sheep or deer, that must be left to settle itself by the inevitable operation of economic law. It is a question of rental; persons having moors and forests in their hands, naturally enough let them to those who offer most money for them. It has been accurately ascertained by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Crofting System, &c., that all the deer-forests in Scotland—comprising about two million acres—are capable of throwing on the market only about four hundred thousand sheep per annum; and as there are in the United Kingdom nearly thirty million sheep, it is at once seen how comparatively meagre is the displacement of sheep by the Scottish deer-forests.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LVI.—UPHILL.

SHE knew and he knew that they were something more to each other on that white winter day than they had ever been before. What the degree of the 'something more' might be, neither Madge nor Philip attempted to calculate. They were conscious of it, and that was enough: yet both wondered how there could be this sense of closer alliance, when, looking back, they remembered how often they had thought that nothing on earth could decrease or increase their affection. They were learning the priceless lesson that *Love* grows in suffering where mere passion quickly withers and dies, and frequently turns to hate.

An honest, promptly spoken word had saved them from folly—cleared the mist from his eyes, and scoured the misery out of both hearts. And it was Madge who spoke this magical word, as it is the loving woman—God bless her—who always does. But then, says the cynic, 'the loving woman' is so rare that she may be freely allowed all possible praise: vanity and interest have generally much more to do in linking men and women than affection. Read your newspaper, note the lives of those around you, count the sores which the four walls of every house conceal, and then you will know how rare she is.—Go, cynic; we will shut our eyes and dream the beautiful dream of all romance, that women are fair, self-sacrificing, and loyal in their love.

Madge was insensible of any special heroism in taking the common-sense view of her duty to Philip and acting upon it. So now, the happy end being achieved, she turned calmly to think of what they had to do for others.

As they walked back towards the cottage, she spoke about Caleb Kersey, and the perilous position in which he was placed by the accusation of Coutts, supported as it was by the servant's unintentionally exaggerated account of the prisoner's conduct at the door of the Manor a few hours before the fire was discovered. She learned with satisfaction that Philip had not forgotten his unlucky foreman.

'I have been to the court,' he said, 'and Caleb is remanded for a week, in order to collect further evidence as to his movements on that night, and to see how my father progresses.'

'How did he look? What did he say?'

'He looked as if he did not care what befell him; he said nothing more than that he was innocent, and I am sure of it. The poor fellow has been cruelly upset by Pansy's conduct, and he has got into this scrape because he could not take warning in time that Coutts was too cautious a man to become his rival.'

'But will he be able to prove his innocence?'

'I hope so; and the next examination will enable us to form a clearer idea of his chances than we can at present. Coutts has had a slight disappointment in a business transaction, and is merciless towards Caleb. I suppose he is relieved to find some one to vent his spleen on.'

Philip smiled faintly, and she was glad to see even the least sign of his returning to his natural good-humoured way of viewing life. He did not explain to her that the business transaction in which Coutts had failed was his attempt to secure a snug place in Mr Shield's will by ousting his brother.

'Whatever we settle to do,' Mr Shield had said with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, and referring to Coutts, 'don't let that gentleman into our plans.'

Mr Beecham, with a grave bow, had acquiesced in this counsel, the wisdom of which Philip could not dispute, although he was not at the moment acquainted with the details of his brother's design.

'Don't see the dodge?' continued Shield brusquely. 'It's plain as daylight. He wanted to get you into a hole, reckoning that the rich uncle would give him your place. He expected that bill would do it; for if he didn't know from the first that it was a forgery, he believed it was, and made sure of getting his own and more out of the rich relative somehow. But when he heard of things going wrong, and being sharp enough to see that other people had their eyes open as well as him, he got too anxious to hedge to be able to carry out his scheme as he intended. Didn't quite miss his mark either, though'—this was uttered like a growl of disappointment—'for, thanks to you, he has got his own; but he'll get no more.'

Philip remembered with what cynical frankness Coutts had explained the ethics of business which guided him; but, until now, he had always imagined there was more talk than practice in it. He certainly never suspected him of being capable of putting such theories into practice with a friend and relative. Pat upon this reflection, one of Coutts's favourite apothegms recurred to him—'There are no friendships in business.' He owned with chagrin that the theories of Wrentham and Coutts were identical, although the former was not so careful in utilising them as to succeed.

The brothers rarely met at this time, and then only exchanged a passing 'How do you do?' After Mr Huddleigh's removal to Willowmere, Coutts arranged with Dr Joy to send for him if there should be any marked change for the worse in the patient's condition.

'He wants quiet, you say,' was the observation

of this smart young man of business; 'and there is no use in my trotting out here: when I can do nothing. You'll let me know if anything is required.'

He was punctual as ever in his attendance at the office; lunched and dined at his club, where he spent the evening playing billiards or cards, with an occasional diversion to one of those shady places to which 'baccarat' was the fatal lure. But Coutts did not lose; even here his usual caution protected him. He did not want to see Philip at present; for although his money was safe, he felt mortified by his inability to penetrate the mystery of the bill, and by the consciousness that he had failed most egregiously in the attempt to ingratiate himself with Mr Shield.

Philip paid a brief visit daily to the farm, but it was very brief; and in that first week of anxiety, Madge and he spoke little of themselves or of their future. There was no need: everything was understood between them now, and they were too deeply engaged in earnest duties to allow themselves any relaxation until the immediate crisis in their affairs had been passed.

At the works, Philip laboured with all his might to pull things straight, and he had frequent occasion to wish that he might have had the assistance of Caleb Kersey. Mr Beecham, however, was at his elbow, encouraging him with words of hope and sage advice. The accounts of various firms as represented in their invoices were largely reduced in consequence of Wrentham's confessions. In most cases it turned out that two sets of invoices had been prepared: one set gave the real amounts which were to be paid to the dealers; the other set gave the sums which Philip had to pay. The explanation given was that Wrentham had represented himself as the buyer, and was therefore at liberty to charge whatever price he could get when he sold.

Even in the first transaction which Philip had entered into, namely, the purchase of the land, a bold attempt had been made to mulct him in a sum equal to double its value. He had, however, absolutely refused to listen to the terms proposed; and Wrentham had been obliged to content himself with what most people would have considered a very satisfactory commission of twenty per cent.

The details of these frauds—or should they be called merely 'sharp practice?'—were forced from Wrentham as much by the terror of Bob Tuppit's threat to give evidence in the matter of the forged bill as by gratitude for the generosity of Philip and his uncle. One by one the accounts were amended as far as they could be; and the amendment represented a considerable amount.

Wrentham gave his information with the air of a man who has simply failed in what promised to be a good speculation. Two things distressed him—he had been found out, and he had lost the whole of the money he had schemed so elaborately to obtain, by mistakes on the turf and the Stock Exchange. One important item, however, was safe. Despite his gambling infatuation, he had invested the proceeds of the forged bill in sound securities, so that the whole amount was recoverable. Yet the man was so insensible

to the criminality of his proceedings, that he was secretly regretting the loss of the pleasure and excitement he might have purchased with this money, if he had not been fool enough to desire to have a nest-egg.

In this week of hard work and anxiety to Philip and Madge, Caleb Kersey was again called on to answer the charge of malicious incendiarism. The doctors were able to give a satisfactory report of Mr Hadleigh's progress; and that was so much in the prisoner's favour. All the rest told heavily against him, especially his apparent indifference as to the result of the trial, which some honest country-folk regarded as signs of the hardened sinner, who had caused so much disturbance in the country by his demands for higher wages and better housing for the agricultural labourers.

He admitted the general accuracy of the statement made by Coutts regarding their interview; whilst he refused to give any information as to the grounds of their quarrel. He affirmed, however, that after the door of the Manor had been closed against him, he had speech with Coutts's father, who, on hearing his complaint, had directed him to be at the house early in the morning, and promised that justice should be done him. He further admitted that it was true that he had only reached his lodgings in the village a few minutes before the first alarm of fire was raised.

On his own showing, there seemed to be no alternative for the magistrate but to commit him for trial.

At this point, Mr Jackson, of Hawkins and Jackson, solicitors, who was acting for the prisoner by the instruction of some friends, called forward that astute detective, Sergeant Dier. He had been engaged for several days investigating into the origin of the fire; and he was now prepared with evidence which would not only establish the prisoner's innocence, but would show that he had behaved heroically on the occasion, and was in fact the man who at the peril of his own, had saved the life of Mr Lloyd Hadleigh, the proprietor of Ringsford.

The face of Sergeant Dier was a picture of good-humoured satisfaction; whilst preserving a proper degree of professional firmness and equanimity, as the case was developed in court. Mr Jackson's sharp visage was aglow with self-complacency, as if he would say, 'I alone have done it.'

First there was the testimony of Mr Hadleigh, written down at his bedside by a duly qualified gentleman—to the effect that he had made an appointment to meet the prisoner as the latter had affirmed, and for the purpose mentioned by him. Next Philip gave the man an excellent character for intelligence, sobriety, and honesty. He was followed by half-a-dozen witnesses who had seen Caleb's brave rescue of Mr Hadleigh when no one else would dare to attempt it.

Last came a housemaid, who confessed what she had been too much frightened to confess before. She had been sitting up late writing a letter (to her sweetheart of course—these things occupy a great deal of time), and hearing voices downstairs, she had gone into the passage, curious to discover the cause of the disturbance. As she

was retreating hastily, she upset a paraffine lamp ; but in her eagerness to get back to her room, she did not observe any signs of fire, or think of any danger until she heard the alarm.

The result of this evidence was a severe reprimand to the girl, and the instant discharge of Caleb Kersey without a stain on his character, and with a high compliment from the bench on the gallantry he had displayed in the rescue of Mr Hadleigh.

Caleb thanked His Worship, and retired, but not before Mr Jackson had whispered that it was a question whether he had not grounds for an action against Coutts Hadleigh. Poor Caleb neither understood nor heeded this suggestion in his present state of mind. He wanted to get away from the place. He was stopped, however, by Philip, who grasped his hand warmly, and asked him to come back to the works.

'Thank you kindly, sir ; but it may not be. I am bound to cross the water, and seek some place where I can forget the old land and—the old friends.'

'Hoots, man, what clavers,' exclaimed the gardener, stepping forward. 'You should not be headstrong. There's as good living in the auld country as in the new, if you would seek it in the right way.'

A kindly hand pressed Caleb's arm, and a soft voice said in a tone of intense relief :

'I am glad you are safe.'

Caleb pressed Pansy's hand in his own, and held it firmly for a few seconds.

'I'm obliged to you,' he said quietly, although huskily. 'I wish you well.'

And with that he forced his way through the group of friends and disappeared.

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

HAVING fully considered the choice and management of a sick-room, we now turn to those personal cares essential alike to the patient's comfort and well-being.

We have already spoken of the need of absolute cleanliness in the sick-room ; and as regards the patient himself, it is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of scrupulous attention to every detail affecting the purity of his immediate surroundings. Not only should bed and body linen be kept fresh and clean, but everything that has become soiled in using must at once be removed from the room. It is a very common practice in home-nursing to make a collection of dirty things, to be carried downstairs when any one is going ; in this way, I have known a room to be fouled for hours, the patient being considered whimsical for complaining of odours not perceptible to his nurse. Now, any such complaint should receive immediate attention, and a nurse should never rest satisfied till she has discovered and remedied the evil. It not seldom happens that the patient's sensitive condition makes him extra quick to discern such warning of danger ; and the nurse who really desires to do her duty, instead of taking offence, will gladly avail herself of the help thus given ; for it must be borne in mind

that as surely as smoke indicates fire, so surely does a bad smell indicate a foulness of air, which will never be remedied till the cause has been removed. Remembering this, it will be seen how foolish is the practice of drowning unpleasant odours by the indiscriminate use of disinfectants ; these have their special value—their proper sphere we shall consider in dealing with infectious diseases ; but in ordinary illness, they are apt to be used simply as a covering-up of evils which demand entire and immediate removal.

As regards personal cleanliness, many people still retain the old-fashioned fear of washing, which used to condemn the patient to a state of dirt, equally uncomfortable and injurious. Of course, care and discrimination are needful, and if there is any doubt on the matter, it is better to ask the doctor's opinion ; but as a rule, daily washing of face, neck, and arms is possible in all cases fit for home-nursing ; in addition, the legs and feet should be washed about every other day ; and whenever practicable, a weekly bath should be given. For the daily wash, tepid water and a piece of flannel suit most patients best ; but where cold sponging is a refreshment, it may be used, provided due care is taken to avoid a chill.

In cases where there is great feebleness, much care must be exercised in washing the patient and changing his body-linen. Before beginning, the nurse should see that the room is properly warmed, and that *all* she is likely to need is ready to hand ; she must be careful that no draught shall reach her patient, and that he does not get a chill through unnecessary dawdling ; at the same time, she must not hurry him, so as to increase the fatigue.

Any amount of washing is tiring to the very weak, and therefore toilet operations had better begin soon after breakfast. If possible, the body-linen should be changed at the same time. It is a good plan to keep two sets of under-linen going, so that the same may not be worn day and night. If the patient perspires much, the linen must be dried and warmed each time of changing ; it is not enough that it has been once aired ; every time it becomes damp the same process must be repeated. The same thing applies to towels, which are so often put away damp and used again without airing ; no wonder that illness, resulting from cold, shivering or a fit of coughing, not seldom follows the washing process, whilst the simple precaution of using a towel well aired and warmed would do away with the discomfort.

Sometimes lying in bed produces great irritability of the whole skin, and the patient shrinks from any attempts at washing. In such cases, a soft sponge should be used, in one direction only, and that downwards ; and a nice way of drying a sensitive part is to lay the towel smoothly over the place and pass the hand over the towel three or four times, very much as though drying a wet page with blotting-paper.

During the process of bit-by-bit washing, the bedclothes must be protected by a piece of mackintosh or thick towel ; but should they become wetted, they must be changed at once, for even if not damp enough to do serious injury, there is sure to be some amount of discomfort ; and everything, however small, that causes annoyance must

be looked upon as a drawback to recovery, and treated accordingly.

In addition to the regular washing, any portion of the patient's body that becomes accidentally soiled must be at once cleansed; and whenever the confinement to bed becomes lengthy, the back and shoulders should be washed every day with warm water and soap, thoroughly dried, and lightly dusted over with finely powdered starch. The patient must also be prevented from remaining too long in one position; and if too weak to move himself, it will be part of the nurse's care to turn him from side to side every three or four hours. Where this is impracticable, pressure must be relieved by the use of cushions, those with a hole in the middle being most useful for the purpose. If these precautions are not taken, the most prominent bones, exercising undue pressure on soft parts, will cause them to give way, the skin will become tender and inflamed, and if not stopped in time, a painful wound, difficult to relieve or cure, will be the result. I have known cases where these wounds have caused infinitely more distress and pain than the patient's actual disease; and yet, with few exceptions, it is only a question of care and attention. So true is this, that a trained nurse looks upon such wounds as a disgrace, and is constantly on her guard against them; but the inexperienced nurse neglects this necessary watchfulness, simply through ignorance of the danger to be avoided. But forewarned should be forearmed; and by taking care to avoid dirt, pressure, and creases in the bedding, even the most inexperienced stand a good chance of success in this most troublesome part of nursing. At the same time, if, in spite of care, any portion of the skin reddens or becomes sensitive, the doctor should at once be informed of the fact, for this is one of the best examples of the old saying, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and it is too late to cry out when the mischief is done.

If the patient is too weak to sit up and use a toothbrush, a piece of lint should be tied to the end of a small stick such as a penholder, and wetted with water to which a little Condy's fluid has been added; with this, the nurse can easily clean the teeth and gums. Brushing the hair requires a certain amount of tact and gentleness; with female patients the hair is apt to get into a troublesome tangle, unless plaited up loosely and tied at the ends. Sometimes moistening the brush with toilet vinegar will be liked, and in not a few cases gentle brushing has a soothing effect. I remember one instance where, under this influence, and this alone, restlessness would subside into quiet, leading to refreshing sleep. The same effect may sometimes be produced by sponging the face and hands with tepid water, with or without the addition of a little vinegar or Eau de Cologne; and again, in other cases, letting the hands lie in a basin and gently pouring cold water on them will be found grateful. It is well worth a nurse's while to study her particular patient's taste, and to find out some such simple method of relieving the weariness and monotony of illness.

To lift a helpless patient is by no means an easy task to inexperience, and should never be attempted without help. When the patient is utterly helpless, two long poles or broom-handles

will be needed; these must be tightly rolled round in the under sheet and blanket, and the patient can then be moved, as in a stretcher, by four bearers.

To move a patient from side to side, the draw-sheet alone is needed. Rolling one end close to the body, the nurse goes round to the other side of the bed, and by taking hold of the rolled-up part, will be able to turn the patient gently over with perfect ease. Where the draw-sheet is not being used, it is a good plan to let a heavy patient lie on a strong roller-towel, which can be used as above; and if two people grasp it firmly on each side, they will be able to move the patient up and down in bed without fatigue or injury. This plan is especially useful in dropsy, when the patient becomes a dead, heavy weight, and is often restless to a painful extent.

In many cases, a patient, otherwise helpless, will be able to move at least his position by the use of a strong towel or cord tied to the foot of the bed. Hospital-beds are almost invariably provided with a cord and handle for the patient to grasp; but a better thing still is a netted hammock, a simple contrivance consisting of a piece of netting—of twine or coarsest knitting-cotton—four yards long by one and a half wide, the loops at each end being drawn up with tape; these tapes are tied to the foot of the bed; and the netting not only serves as a cord, but, thrown over the patient's head and drawn out across his shoulders and back, forms a most easy, comfortable support. I have seen patients sitting up thus, who had mournfully declared it an impossibility, and whose delight at the change of position was a thing to be remembered.

In grasping any part of a patient's body, be very careful not to take hold with the finger-ends; the whole hand should be used, and the fingers slightly spread out; anything like a hesitating touch is exasperating, and indeed hesitation in any way must be carefully avoided in dealing with the sick. It is well to remember that a certain amount of work has to be done, and a certain amount of noise must follow; make up your mind how much, and go to work thoroughly, quickly, and quietly; quiet, though, must be natural, not laboured; the tiptoe, whispering style is torture to sensitive nerves; a firm, even tread and a distinct way of speaking should be cultivated; the latter, especially, will make all the difference to a patient's comfort. To be constantly on the strain to hear is by no means soothing; and whispered conversation as to the patient's condition must never be indulged in. Some people, realising this, will go out of the sick-room, to carry on low-toned consultations just outside the door and within hearing of the patient, who involuntarily strains every nerve in the endeavour to catch what is being said. Such treatment is even worse than unnecessary noise, and all discussion relating to the patient must be carried on where there is no possibility of his hearing it. It is a safe rule to avoid detailing the patient's symptoms to relatives or friends; sensitive, delicate minds are often made to suffer unnecessarily, from the consciousness that sick-room details are being made the subject of curious inquiry and remark.

It not seldom happens that in delirium, or extreme weakness, the patient will let out some

cherished secret, and this should be as jealously sacred to the nurse as though the confidence had been voluntary, the only allowable violation being when the revelation made throws any light upon the patient's illness; in such a case, the doctor must be told; and this brings us to a most important point—the relations between doctor and nurse, a point which is seldom understood by the inexperienced.

The nurse's responsibility is great; she has many duties to perform, some of them apparently slight, yet really of vital importance; but at the same time, she is only acting under orders, and when those orders have been faithfully carried out, her responsibility ends; it therefore follows, that whatever her private opinion, she must never alter the treatment without the doctor's express permission, and whatever she may think, she should never, by word or deed, seek to lessen the patient's confidence in the patient's doctor. It sometimes happens that injudicious friends suggest remedies of their own, and insist upon their being used; any such interference should be at once reported to the doctor, for how else can he form a right opinion as to the patient's condition? Yet so often is this overlooked, that, I believe, in many home-nursed cases the doctor's treatment is never allowed fair-play; and I have even known a prescription, that had been torn up by the doctor as unsuitable, carefully pieced together after his departure, and used. Perhaps in no other point is there such a marked difference between the trained and untrained nurse. The former has been taught that her power lies in obedience; the latter, ignorant of her very ignorance, ventures to meddle in matters which, had she but a little more knowledge, she would understand to be beyond her.

Not a little of the nurse's value depends on her ability to give the doctor a proper report of how matters have been going during his absence. A patient will often pull himself together and even feign convalescence for the doctor's visit, which is necessarily brief; whilst the nurse, spending hours with him, sees every varying mood and symptom; at the same time, she must remember that the doctor does not want her opinion, but asks only *facts*, which will enable him to draw his own conclusions. From this it will be seen that the nurse needs to understand what to notice and how to report her observations.

As to what to notice—each illness has its specific symptoms, about which the doctor will make special inquiries, and he will also expect to hear what effect has followed the use of remedies; but in addition to these, there are general symptoms to be taken account of in all illness. Amongst those most frequently overlooked by the inexperienced nurse, are: *The appetite*, whether good, failing, fanciful, or voracious. *The skin*, whether moist or dry, hot or cold; and whether sensitive to touch. *Sleep*, its character and duration; whether quiet, disturbed, broken, or uninterrupted, and whether the same by day and night. *Posture*, whether the patient lies very flat, or likes to be raised, or prefers to keep on one side; in going to sleep, the easiest attitude will be chosen, and any marked change in this respect should be noticed. *Temper and spirits*, whether equable or variable, moody, cheerful, excitable, calm, depressed, or inclined to tears.

Countenance, whether liable to changes of complexion or expression.

When visitors are allowed, the effect upon the patient should be noted; and at any cost, in serious cases, those whose influence is depressing or exciting must not be admitted.

A nurse should also, without being fussy, keep an eye to any fresh symptoms that may appear, and duly report them; but nothing is more worrying than to be constantly teased with such questions as: 'Are you in pain?' 'Do you feel better now?' 'Will you let me look at your tongue?' Those who have endured the martyrdom, know what it means, and know, too, how little information can be gleaned by such methods. Let a nurse be sympathising by all means, but let her sympathy show itself in caring for her patient's wants, and in efforts to save him from worry as well as from pain.

I remember a trained nurse who was deeply hurt at being told that a bell would be placed within her patient's reach, in case he wanted anything at night. 'Thank you, ma'am,' was her reply; 'my patient will not need to ring.' Nor did he, thanks to his nurse's constant care to anticipate his wants. A nurse thus watchful, will be quick to notice any change in her patient; but it is quite one thing to notice, and another to give a faithful report of what has been observed; and I would urge every inexperienced nurse to be very particular in jotting down at once all that strikes her attention. The simplest way of doing this is to keep a sort of diary of all that happens. Take a piece of writing-paper, keep one side for day and one for night, write the date at the top, crease it down the middle, and note on one half, all the patient takes and does, and on the other, anything you think demands notice. The following is a specimen of the sort of chart I mean.

October 4.

A.M.		A.M.	
8.	Cup of tea and toast.	10.	Milk taken with difficulty and dislike.
10.	Four ounces milk.		
11.	Medicine.		
11.15.	Poultice to chest and back.		
11.30.	Slept twenty minutes.	11.30.	Turned on right side before going to sleep.
12.	Four ounces beef-tea.		
12.30.	Mrs A. called, stayed quarter of an hour.	12.45—1.30.	Excited and depressed by Mrs A.'s call.

Are visitors to be allowed?

The reverse side might read thus:

October 4.

P.M.		P.M.	
8.	Four ounces milk.		
9.	Jacket poultice.		
9.30.	Dozed half-hour.	9.30.	Skin hot and dry, face flushed; woke excited and restless.
10.	Opiate as directed.		
10.45.	Slept two hours.	11.30.	Began to perspire, expression tranquil; woke refreshed.
12.45.	Four ounces milk.		

To keep such a chart properly requires some practice, but it is the only way of insuring accuracy, and it will also save a good deal of questioning on the doctor's part, a glance being enough to show him how matters stand.

At the bottom of the first page, it will be noticed there is a question, which, unless so marked, would very likely be forgotten; and whenever the nurse is in any difficulty or uncertainty, she must never hesitate to ask for guidance. The doctor will not expect perfection from inexperience, and even if he does not volunteer information, will certainly not object to answering reasonable questions. Of course, there is a great deal of difference in this as in all things, and there are doctors who take for granted that everybody knows certain things, of which even the intelligent, who have not had their attention called to nursing, may be quite ignorant. But even when this is the case, the nurse's object being her patient's good and not the support of her own dignity, if she is not sure of her ground, it is her duty to ask for instruction.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW minutes later, Madame De Vigne and her sister came slowly up the glen from that part of the valley where the wagonettes had been left behind. Presently Clarice paused and gazed around.

'It looks exactly as it did that day last summer when we were here,' she said. 'We might have been away only a few hours.'

'And then, as now, you had no Archie to bear you company.'

'I did not know him then; and yet it seems now as if I must have known him all my life. I suppose that just about this time he will be engaged with Sir William and those dreadful lawyers. And he has to go through all this for the sake of me—of me, Mora!'

'He would go through a hundred times more than that for your sake, dear.'

'I often feel as if I don't deserve to be loved so much. I hope there will be a telegram when we get back to the hotel. He promised to send one as soon as he had any news; but, suppose his news should be bad news!'

'At your age you ought always to look at the sunny side of your apple.'

'Thanks to you, dear, I have never had occasion to look at any other,' answered the girl with a caress in her voice. 'And to-day I will try not to be down-hearted. I will try to hope for the best.' They went forward a few paces in silence, and then Clarice suddenly said: 'What a selfish girl I am! Tell me, dear, is your headache any better?'

'A little. I will sit awhile under the shade of this tree. This seems as pretty a spot as any. Perhaps by-and-by I may try to do a little sketching.'

She sat down on a rustic seat that had been placed on a jutting spur of rock nearly fronting the waterfall. The seat was partly hidden from chance passers-by by a screen of shrubs, ferns, and natural rockwork.

'There! What a head I've got!' exclaimed Clarice with something of dismay in her voice.

'Mr Ridsdale thinks it a very pretty head. But what's your trouble now?'

'I've left your sketch-book behind in the wagonette.'

'Is that all?'

'It will not take me more than ten minutes to fetch it.'

'It is of no consequence—not the slightest,' answered Madame De Vigne a little wearily.

'I prefer to fetch it. Some one will be prying into it who has no business to. Besides, I recollect something that I want to say to Miss Penelope.'

'As you please, dear.'

'You don't mind my leaving you?'

'Not in the least.'

'I shall not be long away,' cried Clarice as she turned and took the road that led down the valley.

The shadow on Mora De Vigne's face deepened the moment she was left alone. She was very pale this morning, and she had that look about the eyes which tells of a sleepless night. Beyond her sister and Nanette, no one knew of her fainting-fit of the previous night. Miss Gaisford had not failed to notice the change in her looks, but had asked no questions: she was assured that when the proper time should arrive she would be told all that it was intended she should know.

'Alone at last! For a little while I can drop my mask,' she said with the same weariness in her voice. 'Is it not like the act of a crazy woman to come here to-day, among all these happy people?—I! Oh, the mockery of it! And yet to have stayed all day indoors under the same roof with him, not knowing from minute to minute what to expect, would have been worse than all. And then, Harold promised to meet me at this spot—the man whom I love—the man who loves me. Alas! alas! he can never more be "Harold" to me after to-day.'

She rose and went forward to the edge of the rock, and stood gazing at the waterfall with eyes that knew not what they were looking at.

'What to do?—what to do?' she sighed. 'The same question that kept knocking at my heart all through the long, dreadful, sleepless night; and here, with the summer sunshine all about me, it seems no nearer an answer than it was then. Sometimes I think that what I saw and heard can have been no more than a hideous nightmare fancy of my own. But no—no! That voice—that face!' She shuddered, and pressed her fingers to her eyes, as if to shut out some sight on which she could not bear to look.

Presently, she moved slowly back to the rustic seat and sat down.

'Has he tracked me?' she asked herself. 'Does he know that I am here, or is his presence merely one of those strange coincidences such as one so often hears tell of? If I only knew! If he has tracked me, why did he not make it his business to see me last night or this morning? What if he does not know or suspect? I must not go back to the hotel. I must not give him a chance of seeing me. I must make some excuse and go away—somewhere—straight from here. But first I must wait and see Harold and—and

bid him farewell. What shall I say to him? What *can* I say?

Her heart-stricken questionings were broken by the sound of voices a little distance away. She turned her head quickly. 'Clarice and a stranger!' she exclaimed. 'And coming this way!' A spasm of dread shot through her. What if this stranger were another messenger of evil come in search of her?

And yet he looked harmless enough. He was a rather tall, thin, worn-looking man of sixty-five years or thereabouts. He was dressed in a high-collared swallow-tailed coat, pepper-and-salt trousers, and shoes. His carefully brushed hat, of a fashion of many years previously, had, like the rest of his attire, seen better days than it would ever see again. He had short white whiskers, and rather long white hair, which straggled over his coat collar behind. His thick, bushy brows were still streaked with black; and his eyes, which were very large and bright, seemed to require no assistance from spectacles or glasses of any kind.

'Here is your sketch-book, dear,' said Clarice as she came up. 'This gentleman is Mr Etheridge, Sir William Ridsdale's secretary,' she added.—'Mr Etheridge, my sister, Madame De Vigne.—Mr Etheridge has travelled all the way from Spa, bringing with him an important letter from Sir William addressed to his son. The hotel people sent him on here after us.'

'But'—began Morn, half rising from her seat.

'I have already explained to Mr Etheridge that Mr Archie was summoned by telegraph yesterday to meet his father in London this morning. It seems very strange.'

Mr Etheridge smiled a little deprecatingly, and resumed his hat, which he had doffed on being introduced to Madame De Vigne.

'No doubt, ladies,' he said, 'it must appear strange to any one who is unacquainted with the peculiarities of Sir William. After writing the letter which I have in my pocket, and sending me off with it post-haste, he no doubt changed his mind (Sir William very often does change his mind), and set off for London with the intention of seeing Mr Archie in person, and never troubled himself more about me and the letter. Just like him—just like him.'

'And what do you propose to do now, sir?' asked Madame De Vigne.

'My plan is a very simple one, madam. I shall telegraph to London that I am here, and here I shall stop till I receive further instructions.'

'You must be somewhat tired after your long journey, Mr Etheridge,' suggested Clarice.

'Well—well. So—so. But I'm an old traveller, and it don't matter.'

'Luncheon won't be ready for some time; but if you would like some refreshment at once, I'

'Not at present, thank you—not at present.' Then he added: 'This seems a very pretty spot; and with your leave, I'll just ramble about and look round me a bit.'

'Do so by all means, Mr Etheridge,' said Madame De Vigne kindly, 'only don't forget to be in time for luncheon.'

Clarice hesitated a moment, and then she said:

'There's a charming view of the lake a little farther on; if you would like to see it, I will show you the way.'

'Thank you. Nothing would please me better. Only, I don't want to be a trouble.'

'O Mr Etheridge, it will be no trouble!'

That gentleman made Madame De Vigne an old-fashioned bow, and moved a few steps away.

'You won't mind my leaving you for a little while?' said Clarice to her sister.

'Not in the least. Besides, I'm not in a talking mood this morning.'

'It would be unkind to leave Mr Etheridge all alone.'

'Of course it would. So now run off, and do your best to entertain him.'

'This way, Mr Etheridge, please,' said Clarice. And with that the two went off together, crossing the bridge and taking the same path that had been taken a little while previously by Lady Renshaw and her two cavaliers.

'The transparent diplomacy of a girl in love!' said Madame De Vigne as her eyes followed her sister's retreating figure. 'Not having her sweet-heart with her to talk to, she must needs talk about him to some one else. Happy, happy days!' She turned away with a sigh. 'And now? Shall I sit here and wait for Harold, and try to think what I shall say to him? No; I cannot rest anywhere till the worst is over. He may be here at any moment. I will walk to the top of the hill and watch for him as he comes up the valley. O Harold, Harold, won only to be lost in one short hour!'

She took a narrow footpath to the right, which wound upwards through the trees and undergrowth to a small plateau, from which the whole of the valley was visible.

'I did not think that I should be so fortunate as to have you all to myself for so long a time this morning.'

The speaker was Mr Richard Dulcimer, and it need scarcely be said to whom his words were addressed. They had been wandering about the glen at their own sweet will, penetrating into all sorts of odd nooks and corners, and now, emerging from the shade of the trees, found themselves on a small rocky table close to the shallow basin into which the stream fell and broke when it took its first leap from the summit of the cliff. It was a pretty spot, and just then the two young people had it all to themselves.

'You have my aunt to thank for that,' answered Miss Wynter, as she seated herself daintily on a fragment of rock. 'It was she who sent me to you.'

'Dear old damsel! I could almost find in my heart to kiss her,' answered Richard as he deposited himself at his sweetheart's feet and drew the brim of his straw hat over his eyes to shade them from the sun.

'But of course she believes you to be a bishop's son.'

'Which I am, so far as having a bishop for a godfather goes. Otherwise—woe is me!—I'm only a poor beggar of a quill-driver in the Sealing-wax Office. Why wasn't Providence kind to me? Why wasn't I born with a rich father, like Archie Ridsdale?'

'Why weren't we all born with rich fathers?'

'That would have been much nicer, if it could have been so arranged.'

'I don't at all see how you are going to extricate yourself from the awful scrape you have got into.'

'I am not aware that I'm in any awful scrape, so far.'

'But you will be, when my aunt finds out what a wicked impostor you are.'

'Her ladyship's anger doesn't matter two farthings to me. It's her influence over you that I'm afraid of.'

'Her influence over me!'

'The lessons she is continually preaching—the maxims she is for ever dinning into your ears.'

'Yes; I know she looks upon it as a sacred duty which I owe to Society that I should marry myself to the highest bidder.'

'And you?' asked the young man as he sat up, pushed back his hat, and gazed into the pretty face above him.

She was drawing figures aimlessly with the point of her sunshade in the gravel. For a moment or two she did not answer; then she broke out with an emphasis that was full of bitterness: 'What would you have? What can you expect? From the day I left school, and even earlier than that, the one lesson that has been instilled into my mind is, that I must marry money—money. Even my mother—But she is dead, and I will not speak of her. And since then, my aunt. I am a chattel—a piece of bric-a-brac in the matrimonial market, to be appraised, and depreciated, and finally knocked down to the first bidder who is prepared to make a handsome settlement. I hate myself when I think of it! I hate everybody!' Sudden passionate tears sprang to her eyes; she dashed them away impatiently.

'Not quite everybody, *ma belle*,' said Mr Dulcimer as he possessed himself of one of her hands. 'There is one way of escape that you wot of,' he added in a lower voice.

She turned on him with a flash: 'By marrying you, I suppose?'

'Even so, *carissima*.'

'A government clerk on three hundred pounds a year.'

'With another hundred of private income in addition.'

'A truly munificent income on which to marry!' she answered, not without a ring of scorn, real or assumed, in her voice as she withdrew her fingers from his grasp. 'I think I know the kind of thing it implies. A stuffy little house in Camden Town or Peckham Rye—wherever those localities may be. Perhaps even furnished apartments. One small servant, not overclean. No opera, no brougham in the Park, no garden-parties, no carpet-dances, no more flirtations with nice young men. Locomotion by means of a twopenny bus or tram; long, lonely days without a soul to talk to; now and then an order for the theatre; *au reste*, my husband's buttons to sew on and his socks to keep in repair. Oh, I can guess it all!'

A tinge of colour had flickered into Dick's cheeks while she was speaking, but it now died out again. He was quite aware that nothing would delight her more than to tease him till he

should lose his temper; therefore, he answered as equably as before: 'Evidently Lady Renshaw's lessons have not been quite thrown away on you.'

One of her little feet began to tap the ground impatiently. 'It seems to me, Mr Richard Dulcimer, that the best thing you can do is to take the next train back to town.'

'Shan't do anything of the kind.'

'You are a very self-willed young man.' To judge from her tone, she might have been twice his age. It is a way her sex sometimes have.

'Obstinate as a mule,' answered the philosophic Richard.

'Suppose I tell you that I have had enough of your society? Suppose I order you to leave me here and at once?'

'Shan't go.'

'Well, of all!—She rose abruptly. 'How much longer are you going to keep me here?' she demanded in an injured tone, as though he were detaining her against her will.

'Not one minute longer than you wish,' he answered as he sprang to his feet. 'Suppose we cross the stream.'

'Cross the stream?'

'By means of these stepping-stones. They are here for that purpose.'

'Oh!' With a slight accent of dismay. 'Thank you very much, Mr Dulcimer, but I'd rather not.'

'Everybody crosses by them—except, perhaps, a few superfine young-lady tourists who think more of wetting their boots and frills than of'—

'Monster! Lead the way.'

'Lead me your hand.'

'Certainly not.'

Without another word, 'Dick stepped lightly from stone to stone till he reached the middle of the stream. There he halted and turned. Bella, not to be outdone, stepped after him on to the first stone and from that to the second; then all in a moment her courage seemed to desert her. 'Dick, Dick, I shall slip into the water,' she cried. 'I know I shall.'

Dick grinned. He had been addressed as 'Mr Dulcimer' only a minute before. He went back and held out his hand, which Bella clutched without a moment's demur. Having assisted her as far as the middle of the stream, he came to a stand.

'Why don't you go on?' she demanded.

Dick ignored the question. 'These stepping-stones, or others like them,' he remarked didactically, 'are said to have been here for hundreds of years. There is an old local rhyme in connection with them which is known to all the country-folk about. Listen while I recite to you that ancient rhyme.'

'I am getting dizzy; I shall fall,' remarked Bella, who, however, still kept tight hold of his hand.

Dick took no notice, but began:

'Listen! listen! Every lass
That o'er these stepping-stones doth pass,
She shall clasp her sweetheart's hand,
On the midmost stone shall stand,
And shall kiss him then and there'—

'Oh, indeed,' remarked Miss Wynter with a scornful sniff.

Dick continued :

'But should she her lips deny,
Then shall she unwedded die,
And he wed another fair:
Listen, maids—beware! beware!

'That is the midmost stone, *ma petite*, on which you are standing.'

Miss Wynter tossed her head. 'Perhaps, sir, if you have quite done attitudinising, you will allow me to cross.'

'*Avec plaisir*—when you have paid the customary toll.'

'The what?' with a drawing together of her pretty eyebrows.

'The toll. When you have done that which every girl does who crosses the stepping-stones with her sweetheart.'

'You are not my sweetheart.'

'But you are mine, which comes to the same thing.'

'I will go back.'

'You dare not.'

'I will'—

'Go forward? You dare not.' And with that he withdrew his hand.

Bella, finding herself without support, gave vent to a little shriek, whereupon Dick put out his hand again, at which she clutched wildly. Richard was hard-hearted enough to laugh.

'This is mean—this is cowardly—this is contemptible!' cried Bella with flaming eyes.

'It is—but it's nice.'

'I hear voices. There's some one coming!'

'Let them come.'

'And find me in this ridiculous predicament? Never!'

'Not for worlds,' assented Mr Dulcimer in his sweetest tones.

Bella gave vent to a little laugh: she could not help it. One of Dick's arms found its way round her waist. The situation was embarrassing. If she were to push him away, she might slip into the water. Their faces were not far apart. Suddenly she protruded hers and touched his cheek lightly with her lips. 'Wretch! There, then!' she said. 'And there,' quoth the unabashed suitor, as he returned the toll, twofold. 'And there!' she added a moment after, as, with her disengaged hand, she gave him a sounding box on the ear.

Dick laughed and rubbed his ear. 'For what we have just received'—he said, and then grasping both her hands, he helped her across the remaining stepping-stones to the opposite bank of the stream.

ARTIFICIAL JEWELS.

THE trade in artificial jewels has become very extensive during the last half-century, and the chemical experiments in which various qualities of imitation diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds are produced have been recently carried on with an astonishing amount of success. It is becoming more and more difficult, even to the eye of the expert, to distinguish readily between the real and the false gem, when they do not shine in too close proximity.

The most distinctive feature of the real stone

is its hardness, though even this quality has been imitated with considerable success. The term 'hardness' is used by the lapidary and mineralogist to denote the power of one stone to scratch another; it must not be considered as the power of resisting a blow, for many crystalline stones which are very hard are also easily fractured. The diamond, which will scratch any other stone, can be more easily broken than many stones which are less hard. After the diamond come the ruby and sapphire, which are the next hardest stones; then emeralds, topazes, and quartz or rock-crystal; and finally, a number of other stones, and glass or artificial stones.

The beautiful 'French paste' which imitates the diamond so well, is a kind of glass into which a certain quantity of oxide of lead is introduced. The more lead it contains the more brilliant is the artificial stone; but the lead gives softness—so much so, that we have known such artificial gems to become, by friction with other harder substances, quite dull on the surface after being worn for some time.

But the latest chemical experiments on the production of artificial stones for use in jewellery point very clearly to the fact that further success in this direction is likely to be forthcoming before long. The imitation of the natural gems by means of various silicates and oxides has already attained to a great degree of perfection, and no doubt this ingenious branch of industry must interfere considerably with the trade of the dealer in real precious stones. We can already purchase a capital 'diamond' for about half-a-crown; and the imitation of the ruby and the emerald is far easier, and more successful, than that of the diamond.

Careful choice in the substances to be melted together, good and effective cutting, and careful artistic setting, have gone a long way to reproduce, artificially, the brightness, brilliancy, and colour of the real stone. Chemical analysis shows the sapphire to be pure alumina, as it has shown the diamond to be pure carbon; but it does not account for its colour, which is partly due to an optical effect, and depends upon a peculiar molecular arrangement. This stone possesses the singular property known as *dichroism*—that is, it shines with two colours, blue and red. In a well-cut stone, a red cross often appears in the midst of the sapphire blue. The ruby is also pure alumina, and its vivid red colour, like the blue of the sapphire, is thought by some to be due to a peculiar optical effect. In fact, no chemical analysis has been able to account quite satisfactorily for the red colour of the ruby or the blue colour of the sapphire, for pure alumina is quite white, and the sapphire, as we have seen, shows two colours. This peculiar optical effect noticed in the ruby and sapphire has, strange to say, been accidentally reproduced not long since by a French chemist, M. Sidot, who has been making some experiments on artificial stones. He has produced a kind of glass by melting phosphate of lime at a great heat, and the product possesses the blue colour of the sapphire

with the remarkable *dichroism* before alluded to. The experiment is so curious, that a few lines may be devoted to it here.

By the action of heat on what is termed 'acid phosphate of lime,' it is transformed into 'crystallised pyrophosphate;' and when heated to a still higher temperature, it passes into the vitreous or glassy state. It is supposed that in this condition it loses some of its phosphoric acid by volatilisation, and passes into the state of 'tribasic phosphate.' Such is the technical explanation of the changes which occur. The phosphate of lime glass is produced by taking this substance in a moist acid state, and heating it in an iron pot to a dark red heat. During this operation it is worked about with an iron rod, in order to prevent it swelling up and passing over the edge of the iron crucible. The dark red heat is continued until the whole mass has become glassy and transparent. At this moment it is run into another crucible, in which it is heated to a white heat that is kept up for about two hours, being stirred rapidly with a rod the whole time. At the end of this period the molten mass is allowed to remain perfectly quiet for about an hour, and is then run out of the crucible, either on to a metallic slab or into a metal mortar. It is necessary to avoid too rapid a cooling. The product may thus be run out into a sheet, like plate-glass. A small sheet of such a nature was obtained by M. Sidot in one of his experiments: it measured about three inches across, by a quarter of an inch thick, and was large enough to be cut into a considerable number of beautiful artificial sapphires.

The ruby and sapphire have also been closely imitated in another way by Fremy and Feil, two French chemists; and the chief interest in this process is the fact that the artificial stones possess essentially the chemical composition of the real ones. To produce these, equal weights of alumina and red-lead are heated to a red-heat in an earthenware crucible. A vitreous substance is formed, which consists of silicate of lead, and crystals of white corundum. To convert this corundum into the artificial ruby, it is necessary to fuse it with about two per cent. of bichromate of potassium; whilst, to obtain the sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt, and a very small quantity of bichromate of potassium, must be employed. The stones so produced possess at least very nearly the hardness of the real stones, as they scratch both quartz and topaz.

The French 'paste' which imitates the diamond so closely is a peculiar kind of glass, the manufacture of which was brought to a great degree of perfection some fifty years ago by Donault-Wieland of Paris. The finest quality of paste demands extreme care in the choice of materials and in melting, &c. The basis of it, in the hands of the expert manufacturer just named, was powdered rock-crystal or quartz. The proportions he took were—six ounces of rock-crystal; nine ounces two drams of red-lead; three ounces three drams of pure carbonate of potash; three drams of boracic acid; and six grains of white arsenic. The product thus manufactured was extremely beautiful, but rather expensive, compared with the prices now charged for artificial jewels. It has never been surpassed in brilliancy. But of late years the greater purity of the potash

and lead oxide used, and the improvements in the furnaces and methods of heating them, have all tended to reduce the price of the 'diamonds' thus manufactured.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER V.—THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

MEANWHILE, the subject of the previous conversation is seated in a private room before a merry crackling fire, small reflections of which lurk here and there in the dark polished oak with which the walls are panelled. Everything in the apartment has an extremely comfortable appearance save its living occupant, and his features wear an expression totally at variance with his surroundings. He is twisting a crumpled note between his fingers; while, judging from the expression with which he regards it, his feelings can scarcely be of an agreeable nature. The offending epistle is written in a bold decided hand, which harmonises well with the short and haughty tenor of its contents. As a perusal of this may enable the reader more clearly to understand the ensuing narrative, a copy is here inserted:

Colonel Thorpe presents his compliments to Lieutenant Ainslie, and in reply to that gentleman's letter of this morning, begs to state that any overtures from him relating to Miss Thorpe will receive an absolute negative. It is also requested that Lieut. A. will discontinue his visits to Coombe Hall, as Col. T. wishes him distinctly to understand that this decision is final.

Dec. 22, 1760.

The exasperated recipient of this ungracious piece of writing makes a movement as if to consign it to the hungry blaze which is roaring up the chimney; but checking himself ere the action is performed, he places the missive in a side-pocket, and falling back in his chair, resigns himself to a long train of unenviable reflections.

Next morning, the sun, first a dull crimson, and then yellow as a copper ball, slowly mounted above the horizon and pierced cloud and vapour with its struggling rays. Snow-clad roofs and chimneys, whose quaint outlines could scarcely be distinguished from the leaden sky a short time before, now became flooded with a rich golden light, contrasting strangely with the blue mist that lingered in the shadows. As yet, it was only the high gables and towers which had caught the cheering beams; the streets and lesser thoroughfares were gloomy, dark, and silent, while ruts and gutters were fast bound with King Frost. The good people of Fridswold had not the reputation of being early risers, and with a few exceptions, the streets were almost totally deserted; but our friend who figured last night as a guest at the *George*, at least appeared to be no sluggard, for he was out, and walking quickly along, the iron-tipped heels of his riding-boots bringing forth a smart click from the frost-hardened ground.

Lieutenant Ainslie was not bent upon sight-seeing; he had other matters to attend to.

The wintry beauties of the early morning seemed completely lost upon the young officer, and he passed the great west front of the minster—all flecked with 'hoary flakes'—without bestowing so much as a glance upon it. His course was continued until the irregular outskirts of the town were left behind, when a large imposing red-brick mansion came within sight. The grounds which surrounded it were separated from the public highway by a substantial wall of rough masonry; while parallel with this wall extended a belt of fine trees, now leafless, and shivering as if with cold. Keeping to the road until a turn shut out the palatial residence from view, the young officer, after a hasty look around him, vaulted the wall, and then shaped his way across the white stretch of private ground.

Slowly and uncertainly he proceeded, often stopping to look back, and more than once referring to his watch as well as to a dainty note, the writing of which was in a delicate female hand. At length, after many turnings and much doubtful wandering, he emerged from the under-wood and entered upon a small cleared inclosure containing a rustic summer-house, now fretted with a glittering network of snow and ice. Into this the lieutenant stepped, frequently looking out in a furtive manner from the narrow doorway, as if in expectation of some one.

After a long interval of anxious expectation, certain sounds were heard which seemed to indicate the approach of a human being. The soldier sprang eagerly forward, and then as quickly shrunk back again. A slight crackling of dry twigs was followed by a hoarse cough, and the cough was followed by the unwelcome appearance of a red-faced man with a gun upon his shoulder, but fortunately not passing in the direction of the arbour. The lieutenant knew him at once. It was the fiery-faced man whom he had seen at the inn the previous evening. 'Ah,' said he to himself, 'I see it all. Colonel Thorpe's gamekeeper—sent down last night to play the spy upon me. It is well he has not seen me now.'

Not many minutes afterwards, a young lady burst into the arbour, with a little cry, half of fear and half of pleasure. It could be nothing more nor less than a lovers' meeting after all.

The lovers' first tender greetings over, they seated themselves side by side in the little arbour, and talked to each other in a low voice. The state of alarm in which she evidently was, sent a brighter flush of colour to her lovely face, and enhanced in her lover's eyes the graces of her person.

Some twelve months before the present meeting, Colonel Thorpe made a sudden resolve to spend the winter in London; and fearing to leave this his only daughter out of his sight for any length of time, he determined to take her with him also. The season was a tolerably gay one; but the colonel, an austere man, though much in request at the houses of titled and wealthy friends, cared little for society, and constantly refused invitations both on behalf of himself and his daughter. Such a high pressure of circumspection could not last for ever. Receiving an earnest request from Lady Hardy

—a friend of many years' standing—that they would honour a fashionable entertainment with their presence, Colonel Thorpe somewhat relented, and meeting Amy's wistful gaze with a smile which he intended to be severely pleasant, he told her to prepare herself to accompany him on the following Thursday. At this intelligence the young lady was naturally delighted; and even her severe parent condescended to relax and bring himself to converse about the forthcoming ball. This agreeable demeanour he sustained until about the middle of the festive evening, when, as if by magic, his spirits suddenly lowered to freezing temperature. He had observed that a well-favoured, handsome young gallant had danced three times with his daughter in the course of the evening. Now, the crusty old colonel did by no means approve of this, and was not aware that his daughter had more than once met the same young gallant since coming to London. In answer to inquiries which he made as to the unknown partner of his daughter, he learned that his name was Ainslie, that he was a subaltern in the Guards, and the only son of a widow lady of title, once wealthy, but now reduced in circumstances. His informant added, that though the young officer was not rich, he was of prepossessing manners—a piece of information which scarcely appeared to afford gratification to the master of Coombe Hall. Immediately upon receipt of this news the angry colonel sought out Miss Thorpe from among the dancers, and after bidding a hasty adieu to his hostess, drove away with his daughter from the house.

Colonel Thorpe's temper was not improved when, on the day following the ball, he received a call from Ainslie; but in a short political conversation which ensued, the visitor—strangely enough—contrived to advance in his good graces considerably. Still, the colonel, who was habitually suspicious, did not encourage the young officer. He had only the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that the penniless son of Sir Henry Ainslie, deceased, was a suitor for his daughter's hand.

'Amy,' he said to himself, 'must return to Coombe Hall. The wiles of this dangerous young man can be kept at a safe distance there.'

But railways were as yet things of the future, and the weather became an unexpected ally in Ainslie's favour, the colonel's departure being thus delayed for fully a week. During this time Reginald contrived to see Miss Thorpe several times, as well as to ingratiate himself with her father, who listened to his visitor's conversation and wit with a mingled feeling of approval and distrust. The time passed quickly; and when Reginald parted from Amy Thorpe it was with many protestations of eternal devotion, to which that young lady replied with equal warmth. Colonel Thorpe wished Ainslie a formal 'Good-bye,' and the lovers were separated from each other for a weary space of ten months.

The interval was not unfringed with change. Reginald had the good fortune to be raised in rank, and now entered upon his full grade of lieutenant. Since the departure of Amy Thorpe he had endeavoured to keep up a correspondence with her; but the age in which they

lived, though practically a fast one, was slow enough in some respects, and the means of communication were so unsatisfactory, that long intervals elapsed between an interchange of letters.

At the close of October 1760, the tidings of King George II.'s death became known throughout the greater part of the kingdom; and following closely upon the spreading of this intelligence came a letter from Amy to Reginald, containing the joyful news that Colonel Thorpe was on his way to London to attend the opening of parliament by the new king, and that his daughter was coming with him. Ainslie, after the expiration of a few days, presented himself at Colonel Thorpe's former apartments, where the first person he encountered was that worthy officer himself, stiff, irritable, and in a decidedly unpleasant temper. Their conversation commenced with a formal exchange of civilities, and Reginald seated himself on the chair which was pointed out to him, calm and unruffled in countenance, but with a heart which he had steelled and prepared for the worst.

Colonel Thorpe was glad that Lieutenant Ainslie had called, as he wished to have some serious conversation with him. There had been a—in fact there had been a correspondence kept up with his daughter, an interchange of letter-writing and—that sort of thing, which must be discontinued.

'Am I to understand, sir,' said the young officer, with difficulty repressing his growing wrath—'am I to understand that you wish me to resign all pretensions to Miss Thorpe's hand?'

The colonel did not exactly say that; he said the correspondence must be discontinued for a time. If at some future date Lieutenant Ainslie could show satisfactory proofs that he would be able to maintain his daughter in a position of comfort and dignity consistent with that in which she had been brought up, he (Colonel Thorpe) might feel disposed to listen to any advances. Lieutenant Ainslie thought proper to make. Till then, all interchange of sentiment must cease. That was all; Colonel Thorpe had nothing further to say.

Ere another week had passed, during which the lovers met but once, the colonel's apartments were again vacant, and Reginald Ainslie was wondering at what remote period of his life he should again see Amy Thorpe. Poverty was the bane of the young soldier, and the monotonous round of barrack-life was by no means the royal road to wealth. Reginald, however, had for some time been meditating over a deep-laid purpose, the object of which was to recover an ancient property which his immediate ancestors, by their Jacobite proclivities, had forfeited. On obtaining leave of absence, therefore, shortly before Christmas, he set out for Fridswold, and made a series of excursions to Coombe Hall, to lay before his beloved Amy all his hopes and fears, and to receive from her encouragement in his momentous quest. But his proposed visit had been put a stop to by the colonel's letter, and now this secret meeting in the arbour was the next expedient of the faithful pair.

For a while, the joy of meeting was so great that all other things were forgotten; but Reginald could not long shut his eyes to the barrier

which destiny and the will of Colonel Thorpe had placed between the lovers. He was still poor; he was not yet able to fulfil the colonel's stipulation. But he had hopes, and these he could now breathe into Amy's sympathetic ear.

'What would you say, Amy, if I were to tell you that I am the bearer of good tidings?'

'I should say the news might be too good to be true,' replied Miss Thorpe. 'O Reginald, it cannot be; you do not mean it?'

'I do, Amy,' answered the lieutenant. 'For what purpose do you suppose I undertook this journey?' he added, after a pause, and turning so as to face his fair companion.

The girl's blue eyes opened to their fullest extent, and she answered in a slight tone of wonderment: 'To see me. Was it not so, Reginald?'

'It was, dearest,' said the lieutenant; 'but if I were to say that I came in search of you alone, my words would be false.'

'Then pray, sir, may I not know your other reason?' inquired Amy laughingly. 'Have you an appointment to meet some other distressed damsel in these lonely parts?'

'Nothing of the kind,' replied Ainslie, more earnestly than the question seemed to warrant. 'You alone, Amy, I came to see, and it is principally on your account that I am about to journey farther.'

'On my account!'

'Yes, Amy, yours; this journey is all for your sake. I will explain myself. For some time past, I have been urged to take a singular step by one who believes that our lost wealth may be actually regained. The idea is a vague and most likely a visionary one, and had I never met you, Amy, it is probable that the task of unravelling this coil might not have been essayed. It was Colonel Thorpe who clenched my half-hearted resolution by informing me that I must not hope to call you mine until possessed of sufficient affluence to maintain you in a position equal to that in which you had been brought up. Those words struck home. I instantly formed a fixed determination, and am now about to follow it up, for which purpose I intend to start this very afternoon.'

'This afternoon!' echoed Amy. 'Why so soon, Reginald? You have been here no time at all. When did you arrive?'

'The day before yesterday,' replied Ainslie. 'But do not blame me, dearest, for not seeing you before. I repaired to Coombe Hall almost directly after I got here, hoping to see both you and your father, and having no thought that admittance would be refused.'

'O Reginald, I am so sorry!' faltered the girl. 'What could I do? Did they really refuse to admit you?'

'They did,' answered the young officer. 'But I am perfectly aware it was no fault of yours. I then wrote to your father, asking permission to see you, telling him that I had some expectation of recovering what my parent so unfortunately lost, when I hoped to be able to maintain you in a manner worthy of our ancient house. But two hours afterwards, my letter was returned!—yes, returned, Amy, and with it was inclosed a note from your father forbidding me to enter the house or seek an interview with his daughter.'

I disobeyed the latter part of his injunction, and have succeeded, darling, in meeting you once more.'

As we intend to follow Reginald in his quest, it is needless to repeat here the story of his hopes as he hastily unfolded them in the ears of Amy Thorpe; enough that, after remaining together as long as, or perhaps longer than prudence enjoined, the two tore themselves asunder, with thrice-repeated vows of fidelity and affection. The remembrance of their tender parting was to Reginald in after-years like a strain of sweet, bygone music passing through his memory.

That very evening the young lieutenant quitted Fridswold. His way lay in a different direction from that leading to Coombe Hall, and the farewell glance he gave back only showed him the black bulk of the minster towering above a mass of smoky chimneys. The suburbs of the town were speedily left behind, and soon a prospect lay before Reginald's eyes which for savage desolation he had never seen surpassed. Extending as far as the eye could reach, stretched a dreary waste of flooded fields, black peat, broken ice, and frozen sedge, dotted at remote intervals with a few scanty willows. The wind was rising again, bringing up with it heavy clouds, and its moaning voice rustled among the patches of alder and withered rushes like a low, dying murmur. Taking warning by these signs, Reginald urged his horse forward to a quicker pace than hitherto, riding swiftly and eagerly into the gathering darkness of the night.

THE RING-TRICK.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

SOME four years ago I was one of the many hundreds of somewhat aspiring youths who were seeking positions as Civil servants under our government. In order better to work up for the very difficult examinations which it is necessary to pass in order to gain these positions, I had joined the evening classes of a well-known London college. These classes were held twice in every week, and it was on my way to one of them from my home—I live in a northern suburb of the metropolis—that the events I am about to relate took place.

I had alighted, at about five o'clock on an autumn evening, from a train at the King's Cross terminus of the Great Northern Railway, and was proceeding along the Euston Road, when, having half an hour to spare, I turned off to the right to enter Euston Station. As I passed under the heavy stone portico just to the south of this immense depôt, I observed a man about two yards in front of me, who, just as I noticed him, came to an abrupt halt and stooped down. So suddenly, indeed, did he do this, that I stumbled over him, and tendered an apology for what was not my error. As he regained his vertical position, he spoke to me, and said in a confidential tone: 'Did you see that?'

I asked him what he meant.

'Why, this diamond ring. I nearly trod on it. Just look here.' And he showed me what was apparently a gold diamond ring; and then

went on to say, that if I had seen it, I should have my share of the find; or that, as he was a poor man, and as it might arouse suspicion for the ring to be found in his possession, and since, as he could not get rid of it, it would be useless to him, he would sell it to me for a trifle.

I was not at that time—owing, I suppose, to my ignorance of London ways—so cautious as I am now; and thinking, from the various government stamps upon the ring, that it was indeed a valuable one, I told him I would think about it, if the diamond were a good one.

'Come up here,' said he, pointing to some back street, 'and let us see if it will cut glass.'

I walked with him in the direction he indicated, and with much coolness he tested the stone upon a shop-window. Surely enough, it made a deep incision in the glass.

'Well,' I said, feeling now tolerably convinced of the genuineness of the ring, 'I would give you ten shillings for it, but I unfortunately have a few pence only in my pocket.'

'Ah, that's a pity. Do you live far from here?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'some twelve miles at least.'

'Ah, well, there you are, you see; that's a pity, because you are a gentleman, and the ring would be all right with you; but I am only a poor messenger—at this moment I am on one of my errands—earning a pound a week, and if I tried to sell it, people would suspect me. However, since you say you have not enough money, I will keep the ring and attempt to get rid of it. At anyrate, we'll part friends. Come and have something to drink with me.'

I refused, for the man was not of a very attractive appearance, being dreadfully pock-marked and squinting in his right eye. So we said good-evening and separated, he to carry out his errand, I to walk on into Euston terminus.

On relating the adventure to my friends, we came to the conclusion that the man was an impostor, and had purposely dropped the ring and stooped to pick it up immediately in front and for the sole edification of myself, evidently hoping that I should purchase it—probably a sham one—from him.

Two years after the above had occurred, my business—I had abandoned the idea of the Civil service—led me one evening along that wondrous thoroughfare the Strand. Proceeding westwards, about midway between the Temple Bar memorial and Charing Cross, I collided somewhat violently with a man immediately in front of me, who had stooped with the evident intention of picking up something off the ground. He turned round sharply and exclaimed: 'Did you see that?' at the same time showing me a gold diamond ring, which he stated he had found on the pavement, and on which he had nearly trodden.

I will not weary the reader with a verbatim account of the conversation which then ensued. Suffice it for me to say that I had recognised in the man before me the pock-marked and squinting hero of the Euston Road of two years before. In order, however, further to convince myself that my impressions as to this were correct, I, apparently taking interest in what he had found, allowed him to do and say, act for act and word

for word, all that he did and said on the first occasion of my meeting him. He tested the diamond by cutting glass; said he was a poor messenger earning a pound a week; was even then on one of his errands; thought that the discovery of such a ring in his possession would excite suspicion; and— Well, I neither need, nor will I, rewrite the whole of the first portion of this narration, for what now took place was its precise counterpart.

I taxed the swindler with having played the same rôle at Euston Station, two years previously.

He replied, in the most naïve manner: 'Ah, then I was in Liverpool.' But he was, I suspect, somewhat astonished to find out that I knew him. Again did he ask me to drink with him and to part friends.

It is almost needless to add, that though I might have done the latter, I certainly did not do the former, he being evidently a swindler. And so we separated for the second time, he disappearing up one of the tributary streets of the Strand, I proceeding about my business.

It struck me as being very wonderful that this man, whose profession it doubtless was to entrap people—young and unsuspecting—in the manner I have described, should have on two separate occasions, between which there was an interval of two years, singled out myself as an intended victim to his fraud, since I am but one of tens of thousands of the youth daily to be remarked walking in the London streets. The remarkable blunder of the impostor proves how correct is the well-known proverb, 'A liar should have a good memory;' and the facts here narrated may perhaps serve to put others on their guard against the wiles of London street swindlers.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

INVESTIGATIONS ON LIGHTS AND LIGHTHOUSES.

For some time past a series of observations and experiments have been carried on under the auspices of a Committee of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, at the South Foreland, chiefly relating to the measurement of lights by means of a photometer—the invention of Mr Vernon Harcourt—the standard light of which burns with wonderful regularity and uniformity. The Committee are now engaged on a still more interesting series of observations, which are made from the sea, and which will more nearly concern sailors. These experiments and observations for testing the capabilities of various lights will be peculiarly remarkable, as craft of almost all descriptions will be enlisted in this work: the mail-packets, the Peninsular and Oriental liners, pilot vessels of different nationalities, trading-ships, and French cruisers. The electric light, of course, is immensely superior to either gas or paraffine oil; but even this, from its whiteness and dazzling brilliancy, has not been found to be so very much better, in thick hazy weather, than either oil or gas, the reddish-yellow of the latter perhaps showing better through the haze of a sea-fog than the white glare of the former. All these points will, however, be carefully gone into, and every sort of test applied to discover the best and safest light to direct mariners to

and by our coasts; and when all is completed, the Committee will record their useful labours in a full Report to the Board of Trade, a document which will possess peculiar interest for all who have at heart the welfare of ships and sailors.

LEVEL-CROSSING GATES.

Level crossings on railways have always been considered dangerous to the public, and are generally looked upon with disfavour; and yet, in certain places and positions, it is next to impossible to avoid them. Therefore, wherever a level crossing exists, gates must be provided to arrest the traffic on the road when a train approaches the crossing; and it is clear that the more perfect the arrangement for the opening and closing of the gates, the better for the safety of the public. An ingenious proposal has been made in France to call in the powerful aid of electricity for the purpose of opening and closing gates of this description. The gates are kept closed across the line by a catch governed by an electro-magnet. An approaching train, by a simple arrangement, is made to close the electric circuit at a stated distance from the gates, and the catch is therefore released and the gates are opened and kept open for the passage of the train. When the last carriage has passed, the circuit is broken and the gates are made to shut, when they are kept closed by the catch already referred to. The same current also rings a bell to give warning of the approach of the train.

A HAWTHORN STORY.

Pink and white in snowy shower,
Shade and light and leaf and thorn,
From the orchard gate the hawthorn bloom
Through diamond lattices scented the room,
When a child of the summer was born.

Golden green and creaking swing—
Boy and girl are playmates now.
'Swing me higher—up to the sky!'
'Nay; then I should lose you,' he made reply,
Under the hawthorn bough.

Oh, perfume sweet!—*she* pulled the branch;
Flowers on her face fell tenderly;
At the orchard gate, 'Good-night, dear love!'
Light in the lattice and stars above,
And 'Take this bloom from me.'

Summer again, and a last good-bye,
Fair head resting in sunset ray;
Beyond the window and western glow
Fancy flutters to long ago:
'Bring me one hawthorn spray.'

Childhood's blossom and last good-bye—
'Ah! think of the dawn in the Fatherland!'
Earthly morning—by flower-strewn bed,
Manhood's tears from a drooping head
Trickling on still cold hand.

Oh! fragrance of the hawthorn tree,
Where'er his lonely footsteps fly,
Arise and waft her memory sweet;
White blossoms whisper: 'White souls meet
Beyond the last good-bye!'

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CURIOSITIES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

CONSIDERING the world-wide reputation of the Bank of England, it is remarkable how little is generally known as to its internal working. Standing in the very heart of the largest city in the world—a central landmark of the great metropolis—even the busy Londoners around it have, as a rule, only the vaguest possible knowledge of what goes on within its walls. In truth, its functions are so many, its staff so enormous, and their duties so varied, that many even of those who have spent their lives in its service will tell you that, beyond their own immediate departments, they know but little of its inner life. Its mere history, as recorded by Mr Francis, fills two octavo volumes. It will be readily understood, therefore, that it would be idle to attempt anything like a complete description of it within the compass of a magazine article. There are, however, many points about the Bank and its working which are extremely curious and interesting, and some of these we propose briefly to describe.

The Bank of England originated in the brain of William Paterson, a Scotchman—better known, perhaps, as the organiser and leader of the ill-fated Darien expedition. It commenced business in 1694, its charter—which was in the first instance granted for eleven years only—bearing date the 27th July of that year. This charter has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal having taken place in 1844. The original capital of the Bank was but one million two hundred thousand pounds, and it carried on its business in a single room in Mercers' Hall, with a staff of fifty-four clerks. From so small a beginning has grown the present gigantic establishment, which covers nearly three acres, and employs in town and country nearly nine hundred officials. Upon the latest renewal of its charter, the Bank was divided into two distinct departments, the Issue and the Banking. In addition to these, the Bank has the management of the national

debt. The books of the various government funds are here kept; here all transfers are made, and here all dividends are paid.

In the Banking department is transacted the ordinary business of bankers. Here other banks keep their 'reserve,' and hence draw their supplies as they require them. The Issue department is intrusted with the circulation of the notes of the Bank, which is regulated as follows. The Bank in 1844 was a creditor of the government to the extent of rather over eleven million pounds, and to this amount and four million pounds beyond, for which there is in other ways sufficient security, the Bank is allowed to issue notes without having gold in reserve to meet them. Beyond these fifteen million pounds, every note issued represents gold actually in the coffers of the Bank. The total value of the notes in the hands of the public at one time averages about twenty-five million pounds. To these must be added other notes to a very large amount in the hands of the Banking department, which deposits the bulk of its reserve of gold in the Issue department, accepting notes in exchange.

All Bank of England notes are printed in the Bank itself. Six printing-presses are in constant operation, the same machine printing first the particulars of value, signature, &c., and then the number of the note in consecutive order. The paper used is of very peculiar texture, being at once thin, tough, and crisp; and the combination of these qualities, together with the peculiarities of the watermark, which is distributed over the whole surface of the paper, forms one of the principal guarantees against imitation. The paper, which is manufactured exclusively at one particular mill, is made in oblong slips, allowing just enough space for the printing of two notes side by side. The edges of the paper are left untrimmed, but, after printing, the two notes are divided by a straight cut between them. This accounts for the fact, which many of our readers will doubtless have noticed, that only one edge of a Bank-note is smooth, the other three being comparatively ragged. The printing-presses are

so constructed as to register each note printed, so that the machine itself indicates automatically how many notes have passed through it. The average production of notes is fifty thousand a day, and about the same number are presented in the same time for payment.

No note is ever issued a second time. When once it finds its way back to the Bank to be exchanged for coin, it is immediately cancelled; and the reader will probably be surprised to hear that the average life of a Bank-note, or the time during which it is in actual circulation, is not more than five or six days. The returned notes, averaging, as we have stated, about fifty thousand a day, and representing, one day with another, about one million pounds in value, are brought into what is known as the Accountant's Sorting Office. Here they are examined by inspectors, who reject any which may be found to be counterfeit. In such a case, the paying-in bank is debited with the amount. The notes come in from various banks in parcels, each parcel accompanied by a memorandum stating the number and amount of the notes contained in it. This memorandum is marked with a certain number, and then each note in the parcel is stamped to correspond, the stamping-machine automatically registering how many are stamped, and consequently drawing immediate attention to any deficiency in the number of notes as compared with that stated in the memorandum. This done, the notes are sorted according to number and date, and after being defaced by punching out the letters indicating value, and tearing off the corner bearing the signature, are passed on to the 'Bank-note Library,' where they are packed in boxes and preserved for possible future reference during a period of five years. There are one hundred and twenty clerks employed in this one department; and so perfect is the system of registration, that if the number of a returned note be known, the head of this department, by referring to his books, can ascertain in a few minutes the date when and the banker through whom it was presented; and if within the period of five years, can produce the note itself for inspection. As to the 'number' of a Bank-note, by the way, there is sometimes a little misconception, many people imagining that by quoting the bare figures on the face of a note they have done all that is requisite for its identification. This is not the case. Bank-notes are not numbered consecutively *ad infinitum*, but in series of one to one hundred thousand, the different series being distinguished as between themselves by the date, which appears in full in the body of the note, and is further indicated, to the initiated, by the letter and numerals prefixed to the actual number. Thus $\frac{25}{O}$ 90758 on the face of a note indicates that the note in question is No. 90758 of the series printed on May 21, 1883, which date appears in full in the body of the note. $\frac{99}{N}$ in like manner indicates that the note forms part of a series printed on February 19, 1883. In 'taking the number' of a note, therefore, either this prefix or the full date, as stated in the body of the note, should always be included.

The 'Library' of cancelled notes—not to be

confounded with the Bank Library proper—is situated in the Bank vaults, and we are indebted to the courtesy of the Bank-note Librarian for the following curious and interesting statistics respecting his stock. The stock of paid notes for five years—the period during which, as before stated, the notes are preserved for reference—is about seventy-seven million seven hundred and forty-five thousand in number. They fill thirteen thousand four hundred boxes, about eighteen inches long, ten wide, and nine deep. If the notes could be placed in a pile one upon another, they would reach to a height of five and two-third miles. Joined end to end they would form a ribbon twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-five miles long, or half-way round the globe; if laid so as to form a carpet, they would very nearly cover Hyde Park. Their original value is somewhat over seventeen hundred and fifty millions, and their weight is about ninety-one tons. The immense extent of space necessary to accommodate such a mass in the Bank vaults may be imagined. The place, with its piles on piles of boxes reaching far away into dim distance, looks like some gigantic wine-cellar or bonded warehouse.

As each day adds, as we have seen, about fifty thousand notes to the number, it is necessary to find some means of destroying those which have passed their allotted term of preservation. This is done by fire, about four hundred thousand notes being burnt at one time in a furnace specially constructed for that purpose. Formerly, from some peculiarity in the ink with which the notes were printed, the cremated notes burnt into a solid blue clinker; but the composition of the ink has been altered, and the paper now burns to a fine gray ash. The fumes of the burning paper are extremely dense and pungent; and to prevent any nuisance arising from this cause, the process of cremation is carried out at dead of night, when the city is comparatively deserted. Further, in order to mitigate the density of the fumes, they are made to ascend through a shower of falling water, the chimney shaft being fitted with a special shower-bath arrangement for this purpose.

Passing away from the necropolis of dead and buried notes, we visit the Treasury, whence they originally issued. This is a quiet-looking room, scarcely more imposing in appearance than the butler's pantry in a West-end mansion, but the modest-looking cupboards with which its walls are lined are gorged with hidden treasure. The possible value of the contents of this room may be imagined from the fact that a million of money, in notes of one thousand pounds, forms a packet only three inches thick. The writer has had the privilege of holding such a parcel in his hand, and for a quarter of a minute imagining himself a millionaire—with an income of over thirty thousand per annum for life! The same amount might occupy even less space than the above, for Mr Francis tells a story of a lost note for thirty thousand pounds, which, turning up after the lapse of many years, was paid by the Bank *twice over*! We are informed that notes of even a higher value than this have on occasion been printed, but the highest denomination now issued is one thousand pounds.

In this department is kept a portion of the

Bank's stock of golden coin, in bags of one thousand pounds each. This amount does not require a very large bag for its accommodation, but its weight is considerable, amounting to two hundred and fifty-eight ounces twenty pennyweights, so that a million in gold would weigh some tons. In another room of this department—the Weighing Office—are seen the machines for detecting light coin. These machines are marvels of ingenious mechanism. Three or four hundred sovereigns are laid in a long brass scoop or semi-tube, of such a diameter as to admit them comfortably, and self-regulating to such an incline that the coins gradually slide down by their own weight on to one plate of a little balance placed at its lower extremity. Across the face of this plate two little bolts make alternate thrusts, one to the right, one to the left, but at slightly different levels. If the coin be of full weight, the balance is held in equipoise, and the right-hand bolt making its thrust, pushes it off the plate and down an adjacent tube into the receptacle for full-weight coin. If, on the other hand, the coin is ever so little 'light,' the balance naturally rises with it. The right-hand bolt makes its thrust as before, but this time passes harmlessly beneath the coin. Then comes the thrust of the left-hand bolt, which, as we have said, is fixed at a fractionally higher level, and pushes the coin down a tube on the opposite side, through which it falls into the light-coin receptacle. The coins thus condemned are afterwards dropped into another machine, which defaces them by a cut half-way across their diameter, at the rate of two hundred a minute. The weighing-machines, of which there are sixteen, are actuated by a small atmospheric engine in one corner of the room, the only manual assistance required being to keep them supplied with coins. It is said that sixty thousand sovereigns and half-sovereigns can be weighed here in a single day. The weighing-machine in question is the invention of Mr Cotton, a former governor of the Bank, and among scientific men is regarded as one of the most striking achievements of practical mechanics.

In the Bullion department we find another weighing-machine of a different character, but in its way equally remarkable. It is the first of its kind, having been designed specially for the Bank by Mr James Murdoch Napier, by whom it has been patented. It is used for the purpose of weighing bullion, which is purchased in this department. Gold is brought in in bars of about eight inches long, three wide, and one inch thick. A bar of gold of these dimensions will weigh about two hundred ounces, and is worth, if pure, about eight hundred pounds. Each bar when brought in is accompanied by a memorandum of its weight. The question of quality is determined by the process of assaying; the weight is checked by means of the weighing-machine we have referred to. This takes the form of an extremely massive pair of scales, working on a beam of immense strength and solidity, and is based, so as to be absolutely rigid, on a solid bed of concrete. The whole stands about six feet high by three wide, and is inclosed in an air-tight plate-glass case, a sash in which is raised when it is desired to

use the machine. The two sides of the scale are each kept permanently loaded, the one with a single weight of three hundred and sixty ounces, the other with a number of weights of various sizes to the same amount. When it is desired to test the weight of a bar of gold, weights to the amount stated in the corresponding memorandum, *less half an ounce*, are removed from the latter scale, and the bar of gold substituted in their place. Up to this point the beam of the scale is kept perfectly horizontal, being maintained in that position by a mechanical break; but now a stud is pressed, and by means of delicate machinery, actuated by water-power, the beam is released. If the weight of the bar has been correctly stated in the memorandum, the scale which holds it should be exactly half an ounce in excess. This or any less excess of weight over the three hundred and sixty ounces in the opposite scale is instantly registered by the machine, a pointer travelling round a dial until it indicates the proper amount. The function of the machine, however, is limited to weighing half an ounce only. If the discrepancy between the two scales as loaded is greater than this, or if on the other hand the bar of gold is more than half an ounce less than the amount stated in the memorandum, an electric bell rings by way of warning, the pointer travels right round the dial, and returns to zero. So delicate is the adjustment, that the weight of half a penny postage stamp—somewhat less than half a grain—will set the hand in motion and be recorded on the dial.

The stock of gold in the bullion vault varies from one to three million pounds sterling. The bars are laid side by side on small flat trucks or barrows carrying one hundred bars each. In a glass case in this vault is seen a portion of the war indemnity paid by King Coote of Ashantee, consisting of gold ornaments, a little short of standard fineness.

One of the first reflections that strike an outsider permitted to inspect the repository of so much treasure is, 'Can all this wealth be safe?' These heaps of precious metal, these piles of still more precious notes, are handled by the officials in such an easy-going, matter-of-course way, that one would almost fancy a few thousands would scarcely be missed; and that a dishonest person had only to walk in and help himself to as many sovereigns or hundred pound notes as his pockets could accommodate. Such, however, is very far from being the case. The safeguards against robbery, either by force or fraud, are many and elaborate. At night the Bank is guarded at all accessible points by an ample military force, which would no doubt give a good account of any intruder rash enough to attempt to gain an entrance. In the event of attack from without, there are sliding galleries which can be thrust out from the roof, and which would enable a body of sharpshooters to take the streets in all directions.

Few people are aware that the Bank of England contains within its walls a graveyard, but such is nevertheless the fact. The Gordon riots in 1780, during which the Bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defences. Competent authorities advised that an adjoining church, rejoicing in the appropriate

name of St Christopher-le-Stocks, was in a military sense a source of danger, and accordingly an Act of Parliament was passed to enable the directors to purchase the church and its appurtenances. The old churchyard, tastefully laid out, now forms what is known as the Bank 'garden,' the handsome 'Court Room' or 'Bank Parlour' abutting on one of its sides. There is a magnificent lime-tree, one of the largest in London, in the centre of the garden, and tradition states that under this tree a former clerk of the Bank, *eight feet high*, lies buried. With this last, though not least of the curiosities of the Bank, we must bring the present article to a close. We had intended briefly to have referred to sundry eventful pages of its history; but these we are compelled, by considerations of space, to reserve for a future paper.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LVII.—THE SECRET IN THE OAK PARLOUR.

AT Willowmere, the rapidity with which Mr Hadleigh regained strength astounded Dr Joy, and delighted the patient's nurses, Aunt Hussy and Madge.

'Wonderful nerve, wonderful physique he must have,' whispered Dr Joy admiringly on the fifth day; 'and yet, according to all accounts, he did not study the economy of either in the course of his life. Well, well; we do come across extraordinary constitutions occasionally, and his is one of them.'

The peculiarity of the case was that, after the first shock, the patient was perfectly calm, and showed not the remotest symptom of delirium. He understood everything that passed around him, and when permitted, talked quietly about the fire, and listened attentively to all that was related to him regarding it.

He heard with pleased surprise the account of how Caleb had rescued him, and said to Madge: 'I must do something for that man; but it will have to be by your hand, for he is evidently resolved to accept nothing from mine.'

'We will have to find out where he is, before we can do anything for him. He intended to go to Australia; but the day after he regained his freedom, he wrote to Philip saying that he had altered his mind, and was going to the United States.'

'Why did not Philip keep him here?'

'He tried to persuade him to remain, but could not. Poor Caleb, he does not know what a sorry heart he has left behind him.' Here she checked herself, feeling that she was entering upon delicate ground. 'He sent good wishes to you, and to all of us, and promised to write again to Philip, so that we may have an opportunity of serving him yet.'

'He is a headstrong fellow,' said Mr Hadleigh; 'and I hope he may not ruin his own prospects by his too great eagerness to secure the independence of his neighbours. You see, Miss Heathcote, he is one of those unhappy people who have reached the stage of education in which they discover that they have certain rights, without having got education enough to recognise the

responsibilities which these rights entail. Well, we must wait till we have news of him. . . . Has my safe been dug out of the ruins yet?'

That was a question he had been asking daily from the moment when he comprehended the disaster which had befallen him; and the answer had been hitherto always the same: 'Not yet.' At length came the information that the safe had been found, and was apparently little damaged by its ordeal of fire.

Then Mr Hadleigh bade Philip take his keys and bring him from the safe a little deed-box marked '*L. H. Private*.' When Philip returned with the box, his father had been moved into the Oak Parlour, where he was reclining in a big armchair, supported by down cushions. A cheery fire with one of Madge's oak-logs was blazing on the hearth, raising the temperature of the apartment to summer heat.

When the box was placed on the table beside him, he desired to be left alone until he should ring a hand-bell which was within his reach. He had caused Philip to place the key in the box, and for a space he remained motionless, staring at it, as if hesitating to touch again the spring of emotions which he had intended should be there shut up from him for ever. His eyelids drooped, and in spite of the bright glow of the fire, a shadow fell on his pale face.

'Yes, I thank God that I am spared to do this thing,' he muttered at length. 'Let the secret die with me—it was a cruel as well as a selfish wish that prompted me to reveal it to them. What matter to me how they may hold me in their memory? They may think of me as that which circumstances made me appear, not as what I wished to be. What matter? The dead are beyond earthly pain and passion. I shall not stretch my hand from the grave to cast the least shade of regret over their lives.'

He slowly took from the box the two packets he had so carefully sealed and put away on the night of the fire. The one was addressed to Madge as Mrs Philip Hadleigh; the other, to his son Philip, with the injunction that he, after reading, was to decide whether or not to show it to his wife. The paper addressed to Madge, he took up and held in the long thin scarred hands as if it were a thing capable of feeling. He broke the seal and took the paper from the envelope, performing the operation mechanically, whilst the far-away look was in his eyes, and the Something he had sought but could not reach was fading from his vision altogether. His was the kind of expression with which one who knows he is doomed watches the last sunset displaying its brief, changing glories on the horizon. The broad streams of gleaming amber and opal are quietly transfused into the pensive gray of twilight, and the darkness follows.

'They must never know.'

He made a movement as if to drop the paper into the fire, paused, and his eyes rested on the writing, although they did not distinguish the words. And there was no need; for they only represented in a feeble way thoughts which were always present to his mind.

'I must speak'—such were the written words—or I shall lose all self-restraint. You cannot be harmed by what is put down here. Perhaps

you will never see it; you certainly shall not until after my funeral, and then you may be able to understand and think none the less kindly of me for this confession.

'You have seen me in my darkest moods, and you have wondered at my melancholy—wondered why I who had been granted such a large measure of what the world esteems prosperity should find no contentment in it. I have partly explained the cause to Philip: I could not explain it to you.

'With bitter reason I early learned to believe that money—mere money—was the source of all earthly happiness. I was mistaken, and found out my mistake too late. I should have been content, perhaps happy in a way, if I could have gone on to the end without the knowledge that the want of Love is the only real sorrow which can enter into man or woman's life. But there was nobody to lead me out of the miserable conviction which took possession of my mind as I watched those dearest to me fall one by one, not with the merciful swiftness of soldiers in battle, but in the lingering torments of soul and body which come to those who are poor.

'Left alone, I looked around. The whole world was my enemy, to be conquered by force and stratagem. Any man may be rich, I said, who has a clear head and no conscience; who is willing to abandon all sentiment, forego all trivial pleasures, and give himself absolutely to the service of the world's idol. I gave myself to the idol; and wealth came to me in increasing stores year by year, month by month, day by day.

'At first, the sense of my victory sufficed; but soon there came the consciousness that this was not happiness; it was the successful working of a machine. I craved for something more, but did not know what it was. My wife's affection, I knew, belonged to another: I had married her with that knowledge. I tried to win the friendship of my children; but the girls had learned to regard me with a kind of fear, Coultts with indifference, and Philip was the only one who could speak to me with frankness. His generous nature comforted me, but did not fill up the void in my life.

'I was still seeking the Something which was necessary to me, and at length I found it in You. . . . Yes, you taught me what love was—I loved you with all the fervour of youth. My years, my experience of the world intensified the love which I had never known before. I was prepared to sacrifice all my possessions, all my hopes, for you.

'Do not start away and cast the paper from you; I have made the sacrifice.

'At the same moment in which the treasure that would have made life beautiful was revealed to me, there was also revealed the impossibility of its ever becoming mine. I was like a seaman who is shipwrecked and sinks within sight of land. I will not try to tell you through what pain I passed to the recognition of the duty Love imposed—to help forward your happiness in any direction in which you might think it lay. I will not try to tell you with what agitation I learned for the first time, what must have become known to me long before, had it not been for the morbid isolation in which my days were passed, that you and Philip were betrothed.

'My first desire then was to bring about your union as speedily as possible, believing that I should find my peace in having the privilege of calling you daughter. Meeting your uncle Crawshaw in the market-place, I took him to a private apartment in the inn and endeavoured to explain my wishes. I must have spoken stupidly, for he misunderstood me, and fancied that the proposal was on my own account. His misconception startled and confused me, and he left me in great indignation.

'I thought of following him to Willowmere and explaining; but the effort already made had tried me so much, that not feeling sure of what awkwardness of speech or what irrepressible sign of emotion might betray my secret, I determined to let matters take their course, whilst my task should be to keep Philip at home and to hasten the marriage. You know how earnestly I strove to carry out that resolution.

'You and Philip will be happy. You two have found in time the golden key of life, and in your happiness I shall find mine at last. I want to live till then; and, after, I shall pass away content.'

The invalid seemed to arouse from a sad and yet pleasing dream, for there was a faint smile on his worn face, and the eyes seemed to brighten as with the consciousness of victory—that greatest of all victories, the conquest of self.

He rang the hand-bell, and Madge herself promptly answered the summons.

'It is you I wanted, my child. . . . How good and patient you have been with me—Madge. Take notice, I am to call you henceforth, Madge, my child.'

'And I shall call you father,' she said tenderly, taking one of his hands and stroking it affectionately.

He was silent for a few moments; then lifting his head, he drew her towards him and kissed her with strange solemnity on the brow.

'Yes, my child,' he said calmly, 'that is the name which commands a portion of your love—and you will give me a little of it?'

'A great deal of it—you may be sure of that,' she answered, blushing slightly, and thinking how could she do otherwise than give a great deal of love to Philip's father.

'You give me more comfort than you know, my dear daughter. Now take this paper and place it on the fire, so that I may see it burn to ashes.'

She obeyed unquestioningly; and he watched the flame stretching its white fingers round the secret which was to die with him; saw the paper curl into black and white films; and then he drew a long breath of relief.

'They can never know now,' was his mental exclamation. 'Thank God it is done, and by her hand.'

There was a little while of dreamy silence, during which Madge stood by his side, holding his hand, and anxiously noting every change on his countenance. The changes were rapid and curious as those of a kaleidoscope: now there was pain; again a stern frown, as if checking some rebellious spirit, and anon a serene smile of resignation and content. With this latter expression he looked up to her.

'Call Philip.'

The son was immediately in attendance.

'I hope you are not exerting yourself too much, sir,' was his anxious observation.

'O no; I am wonderfully strong this afternoon, and am taking advantage of the renewed strength to put some matters straight, which being done, will relieve my mind, and so give me the better chance of a speedy recovery. But it is as well to be prepared for the worst; and therefore I wish to have the satisfaction of handing you this packet in Madge's presence. You will learn from it that when I took from you the portion of my fortune which would have been yours in the ordinary course of events, I gave it to your future wife. I did not intend you to know this until after my death; but as your uncle has come to grief, I am desirous of relieving your mind as soon as possible from any fear of the future; and I should have been glad to have helped Austin Shield out of his difficulties, for your mother's sake—but he would refuse any help that came from me.—What is that?'

The exclamation was caused by one of the oak panels facing him slowly moving aside and revealing the form of a man.

MORE USES OF PAPER.

THE place of timber in construction bids fair to be taken by papier-mâché, and it may claim to rival iron itself in the multiplicity of its industrial applications. Besides the advantage of its cheap construction, papier-mâché is not affected by changes of temperature, does not crack, like wood or plaster, and is never discoloured by rust. It can be bronzed, painted, polished, or gilded, made heavy or light as required, and possesses greater adaptability for quick removal or adjustment than most other materials. Its uses in architecture seem to have no limit, as has been shown by building and completely furnishing a dwelling-house entirely of this material. According to report, a huge hotel is about to be constructed in America in which paper will take the place of stone and brick. The fourth paper dome in the United States and, it is thought, in the world, will crown the new Observatory at Columbia College, in New York. A trade journal remarks that besides the paper dome at the Troy Polytechnic, there is a second at West Point, and a third at Beloit College. That at West Point is said to be the largest, but that at Columbia College the best in construction and arrangement. The method used in the manufacture of the paper is kept a secret, the makers using a patented process. The dome is made in sections—twenty-four in number. They are bent over towards the inside at the edges and bolted to ribs of wood. The shell, though very thin, is as stiff as sheet-iron. On one side of the dome is the oblong opening for the telescope, and over this a shutter, also of paper, but stiffened with wood-lining, which slides around on the outside of the dome. The whole dome is so light that the hand can turn it.

As regards the uses of papier-mâché in Europe, we hear of a complete church being built in Bavaria, having columns, walls, altar, roof, and spire all of this material. Some of the most tasteful halls on the continent and in this country

are finished in it in preference to wood. Mantels, mirrors, frames, and gilded chandeliers are of its composition. Pedestals, newels, vases, furniture, and ornaments of all kinds, no less than floors and staircases, gas-pipes, and even chimney-shafts, can be made of it. In Breslau, a chimney-shaft fifty feet high is said to have been made of paper-pulp chemically impregnated so as to resist combustion.

Incombustible as well as water-proof paper is now no novelty, and has before been alluded to in this *Journal*; but an account of some further experiments in this line has since reached us. M. G. Meyer of Paris recently exhibited to the 'Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie nationale' specimens of an incombustible paper capable of taking on inks of various shades, and also paintings, and preserving them even in the fire of a gas-flame. It was stated by him that the papers and documents shown had been for four hours in a pottery furnace, and had displayed undoubted fire-resisting properties. Paper of this indestructible nature should be in good demand for wills, deeds, and account-books, &c. It is also suitable for wall-covering, and ought, we should think, to be of great value for theatrical decorations and scenery. The latter can be rendered unflammable by using this inventor's material as well as his incombustible colours. While on the subject of decoration may be mentioned the new kind of satin paper recently brought out for this purpose. It is made by covering common paper with adhesive size, and sprinkling dyed asbestos powder on its moist surface. Asbestos readily takes up all colours, especially those of aniline, so that some very rich effects can be produced.

Paper curtains, counterpanes, sheets, and so forth, are said to have been among the objects of interest at the Sydney Exhibition; and so there is no reason to doubt the report that table-napkins of the same adaptable substance are regularly supplied at the cheap dining-rooms of Berlin. The napkins are of tissue-paper with a coloured ornamental border—not only because paper is cheaper than diaper, but as a protection against pilfering. Indeed, so common are paper table-napkins said to be at Berlin, that the manufacturers advertise them regularly in the newspapers at the rate of about nine or ten a penny.

When we think of the extraordinary uses to which paper is applied, it is not so startling to learn that this material may even enter into the composition of our post-prandial cigar. If we are to believe the newspapers, millions of cigars are annually manufactured in Havana without so much as a single fibre of tobacco-leaf being utilised in the process of their fabrication. The great straw-paper factory in New York State has for some time been making a peculiar sort of extremely thin fine paper, which it has been discovered is used for making cigars. This we are told is thoroughly soaked in a solution composed of tobacco refuse boiled in water, then dried and pressed between stamps, which impart to it the appearance of the finest leaf so exactly as to defy detection even on the part of the experienced in such matters. Of these paper-leaves are fabricated the spurious cigars alluded to, which are exported from Cuba to all parts of the world as genuine tobacco. The cost of their production

is nothing in comparison with the prices at which they are disposed of. A slight difference in weight between the genuine and the spurious cigar of identical brand and size, affords, it is stated, the only certain means of detecting this fraud, so alike in appearance are the weeds of real tobacco and their counterfeit presentments in straw-paper.

As delicate sheets of paper can be made to serve for steel or iron, it is easily understood that school-slates can be manufactured from similar apparently unpromising beginnings. They are made of white cardboard, covered with a film formed by the action of sulphuric acid on tissue-paper. This covering, according to an American journal, is probably a modification of celluloid. The slates can be used with a lead-pencil or with ink; and to remove the marks, the slate is washed with cold water. A special ink is also prepared for use with these white slates. Another form of slate is made by coating the white cardboard with water-glass. It may be used with lead-pencils or coloured crayons. When the surface becomes soiled, the water-glass may be rubbed off with sand-paper, and a new film may be put on with a sponge or brush dipped in water-glass.

To the number of paper-making materials now in use must be added an old weed of the nettle species, not of the stinging kind. From the bark of certain shrubs, also, several kinds of Japanese paper are made. The strongest and commonest is made from the bark of the mitsuna. A paper of superior quality is likewise made from the kozu, a small tree of the mulberry family, imported from China. The inner bark of both shrubs is washed and dried, softened in steam and boiling water, and afterwards beaten with staves until a fine paste is formed. This paste mixed with water is then made into paper in the ordinary way.

A new use of cedar-bark has been undertaken at New Bedford, Massachusetts. The Acushnet paper-mill at that point is, it appears, nearly completed, and was built for the express purpose of manufacturing pulp and paper from cedar-bark. This, we are told, is the first enterprise of the kind ever undertaken. The bark is taken from shingle butts that are sixteen inches long, and are bundled for shipment like laths. The new mill will work up three cords of bark a day. The first product will be for carpet linings; but the paper is said to be equally adapted to other purposes.

A new method of preparing soluble wool from tissues in which wool and cotton are combined has been discovered. When subjected to a current of superheated steam under a pressure of five atmospheres, the wool melts and falls to the bottom of the pan, leaving the cotton, linen, and other vegetable fibres clean and in a condition suitable for paper-making. The melted wool is afterwards evaporated to dryness, when it becomes completely soluble in water. The increased value of the rags is said to be sufficient to cover the whole cost of the operation.

With the use of the papyrus, as is well known, the Egyptians were early acquainted, and its manufacture was a government monopoly, as paper-making is to this day at Boulak, the river-port of Cairo. The remarkable aptitude for paper-making displayed by the Boulak Arabs is an

hereditary accomplishment. The Daira paper manufactory in the suburb of Boulak regularly employed, we are told, more than two hundred hands before the late war, almost all natives. Most of the paper turned out is for packing purposes; but thousands of reams of good writing and printing paper are also manufactured. The writing-paper is made specially for Arabic writing; and what is produced in excess of the requirements of the country is exported eastward, partly to Arabia, and a small portion even to India. Though linen and cotton rags are used in this factory, the interior of the stalk of the sugar-cane furnishes an endless supply of paper-making material. In the production of what is called 'straw' paper in Europe, the *hilfa* grass plays a very important part. The Daira factory at Boulak enjoys a monopoly of this industry in Egypt; and in connection with it is the National Printing Office, also under the control of the same administration.

In conclusion, some reference may be made to a published work entitled *The Paper Mill Directory of the World*, which will appear annually. It contains a complete catalogue of all the paper and pulp mills on the globe. The total number of mills existing is four thousand four hundred and sixty-three. The German Empire, with over eleven hundred, heads the list in point of numbers, the United States following very closely. Then we have France with considerably more than five hundred, Austro-Hungary, England, Italy, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Canada and Norway, the remainder being scattered over various parts of the world. It appears that the mills in the United States are capable of turning out seven million some odd hundred thousand pounds-weight, in round numbers, of pulp and paper daily. Over a million pounds is produced in Massachusetts alone.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the very time Mr Dulcimer was assisting Miss Wynter across the stepping-stones, the stranger whose unexpected appearance the previous night had so startled Madame De Vigne was pacing leisurely up the valley in the direction of the waterfall.

When, on inquiring for Madame De Vigne at the hotel that morning, he was told that she had gone out for the day with a picnic party, his suspicious nature at once took the alarm. Might she not by some means have discovered his presence in the hotel? he asked himself; and might not this story of the picnic be nothing more than a subterfuge, by means of which she would obtain a start of several hours in her efforts to escape from him? He at once ordered a fly and set off in pursuit. On reaching the place where the wagonettes had been left, he found that if he persisted in his search for Madame De Vigne, he would be compelled to do the rest of the distance on foot. He disliked walking, but in this case there was no help for it; accordingly, he set out on his way to the glen with such grace as there might be in him.

He was a man to all appearance about forty

years of age—he might be a little older; but his figure was still as lithe and active as that of many a man of twenty. He had jet-black hair, and his closely cropped beard and moustache were of the same hue. He had large, white, carnivorous-looking teeth, and small black eyes as piercing as gimlets, with now and then a strange, furtively suspicious look glancing at you out of their corners. His features were aquiline, rather finely cut, and his complexion sallow. By the majority of people he would have been accounted a fairly handsome man. He was fashionably dressed, but it was after the fashion of a Parisian dandy, not that of a London swell; and there is a vast difference in the styles of the two.

When he had passed through the wicket which gave admittance to the glen and was within a few yards of the bridge, he paused and gazed around. Not a creature was to be seen, for, before this, Dick and Bella had gone on a further journey of exploration and were no longer visible.

'So! This must be the place where they told me that I should find her,' said the stranger to himself in French. 'But she is not here. Well, I can wait.' He advanced a few yards farther up the glen. 'We could not have a better place for our meeting. There will be no one to overhear what we shall have to say to each other. Ah, *ma chère* Mora, what a surprise for you! How enchanted you will be to find that your brave Hector is not dead, as they wrote and told you he was, but alive, and burning to embrace you! What happiness for both of us!'

He had been climbing slowly up the ravine, and by this time he had reached the spot where Mora had been sitting but a short time before. Her sketch-book attracted his eye; he took it up and opened it.

'Hers! Here is her name. She cannot be far away. A man's head—a likeness evidently. The same again—and yet again. I must find out the name of this monsieur. I shall have much pleasure to introduce myself to him.' A slight noise startled him. He shut the book and raised his eyes. 'Ah! here comes my angel,' he exclaimed. '*Sacre bleu!* she is handsomer than ever.'

For the moment Mora did not perceive him. When she did, she put a hand quickly to her heart and gave a great gasp.

'Ah!' What a volume of meaning that little word conveyed!

Monsieur De Miravel—for such was the name he now chose to be known by—advanced a step or two smilingly, and bowed with all a Frenchman's grace. '*Me voici!*' he said. 'Hector—thy husband—not dead, but alive and!'

She stopped him with an imperious gesture. 'Wretch—coward—felon!' she exclaimed, and her voice seemed to express the concentrated passion and hatred of years. 'I could never quite believe that I had been fortunate enough to lose you for ever. I had a presentiment that I should some day see you again. Why have you followed me? But I need not ask. It is to rob me again, as you robbed me before. *Voleur!*'

She stood before him drawn up to the full height of her magnificent beauty, her bosom heaving, her eyes dilating, her head thrown slightly back, her clenched hands hanging by her sides, her shoulders a little raised. Even

the scoundrel whom she had addressed could not help admiring her as she towered before him in all the splendour of her passion.

A small red spot flamed on either cheek, but his voice had still a smile in it when next he spoke. 'Ah ha!' he said. 'You are still the same charming Mora that you always were! You still call me by the same pretty names! How it brings back the days of long ago!'

'How much money do you want of me?' she demanded abruptly. 'What price do you expect me to pay that I may rid myself of your presence?'

'Softly, *ma chère*, softly. I have not been at all this great trouble and expense to discover you, without having something to say to you. I want to talk what you English call business.'

'Name your price and leave me.'

'Taisez-vous, je vous prie. You are here, and you must listen to me. You cannot help yourself.'

Madame De Vigne bit her lip, but did not reply.

De Miravel sat down, crossed his legs, leant back a little, and looked up at her with half-shut eyes. 'Five years ago,' he began, 'you received a certain letter in which you were informed that I was dead. That letter, by some strange error, was forwarded to the wrong person. It was not I, your husband, who was dead, but another man of the same name—another Hector Laroche. When the mistake was discovered, you had left the place where you had previously been living, and no one knew what had become of you. Two years ago I found myself in Paris again. When I had arranged my private affairs, which had suffered during my long absence, I began to make inquiries concerning the wife from whom I had been so cruelly torn, and whom my heart was bleeding to embrace.'

'*Menteur!*' ground out Mora between her teeth.

He waved, as it were, the epithet aside with an airy gesture of his hand, and continued: 'For a long time I could hear nothing concerning her, and I began to fear that I had lost her forever. But at length a clue was put into my hands. I discovered that, in consequence of the death of a relative, my incomparable wife had come into a fortune of twelve thousand francs a year—that she had changed her name from Madame Laroche to that of her aunt, Madame De Vigne, and that she and her sister had gone to make their home in England. Naturally, I follow my wife to England, and here, to-day, *me voici!*'

'Your price—name your price,' was all that the lady deigned to answer.

'Pardon. I am not in want of money—at present. It was my wife whom I sought everywhere, and now that I have found her, I do not intend ever to leave her again.'

'Liar and villain!'

'Doucement, je vous prie. Listen! I am no longer so young as I once was. I have travelled—I have seen the world—I am *blasé*. I want a home—I want what you English call my own fireside. Where, then, should be my home—where should be my fireside, but with my wife—the wife from whom I have been torn for so many cruel years, but whom, *parole d'honneur*, I have never ceased to love and cherish in my heart!'

'Oh! this is too much,' murmured Mora under her breath, the fingers of one hand gripping those of the other like a vice. The tension was becoming greater than she could bear.

'But there need be no scandal, no *décalreissement* among my dear wife's English friends,' went on De Miravel with the same hard, set smile. 'I have thought of all that. Madame Laroche is dead—Hector Laroche is dead. In their place we have here, Madame De Vigne, a charming widow; and Monsieur De Miravel, a bachelor not too antique to marry. Monsieur De Miravel has known and admired Madame De Vigne before her marriage to her late husband. What more natural than that he should admire her still, that he should make her an offer of his hand, and that she should accept it? So one day Madame De Vigne and Monsieur De Miravel are quietly married, and, *pouf!* all the respectable English friends have dust thrown in their eyes!'

For a moment or two Mora stared at him in silence; then she said in a low voice: 'And you propose this to me!—to me!'

'Sérieusement, ma chère—sérieusement. It is a beautiful little scheme.'

'If you will not take your price and leave me, I at least can leave you,' she answered in low, determined tones. 'No power on earth can compel me to live with you for a single hour as your wife, and no power shall. I would sooner drop dead at your feet.'

The Frenchman bent his head and sniffed at the flower in his button-hole. When he lifted his face again there was a strange expression in his eyes, which his unhappy wife remembered only too well, and caused her to shudder in spite of herself. She felt that the scorpion's sting of what he had to say to her was yet to come. When he next spoke, there was the same cold, cruel glitter in his eyes that travellers tell us is to be seen in the eyes of a cobra at the moment it is about to strike.

'Mademoiselle your sister—what a beautiful young lady she is!' he said, speaking even more softly than he had done before, and balancing his cane on a couple of fingers as he spoke. 'I saw her this morning for the first time. She is to be married in a little while to the son of a rich English *milord*. Is it not so? *Eh bien!* I wonder what this rich *milord*, this Sir William, would say, and what the young gentleman, his son, would say, if they were told that the sister of the charming Mademoiselle Clarice was the wife of a *déporté*—of Hector Laroche, a man who had worked out a sentence of penal servitude at Noumea. Of course the rich Sir William would at once take Monsieur Laroche to lunch with him at his club, and the young gentleman would present him with a little cheque for five or six thousand francs; and he would be asked to give the bride away at the wedding, and he would sign his name in the register, thus—"Hector Laroche, *ex-déporté*, number 897."

For a moment or two it seemed to Mora as if earth and heaven were coming together.

'So, fiend! miscreant! that is your scheme, is it?'

'I have shown you my cards,' he answered with a shrug. 'I have hidden nothing from you. So now, *chère* Madame De Vigne, you have only

to give your promise to marry your devoted De Miravel; and the moment you do that, Hector Laroche dies and is buried out of sight for ever, and neither Sir William nor his son will know that such a *saurien* ever existed.'

'Leave me—leave me!' she exclaimed in a hoarse whisper.

He glanced at her keenly. It was evident that just at present she could bear no more. It was not his policy to drive her to extremities. He rose from his seat.

'I will go and promenade myself for a little while,' he said. 'In half an hour I will return.'

He raised his hat as he might have done to a duchess. She stood a little aside, to let him pass, but did not allow her eyes to rest on him for a moment. He turned and took the path which led up the ravine.

Mora sank down wearily on the seat he had vacated. At that moment she felt as if she would have been grateful for the earth to open and swallow her up. She was appalled at the blackness of the gulf to the edge of which her husband had just dragged her. What should she do? Whither should she turn? To whom should she look for help? Alas! in all the wide world there was no one who could help her—least of all the man whose strong protecting love had seemed but yesterday as though it were able to shield her from every harm.

'I am in the coils of a Python that will slowly but surely strangle me,' she said. 'Yes—death alone can release me. And only yesterday I was so happy! If I could but have died at the moment Harold pressed his lips to mine! Why does he not come? I must tell him everything—everything. And after that?' She shuddered, and rose to her feet. 'And he loves me so much!' she said with a heart-broken sigh. 'Poor Harold! Poor Harold!'

Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she turned and took the same path that she had taken before when she went to watch for Colonel Woodruff's coming up the valley. Her one burning desire now was to see him; beyond that, her mind at present refused to go.

'I am afraid that as an ambassador the colonel was a failure.'

The speaker was Mr Etheridge, and it was to Clarice Loraine that his remark was addressed.

Mr Etheridge had had pointed out to him and had duly admired the view so much extolled by the young girl, and the two were now slowly sauntering back to their starting-point. By this time Clarice felt herself quite at ease with her companion, so much so, indeed, that in her prettily confidential way she had told him all about how Archie and she became acquainted, how they grew to love each other, how Archie proposed and was accepted, and how surprised they all were afterwards to find that he was a baronet's son. Then she went on to tell him of Archie's letter to his father, the first result of which was Colonel Woodruff's visit at the vicarage.

'Well, and what happened after the colonel's visit?' continued Mr Etheridge.

'Archie wrote again, twice; but there came no answer till yesterday, when he received the telegram which summoned him to meet his father in London.'

'Supposing Sir William should refuse his consent, what would the result be in that case?'

'That is more than I can tell,' she answered with a little trembling of her lips. 'But before Archie left us, my sister told him that he went away a free man—that if his father were opposed to the marriage, we should look upon his promise as if it had never been given; and that if we never saw him again, we should know the reason why, and never blame him in our thoughts.'

'And you agreed with what your sister said?'

'With every word of it.'

'That was very brave of you. But what had Mr Archie say to such an arrangement?'

'He laughed it to scorn. He said he would do all that lay in his power to win his father's consent, but that—that—'

'In any case, he would hold you to your promise, and come back and claim you for his wife? Mr Archie would find himself a very poor man if Sir William were to cut off his allowance.'

'That is a prospect which does not seem to frighten him in the least.'

'But doubtless it would not be without its effect upon you, Miss Lorraine. You would hardly care to tie yourself for life to a pauper.'

'O Mr Etheridge, what a strange opinion you must have formed of me! I would marry Archie if he had not a sovereign to call his own.'

'The charming imprudence of a girl in love. Then you would marry him in opposition to his father's wishes?'

'Now you ask me a question that I cannot answer. That, and that only, would cause me to hesitate.'

'Why should the wishes of a selfish valetudinarian—of a man whom you have never seen—cause you to hesitate, or be allowed to come between you and the happiness of your life?'

'Ah! but could I ever be really happy with the knowledge for ever in my mind that I had been the cause of separating a father from his son, and that by becoming Archie's wife I had blighted the fairest prospects of his life? And then, perhaps—who can tell?—after a time he might become a little tired of me—men do sometimes tire of their wives, don't they?—and then he might begin to remember and regret all that he had sacrificed in marrying me; and that, I think, would nearly break my heart.'

The old man laid his hand caressingly on her arm for a moment. 'Well, well, we must hope for the best,' he said. 'We must hope that Sir William will not prove a very flinty-hearted papa.'

She smiled up gratefully in his face. 'Tell me, Mr Etheridge, is Sir William a very terrible person to have to do with?'

He broke into a little laugh. 'Terrible, miss? No; hardly that, I think; but eccentric, if you please. The fact is that Sir William is one of those men of whom it can never be predicated with certainty what view he will take, or what conclusion he will arrive at, with regard to any matter that may be brought before him. He

has an obnoxious habit of thinking and deciding for himself, and is seldom led by the opinions of others. Yes, undoubtedly Sir William is a very eccentric man.'

They had got back to the bridge by this time. 'Why, I declare, yonder comes Colonel Woodruffe!' exclaimed Clarice. 'I am so pleased—and so will Mora be.'

'Evidently the colonel is a favourite,' said Mr Etheridge drily.

'Of course he is. Everybody likes Colonel Woodruffe. But probably you know him already, Mr Etheridge?'

'I have met him occasionally at Sir William's house. I have no doubt he would remember me if you were to mention my name.'

'I will go and speak to him, if you will excuse me for a few moments.'

Clarice sped quickly across the bridge. Mr Etheridge sat down on the parapet and fanned himself with his hat.

The colonel, who had been gazing round him in some perplexity, hurried forward the moment he perceived Miss Lorraine.

'Good-morning, Colonel Woodruffe,' said the girl as she held out her hand. 'I am delighted to find that you have discovered us.'

'Your sister told me that you were all to be at High Ghyll to-day, so I have driven round in search of you. But where are the rest of the party?'

'Gone in search of the picturesque, I have no doubt. Mora was here a little while ago; and see!'—pointing with her finger—'yonder are her sketch-book and shawl, so that she cannot be far away.'

The colonel had been gazing over Clarice's shoulder at Mr Etheridge. 'Whom have you yonder?' he asked. 'I seem to know his face.'

'Such a dear old gentleman!—Mr Etheridge, Sir William Ridsdale's secretary.'

'Sir William Ridsdale's secretary!' echoed the colonel with an air of stupefaction.

'Yes; he recognised you the moment he saw you. He says that he has met you occasionally at Sir William's house.'

'Oh, indeed! But what has brought him here, may I ask?'

'He has come all the way from Spa with a letter for Archie from his father. But when he reached here this morning, he found that Archie had been telegraphed for last evening to meet his father in London.—It seems very strange, doesn't it? But then, as Mr Etheridge says, Sir William is a very eccentric man.'

'Very eccentric, indeed,' responded the colonel absently.

'So that of course accounts for it.—But yonder comes Mora.'

The colonel turned eagerly. 'Then, with your permission, I will leave you to Mr Etheridge.'

'We shall see you at luncheon, of course?'

'You may rely upon me not to miss that,' answered the colonel with a laugh.

Clarice kissed her hand to her sister, and then went back to Mr Etheridge. She wanted to afford the colonel an opportunity for a *à la carte* with Mora, so she at once proposed another ramble to Mr Etheridge, who assented with alacrity.

The moment Colonel Woodruffe drew near Mora De Vigne, he saw that something was amiss.

She looked an altogether different woman from her whom he had parted from only a few hours before with a tender light of love and happiness in her eyes. His heart misgave him as he walked up to her.

'What has happened?' he asked in anxious tones as he took her hand. 'What has wrought this change in you? Your hand is like ice.'

She gazed up into his face for a moment or two without speaking, with a dumb, pitiful wistfulness in her eyes, that affected him strangely. Then she said: 'Why did you not read the letter which I gave you last evening?'

He gazed at her for a moment. 'You know my reasons for not reading it. But why do you ask that now?'

'Because, if you had read it, you would have saved me from having to tell so much to-day, which, in that case, you would have known yesterday.'

'Pardon me, but you speak in enigmas.'

'You have read of earthquakes, although you may never have felt the shock of one. One minute all is fair, bright, and beautiful; the next, there is nothing but ruin, disaster, and death. Since I saw you yesterday, the foundations of my life, which I thought nothing could ever shake more, have crumbled into utter ruin around me.'

'How can that be, while I am here to guard and cherish you? Yesterday, you gave me your love—your life. What power on earth can tear them from me?'

'Ah me! Listen, and you shall learn.'

She sat for a few moments with bent head, as if scarcely knowing how to begin. The colonel was standing a little way from her, one of his arms twined round the slender stem of a sapling.

'What I am about to tell you is the life-story of a most unhappy woman,' she said, lifting her head and gazing sadly into his eyes. 'My father was an Englishman, who was engaged for many years in business near Paris. I was educated in a convent, as girls are educated in France. I had left the convent about a year, and was keeping my father's house—my mother having died meanwhile, and my sister being away at school—when a certain Monsieur Laroche became a frequent visitor. Before long, my father told me that his affairs were deeply involved. Laroche was the only man who could or would save him, and that only on condition that I became his wife. I was little more than a child in worldly knowledge; I knew that in France the question of a girl's marriage is always settled by her parents; so, although I already detested the man, I yielded to my father's entreaties, and became Madame Laroche. Within a year, my father died—by his own hand.'

'My poor Mora!'

'Whatever wreck of property he left behind, my husband contrived to obtain possession of. But before that time, I knew him to be an inveterate gambler, and worse! Of my life at that time I care not now to speak. Can there be many such men as he in the world—such tigers in human form? I hope not.'

'Some time after, when my life had become a burden almost greater than I could bear, there came news of the death of my godmother, and

that she had left me a legacy of two thousand pounds. The money had not been six hours in my possession, before my husband broke open my bureau and robbed me of the whole of it, together with my own and my mother's jewels. I was left utterly destitute. A few months later came the war, the siege of Paris, and the famine. Oh! that terrible time. I often live it over again in my dreams even now.'

'And you have gone through all this!' said the colonel.

'I had no tidings of my husband till the war was over,' resumed Mora. 'Then came news indeed. He had been detected cheating at cards—there had been a quarrel—the lights had been blown out, and the man who had accused him had been shot through the heart. My husband was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a long term of penal servitude.'

'A happy riddance for you and every one,' remarked the colonel with a shrug.

'I had friends who did not desert me in my extremity. I gave lessons in English, and so contrived to live. One day there came an official notification that my husband was dead. He had died in prison, and had been buried in a convict's grave. Was it wicked to feel glad when I read the news? If so, then was I wicked indeed.'

'No one but a hypocrite could have pretended to feel otherwise than glad.'

'My sister was with me by that time. I never told her the history of my marriage, and my husband she had never seen. She knew only that I had been deserted and was now a widow. Our quiet life went on for a time, and then, by the death of an aunt, I came into possession of a small fortune. I changed my name, as requested in my aunt's will, and after a little while Clarice and I came to England. The rest you know.'

The colonel looked puzzled. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'if I fail to see why you have thought it needful to tell me to-day that which I did not wish or ask to be enlightened about yesterday.'

'I have told you this to-day because yesterday, a little while after you left me, I saw—my husband.'

'Your husband!—But how?—' He stared at her as though he could not say another word. Mora was now the calmer of the two.

'The letter which I received five years ago informing me of his death was sent to me in error. Another man bearing the same name as my husband—a *déporté* like him, had died; and somehow one convict would seem to have been mistaken for the other.'

'O Mora, Mora, and am I then to lose you!' cried the colonel.

She did not speak; but at that moment all the anguish of her soul was revealed in her eyes.

Involuntarily he moved from the place where he had been standing and sat down by her side.

'And I love you so dearly!—so dearly!'

'And I you!' she answered scarcely above a whisper. 'I may tell you this now—for the last time.'

Their hands sought each other, touched and clasped. In the silence that ensued, the leaves seemed whispering among themselves of that which they had just heard; while the stream

went frothing and fuming on its way like some wordy egotist who cares for nothing save his own ceaseless babble.

'And this miscreant has tracked you?' said the colonel at length.

'He was with me but just now. He may return at any moment.'

'Such vermin as he have seldom more than one thought, one want—Money. I am rich, and if'

Mora shook her head. 'He wants more than money.'

'Ha!'

'You do not know Hector Laroche. As I said before, he is a tiger in human form. He loves gold; but he loves still better to have under his claws a writhing, helpless, palpitating victim, whom he can torture and play with and toss to and fro at his pleasure, over whose agonies he can gloat, and whose heart he can slowly vivisect and smite while he does it.'

'And he would make such a victim of you?'

'He has done it once, and he would do it again. He is now passing under a false name. What he demands is, that instead of claiming me as the wife whom he married several years ago, I shall go through a second form of marriage with him under the name he is now known by, and that by such means the dark story of his former life shall be buried for ever.'

'There is no law, human or divine, that can compel you to accede to so monstrous a demand,' exclaimed the colonel in tones resonant with indignation.

'As I said before—you do not know the man. Should I refuse to accede to his wishes, he threatens to go to Sir William Ridsdale—for with his usual diabolical ingenuity, he has found out all about Clarice's engagement—and say to him: "Are you aware that your son is about to marry a person whose sister is the wife of a *déporté*—of a man who has undergone a term of penal servitude?" And, O Colonel Woodruffe! if he does that—if he does that, what will become of my poor Clarice!'

'A scheme worthy of the Foul Fiend himself!' exclaimed the colonel as he sprang to his feet.

There was a painful pause. The colonel was thoroughly taken aback by what he had just heard. At length he said slowly: 'Surely—surely there must be some way of escape.'

Mora shook her head. 'I know of none,' she answered simply.

A few moments later, there was a noise of approaching footsteps. The colonel drew a pace or two farther away.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

THEIR SHADY SIDE.

THE few words I am about to write upon the subject of Christmas Trees for children may perhaps be best illustrated by what originally gave rise to these remarks—namely, the first festivity of the kind attended by my own juveniles. It was given by a friend, whose rooms were narrow in proportion to the numbers of small people she expected, and seniors were therefore not included in the invitations. I was asked, however, to go on the morning of the party to inspect the tree

when it was set up and loaded with its treasures. A goodly array they surely formed. Toys of every kind, most of them very costly; for my friend had been regardless of expense. He calculated that eighty pounds would scarcely cover the outlay upon the articles provided. When I considered how easy to please in their playthings children often are; how tenderly the battered doll or dilapidated horse is sometimes cherished; how the sixpenny toy with the charm of novelty upon it, will put out of favour its guinea predecessor—for children, unlike adults, do not estimate things because of their money value—I could not help thinking this was a sad waste of money. The delicate machinery of those expensive mechanical toys would also run great risk of being put out of order or broken among the crowd of eager children, with no parents present to guard them from injury. Altogether, the gorgeous Christmas tree seemed destined to be 'a thing of beauty and of joy' for a very short time indeed.

The eventful evening arrived, and great was the excitement. My small daughter was a pretty child, and very comely she looked in her dainty lace-trimmed frock and pink ribbons, when, with her young brother, she came fluttering into my boudoir; nurse, proud and pleased, escorting the pair and carrying their wraps. With true feminine instinct, the little damsel betook herself to the tall pier-glass, surveying her finery therein with much satisfaction. 'I daresay,' she said, turning round after a prolonged gaze, 'that I shall be the nicest-dressed little girl at the party!'

'No, indeed—that you won't,' promptly interposed nurse. 'Don't you go to think such a thing, dear. You'll see, when you get into the room, there'll be a-many little ladies just as nice as yourself, perhaps even nicer.' Which speech was a sacrifice of candour on the part of nurse, who was given to regard her young charge as being as good as the best, though she felt called on by duty to nip vanity in the bud.

The morning after a night's dissipation is generally a trying one, when excitement has passed off and reaction set in. Late hours and hot rooms, fruits and pastries and unwholesome liquids at times when healthy slumbers would otherwise have been the order of the night, are apt to have a damaging effect upon the temper. The present occasion was no exception to the rule. My children were not looking their happiest when they appeared carrying a load of things which they laid roughly down and proceeded to turn over with a listless air.

'What lovely toys!' I exclaimed. It was truly an *embarras de richesses*. There were treasures that, if gradually bestowed, would have driven the recipients wild with delight. 'What fortunate young people you are!' I added, examining the glittering heap that they were surveying so discontentedly. 'Don't you think so?'

'The little B—s got much better things!' they murmured.

'This doll, so beautifully dressed'—

'Ah, if you had seen the one Mary got!' pouted the little girl, pushing with her foot the despised doll. 'It opened and shut its eyes, and had a pearl necklace and embroidered shoes.

And Mary was so conceited and disagreeable about it; and so ill-natured, she'd scarcely let me look at it. I hate Mary B——!

'You were great friends with her,' cried the young brother, 'until she got that better doll; and you were just as conceited, too, about your own, until hers cut it out.'

'Oh, you needn't talk, after the way you behaved to poor little Fred H——. Would you believe it, mamma? he quarrelled with that poor child—a little mite of a fellow, not half his size—hustling and bullying him, and wanting to drag away his book that he got for a prize.'

'No; I did not want to drag it away from him. Don't tell stories. 'Twas to be an exchange. I got a ridiculous toy-horse—a little rubbishy thing, only fit for a baby like him; and he said he would take it and give me the book—a lovely *Robinson Crusoe*, that he couldn't read. And then the stupid little fellow howled when I went to get it from him.'

'And you flew into a rage, and smashed the toy; and the governess said it was a shame, and——'

'Oh, come!' I said, interrupting recriminations that were getting angry, and putting a stop to the dispute.

It was not the moment for impressing moral truths upon the young pair; but while deferring these to a more fitting opportunity, I made my own reflections upon Christmas trees in general and this party in particular.

It was plain that envy, hatred, and much uncharitableness had resulted from it—feelings latent, alas! in our poor human nature, that need not premature development. Discontent too, and rivalry and greed were, it would seem from the nature of the entertainment, liable to be aroused in childish breasts. So I locked away the disparaged prizes, until later on, when the satiety produced by a glut had passed off and envious comparisons were forgotten.

We had merry gatherings of small people at wholesome hours, and happy little feasts, and games and romps in every-day clothes. But this was my children's first—and last—Christmas Tree.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER VI.—HOBB DIPPING BEWILDERED.

MINE host of the *Saxonford Arms* sits in his lonely back-parlour, looking thoughtfully into the fire, and taking alternate whiffs and pulls from a clay pipe and a beer-jug which stands on the table at his elbow. During the past week, no traveller has entered Hobb Dipping's ancient house of entertainment, and the worthy man was beginning to wonder whether it was within the bounds of possibility that any one would ever enter it again. For several days the snow had been drifting up against his front-door, and for over a week the howling wind had stormed and beat against the walls of the old inn. True, the wind had dropped somewhat during the night; but Jerry—the man-of-all-work, and old Dipping's special informant upon all matters—had reported that the snow-drift was 'alarmin' deep in places; while, if he needed any confirmation of this statement, he had but to turn his eyes towards

the windows and gaze over the frozen waste which extended on every side.

Hobb Dipping was an old man now, and fifteen years had whitened his hair since the fatal night when Sir Carnaby Vincent was shot by the military in his house. The innkeeper's thoughts had apparently at this moment been dwelling upon that catastrophe, for he muttered to himself: 'Fifteen years! I shouldn't ha' thought it!' at the same time looking gloomily at a well-thumbed scrap of paper which he was turning over between his fingers. 'Fifteen years!' muttered old Dipping, who was enveloped in a thick volume of smoke, consequent upon his exertions with the clay pipe aforesaid—'fifteen years, an' no one's guessed it yet. Why, what fools we all be!'

'Hi, master!' says Jerry, popping his head in through the doorway. 'Here's a gentleman come; wants to know if he can be put up for a night or two.'

Old Hobb peeped through a little latticed window into the courtyard, and saw a gentleman of military aspect sitting motionless in his saddle amidst a thin cloud of falling snow. It is Reginald Ainslie.

'Why do you keep the gentleman waiting out there?' is the indignant exclamation of mine host, who seems to be endowed with sudden energy. 'Put up for a night or two! Of course he can; for a month, if he likes. Show the gentleman in, and then go attend to his horse.'

When the man has disappeared, old Dipping bustles out of the room to find something to tie over his head, before he dares to venture into the cold biting air. On his return, he finds his visitor has thrown aside his heavy riding-cloak, and is reclining in an armchair, with every appearance of fatigue expressed in his attitude and countenance. Jerry whispers that the gallant must be right bad, for it was all he could do to help him out of the saddle. 'And his nag ain't much better,' he goes on. 'They ha' come a long bad road this day, I'll warrant.'

Dismissing his vassal hastily, Hobb Dipping pours out a mug of strong spiced ale, and presents it to his visitor.

'I ask your pardon, sir,' said the old man, 'for letting you wait such a while outside; the snow lies so thick that I did not hear the sound of your horse's hoofs.'

Before honest Dipping could finish his speech, he was startled by his visitor making a quick movement and catching eagerly at the scrap of paper which the landlord had a short while ago held in his hand, and which, on rising to receive the traveller, he had laid on the table. There was a short uncomfortable pause, while Reginald eagerly turned over the object in his hand. 'How did you come by this?' he at length gasped out, the tone of his voice expressing great eagerness and anxiety.

Hobb Dipping's first thought was to holla for Jerry, having some idea that his strange visitor's head must be turned; his second, was to try and remember where he had placed his spectacles.

'My sight is bad, sir,' he said as he fumbled in his pockets. 'I can scarcely make out what you be askin' of.'

'This—this piece of paper!' exclaimed Ainslie,

thrusting forward the identical scrap which old Hobb had been examining at the time of his arrival.

'It come here by accident, sir,' answered old Hobbs slowly and unwillingly.

'Was left here, eh?'

'Just so, sir—it were.'

'How long ago?'

'Well, sir, it's something between fifteen and sixteen year.'

'Gracious powers!' vociferated Ainslie, striking his fist on the table. 'I believe the man was right.'

The landlord stretched out one hand imploringly towards his excited visitor.

'What now?' inquired Reginald, who was vainly endeavouring to peruse the writing with which the paper was covered.

'I want you to give me back that paper, sir.'

'Be good enough, landlord, to leave it with me for the present, and bring me something to eat!'

Old Hobb looked wistfully at the scrap of paper which his visitor was handling, and proceeded to the larder, with considerable misgiving expressed on his countenance. When mine host at length returned, he found his guest a trifle more composed. Reginald Ainslie was still poring over the mysterious piece of paper; but it was evident, from his disappointed mien, that he was considerably perplexed.

'Landlord,' he said in a low voice, when the arrangements for his meal were complete, 'close the door!'

Hobb Dipping obeyed, and then stood waiting, as if for further orders.

'Sit down,' said the lieutenant.

The landlord seated himself in silence, and watched his visitor. After a few minutes had passed in silence, Reginald Ainslie laid down his knife and fork and leaned back in his chair.

'Is your name Dipping?'

'It is so, sir.'

'Will you please to tell me,' continued Ainslie, 'the particulars of how you became possessed of this scrap of paper?'

Old Hobb waxed extremely uncomfortable under the visitor's fixed gaze; he scratched his bald skull, looked wistfully round the room, and then asked in an affrighted whisper: 'Be you anything to do with the magistrates, sir?'

Reginald shook his head.

'If you're not, sir,' went on the landlord, evidently very much relieved, 'would you mind first letting me know your reason for askin' those questions?'

'My reason for asking them,' answered Reginald, 'is because your reply may prove to be of serious importance to me. I have ridden a long way, a very long way, and solely on purpose to communicate with the landlord of this inn upon a subject which may prove the means of benefiting us both.—Do you remember a gentleman named Sir Carnaby Vincent?'

Hobb started a little at the abruptness of the question, but answered: 'Ay, sir, that I do. And haven't I good cause to remember him? That bit of paper, sir, I have always fancied belonged to the poor gentleman. I found it on the stairs while the red-coats were searchin' his room; they must ha' passed it somehow.'

'That was on the night when he was shot here—was it not?'

'You seem to know pretty much about it, sir,' remarked the host, with an inquisitive look. 'I ain't going to deny the fact; it did happen on that night. But excuse me being so bold, sir; you must have been quite a young chap at that time; you can't recollect it, surely?'

'I remember nothing about the matter myself,' replied Ainslie, 'nor have I been in this part before. But Sir Carnaby's attempted escape, and the fatal result, were officially reported to the government and to his friends. You think that this scrap of writing belonged to Sir Carnaby Vincent?'

'Yes, sir; though I didn't know his name till I learned it from the soldiers, after all was over.'

'Why did you not deliver this up to them, when you discovered it on the stairs?'

'Well, you see, sir, it was like this,' replied old Hobb unwillingly. 'I was sorry for the poor gentleman, besides being angry with the soldiers. But little they cared about that. So I thought as how I'd just keep it to myself, in case the man-servant who got off should venture here again. Thinks I: "I'll give it up to him, and disappoint the other parties a bit for what they've done in my house."—I hope your honour won't inform against me!' suddenly exclaimed the old man, who began to have an idea that he was disclosing somewhat more than was prudent to a total stranger.

'My intentions are quite the opposite, I assure you,' said Reginald, eager to set his informant's mind at rest. 'Go on; pray, do not stop.'

'Well, sir,' resumed Dipping, 'as I said, I kept the paper, thinking that I might chance to drop across the man-servant. But though one of the labourers spoke to him that morning, I never see him again; and here I have been keeping this bit of writin' over fifteen year without being able to make out what it means or anything about it. I should ha' burnt it soon, I fancy.'

'Burnt it!' exclaimed Reginald. 'What madness!'

'Can you read it, sir?' inquired old Hobb in a curious tone.

'Read it! No, I cannot; worse luck. Chinese looks quite easy compared with the jumble of letters which are set down upon this scrap of paper.—Has any one seen it besides myself?'

'Only one or two persons, sir,' answered Dipping.—'I didn't want the tale to get abroad—an' when they see it, they turned it over just the same as you're a-doing now: they none of 'em could make it out.'

'What became of the other papers?' suddenly demanded Ainslie, looking up, and desisting from the occupation of gnawing his thumb-nail.

'There were none others as I know of, sir,' replied old Dipping. 'A pair of saddle-bags, I think, was took—my memory ain't quite so good as it used to be. But this I do know for certain—there were no papers found except this one little bit. The soldiers swore hard, and said that the man who got off had taken 'em with him.'

'Did it never occur to you that the attendant acted most strangely on that occasion?' asked Ainslie.

'Ay, sir, I have thought of that many a time,' answered mine host, scratching his head. 'It was a queer thing for him to do—to be sure it was. The man certainly was not running away cowardly-like, to leave his master in the lurch; he would never have hampered himself with the other horse in the way he did, and then go and cut his way through the middle of the redcoats. He might have got off t' other way through the village without riskin' his blessed neck. It's my opinion, sir, an' always was, that he did it to take the fire off on himself, while Sir Carnaby got away over Long Fen on foot. Very creditable it must ha' been on him, sir; an' had he drawn the redcoats away for a few minutes longer, the poor gentleman would have been clean away. He was nearly down at the foot of the stairs when they challenged him. It being dark, and getting no answer back, they blazed away. I let the soldiers in myself, or they would have beat the door down. But when they called out they would fire at the gentleman if he did not speak, I yelled to 'em not to do murder in my house. But it were too late,' said old Hobb, sternly knitting his brows—'it were too late. God help me! what could I do? I couldn't stop it.'

'It was no fault of yours, my man!' said Ainslie, seeing that the old fellow faltered; 'and do not imagine for an instant that you will get into any trouble by telling me all this. To set your mind easy on that score, I may as well inform you at once that Sir Carnaby Vincent, who so unfortunately lost his life here, was my uncle.' Reginald paused for a moment to watch the effect which this announcement had upon his listener, and then went on once more. 'The affair,' said he, 'which brings me here is of the greatest secrecy, and whatever consequences may result from my taking this step, I strictly require of you that no word of it shall ever be mentioned hereafter.'

'Trust me for that, sir,' returned the landlord: 'it shall never pass my lips to any one.'

Directing mine host to draw his chair nearer to the fire, Reginald Ainslie commenced a narration which is sufficiently long to warrant its being the subject of another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.—REGINALD'S STORY.

'My father,' said the lieutenant, 'was a gentleman of great property, and a close friendship existed between him and the brother of his wife—Sir Carnaby, to wit. They became mixed up with a discontented body of people named Jacobites; and a short time before the unhappy affair which we have been talking about, two warrants were issued for their apprehension. My father was seized at once; but Sir Carnaby Vincent contrived to make his escape for a time, till at length he closed his flight at this place. You know what happened when he and his servant arrived here; they were surprised by a party of military, who had received notice of their movements; and my uncle was shot dead. His attendant fortunately escaped, and returned, after a short time had elapsed, to our family with the sad news. The proceedings against my father, Sir Henry Ainslie, were suspended

through want of sufficient evidence, and he was allowed to come back to his home, only to die shortly afterwards, broken both in spirits and in circumstances. Before his death, he made an appalling disclosure to my mother, the sum of it being this—that, trusting to the ultimate success of the revolution which he had been hoping to raise, both he and Sir Carnaby had heavily mortgaged their estates, and placed all their available money at the service of the king that was to be. Where this large amount had been placed, or to whom it had been intrusted, it is now impossible to say, for my father breathed his last ere he could impart any additional information. The consequences of this act proved most disastrous. Our mansion and estates were immediately seized upon; and beyond a small income which my mother possessed in her own right, we were left with scarcely any means of support. From the scanty information we could gather from Sir Carnaby's attendant, it was considered not at all improbable that the disposal of this wealth had been intrusted to his master; and subsequent inquiries proved that he had actually taken with him in his flight a number of valuable papers and documents. What these papers referred to, it is equally impossible to say; but there has always existed among us a strong impression that they related to the immense sum which had been advanced upon the family estates.'

'Well, sir,' exclaimed old Hobb, when the narrative had arrived at this stage, 'you don't suppose that the gentleman brought all that lump of money here?'

'Not the money exactly,' answered Reginald, smiling. 'I don't credit my plotting relative with being such a fool as to carry that about with him.'

'The soldiers found but little in them saddle-bags, an' he brought nought else with him; I can swear to that,' said Dipping obstinately.

'My good man,' returned Ainslie, 'the documents I refer to might have been carried about his person.'

'Nothin' was found on the body when it was searched, before being buried; I remember that right enough, sir,' persisted old Hobb.

'That is the very point I wished to come to,' said the lieutenant triumphantly. 'You are sure that no papers of any kind were discovered on his person?'

'Quite sure, sir,' replied Dipping emphatically.

'Then just listen to what I have to say,' continued Reginald, speaking in an impressive voice and fixing his eyes upon the landlord's countenance. 'The man-servant who accompanied Sir Carnaby to this place swears that his master corresponded with no single person during his flight; moreover, that he handled the saddle-bags you have just now been speaking of, several times, and remembers to have noticed that one of them contained a small black box.'

The wondering expression on old Hobb's face had considerably increased by this time.

'We have now got to a critical point in my story,' continued the lieutenant. 'Derrick—the man who accompanied Sir Carnaby hither—told me he was the first to hear the sound of the approaching military, and that, being apprehensive of danger, he stole along the gallery with

the intention of waking his master. When Sir Carnaby opened the door of his room, the man was surprised to find him fully dressed. Hurried as their conference must have been, Derrick was sharp enough to notice that his master had been using some sort of a knife, and that the black box which he had before seen that night on the table, had now disappeared, and that the saddle-bags were empty. However, all persuasion could not induce my unfortunate relative to flee, which in itself appears to be very strange. He told his attendant that he would follow him if he would take the horses to the place agreed upon—that more lives than his own depended upon his not leaving the place at once, and several other things equally incomprehensible. Derrick at last unwillingly consented to obey his instructions, and left the house, wondering much at his master's conduct. The two, as you know, never met again.—This man, resumed Ainslie, after a pause—'this man, Derrick, always expressed a belief—a strange one, truly—that Sir Carnaby was so anxious for the safety of the contents of that precious saddle-bag, that he would not retire to rest until he had placed it in a secure hiding-place. He might possibly have just been concluding his task as the attendant arrived at his door with the alarming news; at anyrate, it seems not at all unlikely that his object in sending the man to a rendezvous was in order to gain time, while he made a desperate attempt to unearth again this mysterious box prior to escaping from the inn with it. Or, it is quite possible that my uncle, being startled by the report of firearms, resolved to let this precious property, which would implicate so many persons, remain in its place of concealment, trusting, in the event of his escape, to return and secure it once more.'

'Do you mean to say that the gentleman hid it in this very house?' gasped the landlord, with considerable astonishment depicted on his countenance.

'That is what I think.'

'Well, well!' exclaimed the old man, 'to think that I should ha' slept an' eaten an' drunk within them blessed walls for fifteen year, with—who knows—half a million of property hidden about the place unbeknown to me! Suppose there had been a fire, sir.'

'It is fortunate there has not been one,' replied Reginald.

'Am I to understand that you wish to search the house?' inquired old Hobb, whose imagination was fired with a variety of wild speculations, among which the probable discovery of a strong case of bullion figured not the least conspicuously.

'The whole house!—certainly not,' answered Reginald with a faint smile. 'I am afraid that would waste too much valuable time. What I want first is a bed for the night.'

'There's the room which Sir Carnaby himself had: your honour wouldn't have no objection to that?'

'Certainly not,' said Ainslie. 'The knowledge that the room has some unpleasant circumstances connected with it will not affect me in the least. I shall sleep as soundly in that apartment as in any other.'

'Very good, sir.' And mine host was about to leave the apartment, when his visitor arrested him. 'One word more, Mr Dipping.'

'Certainly, sir.'

'I have placed complete confidence in you,' said Ainslie, 'and have intrusted to your keeping a secret, the importance of which you must be well aware of. I wish you to guard it carefully. You have kept that secret fairly enough,' pointing to the scrap of writing; 'try if you cannot keep this one too.—Do you understand?'

The landlord intimated that he would do as his visitor wished, and then departed, leaving Reginald to digest such thoughts as this conversation had called up.

The twilight was by this time gray, and very little light remained, while a few solitary objects that could be seen through the dimmed glass in the old casements, looked shadowy and opaque. With the exception of one small lamp, which Hobb Dipping had placed upon the table, the room was but imperfectly lighted by the flickering fire. Outside, the snow was silently falling, not thickly, but in large steady flakes. The wind had dropped, and with it the whirling drift, while the old walls of the *Saxonford Arms* had ceased to groan and creak.

'Sir,' said Hobb, reappearing once more, 'the room's ready. Shall I show you the way?'

Reginald motioned to the landlord to lead on, and they passed out together into a dark draughty passage.

'This here's the staircase, sir,' remarked old Dipping, who was in advance, bearing the light; 'and that be the very place where the poor gentleman fell.'

The landing before them was lighted by a gray ghostly window, which faded into insignificance on the approach of the landlord's yellow, flaring lamp. When this apparition was passed, there came three shallow steps up, then a short dusky gallery, and Reginald Ainslie found himself in the room with which his departed relative had had so mysterious a connection.

'This, sir,' said old Hobb, extending his right hand somewhat after the manner of a travelling showman—'this, sir, is Sir Carnaby's room.'

'Well, landlord,' said Reginald, 'I think I need detain you no longer.'

Bidding mine host good-night, Ainslie carefully fastened the door, and then sat down before the fire, to ponder over his strange situation, ere consigning himself to rest for the night.

WOUNDER AND HEALER.

(THE IDEA TAKEN FROM AGOUB'S TRANSLATION OF AN ARABIC SONG.)

Thy witching look is like a two-edged sword
To pierce his heart by whom thou art surveyed;
Thy rosy lips the precious balm afford
To heal the wound thy keen-edged sword has made.

I am its victim; I have felt the steel;
My heart now rankles with the smarting pain;
Give me thy lips the bitter wound to heal—
Thy lips to kiss, and I am whole again.

DAPHNIS.

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IN BROMPTON CEMETERY.

'In Memory of THEODORE. Died November the 20th, 18—, aged three years.' I am not going to tell you about the tragedy this little life represented, and how much suffering and how many tears lie buried with my darling. I put all that away—all useless regrets, all vain repining, when I laid him under two great pine-trees, looking straight to the south, where the morning sun peeps earliest in faint yellow streaks, and the broad arms of the firs are ever held lovingly over the little head, and shelter away alike the drifting snow and summer heat—where the thrushes and blackbirds sing their matins and vespers. They and the pink chaffinches, and bold-eyed sparrows, come half-timidly, half-hardily, with their little shy feet, close to mine, where I sit alone by my lamb—Rachel weeping for her dead.

As time, God's true physician, softened my grief, and yet drew me to spend many hours where all was buried that could have pieced together a broken life and broken heart, I became gradually interested in the great company of the dead lying round, and anxious to learn some word of the lives and histories, even of those whose birth and death-date make up all the world shall ever write of them.

Right and left of my baby lie an old man and a young girl; he, a wealthy, honoured merchant, who had lived ninety years of prosperous and successful existence. His tomb is of gray marble; the letters are cut well and deeply; all its cold grandeur is perfectly kept up in unsurpassed cleanliness and order; but no one ever comes to put a flower on his grave. The other grave, young Bessie's, is also neglected, though in a different way. The letters are fading fast from the crooked headstone; and the ivy that has crept round it is so tangled, that before long the little tomb will be quite covered. Bessie was sixteen years old, and went to her rest in the glowing July of 1851, when the fairy palace of Hyde Park, sparkling in its glory, promised, but

did not fulfil, the commencement of a long reign of peace and good-will to all the nations of the earth. Where are now those, I wonder, who left Bessie here!

Hard by lies many a different life from the maid's and the merchant's. Brompton is essentially a military cemetery, where sleep the veterans of the Peninsula, the Crimea, and India, and the Cape. Truly, when the last réveille sounds, no more gallant hearts shall answer to the call than our dead English soldiers.

Close to my baby are Sir John Garvoek and Sir James Anderson, the last under a pyramid of cannon-balls; and on this February day, warm and breezy, with flying rain-clouds, driving off the fogs that for days past have hovered like unclean birds over London, there comes a wail of fifes and muffled drums. The trees are dripping with water, the grass is sodden, but through its muddy surface, here and there, are peeping green blades—fresh promises of spring. Shrill over the long damp walks under the yews comes the *Adeste Fideles*. It is 'a soldier's funeral,' the gardener tells me—two Guardsmen from the Tower, who were drowned last week, having fallen into the river in the fog. The procession winds slowly into view—the muffled drums, the gay uniforms, the coffins, each covered with a black and white pall, and heaped with wreaths. On each coffin lie the dead man's bayonet and shako. The chaplain commits earth to earth; and the volleys flash over our brothers departed, and with cheery strains the band is back again into the world.

Next in number to the soldiers lie the actors, with whom Brompton has ever been a favourite burying-ground. Here is one of the greatest actresses of our day, Adelaide Neilson, whose 'glorious eyes' closed—for us—too soon; for her, just as a first gleam of happiness and repose was dawning upon a stormy, clouded life. The 'beautiful gifted' is 'resting' under a tall hewn cross of roughened marble. The noble head of Mellon the composer, conspicuously placed, looks out upon us from a grove where lie Nellie

Moore, the 'Lancashire lass;' T. P. Cooke, the sailor-actor; Keelcy, Leigh Murray, and Planché, whose coffin may be seen through the iron gates of the catacombs. Albert Smith is here too. Near Mellon rests a lady whose story and recollections must have been interesting—one Sarah Agnes, who died in 1846, 'widow of General Count Demetrius de Wints, elected Prince of Montenegro on the 1st of August 1795.' I know nothing of this page of the history of Montenegro; but for Sarah Agnes, it was, as Bismarck said of the election of young Battenberg, 'something to be remembered.'

Sydney Lady Morgan is here too, and makes us think of the Wild Irish Girl, with her harp and green fan and *mode* cloak, her quarrels with her publishers, and her endless vanities, from the concealment of her age, to the blue satin gown which made her 'the best dressed woman in the room;' her ceaseless tormentings of the staid sensible husband, who won her so hardly and loved her so patiently. One wonders if that unquiet spirit sleeps soundly, and why her novels—novels that brought the Dublin actor's daughter from obscurity to be a leader of the fashion she loved so dearly—should now be hardly remembered even by the fact, that one beguiled the last hours of Pitt.

Jackson the pugilist, whose tomb by Baily, with its couching lion, is one of the most conspicuous objects here, represents a science that is now moribund. Near him is the humble grave of one of the sextons of the cemetery, who a year or two ago was crushed by the falling-in of the warm yellow gravel of the grave he was digging.

The year has rolled away; it is Christmas eve; the snow is crisp and sparkling in the low December sun, and groups are thronging in with wreaths and crosses and bouquets, to tell their dear ones they are not forgotten, and that to-morrow the vacant place by the fireside will be haunted by

The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Near the Brompton gate, where the porter, smiling, good-natured giant, stands holding the gate open for loiterers like me—sleeps a dear old friend, long passed away—an Indian doctor, the kindest heart for young people, the most interested in their pleasures, I ever knew. A Scotchman from Skye—even in his eightieth year with strength unfailed, and the large limbs of the people of his race. 'A strong lad, Samson; sure he cam' frae Skye,' was the old woman's commentary on the hero of the Book of Judges. The merry days of girlhood on Richmond Hill and Thames, clear Marlow water, childhood treats of strawberries at Kew, rise up before misty eyes as I read your name, dear old William Bruce! Many a happy Christmas eve have we spent at your kindly table, when your dark beaming face and Scottish voice asked the 'bit lassie,' whose tall toddy glass stood untasted at her side—'Why, Miss Helena, Miss Helena, are ye doing naught for the gude o' the hoose?' He used to say the fifty years of perfect health he had spent in India were due to the nightly toddy! I believe it was the kindly heart and cheerful mind.

Lie lightly, snow; shine red, ye holly-berries;

and I pass out bidding good-night to my baby, sleeping till his young eyes shall open, not on the Christmas, but on the Resurrection morn. As I go, I see that even the long-forgotten old merchant has at last been remembered, and on his grave is a scroll of immortelles and berries inscribed, 'Kind words and deeds, they never die.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LVIII.—CLEARING UP.

PHILIP with amazement not unmingled with displeasure recognised Mr Beecham in the person who in this mysterious fashion intruded himself on their privacy.

Madge was for a second startled by the sudden apparition; but that feeling passed as the shadow of a swift-flying bird passes over the breast of a clear pool, and her face became bright with hope. The object which Philip had so longed for was accomplished—the distrust and enmity of Austin Shield were extinguished. Remembering about the secret recess of the Oak Parlour, and the legend of its having once served as the hiding-place of a fugitive king, she did not pause to speculate how it had been discovered, or how or why the man came to make use of it at that moment, but waited eagerly for the upshot of this singular meeting.

The invalid, resting back on his cushions, stared at the intruder with mingled emotions of astonishment, curiosity, and suspicion; then he glanced inquiringly from Madge to Philip, seeking from them the explanation at which the latter could no more guess than he.

The man himself advanced calmly.

'I must ask you to pardon the odd way in which I present myself to you, Mr Hadleigh,' he said gravely, as he bowed with respect; 'it is partly due to accident, partly to design.'

'I am your debtor, Mr Beecham,' answered Philip coldly, 'on my own account and my uncle's; but I am not conscious of anything you have done which can justify you in playing the part of a'—

'You would say the part of a spy and a hidden listener to what was not intended for my ears,' was the calm rejoinder, a smile of good-humoured approval on the kindly face. 'I have been both, but I shall not lose all your respect when you understand the position. Be patient.—I was waiting in the room until the girl who admitted me could find an opportunity of telling Miss Heathcote that I wished to see her before seeking an interview with your father. She returned immediately to say that she had been unable to deliver my message, and that they were bringing the sick gentleman in here. She left me hurriedly. I did not wish to meet Mr Hadleigh until his leave had been asked, and I could not go into the hall without meeting him.'

'Why should you avoid him?'

'There are circumstances which might have made an unexpected meeting unpleasant. I am now aware that that was my mistake. At any rate I remembered the secret of this panel, which was explained to me years ago by old Jerry Mogridge. He was then the only one who knew it. I was aware of the misconceptions

my conduct might give rise to, but entered the place hoping to find the outlet to the garden. Some time was occupied in searching for it without success. I would have endured my ignominious imprisonment, however, had not Mr Hadleigh's voice confirmed Dr Joy's assurance that I might speak to him freely.'

He paused, as if desirous of some sign from the invalid that he might proceed. The latter assented with a slight movement of the head.

'I do not regret my awkward position, Mr Hadleigh, since it has enabled me to hear what you have said to these young people when you could have no suspicion of my neighbourhood. Your treatment of them has done as much as the proofs placed in my hands by Miss Heathcote to convince me that, in the blind passion of youth and deceived by a scoundrel, I did you gross injustice. You know me: is it too late to ask your pardon?'

There was silence. Philip, in much perplexity, was looking alternately at the two men; Madge was watching with breathless interest, the dawn of a joyful smile on her face. At length, Hadleigh:

'I trust it is never too late to ask pardon—or to grant it. There is my hand, Mr Shield.'

They clasped hands with the calmness of men who strike a mutually advantageous bargain: there was no pretence of any other feeling in the touch. But Madge placed her hands on theirs, and her face was radiant with joy.

'You are both my friends and Philip's,' she said; 'he wanted you to understand each other: he desired it and thought of it a great deal more than of the fortune you tried to tempt him with, Mr Shield.'

'I should like to understand this riddle,' Philip broke in. 'I have known you as Beecham, and another as Austin Shield.'

Beecham drew from his pocket a pencil and note-book. He wrote: 'I am the Austin Shield you have known in correspondence—as this will testify. The man you have met under my name is Jack Hartopp, who has been my faithful ally and comrade for years past. For reasons—most unhappy reasons, which shall be fully explained—I desired to test your nature before you became the husband of Madge Heathcote.'

'I recognise the writing,' said Philip, 'but am unable to comprehend what authority you can pretend to have over Miss Heathcote.'

'I will explain that,' interrupted Madge; and she did so to his entire satisfaction within a few hours.

Meanwhile, Philip was anything but satisfied. He was frowning as he put the next question:

'Then this report about the losses—the financial difficulties which prevented Mr Shield from giving me the assistance I required?'

'You have had the assistance you required: you have been rescued from the clutches of a knave, who would have duped you out of everything; you have had a lesson which will be worth thousands to you; and you have still the opportunity of carrying out your plans to what I hope will be a satisfactory issue.' Shield said this in a tone of reproach; but observing the changes on Philip's face, he proceeded with his usual kindness of expression: 'I could never have known what genuine and generous stuff

you were made of, Philip, unless I had seen you in misfortune, and found that you are ready to give up everything to support the man whose money you had lost.'

'That was my duty.'

'Yes, yes,' was the smiling interruption; 'but it was a duty from which you might easily and without discredit have excused yourself. It was, however, your brave acceptance of the duty which convinced me that she would be safe in your keeping; and to secure her happiness as far as it is in human power to do so, I was ready to sacrifice anything. I am satisfied on that point, and you know that Miss Heathcote has been satisfied for a long time.'

'Then the story which this Hartopp told me about the losses—what of that?'

'You must not blame Jack Hartopp; he acted faithfully according to his instructions; and it was only on account of his mania for drink that I was obliged to keep him out of your way as much as possible. With that pitiable drawback, he is as shrewd and brave as he is honest. To save my life and property, he has stood up single-handed against a gang of mutinous workmen on the diamond fields. He likes you, Philip, and you will soon respect him as well as like him. As to our losses, they have been heavy and sudden, owing to the failure of a gold-mining Company in which I had invested and the fall in the price of Cape diamonds. But we have still ample means to go on with comfortably.'

'Is Mr Hartopp a son of our neighbours of the Chelmer Bridge farm?' inquired Madge.

'Yes; he was in California for a time, but hearing of the diamond fields, thought he would try his luck in them. He was in a poor plight when he reached my station; but he had a hearty welcome as soon as he told where he came from. . . . And now, I should like to see Mrs Crawshaw and her husband. She would have recognised me at once, and that is why I have kept out of her way.'

When, however, Madge brought him face to face with the dame, the latter had to scrutinise his visage closely for several minutes before she identified him.

'Faces change with time,' he said, as if excusing beforehand her slowness of recognition.

'And hearts too,' she answered somewhat drily.

'Not always,' was his earnest comment; and the grasp of their hands, the smile on their faces, proved that their hearts had not changed at any rate.

'I am glad there is an end of this prank,' she said by-and-by; 'many a weary thought it has cost me, for it is the only time I have ever held anything back from Dick. But I knew thou wert meaning well, and it was not in me to thwart thee in doing what seemed to thee right, for love of Lucy. But it was a perilous adventure for all of us, and we have reason to give thanks that it ends as we would have it.'

Dick Crawshaw could not easily grasp all the details of the explanations which were given him; but he quickly comprehended that Madge had been doing her best to make others happy at the risk of her conduct being much misconstrued. So he took her in his arms.

'Buss me, lass, and forget that I was ever angered with you. But it wasn't easy to keep temper when all things about the place seemed to be going contrary, and everybody was more dunderheaded than another—not to mention my temper was always known to be of the gun-powder sort, so that one spark was enough to blow up the whole place.'

'But the explosion is never very destructive,' she said with a smile and a kiss.

'Dunno how you take it, Madge, but it always leaves me somehow uncomfortable. Hows'ever, let that be, and come and see to the entries for the Smithfield Club. I'll be main vexed if we don't get a prize; they have got a clean bill of health, and I'll go bail there are no cows or steers in the country to beat them.'

He took Austin Shield as much into his favour as he had done when that person had presented himself under the name of Beecham, and consulted him about the cattle as if he had been the most famous of 'vets.' To Jack Hartopp he gave a cordial welcome, and, unwisely, opened a case of hollands, which had come from Amsterdam by way of Harwich, for his delectation.

'Never you mind,' he said in answer to the dame's remonstrance; 'there is nothing too good for a man that has been as faithful to his mate or master as Jack Hartopp has been to Shield. Clever rogues, both of 'em—and they say, and Philip says, I'm sure of a red rosette at the Smithfield show.'

There was a great gathering at Willowmere this Christmas. The huge barn was cleared for the occasion, and all the lads and lasses of the village who had ever done a day's work on the farm were invited. Gay ribbons and happy faces, lamps and candles, made the place brilliant. There was a huge bush of mistletoe and holly hanging from the centre of the roof, and Uncle Dick led his dame forward and gave her a sounding kiss under it, amidst the cheers and laughter of the lads, who whirled their lasses along to follow this gallant example.

Then the fiddles struck up *Sir Roger de Coverley*, and yeoman Dick led off the dance with his dame, both as young in heart as the youngest present, and as joyful as if they had not those long reaches of the past to look back upon. Madge and Philip followed, as if their young lives were to fill the gap between youth and age.

All the guests agreed there had never been in their recollection such a merry Christmas gathering in the county.

CHAPTER LIX.—GLIMPSES.

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus.'

The sun still bright on the hilltop; figures rising to its crest, and there halting, with hands shading their eyes, to take a glad or sad look backward.

See there; Dick Crawshaw and his dame can look down and smile on the road they have travelled, although there are sundry small black patches that they would have wished away. But they can see Madge and Philip in their joyous course, waving orange blossoms towards them, laughing at the slips and hollows of the hillside,

because they march hand in hand, and when the one falters, the other possesses sustaining power enough to keep both in the safe path.

'Lucky dog, that Philip!' says old Dick Crawshaw, fumbling with his fob-chain. 'He has got the finest woman in the world to wife—bar my missus.'

'They are very happy,' observed the dame contentedly; 'and Austin was not so far wrong as I fancied he was, when he said that the real test of a man's nature was money. I never liked it; for losing money makes men mad or bad, and gaining it seems to do the same thing—but neither way seems to have hurt Philip much, good lad.'

And Philip and Madge were walking quietly up the hillside, halting here and there to give a friendly hand to those who were stumbling by the way. Hadleigh, sitting in his easy-chair, is glad at last, for he has found the Something which he had sought so long without avail, in the fair-haired grandchild sitting on his knee. The love that was so slow of growth in the man's heart has blossomed in this child.

In the work which Philip had started, Austin Shield with his ally Jack Hartopp was working with might and main; and the speculation promised to be not only successful in a commercial way, but also in a moral way. They had all the idea that in course of time it would come to be the universal system of work—that men should be allowed to do as much as they could, and that they should be remunerated in accordance with the results, calculated by the market value of quality and quantity. The men themselves were rapidly coming to understand that their real advantage lay not in combinations which restricted the labour of one who was quicker of wit and hand than the average labourer, but in doing their best to keep up to him, and beat him if that were possible, allowing the lazy and the stupid to fall back into their natural places.

Miss Hadleigh as Mrs Crowell was permitted all the joys she desired; for she had grand dinner-parties; her dear Alfred became an alderman, with every prospect of being chosen Lord Mayor in due course of time, and the possibility of a baronetcy attached to the office.

But look down into one of the side-paths which leads into a jungle. There is Coutts Hadleigh moving through a maze. Contrary to everybody's expectation, he has not married for money, but for a position in society. He has led to the altar the Honourable Miss Adelaide Beauchamp, the penniless daughter of a bankrupt peer. She uses his wealth in the vain effort to re-establish the position of her family. The master of the house is snubbed; and his presence is only required to attend those entertainments where the presence of a husband is supposed to give countenance and propriety to what is going forward.

On that merry racecourse down there is Wrentham, a white hat encircled by a blue veil on his head, a note-book in his hand. He is one of the most popular book-makers on the turf; and away in a quiet cottage are his wife and daughter, happy in the belief that he is engaged on important business, whilst he is drinking champagne, giving and taking the odds

on the next race. Bob Tuppit sees him often; but they pass each other without recognition. Bob is content to turn an honest penny by his juggling craft, and to bring up his family respectably.

By-and-by there comes a stranger man out of the wilderness of foreign parts. He speaks to Sam Culver. The gardener knew him at once, and was in great glee that his old pupil should have found fortune in another land. So he took him to the cottage where Pansy was waiting on her grandfather, who had been at last persuaded to give up his 'business rounds' and settle down at Ringsford.

Caleb and Pansy were only a few minutes together when they came forward to the gardener, and the light on their faces seemed to suggest the burden of the rustic song—'We'll wander in the Meadows where the May-flowers grow.'

THE END.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG other visitors in search of the picturesque who had found their way to Stock Ghyll Force this morning was Mr Santelle, the stranger who had held the mysterious conversation with Jules the waiter. When half-way across the bridge, he paused to look at the waterfall, which from this point was visible in all its beauty. While standing thus, he was attracted by the sound of voices, and next moment his quick eyes had discovered Colonel Woodruffe and Madame De Vigne on a jutting point of rock half-way up the ravine. The lady he recognised, having seen her start that morning from the hotel with a party of friends; but the colonel was a stranger to him. Humming an air softly to himself, he paced slowly over the bridge and began to climb the path on the opposite side of the stream. When he had got about one-third of the way up, he reached a point where a more than usually dense growth of shrubs and evergreens shut out the view both of the waterfall and the ravine. Pausing here, Mr Santelle with deft but cautious fingers proceeded to part the branches of the evergreens till, from where he stood, himself unseen, he obtained a clear view of the group on the opposite side of the ravine. That group now consisted of three persons.

The approaching footsteps, the sound of which had put an end to the conversation between the colonel and Madame De Vigne, were those of M. De Miraval. He had spied them before they saw him. 'Ah ha! Voilà le monsieur of the portrait!' he said to himself. 'What has my adorable wife been saying to him? She turns away her face—he hangs his head—neither of them speak. *Eh bien!* I propose to myself to interrupt this interesting *éto-d-éto*.' He advanced, raised his hat, and smiling his detestable smile, made one of his most elaborate bows. 'Pardon. I hope I am not *de trop*,' he said.—'Will you not introduce me to your friend, *chère Madame De Vigne*?'

Superb in her icy quietude—the quietude of

despair—and without a falter in her voice, she said: 'Colonel Woodruffe, my husband, Hector Laroche, ex-convict, number 897.'

The fellow fell back a step in sheer amazement. 'How!' he gasped. 'You have told him'—
'Everything.'

She sat down again on the seat from which she had just risen, and grasping the fingers of one hand tightly with those of the other, turned her face in the direction of the waterfall.

Laroche's *sang-froid* had only deserted him for an instant. '*Quelle bêtise!*' he muttered with a shrug. Then becoming aware that the colonel's cold, haughty stare was fixed full upon him, he retorted with a look that was a mixture of triumph and tigerish ferocity. Turning to his wife, and all but touching her shoulder with his lean claw-like finger, he said with a sneer that was half a snarl: 'My property, monsieur—my property!'

Suddenly there came a sound of voices, of laughter, of singing. A troop of noisy excursionists had invaded the glen.

Mr Santelle had apparently seen as much as he cared to see. He let the parted branches fall gently together again, and went smilingly on his way.

CHAPTER X.

It was the forenoon of the second day after the picnic. There was thunder in the air, but the storm had not yet broken. Any moment the clouds might part and the first bolt fall. What might have been the result of the collision between Laroche and Colonel Woodruffe on the day of the picnic, but for the opportune invasion of the glen by a number of excursionists, who put privacy to flight, it is of course impossible to say. It may be also that the Frenchman read something in the colonel's eye which warned him not to proceed too far. No sooner, therefore, had the remark last recorded passed his lips, than he turned abruptly on his heel, and striking into the same winding pathway that Mora had taken earlier in the day, became at once lost to view in the depths of the shrubbery.

'Had you not better let me take you back to the hotel at once?' said the colonel to Mora after a little pause. 'You can easily make an excuse to your party for leaving them. There is an inn at the foot of the valley at which we can hire a fly.'

Mora at once assented. Now that the worst was known, now that everything had been told, her heart cried out for solitude; she wanted to be alone with her despair.

On their way they encountered Miss Gaisford, to whom Mora made some kind of an excuse. An hour later they alighted at the *Palatine*. As they stood for a moment at the door, the colonel said: 'I shall remain here at the hotel for the present, in case you should need me. No one can tell what may happen. Night or day I am at your service.'

She gazed into his eyes for a moment, pressed his hand tenderly, and was gone.

From that hour, Madame De Vigne had ceased to appear in the general sitting-room down-stairs. The bedrooms occupied by the sisters were

separated by a small boudoir. In this latter room Madame De Vigne now passed her time, and here she and Clarice partook of their meals. Miss Penelope and Nanette alone had access to their room.

Of all the people in the hotel Colonel Woodruffe alone was aware that the polite and good-looking French gentleman who called himself M. De Miravel had any acquaintance with Madame De Vigne, or had as much as spoken a word to that lady. De Miravel, to all appearance, did not know a soul in the place. He was very smiling and affable to every one, but seemed to have no acquaintances. His sole occupation—if occupation it could be called—seemed to be to lounge about the grounds and smoke. Once, it is true, he went for an hour's row on the lake, but that was all. When he and Colonel Woodruffe chanced to meet, they passed each other like utter strangers.

Another visitor who appeared not to care to make acquaintances was Mr Santelle. He took his breakfast in the public coffee-room, and dined at the *table-d'hôte*; his keen, watchful eyes saw everything and everybody, but he rarely addressed himself to any one. He was not so much *en evidence* as M. De Miravel; but with a guide-book under his arm and a field-glass slung over his shoulder, he took the steamer from place to place, and seemed bent upon seeing all that there was to be seen. Jules kept a furtive eye upon him at meal-times, but not the slightest sign of recognition passed between the two men.

When Clarice got back to the hotel on the evening of the picnic, she found a telegram from Archie awaiting her. 'Governor not yet to hand,' ran the message. 'Probably fatigue of travelling has been too much for him. May have broken journey somewhere. Can only await his arrival. Hope he will turn up in the morning. Will telegraph again to-morrow.'

Clarice handed the telegram to Mr Etheridge. That gentleman read it slowly and carefully, and handed it back with a smile. 'I think it very likely, as Mr Archie suggests, that Sir William has broken his journey,' he observed. 'But I have long thought that Sir William fancies himself more of an invalid than he really is, and that if he chose to exert himself a little more, it might perhaps be all the better for his health. But there is no accounting for the whims of these rich people. I sometimes think that a little poverty would be a good thing for some of them.'

There was more cynicism in this speech than in any that Clarice had hitherto heard from the old gentleman's lips. But it was not in her province to make any reply to it. She had never even seen Sir William, whereas Mr Etheridge had known him for years.

When not with her sister—and Mora seemed to prefer to be as much alone as possible—Clarice spent most of her time with the old man. She could talk to him about Archie, whom he seemed to have known from childhood, and could listen with unflinching interest to all that he had to tell about the eccentric baronet; while Mr Etheridge seemed quite as fond of her society as she was of his. No message, either by telegram or letter, had yet arrived for him, but he never failed to ransack the letter-rack three or four times a day. 'We can only wait,' he said once or twice

to Clarice, as he turned from the rack with that faint, patient smile which she was beginning to know so well. 'Sir William is a man who can never bear to be hurried in anything.'

Next afternoon there came a second telegram addressed to Miss Loraine: 'No news of the governor yet. Most extraordinary. Would have started back to-day, but Blatchett strongly advises to remain till morning. Should there be no news by ten A.M., you may expect me at the *Palatine* in time for dinner.'

'Just like Sir William—just like him; I'm not a bit surprised,' was Mr Etheridge's curt comment when he had read the telegram.

'He must indeed be a singular man,' said Clarice. Then her eyes began to sparkle, and a lovely colour flushed her cheeks. 'Perhaps by this time to-morrow Archie may be back again,' she said, more as if speaking to herself than addressing Mr Etheridge.

In the course of these two days Colonel Woodruffe and Mr Etheridge met more than once. They talked together, walking side by side on the lawn of the hotel. The chief part of the talking, however, seemed to be done by the colonel, his companion's share of it being mostly confined to 'Yes' or 'No,' a confirmatory nod of the head, or now and then a brief question.

When Lady Renshaw got back from the picnic on Wednesday evening, and was in a position to have a quiet chat with her niece, she declared that she had not spent so pleasant a day for a long time. Dr M'Murdo was really a most agreeable, well-informed man—a man whose talents ought to make him a position in the world; and as for the poor, dear vicar, he was nothing less than charming. 'So simple-minded and unworldly, my dear. He quite puts me in mind of the Vicar of Wakefield.' Then she added by way of after-thought: 'But I cannot say that I care greatly for that sister of his. There is something about her excessively flippant and satirical—and I do dislike satirical people, above all others.'

But Lady Renshaw's real enjoyment—of which she said nothing to her niece—arose from her thorough belief that both the doctor and the vicar had been irresistibly smitten by her charms. If they were not in love, or close on the verge of it, why had they followed her about all day like two spaniels, each of them jealously afraid to leave her alone with the other? 'It was delightful! As she sipped a cup of tea after her return, she began to ask herself whether she might not do worse than accept this clever, well-preserved Scotch doctor. She had no doubt in her own mind that he would propose in the course of a few days. With the help of her money, he might buy a first-class West-end practice; and after that, there was no knowing what he might not rise to in the course of a few years. Seven to ten thousand a year, so she had been given to understand, was by no means an uncommon income for a fashionable doctor to make nowadays. She would think the matter over in the quietude of her own room, so that she might be prepared with her answer, when the inevitable moment should arrive.

The fact was that Dr Mac had fooled her to the top of her bent, as Miss Gaisford had prophesied he would do. Her vanity, as he soon

blind, was insatiable; no compliment was too egregious for her to swallow. 'I've done my duty like a man,' he remarked with grim humour to Miss Pen at the close of the day; 'but I hope you will never set me such a task again: the creature's self-conceit is stupendous—stupendous!'

The picnic took place on Wednesday. Thursday was ushered in with wind and rain. The hills had wrapped thick mantles of mist about them, and had retired into private life. Visitors shook their heads as they peered out of the rain-streaked windows, and made up their minds to settle down for the day to novels, gossip, and letter-writing. Despite the wind and rain, Dr Mac set out for Kendal at an early hour with the avowed intention of hunting up some old friends. The vicar, too timid to tackle the widow by himself, kept to his own room, on the plea of having a sermon to compose. Miss Wynter might have been justified that day in her belief that her aunt's temper was not invariably the most angelic in the world.

Bella had enjoyed her picnic more, far more than her aunt was aware of. And yet the girl was troubled in her secret heart. Dick had never made love to her so audaciously before; in fact, the opportunity had never been afforded him; while she herself had never quite known till that day how dear he had become to her. Her training, almost from childhood, and her mode of life since her aunt had taken charge of her, had all tended to stifle the feelings natural to her age and sex, and to induce her to regard the sacrament of marriage as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Yet here, almost to her dismay, and very much to her mortification, because she felt that she could not help it, she found herself hopelessly in love with a man the amount of whose income seemed in her eyes little more than an equivalent for semi-genital pauperism. What was to be done? Should she treat Dick after the fashion in which she had treated more than one man already? Now that she had brought him to her feet, should she turn her back on him with a little smile of triumph, and bid him farewell for ever? But then, she had never cared for those other men; while for Dick she did care very much. Whatever she might decide to do must be decided quickly. Dick, easy-going and full of fun as he might seem to be, was not a man to stand any shilly-shallying nonsense. As he stood for a moment or two on the dusky lawn with her hand in his after their return from the picnic, he had given her plainly to understand that he should expect a categorical 'Yes' or 'No' from her on Friday. And now Friday was here, and her mind was no nearer being made up than it had been on Wednesday. Not much appetite for her breakfast had Miss Wynter that morning.

As a matter of course, Mr. Etheridge was introduced to Lady Renshaw. Her ladyship was very gracious indeed, when she found in what relation the pleasant-voiced, white-haired gentleman stood to Sir William Ridsdale, and that he was the bearer of a letter all the way from Spa for Mr. Archie. With her usual penetration, her ladyship at once concluded in her own mind that the story about a letter for Archie was a mere

blind, and that the real object of Mr. Etheridge's journey was to spy out the weakness of the land. In other words, Sir William had deputed him to ascertain all that could be ascertained respecting Madame De Vigne and her sister, their mode of life, antecedents, &c.; which, under the circumstances, was no doubt a laudable thing to do. In fact, all her ladyship's sympathies were on the side of Mr. Etheridge, and she would most gladly have assisted him in his task, had she only seen her way clearly how to do so. She smiled to herself more than once, as she remarked how innocently all these good people around her accepted Mr. Etheridge's version of the reason of his visit to Windermere, not one of them seeming to dream that there could possibly be anything in the background. But then, it is not given to all of us to be so far-seeing as the Lady Renshaws of this world.

As she rose from the breakfast-table this Friday morning she chanced to spy Mr. Etheridge pacing the lawn in front of the windows with his hands clasped behind him. He was waiting for Clarice. The two were going on a little excursion together; but not to any distance, as Clarice thought that at any moment there might come a telegram from Archie. Lady Renshaw, seeing Mr. Etheridge alone, could not resist the temptation of a little private conversation with him. She might perhaps be able to glean some information as to how matters were progressing; besides which, she had another motive in view.

'I trust that you left dear Sir William quite well, Mr. Etheridge?' remarked her ladyship after the usual greetings had passed.

'Tolerable, ma'am, tolerable. At the best of times his health is never very robust; but there has been a considerable improvement in it of late—or he fancies there has, which comes, perhaps, to pretty much the same thing.—Probably Sir William has the honour of your ladyship's acquaintance?'

'N-no; I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting him. You see, he has lived so much abroad, otherwise I have no doubt we should have met at the house of some mutual acquaintance in town.'

Mr. Etheridge coughed a dry little cough, but said nothing.

'Dear Archie, now, and I are old acquaintances. What a fine young fellow he is! So clever, you know, and all that. I'm sure Sir William must be proud of such a son.'

'Possibly so, madam—possibly so.'

Her ladyship was anxious to touch on delicate ground, but scarcely saw her way to begin. However, it was necessary to make a plunge, and she did not long hesitate.

'Between you and me, Mr. Etheridge,' she said insinuatingly, 'don't you think it a great pity that a young man with Mr. Archie's splendid prospects should seem so determined to throw himself away—no, perhaps I ought not to make use of that phrase—but—to—in short, to take up with a young lady like Miss Loraine, who, so far as any one knows, seems to have neither fortune, prospects, nor antecedents? To me, it seems a great, great pity.' She glanced sharply at her companion as she finished, anxious to note the effect of her words.

Mr. Etheridge came to a halt, apparently engaged

in deep thought for a few moments before he replied. Then he said, speaking very deliberately: 'It does perhaps seem a pity, as you say, madam, that Mr Archie should be so infatuated with this young lady, when he might do so very differently, were he so minded.'

'I was quite sure that you would agree with me,' returned her ladyship in her most dulcet tones. 'But no doubt Mr Archie will listen to reason. When Sir William places the matter before him in its proper light, and proves to him how irretrievably he will ruin himself by contracting such an alliance, he will surely see that, in his case at least, inclination must give way to duty, and that his career in life must not be frustrated by the mere empty charms of a butterfly face.'

What her ladyship meant by a 'butterfly face' she did not condescend to explain.

'As to whether Mr Archie will listen to what your ladyship calls reason is a point upon which, as matters stand at present, I am scarcely competent to offer an opinion.'

'Sly old fox!' muttered her ladyship. 'He wasn't born yesterday. But he doesn't take me in with his innocent looks.'

She had another arrow left. 'Then, as regards the sister of Miss Lorraine—this Madame De Vigne? A very charming person, no doubt; but that is not everything. I daresay, Mr Etheridge, your experience will tell you that the most charming of our sex are sometimes the most dangerous?'

Mr Etheridge bowed, but did not commit himself further.

'On all sides I hear people asking, "Who is Madame De Vigne? Where did she spring from? Who was Monsieur De Vigne? What was he, when alive?" Question after question asked, but no information vouchsafed. Ah, my dear Mr Etheridge, where there's concealment, there's mystery; and where there's mystery, there's—there's— Well, I won't say what there is.' Possibly her ladyship had not quite made up her mind what there was. 'In any case, Mr Etheridge,' she resumed, 'were I in your position, I should deem it imperative on me to make Sir William acquainted with everything, down to the most minute particulars. You are on the spot; you can see and hear for yourself. Of course, it would be a dreadful thing if, after Mr Archie were married to the young lady, something discreditable were to turn up—some family secret, perhaps, that would not bear the light of day; some scandal, it may be, that could only be spoken of in whispers. For Sir William's sake, if not for that of our dear, foolish Archie, everything should be made as clear as daylight before it is too late. I hope you agree with me, Mr Etheridge?'

'Quite, madam—quite.—What a splendid man of business your ladyship would have made, if you will excuse me for saying so. Sir William shall be made acquainted with everything. I will see to that; yes, yes; I will see to that.'

'He is a spy, then, after all,' said Lady Renshaw complacently to herself.

At this moment, Clarice emerged from the hotel. Lady Renshaw greeted her with a smile of much amiability. 'I trust that dear Madame De Vigne is better this morning?' she said. 'I

have been so grieved by her indisposition. But, really, on Wednesday I myself found the heat most trying. I cannot wonder at her prostration.'

'My sister is a little better this morning, thank you, Lady Renshaw,' answered Clarice in her gently serious way. 'I trust that by to-morrow she will be well enough to join us downstairs.'

'I hope so, with all my heart,' answered her ladyship with as much fervour as if she were repeating a response at church.

After a few more words, Clarice and Mr Etheridge went their way. As her ladyship turned to go indoors, Miss Wynter, escorted by Mr Golightly in his boating flannels, emerged from the hotel. They had breakfasted an hour before her ladyship, who was a somewhat late riser. Dick had said to Bella at table: 'I want you to go on the water this morning. It's going to be a bit cloudy later on, I think, and it's just possible that the perch may be in the humour for biting.'

'As if he cared a fig about the perch!' said Bella to herself. 'The wretch only wants to get me into a boat all to himself, and then he thinks he can say what he likes to me.' She trembled a little, feeling that the crisis of her fate was at hand. She would have liked to mutiny and say, 'I shan't go,' as under similar circumstances she would have said to any other man. But with Dick, poor Dick! who had run such risks for her sake, and had done so much to win her, she felt that she could not be so cruel. Besides, she had a woman's natural curiosity to hear what he would say. 'And I needn't say "Yes" unless I choose to,' she remarked to herself; but in her heart of hearts she knew that her 'No,' if uttered at all, would be a very faint one indeed. As it was, she merely looked at him a little superciliously for a moment or two, and then quietly assented.

'I trust, dear Mr Golightly, that you are thoroughly competent to manage a boat?' remarked her ladyship, when she had been told where the young people were going.

'Rather,' answered Richard a little brusquely. 'I didn't pull stroke in the Camford Eight, seven years ago, for nothing.'

'I only spoke because I'm told that the lake is most treacherous, and that a year rarely passes without one or more fatalities.—Bella, darling, I think you ought to have taken a warmer shawl with you. The air on the water is often chilly.' Then in an aside: 'Be careful what you are about. If he proposes, only accept him provisionally. This affair of Archie Ridsdale's is by no means at an end yet.'

Bella nodded. 'Too late, aunty, too late,' she said to herself. 'I'm very much afraid that I can't help myself.'

Lady Renshaw, as she turned away, remarked to herself: 'I'm not sure that young Golightly is quite such a nincompoop as I took him to be at first. But in any case, Bella ought to be able to twist him round her finger.'

Clarice had not left her sister many minutes when Nanette entered her mistress's room carrying a note on a salver. It was simply addressed, 'Madame De Vigne.' One glance at the writing was enough. Mora remembered it too well. She

turned sick at heart as she took the note. 'You need not wait,' she said to Nanette. As soon as she was alone, she sank down on the ottoman and tore open the envelope. The note, which was written in French, ran as follows:

'I have not troubled you since our last interview. I have left you alone, that you might have time to think over what I said to you. But I have had no message from you, and this long delay begins to irritate me. I must know at once what you intend to do. I propose to call upon you at seven o'clock this evening. I need not say more.—LAROCHÉ.'

Madame De Vigne sat staring at the letter for some minutes, as though the reading of its contents had taken from her all power of sense or feeling. Then waking up as if from a trance, she said to herself: 'It must be done; there is no other course.' She touched the tiny gong at her elbow. Nanette appeared. 'Inquire whether Colonel Woodruffe is in the hotel,' she said. 'If he is, tell him that I should like to see him here at his convenience.'

(To be concluded next month.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It has long been understood that the vaults of the British Museum contained many treasures for which no space could be found in those parts of the building accessible to the public. But the removal of the Natural History Collection to its new home at South Kensington has placed a series of spacious galleries at the disposal of the authorities, and these are now being filled with the hitherto hidden antiquities. Among the most interesting of these is a collection of tablets bearing inscriptions relating to Babylonian history. One is a Babylonian Calendar, from which it would appear that in Babylon the superstition existed of certain days in the year being either lucky or unlucky. This book of fate had to be consulted before performing various acts of domestic life. The same superstition is common to the Chinese, and seems akin to the astrological fictions prevalent in Europe a few centuries back.

Mr Petrie, whose excavations at San (Zoan) have been adverted to more than once in these pages, has now returned to England, and has recently given an account of his work at a meeting of the subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund. He has examined more than twenty sites of ancient cities and remains, and speaks of certain ground so thickly strewn with early Greek pottery 'that the potsherds cracked under the feet as one walked over it.' He pointed out that the main object with regard to San—a city built seven years before Hebron—was to gain knowledge of the unknown period of the Shepherd kings. But the work will occupy several years, for the district to be explored covers some square miles, and the remains are in many cases lying beneath eighty feet of earth. The Exploration Fund shows a balance of two thousand pounds, a circumstance partly due to the liberality of our American cousins, who are greatly interested in the work.

It is proposed to found at Athens a British School of Archaeology, the aim of which will be to promote the study of Greek art and architecture, the study of inscriptions, the exploration of ancient sites, and to promote generally researches into Hellenic life and literature. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is President of the General Committee, which includes a large number of distinguished representatives of our universities and schools. Sufficient money has already been subscribed to start the enterprise, but more will be required for its maintenance. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr Walter Leaf, Old Change, London, or to Professor Jebb, at the University, Glasgow.

The French Minister of Agriculture some time ago commissioned a Professor of the Collège de France to experiment upon the best method of destroying the winter eggs of the *Phylloxera*, it having been ascertained that that line of attack was the most efficient in dealing with that terrible scourge of the vineyard. After several trials, a mixture of oil, naphtha, quicklime, and water has been tested on a large scale with the most successful results. It was of course easy enough to hit upon a chemical compound which would kill the eggs, but not so easy to find one which would not destroy the vine at the same time. The remedy is not only efficient, but cheap.

For some years, Dr Jaeger, of Germany, has been preaching a new hygienic doctrine, which has quickly gained disciples in the Fatherland and in other countries as well. Under the title of Sanitary Clothing, this new creed teaches that our dress requires a far more radical change than is indicated in the philosophy of so-called dress-reformers. Here is the pith of the matter. Man being an animal, should follow the dictates of nature by wearing only clothing made from wool and similar animal products. Cotton, linen, &c., are harmful in collecting the emanations from the skin, whilst animal textures assist in their evaporation. At the same time, animal clothing is warmest in winter, and coolest in summer, and by its adoption we might count upon the same immunity from disease as is seen in well-cared-for domestic animals. By night as well as by day we must shun contact with vegetable fibres. Sheets must give place to wool and camel-hair coverings. It is obvious that, besides revolutionising the Englishman's innate regard for 'clean linen,' the general adoption of these new tenets would cause a revolution in trade, and would therefore at once court opposition; but for all this, the doctrine seems to have a considerable amount of common-sense about it.

A very pleasant and interesting ceremony was witnessed on Scarborough sands the other day, where a large collection of donkeys and ponies were assembled in review order. A few gentlemen have for the past two years subscribed for prizes to be offered at the end of each season to those drivers who can show their beasts in good condition and bearing the signs of kind treatment. This was the second distribution of the kind. There are many seaside places and other spots of popular resort where this good example might be followed with much advantage.

Lord Brabazon utters a useful note of warning when he points out, what has long been patent to

many observers, that there is a deterioration in physique of the inhabitants of the more crowded portions of our cities. Want of food, exercise, and fresh air are the causes of this decline. He points out that in this year's drill competition of School Board scholars it was clearly noticeable that those children from the poorest and most crowded districts were of shorter stature than the others. As a partial remedy for this lamentable state of things, Lord Brabazon advocates more variety in the system of education, and begs the authorities to remember that the body should be cared for as well as the brain. He pleads also that cookery, needlework, and the knowledge of a few simple rules for maintaining the body in health, will be of more value to a girl than a smattering of French, and that a boy will make a better citizen for having been trained to use his hands as well as his head in honest labour.

It is stated that a Wild Birds' Protection Act is much needed in several parts of our Indian possessions. The birds have been hunted down for the sake of their bright plumage, until in some districts certain species are almost exterminated. The frightened agriculturists are now calling out for protection for their feathered friends, for insects of various kinds are increasing to an alarming extent, and are playing sad havoc with the crops.

According to the *Building News*, another curious use has been found for paper. At Indianapolis, a skating rink has been constructed of this ubiquitous material. Straw-boards are first of all pasted together, and are subjected to hydraulic pressure, and these when sawn into flooring-boards are laid so that their edges are uppermost. After being rubbed with glass paper, a surface is obtained so smooth and hard, and at the same time exhibiting such adhesive properties, that it is well adapted for the modern roller-skates. It is also stated that in Sweden old decaying moss has been manufactured into a kind of cardboard which can be moulded in various ways for the purposes of house decoration. It is said to be as hard as wood, and will take an excellent polish.

When we read the account of some fatal gas explosion, we are always prepared to find the oft repeated tale of the foolish one who goes to look for the leak with a lighted candle. A recent explosion of this kind in Paris has led to the appointment of a Commission to determine the best manner of searching for gas-escapes. It has been now decided that an electric incandescent light fed by an accumulator—or secondary battery—shall be rendered obligatory for such operations, and suitable apparatus has been selected and approved. It now remains to be seen where the lamps are to be kept, how they are to be always charged ready for use, and whether the foolhardy folk who court explosion with a naked candle or match will ever trouble themselves at all about the provision made for their protection.

Japan has the unenviable distinction of being the one spot on this globe where earthquakes are most frequent, and therefore it may be assumed that the Seismological Society of Japan has plenty of work to do. In the last issue of the *Transactions* of this useful body of workers, there is a good paper by Professor Milne on

Earth Tremors. The study of these slight movements of our great mother is called microseismology, and a number of exceedingly ingenious instruments have been contrived for identifying and self-recording them. From the fact that earthquakes are generally preceded by great activity in the way of tremors, it is hoped that reliable means may be found of forecasting those terrible occurrences. Professor Milne supposes earth tremors to be 'slight vibratory motions produced in the soil by the bending and crackling of rocks, caused by their rise upon the relief of atmospheric pressure.' Another investigator thinks that they may be the result of an increased escape of vapour from molten material beneath the crust of the earth consequent upon a relief of external pressure. In other words, these premonitory symptoms are developed when the barometer is low.

Messrs Manlove and Company, engineers at Manchester, Leeds, &c., in calling our attention to a paragraph which appeared some months back in this *Journal* descriptive of a street-refuse furnace or 'destructor,' point out that that title was given to an apparatus of their invention some years ago, which is now in successful operation in various parts of the kingdom. Owing to the word 'destructor' not having been protected by copyright, it has been applied by other inventors to more recent contrivances.

A New Jersey capitalist has lately planted a vast area in Florida with cocoa-palms, and he expects in a few years to rival the most extensive groves of these trees in other parts. The plantation covers one thousand acres, and each acre numbers one hundred trees. They will not yield any return for the first six years; but at the end of that time a profit of ten per cent. on a valuation of two million dollars is looked for, the original cost of planting being only forty thousand dollars. The trees, we learn, will flourish only within a certain distance of the sea-coast, and each full-grown tree produces annually sixty nuts. We presume that the estimated profits take into consideration the processes of oil-extraction and fibre-dressing, which necessarily follow in the wake of cocoa-nut cultivation.

The International Health Exhibition has been even more financially successful than its predecessor 'The Fisheries,' for the total number of persons who passed its turnstiles is more than four millions, a number equal to the population of London itself. The Exhibition of Inventions which is to open next year has met with some unexpected but not unnatural opposition from some of our great manufacturers. These complain that competition with foreign countries is so keen just now that it will be a national mistake to exhibit for the benefit of others, machinery and processes which have deservedly earned for Britain a proud pre-eminence in various manufactured products. They point out that a patent is very little protection in such a case, because of the ease with which, in other countries at least, it can be infringed, and because of the difficulty and expense of tracing the delinquents. It is probable that for this reason many of our manufacturers will stand aloof, or will only exhibit such things as comprise no trade secrets.

The dwellers in a certain part of suburban

London have hitherto been in the happy possession of artesian wells on their premises, from which they could draw a never-failing supply of good water. They feared not the calls of the water-rate collector, and looked with indifference at the disputes with the Water Companies going on around them. But suddenly they have been rudely awakened from their pleasant dream of security, for their wells have run dry. An enterprising Water Company has sunk a deeper well than any of the others; and as water will insist on finding the lowest level, the smaller fountains have been merged into the big one.

No one likes to pay exorbitantly, especially for such a necessary as water, but the system of artesian wells is hardly suitable to a crowded city. In London itself, many pumps have been closed because of the dangerous contamination of the subterranean water by sewage and proximity to graveyards, &c. As a case in point, the city of New York, instead of drawing its water-supply from a hundred miles' distance—as London does from the hills of Gloucestershire—has to seek it underground. Lately, the cholera scare has frightened people into a sense of insecurity; and inquiry shows that leakage of sewers has rendered the New York water unsafe, and it has been condemned by the city Board of Health. This is of course hard upon those who have sunk wells at great expense; but we have all to learn the lesson that the individual must occasionally suffer for the public weal.

A clever imitation of amber, which it is difficult to distinguish from the genuine fossil gum, is made from a mixture of copal, camphor, turpentine, and other compounds. It exhibits attraction and repulsion on being rubbed, like real amber (*electron*), which because of the same properties has given its name to the science of electricity. It is now being largely manufactured into ornaments and mouthpieces for pipes. It will not bear the same amount of heat that genuine amber will withstand, and it softens in ether. These two tests are sufficient to distinguish it from the genuine article.

The great ship-canal between St Petersburg and the small fortified town of Cronstadt, which up to this time has been the actual port of Peter the Great's city for all vessels drawing more than nine feet of water, has at last been opened, the work of construction having occupied about six years. The canal is nearly twenty miles long, it has an average width of about two hundred feet, and is twenty-two feet in depth. Apart from its importance commercially both to Russia and the traders of other countries, who before were subject to the cost of transshipment of goods going to St Petersburg, the canal will have a strategical value. Ships of war could now retreat up the canal if Cronstadt were attacked, and could, if required, emerge from the security of the waterway fully equipped and ready for action.

That small creature called the weevil, whose depredations were always understood to be confined to grain and biscuits, has lately developed a taste for tobacco. In America, smokers have found to their disgust that both cigarettes and cigars are riddled through and through by this pest, the creature confining his attention to the choicest brands. This discovery has had a most

prejudicial effect upon the cigarette trade in New York and Philadelphia. It is said that in some factories the weevil is swarming from cellar to garret.

The chairman of the Western Railway Company of France has lately volunteered a statement respecting the behaviour of the Westinghouse brake, which has been in use on that line for rather more than four years. In this statement we find a list of accidents which have been avoided by the use of the brake, and these accidents are classified under different heads, such as Collisions, Obstacles on the Line, Rolling-stock not removed in time, and so forth. Upwards of forty disasters have been clearly avoided by the prompt use of the brake. On the other hand, the brake itself will sometimes get out of order and refuse to act at the critical moment. How many accidents, we wonder, have already occurred from this cause! We may mention in this connection, that a meeting of the friends of the killed and injured in the Peniston disaster has been held, and that it has been resolved that a test action should be brought against the Railway Company concerned, on the ground that to send out a train with an insufficient brake, after the Board of Trade have for seven years laid down certain conditions, is a wrongful act. The necessary money has been raised without difficulty.

The recent exhibition of the Photographic Society was a very interesting one, the pictures shown, a large proportion of which were by amateur photographers, indicating a very high average of excellence. The modern gelatine dry-plate system, with its ease of working and its cleanliness, has attracted a number of amateurs, who, a few years back, under the old condition of things would never have dreamt of handling a camera. Indeed, aspirants to photographic fame have become so numerous of late, that a special journal, *The Amateur Photographer*, has been started in their interests, and bids fair to attain a wide circulation.

The vexed question as to how long a gelatine plate can be kept between the moment of exposure and its after-development, has been partially answered in a satisfactory manner by a certain picture in the Photographic Exhibition. It was taken in July 1880, and not developed till four years afterwards. No one would guess, from looking at it, that the plate which received the light impression had been kept so long before that impression was made visible by development.

The *Times* correspondent at the Philadelphia Exhibition gives an interesting account of the electric lighting system in that city. The Brush Company there supply arc-lights to the streets and the shops. The charge amounts to as much as fifty pounds per light per annum; but the people are content to pay this for a brighter light than gas will afford. There are no fewer than fourteen towns in the States which are lighted in this manner; and the writer of the account thinks that the English public and the English manufacturers have perhaps been rather hasty in condemning the light on insufficient grounds. We are disposed to think that the light has had a very fair trial here. Many of our railway stations and public thoroughfares have been

illuminated by electricity, and many of them have discarded it. In a word, it does not pay. With improved appliances, which are sure to appear, we may nevertheless still regard it as the light of the future.

It may interest many of our readers to know, since the ambulance classes which have been established in most of our large towns have drawn attention to the subject, that a small case or chest, containing the requisites for ready treatment of injuries, may be had for a moderate sum. This case, first introduced at the Sunderland Infirmary Bazaar by the inventor, Mr R. H. Mushens of that town, is intended for use in shipbuilding yards and large factories where accidents are likely to occur. As in many instances the life of an injured man depends on prompt and ready treatment, and as a considerable time may elapse before the appearance of a doctor, the advantage of such a handy means of assistance to employers of labour will be at once apparent. The case is twenty-one inches long, nine broad, and seven deep, and is furnished with a brass handle for carrying it about from place to place. It contains a complete set of splints; roller and Esmarch bandages for finger, hand, arm, head, and broken ribs; tourniquet for arresting bleeding; strapping-plaster; sponge, scissors, Carron oil, &c., with printed hints regarding the rendering of assistance to, and the removal of the injured. The use of such simple appliances does not do away with the necessity of the presence of a doctor, but it may save the life of the injured person, and simplify matters very much for the doctor by the time he has reached the sufferer.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SEARCH.—CONCLUSION.

RISE early in the morning, mine host's solitary guest had ventured out on foot for a walk through the village. Having passed the last of the straggling cottages, he now stood beneath the frowning portal of the ruined monastery. It was Christmas morning, and all was silent here, silent as the voices of those who built the pile which they vainly thought would have 'canopied their bones till Doomsday.' Of the stately abbey church which had once lifted its head so proudly over the fen, and beneath whose shadow slept the ill-fated baronet, but one ruined wing remained, and in this the snowdrift had accumulated to the depth of several feet. Straight from the north-east, soaring through the dark mist that gathered thickly out to the seaward, a screaming gull flapped on its way—a certain harbinger of more rough weather to come. As it passed near, the bird's discordant cry roused Ainslie from the moralising train of reflections in which he had been indulging, and turning back, he slowly retraced his steps to the *Saxonford Arms*.

Breakfast having been partaken of in the quaint old room up-stairs, mine host saw no more of his visitor for the rest of the morning. A few customers dropped in from the hamlet, and under the combined influence of strong ale and lusty singing, the company—old Hobb included—got quite merry. Dinner-time came

at last, and Christmas cheer was conveyed to the solitary guest above.

More of the villagers put in their appearance during the afternoon, and the babel of tongues in the *Saxonford* bar waxed somewhat deafening. It is quiet enough up-stairs. As the evening draws on, the merry-makers gather closely round the fire, and one of them—an uncouth figure with restless eyes—relates a weird Jack-o'-lantern tale. Afterwards come more songs, finishing with a right rousing chorus, and then the company leave in a body, to return again later on for still more uproarious merriment. Old Dipping, who is now left alone, steals to the foot of the stairs and listens, inwardly hoping that his visitor has not been disturbed by the confusion and noise which for the past two hours have gone on beneath him. He does not wait there long. The sound of a door opening is heard, and then an excited voice shouts from above: 'Landlord!'

'He must be in a temper,' thinks old Hobb, as he slowly toils up the staircase and enters his visitor's dining apartment.

The lieutenant's eye is wild and his manner strange. He motions to Dipping to shut the door.

'I'm sorry, sir'—begins the landlord apologetically.

'Sorry! What for?' interrupts Reginald. 'Look at that! Do you mean to tell me you are sorry, now?'

On the table was the black box!

Old Dipping could only stand and gape. 'Where did you find it, sir?' he at length falters out.

'Find it!' answers his excited guest. 'Why, under that loose board by the window! I've been searching here all day long with scarcely a hope of turning anything up. What a lottery life is!—Get me a knife, a hammer, anything that will wrench the lid off. Quick, man, quick!'

Old Dipping disappeared and shortly returned with a chisel, that being the only article he could find which was in any way likely to suit his visitor's requirements. Seizing upon it, Ainslie endeavoured to force the lid off the mysterious box. His efforts are for some minutes paralysed by his own precipitate violence, and old Hobb groans impatiently. At length the fastenings can resist no longer; hinges and locks give way, and the lid flies off, disclosing to view a quantity of time-coloured papers and parchments. Beneath these, at the bottom of the box, is a coarse canvas bag, which on being opened is found to contain about a score of guineas in gold. These the lieutenant tosses aside, much to the surprise of Hobb Dipping, who looks upon ready-money as being far more valuable than any papers could possibly be. Various documents are one by one read and laid aside. Many of them appear to be letters of correspondence from persons of rank, and the greater portion are expressed in language which is enigmatical to Ainslie, but which he rightly conjectures as relating to the Jacobite plots in which his scheming uncle had been engaged. Not the slightest hint can be twisted out of any one that at all refers to the subject upon which our hero had hoped to be enlightened. After all, the discovery appears to be very much like a failure.

'There—there's somethin' in that bag you've overlooked, sir,' nervously remarks the landlord, who has been watching his visitor's actions with a trembling kind of interest.

'Ay, so there is.' And a precious something it turns out to be. At the bottom of the bag which Reginald had so carelessly tossed aside is an old parchment cipher alphabet.

'Landlord,' says Ainslie, whose fleeting hopes have once more risen to a fever-heat, 'this may or may not be—I know not which—the very clue I hoped to find here. Be it so, or be it not, at anyrate this money shall go to you,' and he thrust it across the table towards the wondering innkeeper.—'No thanks,' he added, seeing that old Dipping was about to speak. 'Leave me alone now. I must be quiet.'

The landlord carefully gathers up the gold and goes out, amazed at such unlooked-for generosity.

'Now for it!'

At the top of the scrap of paper which Reginald had obtained when he first entered the house was a bold, curious kind of monogram; underneath this were two words, which, on being interpreted by means of the cipher alphabet, read as NUMBER TWO. Thus far all was plain sailing; but as our agitated hero proceeded with his task, his heart sank within him, for the meaning of the translation seemed well-nigh as obscure as the document was itself. When the whole of the intricate writing which covered the paper had been followed up letter by letter, it ran in ordinary language in this style:

Read the

Second word of the first line.
Third word of the second line.
Fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth words of the third line.
Seventh and eighth words of the fourth line.
First word of the fifth line.
First, fourth, and seventh words of the sixth line.
Fifth word of the seventh line.
Fourth and fifth words of the eighth line.
First and sixth words of the ninth line.
Second and third words of the tenth line.
Tenth word of the eleventh line.
First, second, and seventh words of the twelfth line.
Fourth, sixth, and seventh words of the thirteenth line.
Third word of the fourteenth line.
Second, sixth, and seventh words of the fifteenth line.
Sixth and seventh words of the sixteenth line.
Sixth, seventh, and eighth words of the seventeenth line.
Seventh word of the eighteenth line.
Second and sixth words of the nineteenth line.
First, second, and sixth words of the twentieth line.
Fifth word of the twenty-first line.
Eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh words of the twenty-second line.
Sixth and seventh words of the twenty-third line.
Second word of the twenty-fifth line.

CARNABY VINCENT.

These incomprehensible lines would have the effect of reducing the feelings of most persons to a depth of sickening disappointment. But Reginald was not to be beaten so easily. A moment's reflection convinced him that this singular table could only be the key to some letter or paper which had contained an important secret. Important it must have been, else why should such scrupulous care have been taken to effect its concealment?

What sudden half-formed thought is that which shoots across Ainslie's mind as he gazes on the monogram at the top of the paper? Quickly

unfastening the breast of his coat, the young officer takes therefrom a strongly bound pocket-book, and opening it in the same hasty manner, draws forth from among a miscellaneous collection of papers the identical letter which Sir Carnaby had intrusted on the night of his death to his servant Derrick's charge.

By this letter hangs a tale. When Derrick, while still lingering in the neighbourhood of the *Stonford Arms*, was informed of Sir Carnaby's death by a labourer who had heard the facts from the mouth of old Dipping himself, he resolved that, since he could no longer help his master, he would at least execute his last commands. In this, however, he was providentially disappointed. On arriving at the Grange, after a long and wearisome ride, he received the startling news that Captain Hollis—to whom he should have delivered the note—had been that morning arrested on a charge of high-treason. Completely foiled in his well-meant endeavours, Derrick now thought only of his own safety. Sir Henry Ainslie's country-seat on the borders of Suffolk, he chose to be his next destination; and thither the attendant went, intending to acquaint his unfortunate master's relatives of the catastrophe which had occurred. The journey was not accomplished without grievous difficulty, due in a great measure to his wounded arm. A low lingering fever followed immediately upon his arrival at the Hall; and when Derrick at length recovered sufficiently to have some sense of his situation, Sir Henry Ainslie was lying under the sod, having died while in the act of imparting to his wife a secret of which he was the sole remaining possessor. The attendant's sad tale was briefly told; but neither that nor the singular letter which he delivered, threw a spark of additional information upon the subject. Notwithstanding this, the peculiar character of Sir Carnaby's epistle warranted its being preserved; while, as Reginald grew towards manhood, and laid Derrick's tale more and more to heart, he not unfrequently carried his uncle's letter about with him, vaguely hoping that some clue might turn up which would eventually solve the mystery. This was his object in bringing it on the present occasion; and now he sits eagerly comparing the translated document with the letter which he had kept for so many years. The contents of the latter ran as follows:

DEAR SIR—

My son Harry informs me that your wager on my horse is taken. I have had much bad health lately, and have been forced to keep my bed. I have not seen your nag run in consequence, but hope to have the pleasure soon. Squire Norris left us yesterday; he only offered one hundred against Martin's thousand; but Martin was too deep for that, and in the end the bet fell through. My wine is in a bad state just now, for the cellar is all under water. I regret purchasing this house, instead of the Hall, though I dare say the latter is not half so good. I do not think we shall return to the Grange, but shall know before long; if so, I trust you will come and stay there. Hunters are hard to get; it seems as if they were all going out of the county. The Meet saw nothing of me for some time

after that accident I had, and Warton was greatly in want of help. My arm is better now; but I shall not be able to use it for some time. Remember to deliver our good wishes to the parson; may he never have cause to regret his choice.—Your sincere

C. V. MORTON.

This very ordinary specimen of letter-writing was headed by a monogram similar to that which Ainslie had noticed on the scrap of paper, coupled with the words NUMBER ONE. Many speculations had been made as to what these hieroglyphics might refer to, but up to the present moment their meaning has remained unsolved. Will they be solved now? Can there be any connection between the letter Derrick had failed to deliver and this incomprehensible document marked NUMBER TWO? What does the interpretation of the latter say?

Read the

Second word of the first line.

Third word of the second line.

Fifth, sixth, &c. words of the third line.

Instinctively following these directions, Reginald applied them to his unfortunate uncle's letter, and produced therefrom, to his surprise and delight, the sentence—'Sir Harry is taken.'

The meaning of this was obvious. Reginald's father, Sir Henry Ainslie, was known in his lifetime among a circle of Jacobite acquaintances as plain 'Sir Harry,' and the writer had evidently been alluding to his apprehension in 1745.

Reginald pursued the method with as much deliberation as the excited state of his feelings at the moment would admit of; and by means of underlining such words as the key mentions, soon extracted the pith from Sir Carnaby's letter:

Sir Harry is taken. I have been forced to run, but have left one hundred thousand deep in the cellar under Waterhouse Hall. I dare not return, but shall trust you to get it out. Meet me after that, and help to use it for our good cause.

He had found the Missing Clue at last! Sir Carnaby's scheme was as clear as open daylight. The spell of this intricate labyrinth, which the plotting baronet had formed to protect his secret message, had been dissolved as if by the wave of an enchanter's wand.

Roused to action by his discovery, and burning to know the truth of it without delay, Ainslie at once descended to the room below, and communicated to Hobb Dipping his intention of starting early the next morning.

The whole story was plain to the young soldier. Sir Carnaby Vincent, whose adherent loyalty to the House of Stuart greatly resembled that of many of his Cavalier forefathers, had determined, like a true subject, to expend his wealth in prospering the beloved cause. For this purpose, the young baronet had combined the money he had raised with that of Sir Henry Ainslie, and secreted the whole amount in a small country-house known as 'Waterhouse Hall,' there to remain until a favourable opportunity should present itself for using it according to their wishes. The explosion of the Jacobite plot, however, occurred before any measures could be taken for the removal of the money, and Sir

Carnaby in his flight was obliged to have recourse to Captain Hollis, an intimate friend, and an ardent participator in his schemes against the government. It was customary among these as among other plotters in state affairs, to communicate with each other in what is termed cipher; and here at last Reginald was in possession of the key to the letter he had carried about for so many years. Most fortunately, as it happened, Waterhouse Hall—the only piece of property which Sir Carnaby had not parted with or mortgaged, but which he had reserved mainly for the purpose mentioned—escaped any official sequestration after the baronet's death, so that his sister Lady Ainslie, to whom it reverted, was able to take possession of this solitary remnant of the family estates, which eventually became her home.

Next morning, Reginald left the *Saconford Arms*, starting at dawn, and checking not his horse's stride until he beheld before him the towers and pinnacles of Fridswold Minster.

As the dissected parts of a puzzle are put together piece by piece, so has this mystery been worked out until one part only remains to be added before we bid adieu to the reader.

Sir Carnaby's 'hundred thousand' had not left the cellar in which it had been deposited fifteen long years before; but so deep down was it, that considerable perseverance had to be expended in bringing this precious sum to light. He was now able to fulfil the conditions which had hitherto prevented him from claiming Amy Thorpe as his own; and the stern old colonel, before many years had passed, was content to find his happiness in that of his daughter and her husband, and among the sturdy little grandchildren that clustered on his knees and clung about his neck. Lieutenant Ainslie left the army and took to politics; and ere long it was rumoured in the county that his loyalty and services to his party were to be rewarded by the removal of the old attainer, and the restoration of his family title. He was shortly thereafter spoken of as Sir Reginald, and no one grudged him the restoration of the ancient and honourable title of his family.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NOVEL PEAL OF BELLS.

In many parts of England, bell-ringing has of late years made great strides as an art, and has been taken up, studied, and practised by a class of persons who, from their intelligence, education, and position, are altogether very different from the 'bell-ringers' of the olden day. We now constantly hear of the 'Society of Diocesan Bell-ringers for the Diocese of So-and-so,' and on inquiry, we shall find that the members of these Societies are mostly professional men, men in business, respectable tradesmen, and such-like, and very often clergymen as well. A remarkable instance occurred recently where the ringers were clergymen. This interesting exhibition took place on Thursday the 2d of October, at the village of Drayton, near Abingdon, Berkshire, where there happens to be a peal of eight fine bells in the parish church, of which

the Rev. F. E. Robinson is vicar, and to whose energy and spirit this experiment is due. The clerical ringers were all members of the 'Ancient Society of College Youths of London,' and the 'Oxford University Society of Change-ringers,' both Societies being celebrated for their skill in this art. The peal rung is technically described as 'Thurstan's peal of 5,040 Stedman Triples true and complete;' and this took nearly three hours to accomplish, and was conducted by the vicar, who himself rang bell number seven.

A STEAM-FERRY ON THE THAMES.

The inhabitants of Woolwich and neighbourhood, with praiseworthy energy, have determined to take the question of a bridge or ferry across the Thames into their own hands and decide the matter for themselves, as they were, we presume, pretty well tired out by the endless talk and procrastination of the government authorities, who have spoken for years of a swing-bridge below the Pool, without anything ever coming of it. A steam-ferry is now proposed, by which vans and carts of any weight can be transported without delay or difficulty from one side of the river to the other, at a small cost. Where the traffic will be greatest there will be one tidal, and two travelling platforms, to be constructed on an improved principle; and the stagings will be so arranged as to avoid any inclines for horses and heavy loads. The tidal platform will be managed by machinery as the tide rises and falls so as to bring its deck to a level with the deck of the ferry-boat, and is to be worked automatically by means of electricity. The ferry-boats will be fitted with double engines and twin screws, and lighted with the electric light, and they will run every twenty minutes throughout the day. Return tickets and workmen's tickets will be granted, and every facility provided for the convenience of passengers. As the banks of the Thames near to both North and South Woolwich are the centres of an enormous industry, it is morally certain that the scheme of steam-ferries, where there is no bridge for many miles, will pay well; and as the capital required to start with is estimated at only fifteen thousand pounds, it will doubtless be soon forthcoming, and the scheme speedily be an established fact. This resolute energy, on the part of private individuals, forms a striking contrast to the time-losing and money-spending schemes of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who proposed to lay out the modest sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds on one single swing-bridge!

UTILISATION OF SEWAGE.

To many large and growing towns, the disposal of the sewage is becoming a serious matter, and while several large towns are just now contemplating the expenditure of very large sums for the purpose of getting rid of it, a Company has been formed, and works have been erected at Shrewsbury with a view to utilising this valuable waste material. The process by which this Company profess to be able, without creating a nuisance, (1) to purify the sewage so that the effluent water is sufficiently pure to be

admitted into any river, within the requirements of the Rivers' Pollutions Prevention Act, and (2) to produce 'native guano,' is very simple. As the sewage enters the works, clay, charcoal, and blood are added as deodorisers; and after thorough mixing, a solution of sulphate of alumina is added, by which the dissolved and suspended impurities are quickly precipitated in one or other of the settling tanks, from the fourth of which the water runs without further treatment into the river. Dr Wallace reports that the sewage as it enters the works contains 37.5 per cent. of suspended organic and inorganic matter, but that in the effluent water there were only the merest traces of either. By experiment it has been found that in this water fish will live for months. The deposit is then removed from the tank, and, by means of pressure and artificial heat, is deprived of its moisture, till it obtains the consistency and appearance of dry earth. It is then ready for market, and is in such demand, that as yet the Company are unable to overtake all orders, though seventy shillings per ton is charged.

ELECTRICITY AS A BRAKE.

A new electric brake, recently invented by an American, named Wakeley, and which is already in use in America, was lately tried on a tramway between Turin and Piosasso, with remarkable results. It is reported that by means of this brake two cars, running at a speed of about twenty-two miles per hour, were stopped in the short space of six seconds, and within a distance of twenty yards. This, if reliable, is a great achievement certainly, and will doubtless lead to further and more extensive experiment, and possibly to its general adoption. The brake is at present being exhibited in the Turin Exhibition.

MAKING OF MUMMIES.

An extraordinary subject was brought forward at the recent meeting of the Social Science Congress, namely, the actual making of modern mummies. A paper was read on this question by Mr Thomas Bayley, of Birmingham, going fully into the objections raised to cremation, the most important, as far as legal points are concerned, being, that cremation does away with all evidence of foul-play, which must be lost the moment the body is destroyed. In the face of this grave difficulty, the paper proposes a plan by which the dead may be easily preserved for an indefinite time after death, so as to be at any moment recognisable and in a fit state for analysis, examination, or otherwise as may be necessary—the body, in fact, becoming a perfect mummy. This curious position is arrived at by enveloping the body in cotton-wool; it is then placed in an air-tight case, and exposed, in a subterranean gallery lined with cement, to the action of cold air, which is dried and purified from putrefactive bacteria. After this, air at a higher temperature is used in the same way; and the result of the process is the manufacture of a complete mummy, with the integument remaining white, and the body entire. And herein this new process differs from that adopted by the ancient Egyptians, who were specially careful to remove the interior portions of both

the trunk and the head, their place being supplied with peppers, spices, and other aromatic herbs. It is a somewhat delicate question to ask whether this curious suggestion will ever become popular with Englishmen, or Europeans in general; but there can be no doubt, in questions where suspicion of murder has arisen and yet cannot be proved, that the preservation of the body of the deceased in such an ingenious manner would be eminently satisfactory to the relatives of the supposed victim, because the body is always at hand, intact and ready for careful examination at any moment, on the discovery of fresh evidence, or otherwise.

TURNING WOOD INTO METAL.

Our readers may not be aware of a process whereby wood can be almost turned into metal; that is to say the surface becomes so hard and smooth that it is susceptible of a high polish, and may be treated with a burnisher of either glass or porcelain. The appearance of the wood is then in every respect that of polished metal, and has the semblance of a metallic mirror, only with this peculiar and important difference, that, unlike metal, it is unaffected by moisture. The process by which this curious fact is arrived at may be briefly described. The wood is steeped in a bath of caustic alkali for two or three days, according to its degree of permeability, at a temperature of between one hundred and sixty-four and one hundred and ninety-seven degrees of Fahrenheit. It is then placed in a second bath of hydro-sulphate of calcium, to which a concentrated solution of sulphur is added after twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The third bath is one of acetate of lead at a temperature of from ninety-five to one hundred and twenty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, and in this the wood remains from thirty to fifty hours. After a complete drying, it is then ready for polishing with lead, tin, or zinc, finishing the process with a burnisher, as already mentioned, when the wood, apparently, becomes a piece of shining polished metal. This curious process we are told is the invention of a German named Rubennick.

RELICS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

An admirable proposal has just been made for the foundation of a Museum of Antiquities and Curiosities from the Holy Land, and of all museums such a one as this would surely prove of the deepest interest. Already there appears to be a room in the Louvre at Paris devoted to this purpose, and containing about a couple of hundred objects. The British Museum possesses various articles, such as lamps, vases, &c.; but a very much larger collection is known to belong to the Palestine Exploration Fund, and is partly in the keeping of that association both in London and Jerusalem, and partly at the South Kensington Museum; the whole collection probably may number about a thousand objects of all kinds. Coins would of course form an important part of the collection. Many very ancient and curious Jewish coins are still in existence; but perhaps the three of the greatest antiquity and consequent interest—two copper and one silver—bear the names of 'Elisahib the Priest,' four hundred and

thirty-five years B.C., and 'Eleazar the Priest,' two hundred and eighty-one years B.C. To the coins might be added relics of the crusaders, and memorials of the Christian occupation of parts of Palestine, crests and arms of the Christian warriors, architectural relics, and fragments of sculpture. The aid of plaster-casts and photography, too, might be readily called in; and it may be reckoned that few travellers visiting this sacred soil would fail to bring back something with which to enrich the museum. Thus a good beginning might easily be made; and in the end, a large and curious collection of objects would be brought together, which would materially help to illustrate and throw light upon the history of Palestine and the study of the Holy Scriptures.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever. Though dead leaves are lying
In mournful clusters 'neath your wandering feet;
Though wintry winds through naked boughs are sighing
The flowers are dead; yet is the memory sweet
Of summer winds and countless roses glowing
'Neath the warm kisses of the generous sun.
Hope on, hope ever. Why should tears be flowing?
In every season is some victory won.

Hope on, hope ever, though you deck loved tresses
With trembling fingers for the silent grave;
Though cold the cheek beneath your fond caresses,
Look up, true Christian soul; be calm, be brave!
Hope on, hope ever. Though your hearts be breaking,
Let flowers of Resignation wreath your cross,
Deep in your heart some heavenly wisdom waking,
For mortal life is full of change and loss.

Hope on, hope ever, for long-vanished faces
Watch for your coming on the golden shore,
E'en while you whisper in their vacant places
The blessed words, 'Not lost, but gone before!'
Hope on, hope ever, let your hearts keep singing,
When low you bend above the churchyard sod,
And fervent prayers your chastened thoughts are
wining,
Through sighs and tears, to the bright throne of
God!

Hope on, hope ever. Let not toil or sorrow
Still the sweet music of Hope's heavenly voice,
From every dawn some ray of comfort borrow,
That in the evening you may still rejoice.
Hope on, hope ever—words beyond comparing.
Dear to the hearts that nameless woes have given;
To all that mourn, sweet consolation bearing.
Oh, may they prove the Christian's guide to heaven!

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POISONING.

AN examination of the Registrar-general's annual Report for 1882 gives some interesting and suggestive statistics as to cases of poisoning, which we think it may not be out of place to call attention to. Probably few of our readers will be aware how frequently cases of poisoning occur in the ordinary course of events. In the year 1881, for example, there were five hundred and sixty-nine deaths recorded in England alone from poisoning; while the year 1882 shows a record considerably in excess of this, namely, five hundred and ninety-nine, or one in every eight hundred and sixty-three of the total deaths registered. Fully two-fifths of these cases are classified under the heading 'Accident and Negligence'—the remainder are suicides, of which we will have a word to say by-and-by—and as it is not too much to assume that in nearly every instance such cases are preventable, we purpose calling attention to some of the more common causes of these fatalities, in the hope that the suggestions and warnings thrown out may not be without their influence in producing more care in the handling and use of these dangerous substances.

Glancing over the various poisons, we find that the well-known preparations of opium, laudanum, and morphia—opium itself being included—head the list, having caused eighty-five deaths through accident or negligence. This might have been expected from preparations so largely used in domestic remedies; but the seventy-eight deaths from lead-poisoning which follow do surprise us, in view of the fact that the conditions which produce as well as the conditions which mitigate or counteract the effects of this subtle poison, are now so well known. Lead is followed by the four stronger acids—hydrochloric, nitric, sulphuric, and carbolic, which amongst them have caused thirty-four deaths under the same category. Arsenic, again, caused nine; phosphorus, eleven; chlorodyne, six; chloral, fourteen; chloroform, four;

soothing syrup, four; with a host of casualties from substances of minor importance.

Reading between the lines of the Registrar-general's Report, which it is not difficult to do, with the help of the medical journals, we will find that there are two prolific causes of these accidents—first, the giving or taking of overdoses of certain remedies containing poisons; and second, the substitution of one bottle or substance for another, as, for example, where a number of substances are congregated together, as in the case of the domestic cupboard. In the first class may be instanced the giving of overdoses of opiates or soothing preparations to children; the taking of overdoses of narcotics or soothing compounds, such as chloral, by habitual drinkers; and the general familiarity which the handling or using of these powerful agents frequently begets in those habitually using them. In the second class may be instanced such mistakes as the substituting of one bottle containing, say, a poisonous liniment, for a mixture intended for internal administration; the hasty and foolish practice of quaffing off a draught from any jug, bottle, or dish without examining the contents; and lastly, mistakes caused from accumulating within easy access powerful medicines, in the hope that they may come of future use.

Now, every good housewife may not be a trained nurse, but she is almost certain to be called upon at one time or another to act as nurse, and she may save herself many a bitter reflection if she would only attend to the following simple and easy to be remembered rules:

(1) Never give an infant an opiate or other powerful soothing remedy without first obtaining the sanction of the doctor. No practice is more common when mothers meet than to talk over their children's complaints, suggest remedies, and magnify their several experiences, with the result that domestic recipes are lauded, approved, and tried too often in total ignorance either of their suitability or safety. Few mothers are aware of the important fact, that a medicine containing a narcotic or soothing ingredient may cure one

infant and kill another of equal strength, age, &c. This varied action of soothing remedies on infants cannot be too well known or too strongly impressed upon mothers.

(2) Where powerful remedies, particularly such as contain opiates or chloral, are being administered, the patients should not be allowed to measure them or repeat the dose for themselves. In the midst of racking pain or tossing about with sleeplessness, the chances are that the patient will take a larger dose than that prescribed, to obtain speedier relief; although it is not even in this that the principal risk of accident lies. The great risk is that the patient will repeat the dose before the influence of the previous dose has exhausted itself; repeating the dose in a state of semi-consciousness or of complete recklessness, to the total disregard of either quantity or consequence. It would be well if persons in the habit of taking laudanum, morphia, chloral, and chlorodyne would keep this danger in mind.

(3) Never place bottles or packets containing poison alongside of those intended for internal use. This is one of the most prolific causes of accidents; and experience has shown that neither the distinctive blue corrugated bottles, which are now frequently used to hold poisons, nor labels, are sufficient to insure immunity from accident, even among trained nurses, where medicines are allowed to be collected indiscriminately together. (In the act of writing this, a case in point has come under our observation which well illustrates the fearful risk that is run in failing to attend to this simple rule. A daughter was requested by her mother to give her a dose of her medicine. Only two bottles were on the dressing-room table, the one containing the medicine required, and the other containing a poisonous liniment. The daughter saw the liniment bottle, read the label poison, took up the other bottle containing the mixture correctly, but put it down again to pick something up, and the second time took up the bottle, but this time without reading the label, with the result that the liniment was given instead of the mixture, with fatal results. Similar cases might be multiplied indefinitely.)

(4) Never put any poison, such as carbolic acid, oxalic acid, or any other of the stronger acids into beer-bottles, jugs, cups, or other vessels which both children and adults are apt to associate in their minds with substances not in themselves dangerous. One can hardly take up a medical journal without finding some death recorded in this manner. A bottle or cup is standing on a table or in a cupboard, and under the impression that it contains beer or spirits, tea or coffee, or even pure water, some one quaffs the contents, and only finds when it is probably too late that he has drunk some virulent poison. One is very apt to say, 'How stupid!' on reading such cases, and yet one of the earliest experiences of the writer was in connection with a mistake in every respect resembling this, and it well illustrates how such mistakes may be made by intelligent if not even educated men—men trained to exercise eyes, nose, and mouth—without their being detected until too late. A student in the dispensary, one hot dusty day, feeling thirsty, thought he would slake his thirst not at the tap, but from the 'Aqua fontana' bottle on the shelf.

Next this bottle stood another containing turpentine, both bottles being correctly and plainly labelled. Feeling confident in his bottle, he carelessly lifted it from the shelf, took a long draught, and never discovered that he was quaffing the turpentine until the bottle was withdrawn from his mouth. Fortunately, nature dealt kindly by the lad, in quickly rejecting the nauseous liquid.

Lastly, never accumulate powerful remedies, in the belief that they may be required on some future occasion. It is highly probable that many of our readers will have a family medicine chest in which there is a place for every bottle, and in which every bottle must be in its place, and the whole in beautiful order. This is the very idea for a medicine cupboard—not only a place for everything, and everything in its place, but all plainly and correctly marked. As a rule, however, nothing can be further from the reality than such a picture. The ordinary domestic medicine cupboard is too frequently a shelf of some press or dark closet, where all medicines and remedies not in use—poisonous liniments, poisonous mixtures, simples, and so on—are all literally huddled together, with nothing to mark their contents save the stereotyped directions: 'The liniment for external use,' or, 'A teaspoonful three times a day.' It is not difficult under such circumstances to picture a typical case of what is almost certain sooner or later to occur. Johnny, one of the children, is frequently troubled with a cough, but the east winds having for a time been propitious, Johnny's cough mixture is put away in the cupboard. By-and-by, however, Johnny overheats himself, is again caught by the east wind, and so his mamma goes to the cupboard for his mixture. Johnny escapes it may be all the poisonous liniments, for the bottle is distinctly marked, 'A teaspoonful three times a day;' but Johnny does not by any means escape all risk, for it is more than probable that his mamma has quite forgotten about his papa's tonic mixture containing strychnine, or her own fever mixture containing aconite, or his older brother's mixture containing arsenic, and probably many others, all labelled, 'A teaspoonful three times a day,' and all resembling Johnny's as much as two peas do each other. This is no fanciful picture, but one which we have experienced again and again—sometimes with serious consequences, but more frequently with more fright than hurt. Still, such a risk should never be run. The agony which a mother feels when she realises either that she has given, or that her child has taken an overdose of poison or of some powerful medicine by mistake, requires to be witnessed to be understood in all its terrible reality; but once witnessed, we think it might be sufficient to act as a warning as to getting too familiar or careless in the handling or storing of such potent agents.

Nevertheless, it is a remarkable fact that some persons never acquire this caution, even with such a bitter experience as that described. We remember being called up one midnight to a case of poisoning, where an ounce of saltpetre had been given for an ounce of Epsom salts. The mother recollected placing the salts in the cupboard, but she forgot one other very important fact, that she had also placed the packet

of saltpetre in the same place some time previously, and so she took the first packet that came to her hand and made it up without the slightest inspection. Notwithstanding this experience, a week or two later she made a similar mistake with another poison from the same cupboard. A phial of croton oil, used to produce an eruption on the chest, was lifted instead of a phial of olive oil, and poured into the ear to relieve earache.

Referring for a moment to suicides, of which there were two hundred and eighty-eight for the same period, we find some curious and even extraordinary statistics. For example, there is a very great difference, as a rule, in the agents employed by men and by women to effect suicide. A class of poisons under the generic name of vermin-killers, but which in the majority of instances are merely arsenic or strychnine disguised, have been the agents used by seventeen females and only seven males. The opium preparations, on the other hand, very nearly reverse these proportions, having been used by twenty males and only twelve females. Carbolic acid, again, has been used by thirteen females and only six males; and so on. Apparently, the agent used in the majority of cases is determined either by a facility in the obtaining of the poison, or by a certain familiarity in the every-day use of it, otherwise we cannot account for the general use of some slow, uncertain, and frightfully painful poisons such as carbolic acid and phosphorus. Of more importance, however, than this are the following facts, which we think require some explanation or investigation. We find one hundred and one deaths recorded—fifty-eight by accident and forty-three by suicide—from seven substances alone, not one of which the legislature at present requires to be labelled poison! Surely this requires some looking after. We find seventy-eight deaths (not suicides) from lead-poisoning. We would like to know how far these seventy-eight deaths are to be accounted for from absorption of the poison by those working amongst it, and how far they might have been avoided by ordinary precautions? Lastly, we find one hundred and two deaths—twenty-six by accident and seventy-six by suicide—from poisons which should not be sold unless under the strictest regulations. We would like to know how far these regulations have been observed in these cases, as we have reason to conclude that there is a laxity existing somewhere.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XI.

THE first thing that struck Colonel Woodruffe on entering the room of Madame De Vigne was the extreme pallor of her face. She looked like a woman newly restored to the world after a long and dangerous illness. Although the window was wide open, the venetians were lowered, while Mora herself was dressed in black, and in the semi-obscurity of the room, her white,

set face, with its sorrow-laden eyes, had an effect that was almost ghostlike to one coming suddenly out of the glaring sunlight. At least so it seemed to Colonel Woodruffe. He felt that at such a time all commonplace questions would seem trivial and out of place, so he went forward without a word, and lifting her hand, pressed it gently to his lips.

'Read this, please,' she said as she handed him her husband's letter. Then they both sat down.

He read the note through slowly and carefully. As he handed it back to her, he said: 'What do you mean to do?'

'I shall see him at the hour he specifies, and shall tell him that I have already commissioned you to seek out Sir William Ridsdale and tell him everything.'

'Everything?' he asked.

'Everything,' she answered in the same hard, dry voice; a slight trembling of her long, thin fingers was the only sign that betrayed the emotion pent up within. 'Dear friend,' she went on, 'I want you at once to find Sir William and tell him everything as I told it to you on Wednesday. It will then be for him to decide whether he can accept the sister of an ex-convict's wife for his daughter-in-law. If he cannot, then God help my poor Clarice! But nothing must be kept back from him, whatever the result may be.' Then after a little pause, she said, looking earnestly into his face: 'Do you not agree with me?'

'I do,' he answered. 'The right thing is always the best thing to do, whatever consequences may follow. Depend upon it, you will lose nothing in the eyes of Sir William by throwing yourself on his generosity in the way you propose doing.—But I have had news. Sir William will be here—at the *Palatine*—in the course of a few hours.'

'Ah! So much the better. So will the climax come all the more quickly. But, my poor Clari! Oh, my poor, darling Clari!' Her lips quivered, a stifled sob broke from her heart, but her eyes were as dry and tearless as before.

The colonel waited a moment, and then he said: 'What your purpose telling a certain person at your interview this evening will enable you to set him at defiance—will it not?'

'It will—thoroughly and completely. I shall have taken the initiative out of his hands, and he will be powerless to harm me.'

'Your fortune?' he said.

'Is settled strictly on myself. He cannot touch a penny of it.' Then, after a pause, she added: 'Not that I want him to starve; not that I would refuse him a certain share of my money—if I could only feel sure it would keep him from evil courses. But it would never do that—never! In such as he, there is no possibility of change.'

'I will make a point of seeing Sir William as soon as he arrives,' said the colonel as he rose and pushed back his chair. 'I suppose that is what you would like me to do?'

'The sooner the better,' answered Mora, also rising. 'You will come to me the moment you have any news?'

'I will not fail to do so. For the present, I presume you will say nothing to your sister?'

'Why trouble her till the time comes? Let her linger in her love-dream while she may. The waking will be a cruel one when it comes.'

'With all my heart, I hope not!' answered the colonel fervently. Then, as he took her hand, he added: 'We shall meet again in a few hours.'

'How good you are!' she murmured, with a little break in her voice.

He shook his head, but would not trust himself to speak. He was more moved than he would have cared to own. Once more he lifted her fingers to his lips. Next moment she was alone.

Mr Dulcimer and Miss Wynter went gaily on their way to the lake. To hear them talking and laughing, no one would have thought that they had a care beyond the enjoyment of the passing hour, yet each was secretly conscious that for them that day might perchance prove one of the most momentous in their lives. They found a boat with fishing-tackle awaiting them. Bella shook a little as she bade farewell to *terra firma*. She felt as an ancient Greek might have felt—that the Fates were against her—that destiny was stronger than she, and urged her forward whether she wished it or not. She who had heretofore been so wilful seemed to have no power of will left in her.

Before long they found themselves at a point near the head of the lake where Dick had been told that he might possibly find some fish. For a quarter of an hour or so he plied his rod industriously, but not even a nibble rewarded his perseverance. 'Ah,' said he at last, 'the fish are evidently off their feed this morning.'

He did not seem in the least put about by his ill-luck, but laying his rod across the thwart, he proceeded leisurely to light his pipe. Bella watched him nervously. As soon as his pipe was fairly under way, he looked straight into Bella's eyes and said: 'I did not so much come out here this morning to fish as to secure an opportunity for a little quiet talk with you.'

'I can quite believe it. There is something underhand about most things that you do,' she answered as she dipped one of her hands carelessly into the water.

Dick smiled amiably. He delighted in a skirmish.

'Am I to go back to London to-morrow morning, or am I not? That's the question.'

'Really, Mr Dulcimer, or Mr Golightly, or whatever your name may be, I am at a loss to know why you should put such a question to me.'

Dick burst into a guffaw.

'May I ask, sir, what you are laughing at?'

'At you, of course.'

'Oh!' It came out with a sort of snap.

'You look so comical when you put on that mock-dignified air, that it always sets me off. Of course I know you can't help it.'

'Wretch!' she retorted, half-starting to her feet. Next moment she sat down again in mortal terror. The boat was swaying ominously, or so it seemed to her.

'Please not to flop about so much,' he said drily, 'unless you wish to find yourself in the water. I'm a tolerable swimmer, and I might, perhaps, be able to lug you ashore, but I wouldn't like to guarantee it.'

Her temper vanished like a flash of summer lightning. 'Oh, do please take me back!' she said, looking at him with a pitiful appeal in her eyes. Like many town-bred girls, she had an unconquerable dread of water.

'You are just as safe here as on shore, so long as you sit still,' he answered re-assuringly. And with that he changed his seat and went and sat down close in front of her.

The colour began to return to her cheeks. He looked so strong and brave and handsome as he sat there, that she felt ashamed of her fears. What harm could happen to her while he was there to protect her!

'Look here, Bella,' he presently began; 'where's the use of you and I beating any longer about the bush? I must have a distinct answer from you to-day, Yes or No, whether you will promise to become my wife or whether you won't. You know that I love you, just as well as if I told you so a thousand times. You know that my love is the genuine article, that there's nothing sham or pinchbeck about it. Your own heart has told you that before to-day. There's something else, too, that it has told you.' He paused.

'Indeed!' she said, thrusting out her saucy chin a little way. 'And what may that be, if you please?' Her spirit was coming back. She was not inclined to strike her colours without a struggle.

'It has told you that you love me,' he answered slowly and deliberately, still looking straight into her eyes.

She was silent for a moment. A little spot of deepest red flashed into each of her cheeks. 'Indeed, sir, you are mistaken,' she answered with a sort of supercilious politeness. 'I am not aware that my heart has told me anything of the kind.'

'Then it's high time it did tell you,' was the cool rejoinder. 'You love me, Bella, whether you know it or not, and the best of it is that you can't help yourself.'

'Oh! this is too much,' she cried, and again she half-started to her feet. The boat rocked a little.

'You seem to have made up your mind for a ducking,' said Dick, although in reality there was not the slightest danger. Next moment she was as still as a mouse.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. 'Yes, *ma petite*, I've got your heart in my safe keeping; and what's more, I don't mean to let you have it back at any price. The pretty toy is not for sale.'

His audacity took her breath away, yet it may be that she did not like him less on that account. Certainly Dick's love-making was of a kind of which she had had no previous experience.

'You have got me here by a mean and shabby subterfuge,' she cried. 'You have made a prisoner of me, and now you think you can say what you like to me.'

'That's so,' he answered equably. 'Now that I've got you here, I mean to say my say. Idiot if I didn't!'

Bella had never felt so helpless in her life. This man seemed to turn all her weapons against herself. And she was afraid even to stamp her foot!

Richard proceeded to fill his pipe. 'Don't you

think, *carissima*, that we have had enough of fencing, you and I?' he asked as he struck a match. 'Don't you think we had better put the foils aside for the present and talk a little quiet common-sense?' His voice had softened strangely. All his flippancy seemed to have vanished in a moment.

She did not answer. Her eyes were gazing straight over his shoulder at the great solemn hills in the background—not that she saw them in reality. He let his match burn itself out, and laid down his unlighted pipe. Then he leaned forward and took one of her hands in his strong brown palms. His touch thrilled her. All power of resistance seemed taken from her. Her bosom rose and fell more quickly, a tender radiance suffused her eyes, the roses in her cheeks grew larger, and their tints deepened. Love's sorcery was upon her. She had drunk of the potion, and was lost. Never again could she be quite the same as she had been.

What was the 'quiet common-sense' he was going to talk? she wondered. She had her doubts already as to the accuracy of his definition.

'There comes a time in the lives of most of us,' he began with unwonted seriousness and still holding one of her hands, 'when we are confronted by two diverging paths, and are called upon to make our choice between them. At such a crisis you, my dearest, have now arrived. Before you lie two widely diverging paths, one only of which you can take, and from which there can be no return. With one of these paths you are already familiar; you have trodden it for two years; you know whither it leads, or fancy that you know. If you believe that you will find your happiness at the end of it, for heaven's sake, keep to it still! But if you don't so believe—why, then, the other path is open to you.'

He paused. She withdrew her hand. He at once began to feel for his match-box. She regretted that she had not allowed him to retain her fingers.

'And that other path leads—whither?' she asked softly, and with her eyes still fixed vaguely on the hills behind him.

'To love in a cottage—or, say, in a semi-detached villa at Camden Town or Peckham Rye, with one small servant, not overclean.' Evidently he had not forgotten what she had said to him on Wednesday. Their eyes met, and they both broke into a laugh. He put the match-box back in his pocket and took possession of her hand again.

'You know that all I can offer you is a warm heart and a slender purse,' he said. 'Not much, I grant, from a worldly point of view; still, I believe cases have been known where two people have been venturesome enough to start in life together on a capital as ridiculously insignificant as that just named, and have not been unhappy afterwards. On the other hand, you know the brilliant future which your aunt predicts for you, if you will only be an obedient girl and do as she wants you to do; that is to say, if you will only marry the first rich man who proposes to you, whether you care for him or whether you don't. Well, there are many young ladies nowadays who seem to find their happiness in that direction. Why shouldn't you? As you said

yourself the other day, you are a piece of human bric-a-brac to be knocked down to the highest bidder.'

'Don't, don't!' she cried with quivering lips.

'Be mine, then!' exclaimed Dick passionately. 'Become the wife of the man who loves you, and save yourself from further degradation. At present you are a slave—a chattel. Break your fetters, cast them behind you for ever, and come to my arms: there is your proper home!'

'O Dick, what would my aunt say—what would she do?' she asked in an uncertain, tremulous voice.

'There! now you've done it!' he exclaimed with a laugh, that yet sounded as if there were a tear in it.

'Done—what?' she asked in amazement.

'Told me all that I want to know!' he cried in triumph. 'If your aunt is the only obstacle—I don't care for ten thousand aunts! You are mine—my own—and all the she-dragons in the world shall not tear you from me!'

Bella saw the uselessness of further resistance, and, like a sensible girl, she capitulated without another word.

When Friday morning broke clear and sunny, Lady Renshaw's good temper, which seemed somehow to have evaporated in the rain and fog of the previous day, came back to her in a lump as it were. She spent an extra half-hour over the mysteries of her toilet, donned one of her most becoming costumes, and descended to the breakfast-room, on conquest bent. But, alas, when she reached the room she found no one there to conquer; the enemy was nowhere to be seen. She had the *salle* almost to herself. Then it began to dawn upon her that there was just a possibility that both Dr Mac and the vicar might have 'made tracks' thus early in the day on purpose to escape her. And yet such an idea was almost too preposterous for belief. Had they not both been unmistakably infatuated on Wednesday, each in his own peculiar way? Had they not both been palpably jealous of each other? Why, then, should they try to shun her on Friday? Why should forty-eight hours make such a vast difference in their feelings? But, perhaps, there was something in the background of which she knew nothing. Perhaps some one had been prejudicing the two gentlemen against her. If such were the case, she could only set it down as the handiwork of that obnoxious Miss Gaisford. She had felt from the first that she could never like the vicar's sister; and besides, was it not just possible that Miss Gaisford herself might be setting her cap at the doctor? If so, poor thing, it evidently would be labour in vain.

This thought put her ladyship into a somewhat better humour. Matters should be altered on the morrow. She would make an heroic effort, and rise with the lark, or at least early enough to breakfast at the same time that the gentlemen partook of that meal. It would be her own fault, then, if she allowed them to slip through her fingers. The poor dear vicar might go as soon as he had served her purpose in keeping alive the doctor's jealousy; but the latter individual she meant to bring, metaphorically, to his knees before he was many days older, and she never

for a moment doubted her ability to do so. Miss Gaisford, indeed! Ah ha! let those laugh who win.

She found herself in the sitting-room by the time she arrived at this triumphant peroration. It was empty. Lady Renshaw, in accordance with her usual tactics when no one was about, began to pry and peer here and there, opening such drawers in the writing-table as did not happen to be locked, turning over the paper and envelopes, and even submitting the blotting-pad to a careful examination; she had heard that strange secrets had sometimes been revealed by the agency of a sheet of blotting-paper. Nothing, however, rewarded her perquisition. She next crossed to the chimney-piece. Careless people occasionally left envelopes, and even letters, on that convenient shelf. Here, too, her search was without success. She felt somewhat aggrieved.

Suddenly her eye was caught by a gleam of something white just inside the scroll-work of the fender. She had pounced upon it in an instant. It proved to be merely a scrap of half-charred paper; but when she had opened it, which she did very carefully, she found it to be covered with writing. It was, in fact, a fragment of the letter given by Madame De Vigne to Colonel Woodruffe. The colonel had watched the flames devour the letter, till it was all gone except the small portion held between his thumb and finger. This he had dropped without thought into the fender, where it had till now remained, untouched by the housemaid's brush. Lady Renshaw went to the window, and having first satisfied herself that no one was watching her, she put on her glasses, and tenderly straightening out the paper on the palm of one hand, she proceeded to decipher it. The fire had left nothing save a few brief sentences, which lacked both beginning and end. Such as they were, however, they seemed pregnant with a sinister significance. Her ladyship's colour changed as she read. She was nearly certain that the writing was that of Madame De Vigne; but in order to make herself certain on the point, she turned to an album belonging to Clarice which lay on the table, in which were some verses written by her sister and signed with her name. Yes—the writing was indisputably that of Madame De Vigne!

Once more she turned to the scrap of paper and read the words. She wanted to fix them in her memory. They ran as follows:

'My husband . . . five years ago . . . sentenced to penal servitude . . . You now know all.'

'The key of the mystery, as I live!' cried Lady Renshaw triumphantly. 'The widow of a convict! Well might she not care to speak about her past life. Ah ha! my fine madam, your reign is nearly at an end. I wonder what Mr Etheridge will say to this. He may be back by now. I will go in search of him at once. But for whom can the letter have been intended? In any case, she seems to have repented writing it, and to have burnt it rather than send it.'

She took a book off the table and placed the fragment carefully between the leaves, so as to preserve it intact. She then went in search of Mr Etheridge. That gentleman and Clarice had just returned from their excursion. Their

first care was to examine the letter-rack in the hall. There they each found a telegram. Clarice tore hers open with a fluttering heart. This is what it said:

'Nothing seen here of governor. Telegram from him to Blatchett. Am to return to Windermere by first train. Hurrah! Governor will meet me at *Palatine* to night. Queer, very. No matter. Shall see you as well.'

Clarice turned first red and then white. The terrible Sir William coming to the *Palatine*—and to-night! It was enough to flutter any girl's nerves. She turned to Mr Etheridge and put the message into his hands. 'Read it,' was all she could say.

He had just finished reading his own message, which seemed to be a very brief one.

'Well, what do you think?' she asked nervously, as he returned the paper to her with a smile.

'I think it's about the wisest thing Sir William could do. He ought to come and see with his own eyes, instead of sending other people. Of course, the fact of his summoning Mr Archie to London, and then declining to see him, can only be put down to the score of eccentricity—though I have no doubt the boy has enjoyed his little trip to town.'

Clarice looked at him a little reproachfully. As if Archie could enjoy being anywhere where she was not!

'I must go and tell Mora the news,' she said. 'But oh! Mr Etheridge, do you think Sir William will want to see me?'

'I think it very likely indeed.'

'I was never so frightened in my life. I wish I could hide myself somewhere till to-morrow.'

'Pooh, pooh, my dear young lady; Sir William is not an ogre. He is only a man, like the rest of us.'

'But he is Archie's papa.'

'Is that any reason why you should be frightened at him?'

She nodded her head with considerable emphasis. But at this juncture Lady Renshaw was seen approaching, and Clarice fled.

'Can you favour me with a few minutes' private conversation, Mr Etheridge?' said her ladyship.

'Willingly, madam. Shall we take a stroll on the lawn, as we did before? There seems to be no one about.'

'That will do very nicely. I will just fetch my sunshade and then join you.' Which she accordingly did. 'You may recollect, Mr Etheridge, that one portion of our conversation this morning had reference to Madame De Vigne?' began her ladyship in her most confidential manner.

'I have not forgotten, madam.'

'Since that time I have made a most surprising discovery—a discovery I feel bound to say which only tends to confirm the opinion I then ventured to express. Will you be good enough, my dear sir, to look at this, and then tell me what you think?'

She opened the book at the page where she had inserted the scrap of paper, and placed it in his hands.

He stopped in his walk while he read it; but his face was inscrutable, and Lady Renshaw could

gather nothing from it. Presently he lifted his eyes from the paper and stared at her for a moment or two, his bushy eyebrows meeting across the deep furrow in his forehead.

'Where did you obtain this from, may I ask? And what is the meaning of it?'

'As you will have observed, it is evidently a fragment of a burnt letter. I picked it up quite by accident on the floor of the sitting-room. The writing I know for a fact to be that of Madame De Vigne. As for the meaning of it—your penetration, my dear sir, is surely not at fault as regards that?'

'It is a curious document, certainly—a very curious document,' remarked the old man drily.

'It is more than that, Mr Etheridge,' remarked her ladyship in her most tragic tones—'it is a revelation! Who is this husband of whom mention is made? Who is this convict who is so openly alluded to? Are they, or are they not, one and the same man, and if so, is he alive or dead? Those are points, I should imagine, on which Sir William will require to be fully enlightened; for, of course, Mr Etheridge, you will see how imperative it is that the paper should at once be laid before him. What a very, very fortunate thing that I happened to find it in the way I did!'

'Yes, madam, Sir William shall see the paper, undoubtedly. A very fortunate thing, as you say, that your ladyship happened to find it, and not any one else, for you, madam, I am quite sure, are discretion itself.'

'Just so—just so,' responded her ladyship uneasily.—'What a strange old man!' she said to herself. 'I don't know what to make of him this morning.'

'Permit me to whisper a secret in your ladyship's ear,' resumed Mr Etheridge with his odd little smile. 'I have had a message. Sir William will be here—here at the *Palatine*—in the course of a few hours.'

Her ladyship could not repress a start. Here was news indeed!

'But not a word to any one at present, I beg,' continued the old gentleman. 'I want Sir William's arrival to be a surprise.'

'Ah, just so,' answered her ladyship with a complacent nod.—'It will be like a bombshell thrown into their midst,' she added to herself. Then aloud: 'Not a word shall pass my lips, Mr Etheridge. By-the-bye, do you think it at all likely that Sir William will require to see me—I mean with regard to the scrap of paper?'

'I think it very likely indeed, madam.'

'In that case, I will hold myself in readiness. I have long desired the pleasure of Sir William's acquaintance. We could scarcely meet under more agreeable auspices.' Then suddenly grasping Mr Etheridge by the sleeve, she said in her deepest tones: 'I felt sure from the first moment I set eyes on her that this Madame De Vigne was an impostor!'

'Dear me!' ejaculated the old gentleman with uplifted hands. 'What acumen—what acumen!'

Her ladyship smiled a superior smile. 'For the present I will say Ta-ta. You will not forget that I shall be in readiness to see Sir William at any moment?'

'I will be sure not to forget. *Au revoir, madam—au revoir.*'

Lady Renshaw walked back to the hotel with the serene consciousness of having performed a meritorious action. Through her instrumentality an impostor would be unmasked, and in so far, Society would owe her a debt of gratitude. The service, too, was such a one as Sir William would not be likely to forget. Suddenly, a great, an overwhelming thought flashed across her mind. Sir William was a widower, but by no means a very old man—at least, so she had been given to understand; and in any case, he was not too old to marry again, if the whim were to take him. What if he were to— The mere idea of such a thing made her heart go pit-a-pat. There was a mirror in the corridor. She simpered at herself in it as she passed and gave a tug at one or two of her ribbons. Undeniably, she was still a fine-looking woman. Far more unlikely things had happened than that which her thoughts had barely hinted at. What was it that the parrot in its gilded cage at the top of the stairs said to her as she passed? Did her ears deceive her, or was it a fact that it screamed after her, 'Lady—Lady—La-dy Ridsdale?'

COOKING CLASSES FOR CHILDREN.

'I HAVE been reproaching myself,' was the piteous plaint of Mrs Butler (Fanny Kenble) in her *Records of Later Life*, 'and reproving others, and honestly regretting that, instead of Italian and music, I had not learned a little domestic economy, and how much bread, butter, flour, eggs, milk, sugar, and meat ought to be consumed per week by a family of eight persons.' This is the lesson that great part of the world of women has still to learn. We have allowed mere accomplishments, the fringe and lace of life, to draw our attention from those solid and necessary things which a woman must know if her home is to be comfortable, and which a man knows nothing about except that in their results they make him contentedly happy or utterly miserable. A woman can obtain a more sensible, more thorough, in every way a better education in book-knowledge now than at almost any previous period of our national life; but the gain has been made at a price. Reaction is required, and indeed has set in already. We may see its fruits in the schools of Cookery for Ladies established in all our great towns; in the classes for dress-making, clear-starching, and ironing; in the newly awakened interest in domestic economy as a science, in the countless books on that subject and on cookery published during the last few years.

The work is by no means done yet. That there are many to be taught and much to be learned, we may gather from a glance at the questions asked on such subjects in our principal ladies' papers; where but the other day we find a newly married lady wishing to know if, on an income of five hundred pounds a year, without house-rent, she can keep a butler, a cook-housekeeper, a housemaid, a carriage and pair of horses, and a pony and cart!

But we wish to turn now to the wants of another class, and see what has been done and what can be done for our poorer sisters, who sorely need our help in this matter.

If it be true that education is the work of

drawing out the mental powers of children so as to fit them thoroughly for their work in life, then we certainly for a time overshot our mark in elementary schools, so far as the girls were concerned. We taught them many things which they did not need to know, and could not learn thoroughly for want of time—much which almost unfitted them for their probable places in life as working-men's wives; and we left untaught altogether all the womanly and useful arts of life except sewing. Good management has become rarer and rarer in the homes of town working-men; the thrifty, careful housewives seem as units among scores of careless, bad—because ignorant—mismanagers. The early age at which girls go to work in factories increases the evil; and, till lately, nothing which was taught at school helped to remedy it. Here, too, however, the change has begun, and now, in the Board Schools of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, and other large towns, the practical teaching of cookery holds almost as important a place in the education of girls as the teaching of sewing. But the question remains for the managers of voluntary schools: Is cooking worth teaching? Can it be successfully taught in our schools? Will it pay?

These are important questions; but they may all—even the last, which comes very near to the hearts of all managers—be answered, we believe, with a simple 'Yes.' Within the writer's own knowledge, since the establishment of cookery classes in elementary schools, case after case has occurred where a girl of ten, eleven, or twelve has been able to cook food well for a whole family; or in sickness, has been the only person able to make beef-tea or gruel or to beat an egg. No one who has not seen could guess or would believe what the cooking in working-men's homes too often is, or what waste and extravagance arise out of utter ignorance; and even where the mother has not been laid aside, it has been found that the girl's knowledge, brought fresh from school, has worked a reformation in the family management. Nor is this all. The influence of the classes upon the girls attending them is very good, especially when the children are drawn from the very lowest ranks. The girls brighten up. Perhaps for the first time they are learning something that really interests them, and seems a link between home-life and school; they learn to weigh, to measure, to calculate quantities, and they see the use of these things. Let no one imagine that a cookery class is not educational. In the hands of a competent teacher, it is an object lesson, an arithmetic lesson, a general-knowledge lesson, and a lesson in common-sense. Even the personal appearance of the children often improves; cleanliness, neatness, orderliness are all encouraged; and in some schools, the effect upon the scholars has been most curiously marked.

If this be so, surely we may admit that cookery is worth teaching. Can it be taught successfully? We believe it can. But before attempting to prove this, we must give a quotation from the Code of March 1882: 'In schools in which the inspector reports that special and appropriate provision is made for the practical teaching of

cookery, a grant of four shillings is made on account of any girl over twelve years of age who has attended not less than forty hours during the school-year at the cooking class, and is presented for examination in the elementary subjects in any standard.'

The forty hours allowed by government are divided into twenty lessons of two hours each, which, taken once a week, can be finished in half a year. The lessons given are found to succeed best if they are alternately demonstration and practice—that is, at one lesson the children watch the teacher, who shows them how to cook any given dishes, carefully explaining the processes and the nature of the food; and at the next lesson the children put what they have learned in practice, and cook the same dishes themselves under the superintendence of the teacher. Fifteen children are sufficient for a practice class, though of course more can attend a demonstration. A very moderate-sized classroom is large enough; and tables can be formed of boards on tressels or on the backs of desks. Many classrooms already contain a range large enough for all purposes; but if not, one can be fitted up at a cost of three pounds, or a portable stove can be had for thirty shillings. The utensils are few and simple; but of course the first cost of them is considerable—about five pounds.* A teacher is supplied by any of the principal training Schools of Cookery for a fee of five pounds for twenty lessons and her travelling expenses. If several schools in the same neighbourhood take lessons during the same period, this last item can be much reduced.

The children work in five sets of three each. They are taught all the simple processes of cooking, and the reason in any given case for using one in preference to another. They are furnished with printed recipes for each dish they cook; they are taught—and this is most important—to clean properly and to put away all the utensils they use. They are questioned as they proceed, to see that they understand what they are doing; and at the end of the course, they go through both a verbal and a practical examination; and certificates are awarded by the School of Cookery, independent of examinations by Her Majesty's inspector.

** List of Utensils for an Artisan Practice Class.—*

Three tin saucepans, two quarts, 6s.; three do., three pints, 4s. 6d.; three do., one pint, 1s. 6d.; one fish-kettle, 3s.; three small frying-pans, 1s. 9d.; one colander, 1s.; three strainers, 1s. 6d.; one set measures, 1s. 6d.; one scale and weights, quarter-ounce to one pound, 8s. 6d.; three dripping-tins, 2s. 6d.; two small wire-sieves, 3s.; three graters, 1s. 6d.; six wooden spoons, 1s.; six iron tablespoons, 1s.; six do. teaspoons, 3d.; six round tin moulds, 3s.; twelve knives, 7s. 6d.; six vegetable knives, 2s.; three forks, 1s. 6d.; six chopping-boards, 9s.; three rolling-pins, 2s.; one spice-box, 6d.; one handbowl, 1s. 3d.; one knifeboard, 9d.; two galvanised tubs, 4s.; one galvanised bucket, 1s. 3d.; one water-can, 3s.; three scrubbing-brushes, 2s.; three sink-brushes, 1s.; one set blacklead brushes, 2s.

Crockery.—Three large bowls, 3s. 6d.; three smaller do., 2s. 6d.; six small basins, 1s.; twelve handleless cups, 6d.; twelve plates, 1s. 6d.; three round baker's, 9d.; three larger do., 1s. 3d.; three jugs, 1s. 6d.; three pie-dishes, 9d.

Linens.—Six kitchen cloths, 3s.; one roller towel, 1s. 3d.; one hand do., 4d.; three dishcloths, 6d.

Sundries.—Kitchen paper, house flannel, soap, soda, blacklead, bath-brick, oil, 5s.—Total, 25s. 7d.

Here are a few sample recipes; and it must be remembered that special pains are taken to suit the dishes taught to the requirements of the district, many ways of cooking fish being taught in seaports, for instance; while in country places, vegetables, bacon, and eggs are more used.

Brown Lentil Soup.—Half-pound brown lentils, 1½d.; one carrot, four cloves, an ounce and a half of dripping, 1½d.; two quarts of water; small bunch sweet herbs, three onions, pepper and salt, 1d. Wash the lentils well in several waters; leave to soak in two quarts of water for twenty-four hours. Slice and fry the onions in the dripping; let them take a nice brown, but not burn. Cut up the carrot into small pieces; fry it lightly also. Now put in the lentils and the two quarts of water in which they were steeped; add the herbs and the cloves, but not the pepper and salt. Boil all for three hours, adding more water, to make up the waste from boiling. Add pepper and salt to taste. If possible, put the soup through a coarse wire-sieve.

Savoury Rice.—Rice, half-pound, 2d.; dripping, half-ounce, ½d.; two onions, one carrot, pepper and salt, 1d.; cloves, parsley, and thyme, ½d. Wash the rice, throw it into a saucepan full of boiling water and a little salt. Add an onion stuck with four cloves and the carrot cut up. Let it boil fast for fifteen or twenty minutes. Take care there is plenty of water. To try the rice, take a grain and rub it between the thumb and finger. When it will rub quite away, drain off all the water, and let the rice dry before the fire. While the rice is boiling, put half an ounce of dripping in a saucepan on the fire, and when quite hot, fry in it a sliced onion. Take a tablespoonful of flour, sprinkle it over the fried onion in the pan, stirring it with a spoon. When the flour is brown, add half a pint of water, the parsley and thyme well chopped, with salt and pepper. Boil it up; stir in the rice, and serve.

Exeter Stew.—Meat, 9d.; flour, ½d.; suet, 1d.; dripping, 1d.; herbs and onion, ½d. Put into a pan two ounces of dripping; set it on the fire; and when it is quite hot and a faint blue smoke arises from it, put in an onion, cut small. Let it brown well; then add a tablespoonful of flour, and when that is browned also, one pint of cold water, pepper, salt, four cloves, and a little mace. Cut one pound of beef into small pieces; put them in, and let it simmer, not boil, for two hours. Put in a bowl a quarter-pound of flour; a little salt, pepper, chopped parsley, thyme, and marjoram; two ounces of finely chopped suet, and half a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Make into a paste with cold water; form into small balls, and drop them into the stew half an hour before it is wanted.

Christmas Pudding.—Flour, one pound, 2d.; baking-powder, a teaspoonful and a half, ½d.; ginger, half a teaspoonful, ½d.; suet, quarter-pound, 2d.; treacle, half-pound, 1d.; raisins, two ounces, ½d.; currants, two ounces, ½d.; milk (skim), ½d. Chop the suet finely; stir all the dry ingredients well together; add the treacle, warmed, and about a teaspoonful of skim-milk. Stir well; put it into a greased tin or basin; cover with paper; steam it in a pan of boiling water for an hour and a half or two hours.

No one who has seen how well these and

many other dishes are cooked by the children entirely without assistance at their practical examination—no one who has heard how well and intelligently they answer questions on the subject, can doubt that cooking can be taught successfully in our schools. The one question remains, Does it pay? The outlay is of two kinds—the primary outlay, which will not recur, for stove and utensils; and the recurring expenses of teacher's salary, food, and fuel. In many places, friends of education, learning the need, have fitted up classrooms with all that was required at a cost of about seven to eight pounds. In Liverpool, the Education Council offered to fit up six classrooms in voluntary schools as centres at which several neighbouring schools could attend; but as many poor schools are without such benevolent friends, the Northern Union of Schools of Cookery has petitioned the Science and Art Department to give grants for this purpose.

The teacher's salary, as already mentioned, is about five pounds, with a varying sum in addition for travelling expenses. The average cost of the food to be cooked is about thirty-seven shillings for the whole course. The additional amount of fuel used is very trifling; therefore, the expenses stand: Teacher's salary, £5; food, £1, 17s.; travelling expenses, say 10s.—Total, seven guineas. To meet these expenses, there are the following sources of income: The government grant of four shillings a head for fifteen girls, £3; extra pence paid by the children for their cooking lessons, twopence each for twenty lessons, £2, 10s. This payment cannot be enforced; but it is found that in most cases, even among the poorest, it is willingly paid, as the parents value the lessons. Sale of food cooked, at cost price, £1, 17s.—Total, seven guineas.

It may be mentioned that the food sells more readily among the very poor children than among those who are better off. There is little or no difficulty in disposing of it without loss.

It will be seen that this calculation allows of no margin whatever. If all goes well, there is neither profit nor loss. But it cannot be expected that everything will be perfectly successful; the children will miss a lesson now and then, or some dish will be spoiled. We would wish, therefore, to remind managers that there is another source of income open to them. It is both easier and better to teach cookery and domestic economy together than separately; and every girl who in the cooking class is earning a grant of four shillings, may also earn another four shillings if she passes in domestic economy, without any additional outlay or cost. Only, we would urge all managers to be careful always to secure a properly qualified teacher, holding a diploma from some good School of Cookery, and trained to teach children. Lastly, the experience of the manager of a large Roman Catholic school in a very poor district may be quoted. 'I would hardly hesitate to say'—we give his own words—'that not only will a class of cookery in elementary schools pay itself, but will even become a pecuniary advantage; and for this reason, parents look with much favour upon the teaching of cookery; and whereas it is too often the case that they withdraw their children from school the moment they are free

to do so, and so prevent a school from receiving a grant for them by their passing an examination, I can say from experience that my class of cookery has been the means of retaining at school several children who would otherwise have left, and for each of them I expect a substantial grant. I have also observed that since the introduction of this subject, the children who attend this class attend much more regularly.

With this testimony we may conclude, hoping that some at least of those who glance at this paper may agree with the words of an old working-woman, a grandmother, and herself a model of thrift, care, and good management, who, when the cookery classes at the Board Schools were mentioned before her, exclaimed: 'Dead, and that's the sensiblest thing I ever heard of them Boards doing!' and may therefore be willing to do a little, either by giving time, money, or influence, to help forward this good and greatly needed work.

AN AMATEUR 'CABBY.'

In 'my salad days' I was a striking example of that class of young men who are unfortunately weighted with an extra crop of wild-oats to dispose of ere they are transformed into conventional, steady-going, tax-paying members of the community. My personal allowance being considerable, I was able to indulge in all the follies of a man about town. Fortunately or unfortunately, I soon probed to the bottom of things, and speedily tasted the ashes in the cup of pleasure, so that one folly after another was discarded and relegated to the limbo of the past, until, like Heliogabalus, I sighed for a new delight, and would have paid liberally for a fresh sensation. The turf and its wretched gambling associations palled upon me; I was weary of the theatre, both before and behind the curtain. The senseless chatter of my young associates in the club smoking-room roused a feeling of boredom almost intolerable. At this period, the great Cab question was the topic of the hour. The character and remuneration of the London cabman were discussed at every dinner-table in the metropolis. There were two parties in this discussion, which advocated views totally opposed to each other. On the one hand, the earnings of Cabby were described as wealth; on the other, as poverty. He was portrayed as drunken, extravagant, uncivil, and in fact as only fit to be the associate of the most vile. The reverse side of the medal was that of a man sober, frugal, civil, and so courteous in his intercourse with his fares, that the late Lord Chesterfield might have taken lessons of him in politeness.

A sudden determination possessed me. I would be a cabman for the nonce. At all events, for twelve hours I would don the badge and learn for myself the truth of the matter. I frequently employed the same cabman on the rank in Piccadilly. He drove a thoroughbred mare, and his hansom was a model of neatness and elegance. So I took an early opportunity of interviewing the man, whose name was Smith; although in those days 'interview' was not classed as an active verb. I told him I wished

to hire his cab for a night. At first, Mr Smith was hazy as to my meaning. I asked him how much he paid for the hire of his vehicle. He replied: 'Seventeen shillings per night.'

'Very well,' I said; 'I will give you that sum for the use of your cab for twelve hours, and hand you over besides, the amount in fares I may chance to receive during that period.'

I could see that my friend entertained doubts for a moment as to my sanity; but I speedily explained matters to him.

Mr Smith shook his head, and said he might lose his license if the fact became known to the police that he had lent his badge, and so on, and that an intimate knowledge of London streets was indispensable.

I pooh-poohed both these objections, especially the last, asserting that I was capable of making a map of Western London, if circumstances required it.

Eventually, Mr Smith agreed to my proposal, giving me several hints as to my conduct; I remember one of these being, that I must on no account ply for hire, as it is termed, while driving through the streets, but wait till I was hailed.

The eventful hour arrived in due course, and at nine o'clock I met Mr Smith by appointment in a quiet street in the parish of St James. It was October; and the night being chilly, I wore an overcoat, somewhat the worse for wear, and a wide-awake, which I could slouch over my eyes, if occasion required; for my chief fear was, that I might, by an unlucky chance, be recognised by some of my numerous acquaintances. I mounted the box, and nodding gaily to Mr Smith, left that individual transfixed with wonder that a gentleman of means and position should voluntarily undergo the pains and penalties of a cabman's life, even for so brief a period as twelve hours.

I have stated that the mare was a thoroughbred, and in doing so I am only recording a literal fact. In the famous days when Andrew Ducrow reigned supreme at Astley's Theatre, there was a very popular drama which depicted the life of a racehorse through all its vicissitudes, till it found itself in the shafts of a sand-cart. There is an undoubted instance of a horse (Black Tommy, 1857) which only lost the Derby by a short head, figuring subsequently in the shafts of a cab in Camden Town.

For a time I imagined that I was the centre of observation, especially by the cabmen on the ranks. Suddenly I was hailed by a short thick-set man with a very red face, who in an imperious tone shouted 'Orme Square,' and plunged into the recesses of my cab. I was floored completely! My boasted knowledge of the topography of the metropolis was at fault. I had never heard of Orme Square. I ventured to ask my fare if he could direct me to the place. His surprise and indignation were so excessive that I feared for a moment he would succumb to a fit of apoplexy. But he relieved himself by a burst of strong language such as I had rarely listened to in my life before. My first impulse was an angry reply, but I fortunately nipped that impulse in the bud. The line of Jerrold the dramatist occurred to me: 'A rich man feels through his glove, and thinks all

things are soft.' For the first time I realised what a cabman has occasionally to submit to, and what a Janus-headed thing Society was in its intercourse with the rich and the poor. But it is a remarkable fact that although Orme Square is situated in the Bayswater Road, immediately opposite Kensington Gardens, not one Londoner in ten can define its locality. It is a small unpretending square, with three sides only, the fourth side being the great thoroughfare I have mentioned. I excused my ignorance by saying that I was new to the neighbourhood. As I drove along, I placed my present experience to the credit of the much-abused cabby. I received my exact fare, for which I politely thanked my irritable friend, for I was resolved I would do nothing to increase the prejudice existing in so many quarters, against my brother-cabman, but practise civility under all temptations to the contrary.

I suppose it was about one o'clock, and I was proceeding leisurely along Oxford Street, the 'stony-hearted step-mother,' as De Quincey styles it in his immortal work, admiring the effect of the long vista of gas lamps in the deserted street, when I heard a woman's voice: 'Are you going Piccadilly-way?' I turned, and beheld two young girls, in gaudy finery and painted cheeks. I replied that my services were at their disposal. I suppose there was something in the words and manner of my answer which created surprise in their minds, for they stared curiously in my face before jumping into the cab.

In a few seconds I was careering along at the rate of ten miles an hour. What a situation for the son of the much-esteemed rector of Cawley-cum-Mortlock! My fares sang snatches of the popular melodies of the day, sometimes as a solo, sometimes as a duet. When we arrived at our destination, they sprang out of the cab and inquired my fare. I replied: 'Two shillings.' The countenance of the younger assumed a plaintive expression as she whispered: 'Give the poor cabby an extra tanner, too; I dare say he has a wife and children at home.'

As I did not wish to obtain money under false pretences, I modestly disclaimed the honour of paternity, at the same time pocketing my fare. As I did so, two gentlemen approached, and my feelings of dismay may be imagined when I recognised in one of them Mr Spalland, my father's curate! There was a gas-lamp close at hand, so that my features must have been plainly discernible. The girls had just bidden me good-night. Observing the look of wonder and horror on Mr Spalland's features, I boldly took the bull by the horns, and exclaimed: 'Cab, sir?'

'The very voice!' cried the curate. 'What a marvellous resemblance!' Then he whispered a few words to his companion, who was a stranger to me.

'Nonsense!' came from his lips. 'The thing is impossible.—What is your name, cabby?'

'Here is my ticket, sir,' I promptly replied. 'John Smith, Lisson Grove.'

The curate indulged in another prolonged stare, and then they both entered the cab, and I drove them to an address where I was as well known as in my own home. I managed

to drive rapidly away as soon as I had deposited the worthy curate and his friend, as I did not wish to undergo the critical examination of the hall porter, who might not have been put off so easily.

At this moment I observed a crimson glow in the sky, which was clearly caused by some conflagration, but evidently at a very considerable distance. Notwithstanding, a man almost insisted on my driving him to the scene of the fire, no matter what might be the distance. This I declined to do, alleging that my horse was tired; and after a volley of oburgations, the fellow departed, making some strong remarks about the independence of cabmen and their large earnings. Up to this time, I had not earned the amount of the hire of the horse and cab. Whether my experience on this point was special or normal, I am unable to judge, but I could easily picture the despair of a cabman who in similar circumstances would have but a gloomy outlook for the morrow. True, there were several hours remaining, and it was impossible to tell what they might produce.

The aspect of a mighty slumbering city at early dawn is a remarkable spectacle. The line of Wordsworth involuntarily recurred to me:

And all that mighty heart is lying still.

London at sunrise was by no means a novel sight to one who had kept 'early hours' for some years; but I do not think I was ever so impressed with the sight as I was when perched on that elevated seat at the back of a hansom cab. The first faint streaks of red in the distant east, succeeded by a pale primrose light, and then the gradual dispersal of the midnight gloom, was inexpressibly lovely. The scenes I had witnessed had aroused certain trains of thought, more or less painful, as I beheld the varied fortunes of my fellow-creatures, the struggle for a bare existence, the sins and follies created in a great measure by 'iron circumstance.'

With the history of my final fare I must conclude this veritable account of my experience as a cab-driver. It was exactly a quarter to six, and I was crawling along Holborn, when a man of gentlemanly appearance and address emerged rapidly from a side-street, and springing into my cab, said: 'Cabman—Victoria. If you can catch the six o'clock train for Newhaven, I will pay you double fare.'

I glanced at the church clock, and found I had exactly a quarter of an hour to accomplish a distance of nearly three miles. Fortunately, the streets were comparatively empty, and I sent the mare along at a pace of something like twelve miles an hour. Although I had only seen the face of my fare for a couple of seconds, the expression and features are indelibly impressed on my memory. It was a handsome face, but the eyes were more like those of a hunted stag than of a human being. The colour of the face was ashen gray, and I fancied the teeth chattered somewhat as he addressed me. But the last circumstance I attributed to the cold raw October morning. I felt so curious about my fare that I cautiously lifted the small wooden flap in the roof of the cab, and felt almost pleased to behold him imbibing brandy from a flask.

One or two policemen peered at the cab as it flew past, apparently undecided whether or not to take cognisance of the excessive speed; but I cared not; I felt as anxious to catch the train for Newhaven as if my life depended on it. At length I sighted Victoria Station. The minute-hand waited two minutes to six. Passing a half-sovereign through the trap, my fare shouted: 'Never mind the change!' and sprang out of the cab.

Involuntarily, I paused to watch the end of the affair. I saw him leave the pay-box with the ticket, and then in half a minute I heard the shriek of the engine, and congratulated myself on having accomplished my task. Ere I could drive from the entrance of the booking-office, another hansom deposited two men, who simultaneously rushed to the booking-office. The horse of the cab was covered with lather, and seemed completely blown. The men appeared again on the pavement with vexation and disappointment plainly written on their features. Suddenly their eyes lighted on the cab which I drove. They advanced, and the shorter man of the two said: 'Cabman, we are police-officers. Have you just brought any one who was anxious to catch the six o'clock express?'

I had felt certain they were officers of justice. How is it that policemen out of uniform and servants out of livery are always distinguishable? There is a hall-mark, so to say, which stamps them.

I stated all I knew, which, as the reader knows, was not much. Then they left me.

Whether they utilised the telegraph for the arrest of the unhappy fugitive—a forger, as they told me—I never knew.

I examined my takings, and found they amounted to one pound five shillings, making a profit of eight shillings. But it is not the luck of every cabman to have as a fare a runaway forger who will pay so liberally as ten shillings for three miles.

Mr Smith was quite satisfied with the result, and expressed his willingness to lend his horse and cab again on similar terms. But this was my first and last cab-drive. I cannot explain it, but that night was a turning-point in my career. I married soon afterwards; and not even the wife of my bosom is aware that her husband once officiated in the character of a London cab-driver!

COLONEL REDGRAVE'S LEGACY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

MR SEPTIMUS REDGRAVE had attained the mature age of fifty without losing either of his pet theories—that this world is anything but a vale of tears, and that the wicked people in it are decidedly in the minority. These comfortable doctrines were no doubt attributable to the fact that Mr Redgrave was in the enjoyment of a small independence, was master of his own time, possessed of good health, and had never ventured on the uncertain voyage of matrimony. He had occupied the same chambers in Bury Street, St James's, for nearly a quarter of a century, was a member of one of the oldest clubs in Pall Mall, a virtuoso

on a small scale, and a regular attendant at the picture-sales at Christie's. His natty, well-costumed figure was always to the fore on the view-days, elbowing millionaires and picture-dealers in the inspection of works of art, although his modest income precluded him from becoming a purchaser, except in very exceptional cases.

His only near relatives were two maiden sisters, who were several years his senior, and resided at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight. Their names were Penelope and Lavinia respectively, and they were generous in their advice on all occasions to their brother, whom they could never realise as anything but a child, and consequently requiring guidance and sisterly control. In truth, the intellect of their brother was none of the brightest, of which fact he himself had a dim suspicion; but as a slight compensation in lieu thereof, he availed himself of no small share of a quality which could only be described as cunning, in the ordinary acceptation of the word.

He had resided in Bury Street for some ten years, when his landlady, Mrs Jones, announced that in consequence of her failing strength and increasing years, her daughter Martha was about to resign her position as companion to an old lady at Bristol, and assist in the management of the house in Bury Street. Miss Jones duly arrived, and presented a very agreeable spectacle. A florid-complexioned, black-eyed girl of twenty, very vivacious and energetic, and by no means devoid of education or natural ability. The domestic comforts of Mr Redgrave were materially increased by the advent of Miss Jones, and he showed his gratitude at certain times and seasons in a very marked and material manner. Her birthday was always remembered by the precise bachelor on the first floor; nor were Christmas or the New Year forgotten. It will never be known whether the brain of Mrs Jones had originally conceived the ambitious scheme of a union between the family of Redgrave and that of Jones; but it is certain that as time went on, such a plan was entertained by both mother and daughter. There was but fifteen years' difference in their ages, and Martha was not only possessed of good looks, but educated and accomplished. But the lynx eyes of the landlady could never detect the smallest peg on which to hang a claim on behalf of the incomparable Martha. Although frank and free in his intercourse with the good-looking Hebe who ministered to his comforts, the actions of Mr Redgrave were always regulated by the rules of the strictest decorum; and if, during his occasional absences from town, the epistles of Martha were couched in a somewhat sentimental tone, they met with no response in the replies of the cautious and simple lodger of Bury Street. Probably neither Mrs Jones nor her daughter had ever heard of the celebrated French proverb, that 'all comes to him who waits,' but it is nevertheless certain that they mutually acted on this maxim.

Years rolled on, and no change occurred in the relations existing between lodger and landlady; Mr Redgrave was now fifty, and Miss Jones thirty-five. The roses had long since departed from her cheeks, and the sparkle from her black eyes, but, like Claude Melnotte in the play, she still 'hoped on.' She felt that she

was practically indispensable to the unsusceptible and phlegmatic bachelor, and trusted that he would eventually realise the fact, and reward his faithful housekeeper by making her his wife.

About this time, Colonel Redgrave, a cousin of Septimus, arrived from India, accompanied by two ladies named Fraser, of whom we shall presently have occasion to speak. Colonel Redgrave had for many years maintained a somewhat desultory correspondence with our bachelor. The officer was an elderly man, and not in the enjoyment of very good health. On his arrival at Southampton, he proceeded to the residence of his female cousins at Shanklin, and accepted their invitation to make Oswald Villa his temporary home until he could decide on his future arrangements. Naturally, Mr Redgrave paid a visit to his military cousin. They had not met since they were boys; and the astute colonel was evidently much perplexed at the singular combination of simplicity and shrewdness presented by his London kinsman. Whether the impression created was favourable or the reverse, it is the object of this narrative to show.

Six weeks after the arrival of Colonel Redgrave in England, his cousin was seated at breakfast in his apartments in Bury Street, seriously cogitating the advisability or the reverse of a lengthened tour on the continent for his autumn holiday, when the question was settled in a somewhat unexpected manner. Miss Jones appeared with a black-edged letter in her hand. The writing was that of Miss Redgrave, and the post-mark 'Shanklin.' With trembling fingers, Septimus opened the envelope. 'Colonel Redgrave had died suddenly of heart disease at Oswald Villa.' This was the gist of the epistle; and Mr Redgrave was required forthwith at Shanklin, to be present at the funeral and to hear the contents of the will of the deceased. Miss Jones was duly acquainted with the sad news; and in response to her inquiry as to the probable destination of the wealth of the late Colonel Redgrave, Septimus professed entire ignorance; and having given vent to some expressions of impatience and vexation at this marring of his Swiss and Italian tour, gave instructions to Miss Jones to see to the packing of his portmanteau without any delay; for the fair Martha was not only a quasi-valet, but secretary and librarian, the catalogue of Mr Redgrave's books being carefully kept up to date.

In less than a week, the funeral obsequies of the late Colonel Redgrave had been duly performed, the will read; and Septimus Redgrave, considerably to his astonishment, found himself sole legatee, and the fortunate possessor in round figures of twenty thousand pounds!

Two months have elapsed since the death of Colonel Redgrave, and Septimus is still in residence at Shanklin. His continental tour has been indefinitely postponed; but his soul now yearns for his accustomed London haunts, in spite of the attentions lavished upon him by his sisters. And if the truth must be told, he misses the constant watchfulness of Martha, that keen anticipation of his slightest wish, so uniformly displayed by the housekeeper of St James's. It is a lovely morning in September, and from

the drawing-room windows of Oswald Villa, the blue waters of Sandown Bay can be seen in charming contrast to the white cliffs of Culver, while above, the sky rivals that of Naples in its cerulean tint. Miss Redgrave and her sister Lavinia are nominally engaged in *crochet-work*, but actually their attention is concentrated on the immediate future of their beloved brother under the altered condition of his affairs. Miss Redgrave is tall and thin, with a severe expression of countenance, which belies her excellent qualities of head and heart. Her sister Lavinia is short and stout, with a very submissive manner, and presents a striking contrast to her somewhat imperious sister. Her vocation in life appears to consist of approving and indorsing the views and plans of her elder sister. Like the French Senate during the Imperial régime, she never originated a course of action, but expressed entire approval of the acts submitted to her. Occasionally, when especially pressed by her sister for an opinion, she would give vent to an original notion, which excited the outward contempt of Miss Redgrave, but inwardly created considerable feelings of alarm, as these occasional lapses from her ordinary course by Lavinia were of the nature of second-sight, and the prophecies of the younger sister invariably came to pass.

'Septimus talks of returning to London,' exclaimed the elder sister with a keen glance at Lavinia, who smiled assent. 'You do not seem to realise what mighty issues hang on that event,' continued Miss Redgrave in a tone of considerable asperity.

Lavinia still remained mute, though her countenance expressed keen interest.

'You are very provoking, Lavinia, considering you are by no means deficient in penetration as to motive, and analysis of character.'

'Explain, dear Penelope.'

'Septimus must not return to London a free man. I mean, he must present himself in Bury Street an engaged man.'

'I am afraid that will be a somewhat difficult task to accomplish,' replied Lavinia with an irritating acid smile.

'Nevertheless, it must be done,' said Penelope with a tone of decision worthy of the Iron Duke.

'But how?' inquired Lavinia.

'Surely you remember the existence of that creature—Martha Jones. The fact of our brother having inherited a fortune will inspire her with fresh courage. New methods of attack will at once be resorted to, and the assault will never cease till she has reduced the fortress to submission. I never saw Miss Jones but once, but that was sufficient.'

'I fully agree with you, my dear sister,' said Lavinia; 'but where do you propose to find a suitable partner for Septimus?'

'We have no occasion to look far. Under this very roof is a lady adapted in every sense to make dear Septimus a suitable partner.'

'I suppose you mean Mrs Fraser?' mildly observed Lavinia.

'Precisely. Mrs Fraser is, I should say, forty, possessed of a comfortable income, clever, and just the kind of woman to shield our brother from all the evils and temptations of this mortal life.'

'I only see two difficulties,' responded Lavinia; 'Septimus may not like Mrs Fraser, and Mrs Fraser may not like Septimus.'

'Ridiculous!' said Penelope. 'Who ever heard of a widow scarcely out of her thirties who would not jump at a man of fifty with nearly two thousand a year!'

'I admit the chief difficulty will lie with Septimus,' placidly replied Lavinia. 'He is very self-willed at times.'

'Leave that part of the affair to me,' exclaimed Penelope with haughty confidence.

Further discussion was summarily put an end to by the entrance of the individual in question. We must confess that although he wore 'the livery of woe,' the countenance of Septimus was not expressive of any considerable grief for the loss of his 'well-beloved cousin.' Constantly before his mental vision floated the Bank Stock, India Bonds, and Three per Cents of which he had so recently become the possessor. Frequently during the day he checked himself in the middle of a lively air of Offenbach or Sullivan, which he found himself humming with considerable gusto. He would pause suddenly, and mould his features into a becoming expression accordingly. Mr Redgrave looked considerably older than his years, his hair and whiskers being quite gray, and his features somewhat wrinkled. But he was always dressed with scrupulous care, and in the days of the Regency would have been dubbed a 'buck' of the first water.

'Have you seen the Frasers this morning, Septimus?' inquired Penelope. 'I mean, since breakfast.'

'They have gone as far as Luccombe Chine with young Lockwood. I preferred a quiet read of the *Times*.'

'Septimus, will you give us a few minutes of your valuable time?'

Mr Redgrave, accustomed to defer to the wishes of his elder sister in most things, submissively seated himself in front of Penelope and prepared to listen accordingly.

'Lavinia and I have been discussing your improved fortune and prospects. Although your sisters have led a very retired and secluded life, they have some knowledge of human nature, and are quite prepared to learn that their only brother has been the target for every selfish and intriguing woman with whom he has been brought in contact. The only safeguard appears to us to be an engagement with some suitable person.'

The aquiline features of Septimus flushed somewhat as he replied: 'If you mean that I am to sacrifice my liberty when I am best prepared to enjoy it, you will excuse my saying that you are tilting at a windmill. If you think so highly of matrimony, why don't you swallow the prescription yourself?'

If it be objected that this retort can scarcely be considered such as should proceed from the lips of a gentleman, it must be borne in mind that Septimus was an irascible man, and that when he lost command of his temper he always lost at the same time command of his tongue.

'The relative positions of a woman and a man are vastly different, so far as matrimony is concerned,' replied Penelope. 'The woman must

sit at home till she receives an offer; the man can seek a wife in every circle of society.'

This was a great admission on the part of Penelope, who would never have avowed to any man—except a brother—that her spinsterhood was aught but the result of her own free-will. It will be observed that both the sisters ignored all danger from such a quarter as the ambitious damsel of St James's; at anyrate they would have considered it derogatory to their own self-respect to own (to Septimus) such a fear.

'You are no longer a young man, Septimus. We are both your seniors. Our last days would be inexpressibly soothed if we could feel that your lot in life was fixed, and that the fortune you have inherited would not become the prey of intriguing adventuresses. There is a lady in this house who entertains strong feelings of regard for you. She is young, handsome, and accomplished. You do not require money in a wife; but the lady we allude to is not by any means a beggar. Let us both advise you to lose no time in making up your mind, or a certain good-looking lawyer may be before you. No more at present. The lady, who will, I devoutly trust, eventually become our sister, is even now approaching the house.'

Septimus turned his eyes in the direction of the garden. Two ladies and a gentleman were slowly walking along the path. Presently, the younger one suddenly left her companions and tripped into the drawing-room through the open French-window.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs Fraser was the widow of Major Fraser, and quite came under the description of being 'fat, fair, and forty.' Her late husband had been the lifelong associate of Colonel Redgrave; so, when the widow announced her intention of quitting India for England, there to take up her permanent abode, her sole companion being her only child, a girl of some nineteen years, the colonel decided to accompany her. The gossips in the cantonments had quite decided that after a decent interval Mrs Fraser would become the wife of Colonel Redgrave; but all such speculations were put an end to by his sudden death. The Frasers were now staying at Oswald Villa, the elder Miss Redgrave, as the reader has just seen, having formed a plan of uniting her brother in marriage to the handsome widow. Blanche Fraser was a miniature copy of her mother. The same dazzlingly fair complexion, the same laughing blue eyes, the same luxuriant light hair; and, if the truth must be told, the same love of admiration and flirting, distinguished alike both mother and daughter. There was only one alloy to the happiness of the widow—the dreadful conviction that youth was slowly but surely deserting her. The fact might perhaps have been concealed somewhat, but for the visible presence of a marriageable daughter. So, with many a sigh, the widow yielded to the inevitable, and determined to choose a partner in life while a certain portion of youth and good looks still remained to her. At the present moment, her choice had fallen on the handsome companion of her walk to Luccombe Chine. Mr Frank Lockwood had been the lawyer of the Redgrave

family ever since his father had vacated that position by death. He was now about three-and-thirty, was agreeable and good-looking. As it was now the vacation, the lawyer was staying at Oswald Villa, in response to the pressing invitation of Miss Redgrave. The widow had acted on the principle of making hay while the sun shines, and had exerted all her fascinations on the man of law; but in vain. Mr Lockwood was very gallant, but the heart of Mrs Fraser whispered that hitherto her efforts had been void of success. Still, perseverance, as we all know, achieves wonders, and so the widow resolved to adopt as her motto—*Perseverando vincas*, and hope for the best. Blanche, as we have said, tripped into the room, exclaiming as she did so, 'O Mr Redgrave, you have lost such a treat! I did so miss you; you were the one thing needful to complete our enjoyment during our delightful walk.'

Septimus gazed keenly at the fair speaker; she was certainly very pretty, and decidedly clever, and palpably partial to his society. He might do worse than pass the remainder of his days with such a delightful companion. To be sure, there was a certain disparity in years; but every one knows that women age faster than men, and there were innumerable instances in public life of similar disproportions as to age. He would certainly treasure up the advice of his sister as to the choice of a wife. So it was with more than his customary urbanity that Septimus replied: 'An old man such as I am would have been but a poor acquisition, Miss Fraser.'

Blanche peered with an expression of mock gravity into the gray eyes of Septimus. 'An old man! Have you never heard of the old saying?—A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. How old do you feel, Mr Redgrave?'

'I feel almost a boy, Miss Fraser, when in your society; I feel a centenarian when I am ill in my solitary rooms in London.'

'Then the deduction from that observation,' replied Blanche, 'is, that to enjoy perpetual youth, you should be perpetually in my society.'

'A charming prescription, Miss Fraser; I wish it were a possible one.'

Mrs Fraser and Mr Lockwood here entered the room. 'Take care, Mr Redgrave,' said the widow; 'you will find Blanche a sad flirt. I have only just been warning Mr Lockwood against her.'

This was a double shot, intended equally for Blanche and Mr Lockwood, who had, in the widow's opinion, been somewhat too attentive to Blanche recently.

Penelope here intervened. 'My brother is hankering after the flashpots of Egypt, Mrs Fraser; in other words, is longing for "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall." Can you not persuade him to remain?'

'Let me try my influence,' interposed Blanche coquettishly. 'You will remain, will you not, dear Mr Redgrave?'

Septimus felt a thrill pass through his frame as Miss Fraser took hold of one of his hands and looked up in his face with a beseeching look, while Mr Lockwood threw himself with an air of vexation into an armchair and made an attempt to read yesterday's *Times*.

'You must promise, Mr Redgrave,' said Blanche.

'I promise to obey you in all things,' said Septimus, as, with an air of old-world gallantry, he raised her fingers to his lips.

From that hour, one thought and one only occupied the mind of Mr Redgrave: Should he adopt the advice of Penelope, and make Miss Fraser an offer of his hand and heart? It was a tremendous step for one who had passed the greater part of his life in studying how best he could minister to his own selfish comfort and happiness. But on the morning of the second day after the scene we have just described, Septimus determined to put his fortune to the test. He chanced to find the fair Blanche alone sitting under the jessamine-covered veranda, engaged in reading a novel. Attired in white, with a blue sash round her slender waist, her light brown hair falling in careless profusion on her well-turned shoulders, Miss Fraser presented a bewitching spectacle. As Septimus approached, Blanche shot a captivating glance from beneath her long dark lashes, and with a graceful movement, invited Septimus to seat himself beside her on the bench.

'I hope you are not in the crisis of your tale, Miss Fraser?'

'No; I am in the second volume only, which is always flat and uninteresting and skippable.'

'I am glad to hear it, for I am anxious to have a little serious chat with you.'

Blanche placed her hands together in the form of supplication. 'Oh, please, don't, Mr Redgrave! I have just had a lecture of half an hour's duration from mamma, and that was serious enough, in all conscience. Why will our parents and guardians expect us to have the wisdom of Solomon and the virtues of Doreas before we are out of our teens?'

'Perhaps I used a wrong word; I wished to speak to you about love.'

'Oh! how delightful! Have you fallen in love at last, Mr Redgrave?'

Septimus did not like the phrase 'at last,' but he continued: 'Also I wished to speak about matrimony.'

Blanche shook her head gravely. 'That is a very serious subject.'

'And yet matrimony is the natural sequence of love.'

'Alas! yes,' sighed Blanche.

So far the discussion was not encouraging; but Septimus resolved to persevere. 'I have fallen in love with a lady who is at present under this roof.'

Blanche clasped her hands in wondering surprise, and gasped forth one word—'Mamma!'

'No, Miss Fraser; my affections are settled on her lovely daughter.'

'Me!' exclaimed Blanche. 'Impossible! Oh, Mr Redgrave, you are joking!'

'I was never more serious in my life, Miss Fraser. Why should you think it impossible that I should have fallen in love with you? I am in the prime of life; I have sufficient means'—

'O pray, Mr Redgrave, forbear! What you ask is impossible; I am engaged, indeed I am, although mamma does not know it. You won't

tell her, will you, Mr Redgrave? Promise me you will not.'

'Certainly not; but I must inform my sisters, for it was owing to their encouragement that I have made this proposal. They led me to suppose that you were favourable to my suit.'

'What a singular delusion! no; I don't mean that—misapprehension.'

Septimus rose from the seat. 'Then we resume our former relations, Miss Fraser?'

Blanche rose, and as she made a low courtesy, said: 'If you please, Mr Redgrave.'

Septimus strode away in a towering rage with his sisters for having inflicted upon him such unnecessary humiliation, and entering the drawing-room, found Penelope and Lavinia calmly engaged in tambour-work. One glance was sufficient to inform the sisters that their brother was not in the best of tempers.

'Septimus, what has happened?'

'Everything that is disgusting and unpleasant. I have been fool enough to take your advice. I have proposed to the lady selected by you for my wife two days ago, and have been refused with ridicule and contempt.'

'Impossible, Septimus!'

'The lady is already engaged.'

'Impossible, Septimus!'

'But I have promised to keep her engagement a secret from her mother.'

'From her mother! Of whom are you speaking, Septimus?'

'Why, of Blanche Fraser, to be sure.'

'Blanche! It was her mother we alluded to as our future sister-in-law!'

Tableau!

By a singular coincidence, Mrs Fraser was closeted with Mr Lockwood in the library of Oswald Villa during the love-scene of Septimus with Blanche. The widow had gone to the library under the pretence of fetching a particular volume, well knowing that she would find the handsome solicitor in that apartment. Mr Lockwood was deeply immersed in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but rose from his seat as Mrs Fraser entered.

'I did not mean to disturb you, Mr Lockwood; I merely wanted a volume of Tennyson.'

'Pray, don't apologise, Mrs Fraser. Your visit is very apropos, for I was very anxious to have a few minutes' private conversation with you on a matter affecting all my future life.'

The widow gracefully accepted the chair Mr Lockwood placed for her, her cheek flushing, and her pulse throbbing as a small voice whispered: 'The moment has at length arrived; and Frank is neither made of stone, nor so impervious to my fascinations as I supposed.'

'It is in your power, my dear Mrs Fraser, to make me the happiest of men.'

A film passed over the eyes of the widow at this sudden statement of the lawyer.

'With your keen penetration and knowledge of the human heart, you must have long since perceived that I am hopelessly in love, and that the object of my affections is at this moment a resident of Oswald Villa.'

'I suspected as much; I will not deny it, dear Frank.'

Mr Lockwood took the plump and trembling

fingers of the widow in his own and gently pressed them. The widow cordially and instinctively returned the squeeze. 'May I hope, dear Mrs Fraser?'

'Dear youth, you may!' murmured the widow, as her head gently sank on his shoulders.

The countenance of Mr Lockwood expressed some considerable surprise at the phraseology adopted by Mrs Fraser, but he attributed it to the natural emotion of the situation.

'Then I may tell dear Blanche at once?' said Frank.

'Yes; she must know it sooner or later,' said Mrs Fraser.

'Blanche already knows of my attachment,' said Mr Lockwood.

'Was she not very much surprised, dear Frank?'

'Well, I cannot say that she was, exactly.'

'I feared she might think there was too much disparity of age,' said the widow.

'Only fourteen years,' replied Lockwood.

'No, Frank, you are joking,' said the widow, playfully tapping his cheek; 'not more than seven.'

'Pardon me, Mrs Fraser. I am thirty-three, and Blanche is nineteen.'

The room and its contents spun round before the horrified gaze of the unhappy widow. All was clear to her now. For a few brief happy moments she had been living in a fool's paradise. The dream was over. But, like a judicious woman of the world, Mrs Fraser collected her agitated thoughts and rapidly executed a change of front.

'You will make some allowance, Mr Lockwood, for my natural agitation at the idea of losing a beloved daughter. Blanche is a dear good child, and you gained a treasure when you won her young affections. But you must have patience. I cannot afford to lose her yet, she is still so young.'

'My dear Mrs Fraser, I am the happiest of men,' replied the enraptured Lockwood, overjoyed at the speedy success of his suit.

MISTLETOE.

A cold dark night,
Some falling snow;
A gleam of light,
A ruddy glow.

Ten Christmas Eves
Have come and gone,
And each one leaves
Me still alone.

A quaint old hall,
Some warriors grim,
Whose shadows fall
Grotesque and dim.

That fair sweet maid
Of years ago
Has long been laid
Beneath the snow.

A maiden fair,
A gleam of gold
Upon her hair—
The story old.

While the wind drives
Against the pane,
In fancy lives
My love again.

While the storm's breath
Sweeps o'er the snow,
One kiss beneath
The mistletoe.

The firelight fades,
The embers glow,
One kiss beneath
The mistletoe.

NORA C. USHER.

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A GLACIER GARDEN.

THE glacier garden lies far away on a steep hill-side by the Lake of the Forest Cantons. Close to the picturesque town of Lucerne, a little path leads past the sandstone crag on which is hewn Thorwaldsen's famous monument, to the small inclosed space, overshadowed by trees, where have recently been discovered vestiges of the most remote days in the youth of our old mother-earth. Hidden away amongst tangled fern and bright green grass, we see huge surfaces of native rock, some furrowed with parallel lines, others, with curious petrifications of the sea; and giant boulders smoothed and polished that do not in the least resemble the surrounding rocks, but which are travellers from the Alps, left stranded here by the glaciers in the last great Ice Age. It is indeed a wonderful garden, with a wonderful history, and although, as unscientific observers, we cannot trace the different phases of its development in the dim geological past, still, standing by these gray old stones on which have been laid the softening and romantic influences of countless ages, it is as if we had pages of the world's history unrolled before our eyes.

The proofs of past glaciers are all around us in the grindings and scratchings on the rocks—in the ice-worn stones—and still more in the deep smooth circular hollows, which are perhaps the most perfect known specimens of the singular phenomena called glacier-mills. These erosions have been found also in Scandinavia and in the Jura Mountains, and are caused by the rapid whirling of a stone by a stream from the melting ice, which in the course of ages scoops out ever deeper and wider these cavities in the rock. But in this little garden we can trace the origin of the glacier-mills, from the tiny erosion just commenced, to the grand basin, twenty feet in diameter, and more than thirty feet deep, on whose smooth walls are clearly marked the spiral windings caused by the whirling of the stone perpetually from east to west. If you take up the glacier-stone that lies at the bottom of this

mill, you will see not only how strangely round and polished it has become, but also that it is composed of totally different rock, and must have been transported hither by the great Reuss glacier from the granite slopes of the St Gothard.

To look at these polished cavities, nobody would dream that they were the mere evidences of the eddying action of an ice-stream upon a small fragment of rock, and yet this is exactly what geology teaches us they really are; indeed, there is no rock or mineral, even the flint and agate, but what is permeable in some degree by the action of water; and like granite and marble, most stones are softer and more easily wrought before they are dried and hardened by air-seasoning. Are not similar effects of the action of torrents in the erosion of rock seen in almost every gorge through which rushes a mountain torrent? It seems all but incredible that to a little rippling rivulet is due the tremendous erosion of many alpine ravines, with their great height and precipitous walls. But science tells us very strange tales, even that the mountain streams in the present day are depressing the ridges of the Alps and the Apennines, raising the plains of Lombardy and Provence, and extending the coasts far into the waters of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Thus it is easy to understand how, at that remote period when a vast ice-sheet covered not only our garden but all Switzerland from the Alps to the Jura, the loose stones which had become detached from the moraine, and were met by some barrier in the ice whirled about by rushing water, ground down first the ice, then the rock, and in the wear and tear of unnumbered centuries grew round and smooth like the basins in which they revolved.

It is very seldom that loose fragments of rock exercise a protective power upon the ice; but instances have been met with on the higher glaciers of large stones warding off the rain and the radiation of the sun from the ice immediately beneath them; so that as the glacier wastes and lowers in the course of time, these glacier-

tables remain fixed upon elevated pillars of ice, which sometimes reach to a height of ten or twelve feet above the general level.

At Lucerne, it is impossible to forget, as we wander about the paths in this archaic garden, that countless years before the great glaciers planed away the old flora from off the face of the land, there was a period of tropical heat and tropical vegetation which succeeded the earliest epoch in the existence of our globe. Petrifications of the first stages of life are distinctly visible upon the rocks—relics of a primeval ocean.

But with the story of the rocks there is mingled no trace of human interest. For them Time has stood still and the seasons brought no change, until a few years ago, when the ground being excavated for the foundations of a new house, these unsuspected relics were brought to light from amongst the sand and pebbles and ice-worn boulders. These relics are unconnected even with the first traditions of the people of the Alps, and had remained in quiet slumber beneath the glacial débris for long ages before the earliest settlers raised their pile-dwellings above the blue waters of the lake. Evidence, indeed, has been afforded that the lacustrine dwelling-places were inhabited by generations of men two thousand, or, as some authorities affirm, six thousand years before the Christian era. Amongst the piles of oak, or beech, or fir wood, rising occasionally in three or four tiers, one above another, in the accumulated waste of animal and vegetable life found at the bottom of the lake, were stone celts and other implements of bone or flint, memorials of a people who perished at a period beyond the reach of the most distant annals; very old, in an historical point of view, although in a geological estimate they are but of yesterday. For what is the antiquity of the earliest of these relics compared with that of the latest records plainly written upon the smooth surface of the rocks?

In the glacier garden we find not only the indefinable charm of a vast antiquity, but a suggestiveness of the strange contrast between the present and the past. On the one hand there is busy life, noise, warmth upon the winding shores of the placid lake, magnificent mountains girdled by forest trees, and woven in and out with verdant pastures and far-off snow—all things lovely of the earth present before our eyes; on the other hand, we have a glimpse into the remote and mysterious past, when the sun shone down upon an illimitable white world of snow and ice.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER XII.

MISS GAISFORD had found a quiet nook in the lower grounds of the hotel, well out of view from the windows, where there was little likelihood of being disturbed by the ordinary run of visitors. Now and then, a newly married couple, or a pair of turtle-doves who were not yet married, but hoped to be before long, would invade her solitude; but such momentary interruptions served rather to amuse her than otherwise. 'Here comes another peripatetic romance,' she would remark

to herself. 'Now, if those two young people would only come and sit down beside me, and tell me all about it, first one telling me a bit and then the other, till I knew their story by heart, they would do me a real kindness, and save me a lot of invention. All newly married couples ought to be compelled to write their Love Memoirs, which should afterwards be bound in volumes (call), and kept in a sort of Record Office, where we poor story-tellers could have access to them whenever we happened to be hard up for a plot.'

To this sheltered nook a table and chair had been brought from the hotel, and here, on this Friday forenoon, Miss Gaisford was busy writing. But she laid down her pen more frequently than was usual with her when so employed, and had little fits of musing between times.

'I'm not i' the mood this morning, that's certain,' she said at last. 'My thoughts seem all in a muddle. I can't get Mora out of my head. She puzzles me and makes me uneasy. It's mental illness, not bodily, that keeps her to her room. Colonel Woodruffe had a long talk with her on Wednesday, and then drove her back to the hotel, which he would scarcely have done, I think, if he had been decisively and finally rejected. There's a mystery somewhere; but Mora is a woman whom one cannot question. I have no doubt she will tell me all about it when she feels herself at liberty to do so. Meanwhile, it's a good lesson in curbing that curiosity which certain cynical moralists of the inferior sex have had the unblushing effrontery to affirm to be the bane of ours.—But this is frivolity.' She dipped her pen in the inkstand, and running her eyes over the few lines last written, read them half aloud:

"Next moment, Montblazon's equipage, which was drawn by six coal-black steeds, and preceded by two outriders in livery, drew up at the palace gates. As the Duc alighted from his chariot, a woman, young and beautiful, though in rags, pressed through the crowd till she was almost near enough to have touched him. 'For the love of heaven, monseigneur!' she cried in piteous accents. A gorgeously attired lackey would have thrust her back, but an imperious gesture of Montblazon's jewelled hand arrested him. There was something in the expression of the woman's face which struck him as though it were a face seen in a dream long ago. Montblazon, who knew not what it was to carry money about his person, extracted from the pocket of his embroidered vest a diamond—one of a handful which he was in the habit of carrying loose about him to give away as whim or charity dictated—and dropped it into the woman's extended palm. Then without waiting for her thanks, he strode forward up the palace stairs, and a few moments later found himself in a saloon which was lighted by myriads of perfumed wax tapers set in sconces of burnished silver. Montblazon, who towered a head taller than

any one there, gazed round him with a lurid smile."

'Yes, I think that will do,' said Miss Pen as she took another dip of ink. "Lurid smile" is not amiss.'

She was interrupted by the sound of footsteps. She looked up, and as she did so, a shade of annoyance flitted across her face. 'I thought that I was safe from her here. I wonder how she has found me out,' she said to herself.

The object of these remarks was none other than Lady Renshaw. It was quite by accident that she had discovered Miss Gaisford. The news told her by Mr Etheridge had excited her in no common degree; there was no one in the hotel that she cared to talk to; so, finding it impossible to stay indoors, she had sought relief in the open air. She was expecting Bella and Mr Golightly back every minute; meanwhile, she was wandering aimlessly about the grounds, and brightened up at the sight of Miss Penelope. Here at least was some one she knew—some one to talk to. She advanced smilingly. 'What a number of correspondents you must have, dear Miss Gaisford,' said her ladyship after a few words of greeting. 'You seem to spend half your time in writing.' She was glancing sharply at Miss Pen's closely covered sheets of manuscript.

'Yes, I do write a good deal,' answered the latter as she began to put her sheets in order. 'I rather like it. Between you and me, when Septimus is busy other ways, or is enjoying his holiday, I sometimes try my hand at writing a sermon for him.'

'Really now! And do the congregation never detect the difference between your discourses and his?'

'I don't think they trouble their heads a bit about it. So long as we don't make use of too many hard words, and get the sermon well over in twenty minutes, they are perfectly satisfied.'

Lady Renshaw was in possession of a certain secret, and although she had given her word that she would not reveal it for the present, it was too much to expect of poor human nature that she should not make some allusion to it, if the opportunity were given her, especially in conversation with another of her own sex.

'I understand that we are likely to have one or two important arrivals at the hotel this evening,' she remarked with studied indifference, as she shook a little dust off the flounces of her dress.

'Indeed. A Russian Prince, an Ambassador, an Emperor travelling incog., or whom?'

'Dear me, no!—nobody of that kind. But my lips are sealed. I must not say more.'

'Then why did you say anything?' remarked Miss Pen to herself.

'Still, when you come to know, I feel sure that you will be surprised—very greatly surprised. Strange events may happen here before to-morrow. But I dare not say more, so you must not press me.'

'I won't,' responded Miss Pen emphatically.

'Why, I declare, yonder come my darling Bella and Mr Golightly! I've been looking out for them this hour or more.—You will excuse me, my dear Miss Gaisford, I'm sure.'

'Certainly,' was the uncompromising reply.

Her ladyship smiled and nodded, and then

tripped away as lightly and gracefully as a youthful elephant might have done.

'Now, what *can* the old nine-and-a-half mean?' asked Miss Pen of herself. 'That there is some meaning in her words, I do not doubt. She is no friend of Mora, I feel sure. Can what she said have any reference to her? But I'm altogether in the dark, and it's no use worrying. If there's trouble in the wind, we shall know about it soon enough.'

'He has proposed—I know it from his manner,' exclaimed Lady Renshaw to her niece as soon as they were alone in the hotel; 'so it's no use your telling me that he hasn't.'

'I had no intention of telling you anything of the kind,' answered the girl demurely.

'What did you say to him in reply?'

'Very little. You told me not to say much. Besides,' added Bella slyly, 'he seemed to like to do most of the talking himself.'

'Men generally do at such times.—But didn't the young man say anything about speaking to me?'

'O yes, aunt.'

'And very properly so, too. But you need not refer him to me just at present; I will give you a hint when the proper time arrives. Meanwhile, I hope you will not allow yourself to get entangled to such an extent that you won't be able to extricate yourself, should it become necessary to do so.'

Bella was taken with a sudden fit of sneezing.

'Mr Archie Riddale's affair is by no means a *fait accompli*,' continued her ladyship; 'and we shall see what we shall see in the course of the next few hours.' She nodded her head with an air of mystery and tried to look oracular.

Presently Bella pleaded a headache and escaped to her own room.

Clarice was at the station at least twenty minutes before the train by which Archie was to travel could by any possibility arrive. It showed great remissness on the part of the railway people, considering how anxious she was for her sweetheart's arrival, that this very train should be five minutes and fourteen seconds late. Such gross disregard of the feelings of young ladies in love ought to be severely dealt with.

At length the train steamed slowly in, with Archie's head and half his long body protruding from the window, to the annoyance of every other passenger in the compartment. He was out of the train before any one else, and as it glided slowly forward before coming to a stand, those inside were favoured with a sort of panoramic glimpse of a very pretty girl being seized, hugged, and unblushingly kissed by a young fellow, to whom, at that moment, the code of small social proprieties was evidently a dead letter.

'What about your father?' asked Clarice as soon as she had recovered her breath in some measure and had given a tug or two to her disarranged attire.

'What about him?' queried Archie, who was looking after his portmanteau.

'Of course, he has not come down by this train, or you would have travelled together.'

But I suppose you know he's expected at the *Palatine* to-night—at least so Mr Etheridge told me.'

'Etheridge! is he here?'

'Yes; didn't you know? He reached here a few hours after you left for London. He brought a letter for you from your father all the way from Spa.'

Archie scratched his head: even heroes go through that undignified process occasionally. 'Upon my word, I don't know what to make of the governor,' he said. 'He seems to get more crotchety every day. Here, according to what you say, he sends poor Etheridge all the way from Spa as the bearer of a letter which any other man would have intrusted to the post; then he apparently changes his mind and telegraphs for me to meet him in London. To London I go, and there wait, dangling my heels; but no Mr Governor turns up. Then Blatchett receives a telegram from somewhere—by-the-by, he never told me where he did receive it from—in which I am instructed to return to Windermere immediately, and am told that my long-lost papa will meet his boy there. It's jolly aggravating, to say the least of it.'

'Mr Etheridge says that Sir William may perhaps want to see me. O Archie, I was never so frightened in my life!'

He soothed and petted her after the fashion which young men are supposed to find effectual in such cases, and presently they drew up at the hotel.

They went at once to the sitting-room, the only inmates of which they found to be Lady Renshaw, Bella, and Mr Golightly. The last had come to inquire whether Miss Wynter would go for a row on the lake after dinner. If she would, there was a particular boat which he would like to engage beforehand.

Lady Renshaw was doubtful. She was inclined to think that Bella had caught cold on the lake in the morning. She had sneezed more than once. It would scarcely be advisable, her ladyship thought, for Miss Wynter to venture on the water again in the chill of the evening. Besides, the clouds looked threatening, and to be caught in a storm on the lake, she had been told, was dangerous.

In short, without exactly wishing to discourage Mr Golightly, she was desirous of damping his ardour in some measure for the time being. Till she should be able to judge how events were likely to shape themselves, he must not be allowed too many opportunities of being alone with Bella; perhaps even, at the end, it might become necessary to give him the cold shoulder altogether.

Lady Renshaw was in the midst of her platitudes when Archie and Clarice entered the room. On their way from the station Clarice had spoken of her sister's indisposition, so that Archie was prepared not to find Madame De Vigne downstairs; but probably he had hardly counted upon coming so unexpectedly on her ladyship. As, however, she was there, the only possibility left him was to look as pleasant as possible.

He greeted her with as much cordiality as he could summon up at a moment's notice, and then he turned to Miss Wynter, whose pretty face he was really pleased to see again. There was

a hidden meaning laughing out of his eyes as he shook hands with her. It was as though he had said: 'You naughty girl, I should like to spoil your little game, just for the fun of the thing, but I won't.'

He did spoil it, however, a moment later, all unwittingly. Turning to Dick, who appeared to be gazing abstractedly out of one of the windows, he gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder. 'Dulcimer, old chappie, how are you? Delighted to see you again.'

Next moment he could have bitten his tongue out.

'Dulcimer!' shrieked her ladyship, whose ears had caught the name.

The young people turned and stared at each other in blank dismay. Dick shrugged his shoulders, and was the first to recover his *sang-froid*. The moment had come for him to take the bull by the horns.

'Dulcimer!' again exclaimed her ladyship in a tone of hopeless bewilderment, that was at once both ludicrous and pathetic, as she glanced at the dismayed faces around her.

'Even so, Lady Renshaw. I am Richard Dulcimer, at your service.' He spoke as quietly as though he were mentioning some fact of everyday occurrence.

'You, that Richard Dulcimer—that impudent pretender—that—that cockatrice, who used to follow my niece about in London wherever she went! No, no'—peering into his face—'I cannot believe it. You are amusing yourself at my expense.'

'Nevertheless, unless I was changed at nurse, I am that cockatrice, Richard Dulcimer. As any further attempt at concealment would be useless, if your ladyship will permit me, I will enlighten you in a few words.'

She only stared at him, breathing very hard, but otherwise showing by no sign that she heard what he was saying.

'I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Wynter on several occasions in London,' resumed Dick. 'Whether your ladyship believes it or not, I fell in love with her, hopelessly and irremediably. I am a poor man, and you scouted my pretensions, and forbade your niece ever to speak to me again. It is not in my province to blame your ladyship for doing that which you deemed to be for Miss Wynter's advantage; but it by no means followed that I should fall in with your views. I heard that you and Miss Wynter were coming to this place, and I determined to follow you. Had I not made some change in my appearance, you would at once have recognised me, and my plans would have been frustrated. I took off my beard and moustache, dyed my hair and eyebrows, donned a clerical costume which I happened to have by me for another purpose, and trusted to my good fortune to escape detection. The rest is known to your ladyship.'

'The rest—yes. You said that your name was Golightly, and you introduced yourself to me as the son of the Bishop of Melminster, which shows plainly what a wicked wretch you must be.'

'Your ladyship must excuse me if I set you right as regards the facts of the case. I said that my name was Golightly. So it is—Richard Golightly Dulcimer; but I never said, nor even

hinted, that I was the son of Bishop Golightly. It was your ladyship who arrived at that conclusion by some process of reasoning best known to yourself."

"Oh!" was all that her ladyship could find to say at the moment.

Archie and Clarice stole quietly out of the room.

Lady Renshaw turned to her niece. "Am I to presume, Miss Wynter, that you have been a party to this vile fraud?" she asked in her fiercest tones. "Am I to understand that you have known all along that this person was Mr Dulcimer, and that you have been cognisant of this wicked conspiracy?"

Bella hung her head.

"Your silence convicts you. It is even so, then. I have nourished a viper, and knew it not. But, understand me, from this time I discard you; I cast you off; I have done with you for ever!"

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes. "O aunt, forgive me!" she exclaimed as she sprang forward and tried to clasp her ladyship's hand.

The latter drew back a step or two and waved her away. "Touch me not!" she said. "Henceforth, you and I are strangers. You have chosen to sacrifice me for the sake of this impostor. Marry him—you can do no less now—and become a pauper's wife for the rest of your days. That is your fate."

Lady Renshaw turned without another word, drew her skirts closer around her, and stalked slowly out of the room.

The weeping girl would have hurried after her, had not Dick put his arm round her and held her fast.

"No," he said; "you shall not go just yet. She wants to make you believe that she is an ill-used victim, whereas it is you who have been the victim all along. Yes, the victim of her greed, her selfishness, and her willingness to sacrifice you for the sake of her own social advancement. What would she have cared whom you married, or whether you were happy or miserable, if only, by your means, she could have climbed one rung higher on the ladder of her ambition! Here is the proof: Now that she finds you are no longer of use to her for the furtherance of her schemes, she casts you off with as little compunction as she would an old glove. Dearest, she is not worth your tears!"

But Bella's tears were not so readily stanch'd, and for a time she refused to be comforted.

CHAPTER XIII.

Half an hour later, as Lady Renshaw was sitting alone in her room, musing in bitterness of spirit on the mutability of human affairs, a message was brought her. Sir William Ridsdale's compliments to Lady Renshaw, and would her ladyship favour him with her company for a few minutes in his apartments?

She rose with a sigh. Her anticipated triumph was shorn of half its glory. Archie Ridsdale might be a free man to-morrow, and it would matter nothing now, as far as she was concerned. Bella had made a fool of herself, and doubtless Archie had all along been a party to the deception. This thought coming suddenly, revived

her like a stimulant. What would her disappointment be in comparison with his humiliation when he should learn that which his father had to tell him! Then there was that haughty Madame De Vigne. For her, too, the hour of humiliation was at hand. As she thought of these things, while on her way to Sir William's room, Lady Renshaw's spirits rose again. She felt that life had still some compensations for her.

A staid-looking man-servant ushered her into the room. She gazed round; but there was no one to be seen save Colonel Woodruffe, who was a stranger to her, and Mr Etheridge. The latter rose and advanced with his thin, faint smile.

"I was given to understand that I should find Sir William Ridsdale here," said her ladyship in a somewhat aggrieved tone.

"I am Sir William Ridsdale, very much at your service," was the quiet reply of the smiling, white-haired gentleman before her.

Probably in the whole course of her life Lady Renshaw had never been so much taken aback as she was at that moment. She literally gasped for words, but none came.

"Will you not be seated?" said the baronet; and with that he led her to a chair, and then he drew up another for himself a little distance away.

"I will give your ladyship credit for at once appreciating the motives by which I was induced in acting as I have acted. I came here incognito in order that I might be able to see and judge for myself respecting certain matters which might possibly very materially affect both my son's future and my own. Archie was got out of the way for a day or two; and the only person who knew me not to be Mr Etheridge was my old friend here, Colonel Woodruffe, to whom, by-the-bye, I must introduce your ladyship."

"It was really too bad of you, Sir William, to hoax us all in the way you have done," simpered her ladyship when the process of introduction to the colonel was over. She did not forget that elderly baronets have occasionally fallen victims to the wiles of good-looking widows. "But for my part, I must confess that from the first I had my suspicions that you were not the person you gave yourself out to be. There was about you a sort of *je ne sais quoi*, an impalpable something, which caused me more than once to say to myself: 'Any one can see that that dear Mr Etheridge is a gentleman born and bred—one who has been in the habit of moving in superior circles. He must have known reverses. Evidently, at one period of his life, he has occupied a position very different from that of an amanuensis.'"

"Madam, you flatter me," replied the baronet with a grave inclination of the head. "As I have had occasion to remark before, your ladyship's acumen is something phenomenal."

The widow was rather doubtful as to the meaning of 'acumen'; but she accepted it as a compliment. "And now, dear Sir William, that you have come and seen and judged for yourself, you will have no difficulty in making up your mind how to act."

"My mind is already made up, Lady Renshaw."

'Ah—just so. Under the painful circumstances of the case, you could have no hesitation as to the conclusion at which you ought to arrive. What a fortunate thing that I happened to find that scrap of paper in the way I did!'

'Very fortunate indeed, because, as I remarked this morning, it might have fallen into the hands of some one much less discreet than your ladyship. As it happened, however, although I did not say so to you at the time, it told me nothing that I did not know already.'

'Nothing that you did not know already!' gasped her ladyship.

'Nothing. Madame De Vigne, of her own free will, had already commissioned her friend, Colonel Woodruffe, to tell me without reservation the whole history of her most unhappy married life.'

'What an idiot the woman must be!' was her ladyship's unspoken comment; but she only stared into the baronet's face in blank amazement. Recovering herself with an effort, she said with a cunning smile: 'People sometimes make a merit of confessing that which they can no longer conceal. You will know how to appraise such a statement at its proper worth. You say that your mind is already made up, Sir William. I think that from the first there could be no doubt as to what the result would be.'

'Very little doubt, indeed,' he answered drily. 'For instance, here is a proof of it.'

He rose as he spoke, and crossed to the opposite side of the room, where was a window set in an alcove, which just at present was partially shrouded by a heavy curtain. With a quick movement of the hand, Sir William drew back the curtain, and revealed, to Lady Renshaw's astonished gaze, Mr Archie Ridsdale sitting with a skein of silk on his uplifted hands in close proximity to Miss Loraine, who was in the act of winding the silk into a ball. The young people started to their feet in dismay as the curtain was drawn back. It was a pretty picture. 'There's no need to disturb yourselves,' said Sir William smilingly; 'I only wanted to give her ladyship a pleasant surprise.' With that he let fall the curtain and went back to his chair.

'A pleasant surprise, indeed! You don't mean to say, Sir William'—Her ladyship choked and stopped.

'I mean to say, Lady Renshaw, that in Miss Loraine you behold my son's future wife. He has chosen wisely and well; and that his married life will be a happy one, I do not doubt. In the assumed character of Mr Etheridge, I made the acquaintance of Miss Loraine, so that I am no stranger to her sweet temper and fine disposition. If anything, she is just a little too good for Master Archie.'

Lady Renshaw felt as if the ground were heaving under her feet. In fact, at that moment an earthquake would hardly have astonished her. Most truly had Sir William been termed an eccentric man; he was more than eccentric—he was mad! She had only one shaft more left in her quiver, but that was tipped with venom.

'Then poor Archie, when he marries, will be brother-in-law to a person whose husband was or is a convict,' she murmured presently, more as if communing sorrowfully with herself, than

addressing Sir William. Her eyes were fixed on the cornice pole of one of the windows; and when she shook her head, which she did with an air of profound melancholy, she seemed to be shaking it at that useful piece of furniture. Sir William and Colonel Woodruffe exchanged glances. Then the baronet said: 'Will you oblige me, Lady Renshaw?'

He led the way to the opposite end of the room, where anything they might say would be less likely to be overheard by the young people behind the curtain. 'Yes, as your ladyship very justly observes,' said the baronet, 'when my son marries Miss Loraine, he will be brother-in-law to an ex-convict—for the fellow is alive—to a man whom I verily believe to be one of the biggest scoundrels on the face of the earth. It will be a great misfortune, I grant you, but one which, under the circumstances, can in nowise be helped.'

'It will be one that the world will never tire of talking about.'

'Poor Madame De Vigne! I pity her from the bottom of my heart; and you yourself, as a woman, Lady Renshaw, can hardly fail to do the same.'

Lady Renshaw shrugged her shoulders, but was silent.

'What a misfortune for her, to be entrapped through a father's selfishness, when a girl just fresh from school, into marriage with such a villain!' resumed the baronet. 'But in what way could she possibly have helped herself? Alas! in such a case there is no help for a woman. When—years after he had robbed and deserted her, and had fallen into the clutches of the law—she received the news of his death, it was impossible that she should feel anything but thankfulness for her release. Time went on, and she had no reason to doubt the fact of her widowhood, when suddenly, only three days ago, her husband turned up—here! I have told you all this, Lady Renshaw, in order that you may know the truth of the case as it now stands, and not be led away by any distorted version of it. Ah, poor Madame De Vigne! How was she to help herself?'

'That is not a question I am called upon to answer—it is not one that the world will even condescend to ask. The fact still remains that she is a convict's wife, and as such the world will judge her.'

'Yes, yes; I know that what we term the world deals very hardly in such matters—that the innocent are too often confounded with the guilty. But in this case at least, the world need never be any wiser than it is now. The secret of Madame De Vigne's life is known to three people only—to you, whom a singular accident put in possession of part of it; to Colonel Woodruffe; and to myself. Not even her sister is acquainted with the story of her married life. Such being the case, we three have only to keep our own counsel; we have only to determine that not one word of what we know respecting this most unhappy history shall ever pass our lips, and loyally and faithfully carry out that determination, and the world need never know more of the past life of Madame De Vigne than it knows at the present moment. As for the fellow himself, I shall know how to keep his tongue quiet.'

I am sure that you agree with me, dear Lady Renshaw?

A vindictive gleam came into her ladyship's eyes. The time had come for her to show her claws. Such a moment compensated for much that had preceded it.

She laughed a little discordant laugh. 'Really, Sir William, who would have thought there was so much latent romance in your composition? Who would have dreamt of your setting up as the champion of Beauty in distress? To be sure, if you persevere in your present arrangements, this Madame De Vigne will become a connection of your own, and regarded from that point of view, I can quite understand your anxiety to hush up the particulars of her very ugly story. Family scandals are things always to be avoided, are they not, Sir William?'

'Always, Lady Renshaw—when practicable.'

'Just so. But as Madame De Vigne, thank heaven! will be no connection of mine either near or distant, you will pardon me if I hardly see the necessity for such extreme reticence on my part. The world will get to know that I have been mixed up to a certain extent in this affair—somehow, it always does get to know such things—and I shall be questioned on every side. What am I to say? What reply am I to make to such questions? Am I to tell an untruth, and say that I know nothing—that I am in absolute ignorance? Or am I to prevaricate, and insinuate, for instance, that Madame De Vigne is a lady of the highest respectability and of unblemished antecedents—a person, in short, whom any family might be proud to count as one of themselves? You will admit, Sir William, that the position in which I shall be placed will be a most embarrassing one?'

'Most embarrassing indeed, Lady Renshaw—almost as much so, in fact, as if some one were to say to you: "I was past your grandfather's shop in Drury Lane the other day. The place looks precisely as it did forty years ago. Nothing is changed except the name over the door." That might be rather embarrassing to you, might it not?'

All at once Lady Renshaw looked as if she were about to faint. The rouge on her cheeks showed up in ghastly mockery of the death-like pallor which had overspread the rest of her face. Her lips twitched convulsively. She sat staring at Sir William, unable to utter a word.

'In most families, Lady Renshaw, nay, in most individual lives, there are certain secrets, certain private matters, which concern ourselves alone, and about which we would infinitely prefer that the world, and perhaps even our most intimate friends, should remain in happy ignorance. It could be no gratification to your ladyship, for instance, if the circle of your acquaintance were made aware that your grandfather started in life as a rag and bone merchant in the fashionable locality just named—"Solomon Izzard" was the name painted over his door—and that your ladyship first saw the light under the roof of that unsavoury emporium. No; certainly that could be no gratification to you. Your father at that time was just beginning to lay the foundation of the fortune which he subsequently accumulated as a speculative builder. My father owned

certain house property in the neighbourhood, and he employed your father to look after the repairs. Hence it was that, on two occasions when little more than a youth, I was sent with business messages to the Lane, and it was on one of those occasions that I first had the distinguished pleasure of meeting your ladyship. You were a mere child at the time, and your father used to call you "Peggy," if I mistake not. He was holding you in his arms, and you struggled to get down; but he would not let you go. "She wants to be off with the other children," he said to me; "and then she gets playing in the gutter, and makes a nice mess of herself." Those were his exact words. Your ladyship will pardon me for saying that you struck me at the time as being a remarkably pretty child, although it is possible that your face might with advantage have been a little cleaner than it was.'

Never before in the whole course of her life had Lady Renshaw had the tables turned on her in such fashion. Scalding tears of rage and mortification sprang to her eyes, but she bit her lip hard and kept them back. At the moment, she felt as if she could willingly have stabbed Sir William to the heart.

She sat without uttering a word. What, indeed, could she find to say?

'Come, come, Lady Renshaw,' resumed Sir William smilingly; 'there is no occasion for you to be downhearted. The best thing that you and I can do will be to draw up and sign—metaphorically—a treaty of peace, to which Woodruffe here shall act as witness. The terms of the treaty shall be these: you on your part shall promise to keep locked up in your bosom as a sacred secret, not even to be hinted at to your dearest friend, that knowledge respecting the married life of Madame De Vigne which has come so strangely into your possession; while I on my part will promise faithfully to keep undivulged those particulars concerning your ladyship's early career of which I have just made mention—which, and others too that I could mention, although you could in nowise help them, I feel sure that you would not care to have published on the house-tops. Come, what say you, shall it be a compact between us?'

'As you please,' she answered sullenly as she rose from her chair, adding with a contemptuous shrug, 'I have no wish to injure Madame De Vigne.'

'Nor I the slightest desire to humiliate Lady Renshaw.'

Was it possible that this man, whose tongue knew how to stab so keenly, could really be the same individual as mild-mannered, soft-spoken Mr Etheridge, who had seemed as if he could hardly say Bo to a goose!

Her ladyship seemed to hesitate for a moment or two; then she said: 'I will see you again to-morrow—when you are alone,' with a little vindictive glance at the impassive Colonel Woodruffe.

'I shall be at your ladyship's command whenever and wherever may suit you best.'

He crossed to the door, opened it, and made her one of his most stately bows as she walked slowly out, with head erect and eyes that stared straight before her, but with rage and bitter mortification gnawing at her heartstrings.

'We have still that scoundrel of a Laroche to reckon with,' said Sir William quietly to the colonel as he shut the door upon her ladyship.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

BANGALORE—THE ENGLISH CANTONMENT.

ABOUT a mile distant from the old fort and city of Bangalore are the English cantonment and modern native town. Conceive a field or parade-ground a mile and a half in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, lined on each side by avenues of large beautiful trees, overshadowing the encircling footpath and carriage-drive. Along the southern boundary of this parade-ground are the houses and shops of the Europeans and Eurasians; whilst to the north are lines of barracks for both European and native troops, from the midst of which rises prominently the tower of St Andrew's Church, which is, or was, the finest and highest building in Bangalore. Many are the beautiful roads stretching away from this parade-ground into the country, where are the picturesque dwelling-houses of civilians and officers, whose encircling gardens all the year round are in perpetual bloom—for Bangalore, though in a tropical region, has an Italian climate. The fortunate Europeans who are stationed there are not scorched up by the terrible heat under which their unlucky countrymen must swelter at Madras and in the southern plains; and Christmas comes to them at Bangalore, not wreathed with snowflakes and pendent with icicles, as it does to us, but beautiful with roses and variegated garlands of flowers.

It was rather a novel thing for my friends Dr Norman Macleod and Dr Watson to be taken on a New-year's day, as I took them in 1868, to a magnificent show of flowers and fruits in the 'Lall-baugh' Gardens of Bangalore. In his usual happy style, the celebrated Norman thus relates his visit: 'The European quarter is as different from the Pettah as Belgravia is from the east end of London. Here the houses are in their own compounds with shrubs and flower-gardens quite fresh and blooming. Open park-like spaces meet the eye everywhere, with broad roads as smooth and beautiful as the most finished in England. Equipages whirl along, and ladies and gentlemen ride by on horseback. One catches a glimpse of a church tower or steeple; and these things, together with the genial air, make one feel once more at home; at all events, in a bit of territory which seems cut out of home and settled in India. There are delightful drives, one to the Lall-baugh laid out in the last century by Hyder Ali. Our home feeling was greatly intensified by attending a flower-show. There was the usual military band; and crowds of carriages conveyed fashionable parties to the entrance. Military officers and civil servants of every grade were there, up to Mr Bowring, Chief Commissioner of Mysore. The most remarkable and interesting spectacles to me were the splendid vegetables of every kind, including potatoes which would have delighted an Irishman; leeks and onions to be remembered, like those of

Egypt; cabbages, turnips, cauliflowers, peas, beans, such as England could hardly equal; splendid fruit, apples, peaches, oranges, figs, and pomegranates; the display culminating in a magnificent array of flowers, none of which pleased me more than the beautiful roses, so redolent of home. Such were the sights of a winter's day at Bangalore.'

Around the English cantonment, more especially on the north side of it, is the modern town of Bangalore, containing about sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly Tamilians, the descendants of those native camp-followers and adherents who accompanied the British forces from Madras and the plains of the Carnatic when they conquered and took possession of the land. There are likewise at Bangalore a goodly number of English and Irish pensioners, who have chosen rather to abide in India than come back to this country; and certainly, with scanty means, they are better off there in a warm and genial clime than they would be here, with our long and dreary cold and icy winters. And when those pensioners are sober and industrious, they have abundant opportunities in India to enable them to support themselves and their families in great comfort, and even to become what we Scotch people call 'bein folk.' I could give many pleasing instances from amongst them of 'success in life.' I knew three Scotch gentlemen who were highly respected bank agents, and who had gone to India as artillerymen in the Honourable East India Company's service. But although it be thus a pleasant fact that many of our pensioned soldiers have done well and prospered in India, yet it is melancholy to relate that a goodly portion of them are sadly wanting in sobriety and industry, and consequently their continued stay in that country is not for good, but for evil. So impressed was I with this that, when asked by a high military official for my opinion as to whether the government ought to give greater encouragement to the time-served soldiers to settle permanently in India, I at once and decidedly said No; because, when freed from military discipline, their lives too frequently were such that they lowered the prestige of the English name, and helped to injure the salutary respect which the natives have hitherto had for their white-faced rulers.

In a pretty little village near Madras, called Poonamalee, as well as in Bangalore, there dwell very many of those pensioners with their families. I was wont to pay periodical visits to this place on professional duty; and certainly I found it at first not only strange but grotesque to see young men and maidens and numerous children, with faces as black as a minister's coat, but yet bearing some good old Scottish name, and speaking the English with an accent as if they had been born and bred in the wilds of Lochaber. My beadle, as sable a youth as could be, was a McCormick, and proudly claimed to be an Inverness-shire man. I remember, towards the close of the Mutiny, of driving with my wife, on a moonlight evening through a beautiful 'tope' of palm-trees, when suddenly our ears caught the distant strain of the bagpipes. There was no mistaking it; faint though it was, we could distinguish it floating and wailing through the silent night as *McClymont's Lament*. Gradually the music became

louder, until we were able to discover whence it emanated. I got out of the carriage before an opening in the trees, and winding my way by a narrow path, I came at last to a small bungalow where a man was strutting up and down the veranda playing on a genuine pair of Scottish bagpipes. His garments were white, but his face was perfectly black. He was astonished at my appearance, and so was I at his; and my astonishment was not diminished when in answer to a question as to his name, he replied to me in a pleasant Argyllshire accent: 'My name is Coll McGregor, sir; and my father was a piper in the forty-second Highlanders, and I believe he came from a place they called Inveraray.' Poor McGregor! from that night I knew him well. Black though he was, he was a most worthy man; and one of the last sad duties I performed ere leaving India was to visit him when dying in the hospital, and to bury him when dead amongst the sleeping Scotchmen in St Andrew's churchyard.

In the *Illustrated London News* there is a picture entitled 'Recruits' which gives a very faithful representation of the composition of the British army. A smart recruiting sergeant is leading away captive a batch of young men—the thoughtless, reckless shopboy, the clownish rustic, the discontented artisan, and the downcast 'young gentleman' who has wasted his substance in riotous living. The picture rekindles in my memory several instances of the last-mentioned type. In the following stories, it will be seen, from obvious reasons, that where names are mentioned, these are fictitious.

There is a clump of trees in the immediate vicinity of Bangalore which is known as 'the Dead-man's Tote.' In it there is a solitary grave, that of a young Scotchman. For many years the natives alleged that his 'ghost' was to be seen walking mournfully amongst the trees, for they said he could not rest until his appointed years had been fulfilled. He had been a corporal in a Scotch regiment stationed in Bangalore, beloved by all his comrades, but unfortunately hated by the sergeant of his company. At last, goaded by the unjust treatment he received from this sergeant, he struck him down in a moment of passion. In those days, discipline was stern; the young corporal was tried, and condemned to be hanged in the presence of the whole garrison. The execution took place; but so great was the feeling against the sergeant, that he had to be sent away from the regiment down to Madras, protected by a military escort. The general officer who told me this story was a witness of this sad scene, and was the interpreter to the native soldiers of the reason of the execution. That young corporal belonged to Glasgow, and was connected with many respectable families in the city.

Here is a happier tale. John Home, after many years' service in the Honourable Company's artillery, retired on a pension, and settled at Bangalore. He became editor of a small local paper, and so for a few years was a prominent member of the community. He married, and had an only son. This boy was but an infant when the father died, his death being hastened by intemperate living. On Home's private writing-desk being opened, his relations found, to their

amazement, a sheet of paper with the handwriting of the deceased telling his real name—for Home was a fictitious one he had assumed on his enlistment—and whence he came, and where his relatives were to be found. These disclosures were made, so the paper said, for the only reason that perhaps on some future day they might benefit his boy; and were it not for this hope, the secret would have gone down with him to the grave. Strange to say, not many months elapsed when an advertisement appeared in an Edinburgh paper signed by a legal firm, asking for information about this very man, giving his real name. Of course the Edinburgh gentlemen were at once communicated with; and after all the evidences were submitted, and no doubt well scrutinised, the claim of the widow and her child was acknowledged. The boy was brought home and educated; and I trust still is, what he was a few years ago, the proprietor of a 'snug little estate.' Such is some of the romance of the 'rank and file' of our army.

COLONEL REDGRAVE'S LEGACY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE spinster sisters held a council of war on the day following the events we have described. They were not disappointed at the failure of the marriage proposals to Miss Fraser; for that young lady was by no means the kind of guardian they would select for their brother as a bulwark against the troubles and vexations of this mortal life. The way was now more clear than ever for the success of their original plan. Septimus had learned their ideas and wishes, and had gradually become more amenable to reason. The beauty and talent of the handsome widow had been fully descanted upon. Nor were her monetary qualifications lost sight of by the practical Penelope. The question of suitability as to age had been delicately but firmly touched upon by both the sisters.

'Mrs Fraser is only ten years your junior, Septimus, and that is the difference which should always exist between husband and wife. Indeed, I see no objection to even a greater disproportion, but that is the minimum necessary to conjugal happiness. I am certain that Mrs Fraser has a *tendresse* for you, and that any proposal from you would meet with every encouragement.'

Septimus left the room considerably mollified, and immediately after he had done so, Penelope turned to her sister, and said: 'I trust, Lavinia, you approve of all I have been saying to dear Septimus?'

'Entirely, my dear sister; but——' Lavinia paused.

'You have always a "but," Lavinia. Pray, speak out.'

'Well, I have a suspicion that Mrs Fraser has a lurking sentiment for Mr Lockwood.'

'Good gracious, Lavinia! you certainly conceive the most extraordinary notions.'

'I do not say for a single moment that the sentiment is reciprocated,' replied Lavinia.

'Why, Frank Lockwood is young enough to be her son!' indignantly exclaimed Penelope.

'Hardly, Penelope, unless Mrs Fraser was marriageable at the age of six,' Lavinia continued.

'Then I cannot help thinking that Frank is in love with Blanche.'

Penelope made a gesture of assent. 'That is highly probable, and would account for her rejection of Septimus.'

Finally, the sisters mutually agreed that it would be politic to prepare Mrs Fraser for the possible proposal of their brother.

We trust the reader will not contemptuously label the spinster sisters as 'matchmakers'; for surely matchmaking is a fitting task for the angels, if it be true, as we are often told, that marriages are made in heaven.

At this moment the widow chanced to enter the drawing-room where the sisters were sitting. Her features still showed traces of the disappointment she had recently experienced.

'We have not seen you all the morning, Mrs Fraser.'

'I awoke with a slight headache, and sought the solitude of the China, my sole companion a book,' replied the widow.

'I trust you are better?' said Lavinia.

'Yes, thanks. I never enjoy Tennyson so much as when surrounded by murmuring foliage, and my ears filled with the sound of falling waters.'

'How charming to have preserved your sentiment till now,' said Penelope in marked tones.

This remark may seem ill calculated to put the widow in a good-tempered frame of mind. But Miss Redgrave had uttered it advisedly. The more fully Mrs Fraser was impressed with her own increasing years and fading charms, the more likely she was to listen to the suit of the elderly-looking Septimus.

For a moment the widow coloured, as if in anger. 'That is not exactly a complimentary remark, my dear Miss Redgrave.—Now, don't apologise, for I am not in the least offended. How can I be, when I have a daughter, not only marriageable, but actually engaged to be married!'

The sisters simultaneously left off their needle-work, and gazing in astonishment at the speaker, sat as mute as the twin sisters carved in stone in the sandy Egyptian desert.

'Yes; Mr Lockwood has asked my consent to his marriage with Blanche, and I have graciously accorded the same. Heigh-ho! it will be a great trial for me, when the hour of parting comes.'

'I congratulate you most sincerely, my dear Mrs Fraser,' exclaimed Penelope. 'We have known Frank from a child. He is everything that a man should be, clever, accomplished, with good prospects, and of high moral principles.'

The widow sighed. 'I shall be very lonely. I have not an affectionate sister as you have; and when a woman has once known the happiness of married life, and the comfort and protection of an affectionate husband, life is indeed a blank when she is left utterly alone.'

Like a second Wellington, Penelope saw her chances of a successful attack. In love and war, the occasion is everything. She gently laid her spare fingers on the plump hand of the widow, and softly whispered: 'Why should you be utterly alone, dear friend?'

Mrs Fraser directed an inquiring glance in response at the speaker.

'We know of one who would be only too

happy to be your companion for life,' pursued Penelope. 'Of a suitable age, amiable, and rich.'

The countenance of the widow was suffused with a soft blush as she said: 'Where shall I find this earthly treasure?'

'In this house, Mrs Fraser. Our beloved brother, Septimus.'

Mrs Fraser had much ado to avoid making a wry face, as she mentally contrasted the white-haired 'brother' with his vacuous expression of countenance, and the black-haired Frank Lockwood, with his bright intelligent glance and fascinating smile. But it was now quite as probable that she would marry the Emperor of China as the solicitor of the Redgrave family; so she softly murmured: 'I had no suspicion of anything of the kind.'

Rapidly the widow reviewed all the attendant circumstances of the case. Von Moltke himself would have envied her comprehensive glance at the pros and cons of an important conjuncture of events. Septimus was of good family, of suitable age, possessed of ample means, and last, but not least in the eyes of the widow, was not too clever; and therefore, in all probability easily manageable, that indispensable desideratum in a husband. We are not sure that Mrs Fraser was correct in her deduction on this point, for foolish people are frequently obstinate, under the false idea that they are thereby displaying firmness.

'If I were to accept Mr Redgrave on the instant, in consequence of your recommendation, my dear Penelope, neither he nor his sisters would respect me. I have always found great pleasure in the society of your brother, and have a great respect for his character. More, I am sure, my dear Penelope, you would neither expect, nor wish me to say.'

Both the sisters cordially kissed the blushing widow, and expressed themselves as quite satisfied with the avowal, Penelope adding: 'I have more than a presentiment that in a few weeks we shall be enabled to give you the kiss of a sister.'

No more was said on the present occasion.

The widow retired to her chamber, and as she contemplated her features in the glass, soliloquised: 'No—at forty, one must not be too particular; and there are twenty thousand excellent reasons why I should change my name from Fraser to that of Redgrave.'

It is needless to say that the sisters did not allow the grass to grow under their feet with respect to the proposed alliance between the families of Redgrave and Fraser. Much stress was laid by them in their conversations with the widow as to the shyness of their brother, and the necessity of some encouragement being extended to him. At length Septimus screwed his courage to the sticking-place and resolved to learn his fate. By a singular coincidence, he found the widow seated on the identical bench occupied on a similar occasion by her youthful daughter. An involuntary sigh escaped him as he mentally instituted a comparison between the sylph-like figure of Blanche and the more portly form of her mother. As he sat down by her side in response to her invitation, he felt his courage oozing away. On the former occasion,

he had been bold as a lion; but in the presence of the keen-witted woman of the world, he fully realised his mental inferiority. Some common-places ensued, and then Mrs Fraser, laying down the newspaper which she held in her hand, suddenly observed: 'What is your opinion of thought-reading, Mr Redgrave? Do you believe in it?'

'I scarcely know whether I do or not,' responded Septimus. 'Do you?'

'Implicitly,' replied the widow. 'Shall I give you a specimen of my powers?'

'I should be delighted. Can you read my thoughts?' said Septimus.

'I can. But you must promise two things: That you won't be offended at my guess; and that you candidly admit whether I am correct in my guess.'

'I promise.'

'Give me your hand.'

Septimus placed his trembling fingers in the strong grasp of the widow. 'You are at this moment contemplating matrimony.'

'That is correct,' said Septimus.

'The lady is a widow.'

'Wonderful!' cried Septimus. 'Can you tell me her name?'

'My powers do not extend so far,' returned Mrs Fraser.

'Your successful guess, my dear Mrs Fraser, has helped me out of a great difficulty.'

'How so?'

'You have half-performed my task for me. Do you think a lady, handsome, rich, and well-bred, and still comparatively young, would consent to unite her fortunes with mine? I am some ten or a dozen years her senior. I have been a bachelor all my life, and may have thus acquired peculiar ways. But I would settle the whole of my cousin's legacy upon her, if she would take pity on my solitary state. Dear Fanny, can you not guess, without thought-reading, the name of my enslaver?'

The widow looked down and managed to blush becomingly, and impart a slight tremor to the hand which still held that of Septimus.

'I will not affect to misunderstand you, Mr Redgrave; you are making my unworthy self an offer of marriage.'

'And you accept it?'

'I do.'

Septimus sealed the contract by a chaste kiss on the cheek of the widow, and felt a sensation of inexpressible relief that the Rubicon, for good or evil, was passed.

'I may now tell you, dear Septimus, that Blanche is also engaged.'

'I know it.'

'Impossible! I only knew it myself forty-eight hours ago!'

'Do not ask me at present, dear Fanny. I learned the fact by an accident.'

The widow presently retired to her chamber, under the plea of nervous agitation, but in reality to inform her daughter of her engagement. But it was reserved for Septimus to perform that pleasant duty. Scarcely had Mrs Fraser retired, when Blanche appeared on the terrace. 'Have you seen mamma, Mr Redgrave?'

'Mrs Fraser has this moment left me.—Blanche, I have a favour to ask of you.'

'Of me!'

'That you will not breathe a syllable to your mamma that I proposed to you three days ago; at least, not for the present.'

'Certainly, Mr Redgrave.'

'You will at once see the necessity for my request, when I tell you that I have this day proposed to another lady and been accepted.'

Blanche indulged in a merry peal of laughter, which she found it impossible to repress. 'Pray, forgive me, Mr Redgrave. I congratulate you that you have so speedily recovered from your late rejection.'

'Yes, Blanche, as I could not be your husband, I have resolved on being your father.'

Blanche remained petrified with astonishment for a few seconds, then exclaiming: 'I must go at once to dear mamma and congratulate her,' prepared to enter the house.

But Septimus seized her hand and said: 'Now, tell me the name of *your* future partner. Though I shrewdly suspect, yet I think in my new position as your father I am entitled to know for certain?'

'Mr Frank Lockwood,' replied the blushing girl, as she broke away and ran into the house.

There was not a happier circle round a dinner-table in the island than that assembled in Oswald Villa that evening. The engaged couples were mutually satisfied with their matrimonial prospects, while the spinster sisters saw the wish of their hearts gratified in the engagement of their beloved brother with so suitable a person as Mrs Fraser. But at that moment a cloud was forming on the horizon which was destined to effect a great change in the fortunes of the betrothed couples.

A SAMPLE OF MARSALA.

There was, long ago, when certain of us thought that Spain was the place where the then despised Marsala wine was made. Struggling to obtain the favour and recognition of the public, and held as a kind of humble cousin of sherry, cheaper to buy and meaner in all its conditions, Marsala had no honour in England some thirty years or so ago. Those who gave it gave it for need; and for the most part tried to pawn it off as its more aristocratic relation, thinking that no one would suspect the truth when that silver label, shaped like a vine-leaf with 'Sherry' cut out in Roman capitals in the centre, was hung round the neck of the heavy cut-glass bottle. And as sherry was certainly a Spanish wine, the false reasoning born of association of ideas made one think that Marsala also was a Spanish wine.

The way to Marsala from Palermo is exceedingly interesting. The country is beautiful with all the grand Sicilian beauty—broken foregrounds, noble mountain forms, the dark-blue sea, of which the splendour is enhanced by the gray green of the olives and the contrast of the golden hue given by the lemon-trees hanging thick with fruit. All the waysides along the railroad are rich in flowers, making the land look as if enamelled. Rugged capes and fertile plains, small smooth exquisite bays and inland mountains, orange-gardens and vineyards, fields of

pale lilac flax, woods of beech and ilex, and rivers running down in song to the sea—there is not a feature of Southern scenery wanting on this lovely way. And the sea, where the white sails of passing ships gleam in the sunlight like the wings of birds, is as beautiful as the land, where here a ruined temple crowns a height, and there a modern mansion stands sheltered on the slopes. Among the beautiful things of the sea is the uninhabited rocky island called 'The Island of Women' (*L'isola delle femmine*). The legend is that in old times, when pirates abounded, the 'Barbari' used to seize such hapless Sicilian women as they found wandering by the shore, and lodge them on this island till they had finished their fighting on shore; when they would return and carry off their prey.

In time the beauty of the lovely road fades away, and the country becomes utterly uninteresting. Still, even when there is no more flowery charm and no more golden colour, there is always association, and the way up to Segesta and Solinunto, with the ruined temple visible on the crest of the mountain, brings before the mind the long train of glorious images by which the ancient history of Sicily is thronged. For we are skirting the base of Mount Eryx, now Monte Giuliano, whence Acestes the king came down to meet Æneas when he landed on his return from Carthage; and where Æneas—so they say—founded the town of Acesta, which afterwards became Egesta, and is now Segesta. And all the well-known story repeats itself. 'Selinus rich in palms,' and 'the shallow waters of Lilybæum' which were 'left behind,' the race, and the beauty of the contending youths; poor Dido's sad story; the death and burial of Anchises, the father whom Æneas saved from burning Troy by carrying on his shoulders—it is all living and palpitating as in those youthful days when imagination touched the pages with light, and made the dead words breathe with love and sorrow and passion. It is worth coming here, if only to realise Virgil and his matchless poem! But we draw up at a station, and the present puts the past to flight—the real blots out the ideal born of imagination and poetry.

Armed *carabinieri* are at every station. This is not usual either in Sicily or elsewhere in Italy, where soldiers keep order at the stations, but are not so numerous nor so heavily armed as these. The district about Trapani, however, in which we are, has not a good name; and the government knows what it is about when it takes extra measures of precaution for the safety of travellers. That it does take these extra measures insures the safety of the wayfarers. At Marsala itself, the whole train is taken possession of before it has well come to a stand, and long before the passengers have got out. The crowd swarms into all three classes indiscriminately; and there is much rough pushing and hustling, but no actual brutality. Still, it is sufficiently like the return of 'Arry from a Crystal Palace fête to be unpleasant; though for all that, the Italian 'Arry is a good-natured soul, with no malice in him. What he wants in malice, however, he makes up in garlic. There has been an Easter-week procession here—it is 'Holy Thursday'—and all the neighbourhood has sent its young men, each township and village its quota,

till they have come in their hundreds, and have to be taken back again the best way they can.

Near Marsala is one of the three promontories which give Sicily its name of Trinacria—Cape Lilybeo, the very Lilybeum whose 'shallows blind,' 'dangerous through their hidden rocks,' caused Æneas to land on the 'unlucky shore' of Drepanum. Here in calm weather you can see the remains of houses beneath the sea, as at Pozzuoli, near Naples. But the point of the whole visit is the wine-stores of Ingham—the largest and most important of all the Marsala wine-factories. These stores seem to be interminable; and the perspective of arches, from each side of which branch out these huge above-ground cellars, is a sight at once strange and picturesque. The *balio* or inclosure wherein the whole concern stands—storehouses, workshops, dwelling-house, garden, fields, &c.—is really like a fair-sized estate. To 'walk in the grounds' is quite enough exercise for any moderate-minded pedestrian. The oldest two stores date from 1812, and are the parents of all that have come after. They are picturesque little places now, covered with glossy dark-green ivy and flame-coloured bougainvillea; but, like the fathers and mothers of prosperous families, they are set aside as comparatively useless in the presence of their stalwart children.

In going through the stores, one is struck not only with the number, but also with the enormous size of the wine-vats. Some are of huge proportions, not quite equalling the famous Tun of Heidelberg perhaps, but coming pretty close to it, and holding wine to the worth of an astounding figure. The value of one store alone comes up to a moderate fortune; and there are thirty in all. Once a boy went to sleep in one of those weird receptacles, and was not found till the next morning. The fumes had overpowered him, but he came out none the worse. Some of the wine given us to taste is fifty years old, and is delicious in proportion to its age and preciousness; and some of the finer sorts of younger date are unsurpassed in any wine-store extant. Then there is the huge vat of *vino cotto* or *vino madre*; and there is the distilling apparatus, which is very beautiful and dainty. The Custom House is jealous and exact. It seals up all with a letter-lock, waxen seals and silken threads; so that no tampering is possible with the retorts or the receivers. The cool obscurity of the cellars, where these immense vats are ranged like so many transformed giants, gives one a sense of restfulness and shelter; while out of doors, the sun, lying keen and bright on wall and pavement, casting shadows as sharply defined as if purple paper had been cut with a pair of scissors and thrown on the ground, has the sentiment of passionate vitality peculiar to Sicily. Men in coloured shirts, with blue or red sashes round their waists, add to the general picturesqueness of the scene; and the white wings of the pigeons shining like silver against the blue sky, complete a chord of colour to be seen only in the South—that fervid South where to live is sufficient enjoyment, and where artificial wants as we have them are neither known nor appreciated, being of the nature of encumbrances and superfluities. For what else is wanted than the sun and the sky, the fruits and the flowers, the charm and

the glory of nature? Nevertheless, the material luxury of the North and West is invading the hitherto frugal and, in one way, ascetic South; and France and England both, are being imitated even so far as Marsala, where once the house was held as merely a place of refuge where tired Christians might sleep at noon and at night, but in nowise as a place of enjoyment worth the spending of thought or money to make beautiful.

From the vats full of their golden treasure to the casks in process of making, the transition is natural. Here, again, light and colour give a certain charm, making a novelty of that which is so well known at home. For cask-making in Marsala is very much the same as cask-making in England; and only the men, with very minor details in the method of manipulation, are different. It is the same drying of the wood, the same setting of the staves, the same hammering on of the hoops in regular succession of blows, and we fancy the same kind of white oak, of which the staves are made, shipped from America for England as well as for Marsala. Hans Christian Andersen might have written a sprightly sketch of the oak as it stood in its virgin forest, with grizzlies and panthers, pretty wood-chunks and sweet wild birds all about, till it was cut down by the forester; packed into a raft and started down the Big River by the lumberman; brought over to Europe by the huge steamship; made into casks, and filled with the golden juice of grapes beneath the glorious sky of Sicily—the wine to be drunk at the marriage of the bride, the birth of the heir, the death of the master. The place where they clean the barrels, some in the old-fashioned way of hand-rocking, with chains inside; the sheds where they cut the hoops and make the bolts—the drill and the circular saw going through iron and wood like so much butter or cheese; those where they steam the barrels and those where they mark them—these, too, come into the day's work of visiting and inspection; as well as the cooking-place and the dining-shed for the three hundred men employed.

These men are noticeably clean and smart in appearance; they are, too, as industrious as they look; for no loafers are allowed, and he who does not know how to work with a will soon receives his dismissal. The touch of English energy and English precision is plainly visible throughout—with one result, that, unlike Southern workmen, as generally found, these do not care to keep all the holidays which are so frequent in Roman Catholic countries. They work about ten and a half hours in the day; and each man is searched and numbered on coming in and going out.

The word Marsala recalls the time when the Saracens ruled the land, just as Mongibello for Etna, Gibbel Rossa at Palermo, and all Sicilian agricultural and irrigatory terms recall them. It is really *Marsh-Allah*, 'the port of God.' Round about our *balio* are many interesting things, principally the caves where, not so long ago, a murderer hid in perfect safety, and where in lawless times brigands and outcasts took refuge and found security. They are interminable, and it is impossible to visit them all; but our guide takes us through some of the most practicable, where we

have occasion for a little gymnastic exercise here and there among the broken rocks and steep sharp pitches. An army of brigands might hide away here undetected and unseen. Fortunately, at this time there are none to hide. No organised band of brigands exists anywhere in Sicily, and the stranger is absolutely safe.

Besides these caves, there is a strange folly in the shape of a ballroom and banqueting-room cut out of the living rock. There are tables and the place for the musicians, benches and divisions, all made in the rock underground. These odd rooms have been used, and it is to be supposed enjoyed. When we see them, the only guests are black beetles, a couple of dirty little lads as unkempt as wild Highland cattle, and a half-maniacal shock-headed Dugald kind of creature, with an atmosphere of garlic, which makes us rejoice when we turn out once more into the fresh air blowing over the breezy flower-clad upland, with the blue sea in front and the bright sun overhead.

CONCERNING FLORIDA.

A CONTRIBUTOR, who is conversant with his subject, sends us the following important items, which we commend to young men who contemplate emigration.

'Heads of families,' says our correspondent, 'with "little to earn and many to keep," with several sons growing up and having a desire to go abroad and see the world, will be glad to know that there are ways for providing for the olive branches other than sending them to Australia or Manitoba to earn merely nominal wages as farm-labourers. Until recently, the United States depended almost wholly upon the enterprise of foreigners for their supply of oranges; but, as if by an inspiration, the discovery has been made that they can, amongst the numerous other industries for which they are remarkable, grow their own oranges, and that, too, of better quality, both in size and flavour, than those which are imported. The great and unequalled facilities for cheap and rapid transportation have opened up nearly the whole of the peninsula of Florida to settlement; and what was only recently very correctly described as a vast expanse of swamps, lakes, and sluggish rivers, is now a vast system of drainage-canals and railways.

In Florida, four hundred pounds will buy forty acres of land, ten of which may be cleared, fenced, and planted with orange-trees. A house may be inexpensively erected at an average cost of ten pounds per room. The orange-tree will bear five years from the bud, or ten years from seed; but a man left in charge—say the son of the owner—would have no difficulty in supporting himself by the sale of small fruit, which, coming to perfection in the middle of winter, commands the best prices in the New York and other Northern markets. In ten years, oranges are handsomely remunerative, and the crop steadily increases in value with every succeeding year. For those who cannot wait so long, the lemon and lime may prove more attractive, as they bear much sooner. They are almost as profitable, though not quite so hardy.

The list of things which can be grown profitably in Florida is so long and various as

to include such dissimilar articles as potatoes, cocoa-nuts, plantains, guavas, mangoes, tomatoes, pine-apples, pumpkins, water-melons—which frequently weigh a hundredweight—grape-fruit, citron, cotton, sugar, strawberries, coffee, tea, tobacco, mulberries, pears, quinces, apples, Scuppernon grapes, &c. The woods and forests which have been slumbering all these years are now alive with settlers, who are actively employed felling timber, clearing land, erecting fences, planting groves, building houses, and in numerous ways expending their energy on the improvement of the land. The old cry, "Go west," has been changed to, "Go south;" and now thousands of families from the Northern States are there, having orange and lemon groves, with pretty cottages simply but comfortably furnished, situated on the banks of rivers and lakes.

For the man who is fond of outdoor exercise and has a taste for gardening, the life in Florida has a charm all its own, for fruit-growing is nothing but gardening on an extensive scale. The soil in Florida has the most unpromising appearance, looking like nothing so much as silver sand. Yet what a charm it possesses! Seeds put in this apparently hopeless material spring up almost immediately; and cabbages, lettuces, radishes, and turnips may be eaten three weeks from sowing in the middle of January. Fish of large size, from ten pounds upwards, abound in the rivers and lakes, and being easily caught, make a very welcome addition to the larder. Deer, wild turkeys, quail, and numerous other kinds of game have not yet learned to shun the haunts of men.

Extensive drainage-works have made available for settlement vast tracts of land which have probably been submerged for centuries, but which now, thanks to the remarkable system of drainage-canal, is as dry and firm and as healthy to live upon as the best land in the State. A pretty site judiciously chosen on the banks of a lake will eventually enormously enhance the value of the property when the surrounding country is settled up. The plan suggested for persons of small means is to take up forty acres. Having ten acres cleared and planted at once, the whole might be fenced in, and a comfortable house built in the middle of the allotment. The remaining thirty acres can be brought into cultivation by degrees, and in the meantime will serve to graze cattle and sheep, which, being turned into the grove at night, fertilise it in the most effectual and inexpensive manner.

Another correspondent has favoured us with the following notes:

'Upon landing at New York City in the beginning of April of the present year, the weather was particularly disagreeable—cold, rainy, and sleety, and I was only too glad to leave the inclement North for the bright sunny South.

On the morning after landing at New York, I took my ticket for Jacksonville, Florida, and on the journey, stopped a few hours at Washington, and also spent a night at Savannah, Georgia; reaching Florida, the land of flowers, romance, and orange groves, in three days from the time of leaving New York.

Florida was first discovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1497, and after various vicissitudes in its

history, became one of the United States in 1845. It is gratifying to know that the undoubted advantages and attractions of this country are becoming better known, and more and more appreciated, by all classes both in the United States and England. A great amount of English capital and English energy is now being attracted to Florida, which is a country offering inducements to the capitalist, sport to the sportsman, novel and romantic scenery to the tourist, health to the invalid, and very considerable advantages to the intelligent emigrant. The area of Florida comprises sixty thousand square miles; and the soil is adapted to an infinite variety of products, such, for instance, as corn, oats, rice, beans, peas, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, strawberries, tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, figs, &c.; and in South Florida, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, and other fruits and vegetables too numerous to mention. The climate is charming. In winter, the thermometer seldom goes below thirty degrees, or in summer above ninety; and although the State is the most southern of the United States, hot nights or oppressive days are comparatively rare. This is accounted for by its peculiar position, shape, and surroundings. The constant breezes, either from the Atlantic Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico, purify the atmosphere, and render the Floridian climate enjoyable the whole year; and I may add, that after a four years' residence in the State, I know of no disease that is indigenous or prevalent.

Jacksonville is situated on the grand St John's River, and is the largest and most important city in Florida. It has a population of over twenty thousand, and will ere long take rank with Savannah or Charleston in commercial importance. This is the point at which all Northern visitors enter the State, and from which they radiate in search of health, work, or sport. Here there are fine buildings, shops, churches, schools, and about one hundred and fifty boarding-houses and hotels, the latter being filled during the winter months with invalids, principally consumptives.

The most absorbing question of interest to the greatest number now, however, is the great money-making business of orange-growing, which is peculiarly adapted to the Florida soil and climate. Since I first visited the State (in 1873), this industry has gone far beyond the commercially experimental stage, and I have been an eye-witness to its undoubted success. It is particularly interesting and instructive to travel over districts now, and observe bearing orange groves, the owners of which are securing handsome incomes, where ten years ago not a tree was planted. In Orange County, many emigrants who first went to Florida for their health, have improved sufficiently to earn their living and raise an orange grove in addition. Many of them took up one hundred and sixty acres of land under the Homestead Law, and selling off portions of it to later comers, have realised enough money to cultivate the balance retained. Others, who knew a trade, worked part of their time for their neighbours, and spent their unemployed hours in planting an orange-tree here or there for themselves, until they finally had a five or ten acre grove, of sixty trees to the acre, which when bearing would give them an annual income

of from three hundred to one thousand pounds. Owing to recent railway and shipping facilities, a man nowadays may—if his land is well selected—grow early vegetables, &c., without interfering with his orange-trees, and ship them north to Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York, and realise profit sufficient to enable him to pay his expenses whilst his grove is coming into bearing; for it must be borne in mind that the Floridians can grow any vegetable in winter which the Northerners grow in summer; and the Northern people are quite willing to pay a high price for such luxuries as peas, tomatoes, or strawberries at Christmas.

These are some of the attractions Florida holds out to the man who has industry, perseverance, and ordinary intelligence.

ARSENIC IN DOMESTIC FABRICS.

CHRONIC poisoning by arsenic in domestic fabrics is without doubt an important subject, affecting the public to such an extent as to render attention to the question essential. Serious illness frequently arises from this cause, in some cases even attended by fatal results. A very general effect is a lowered condition of the system, such as to render the individual more susceptible to the attacks of other diseases. Action has been taken by the Medical Society of London, the Society of Arts, and the National Health Society, on the question of the prohibition of arsenic in articles manufactured for domestic use, such as wall-papers, dyed furniture materials, paint, distemper, &c. The fact is remarkable, that although this question has been thus brought prominently before the public, those supposed to be interested in the sale and use of arsenic have hitherto maintained a judicious silence, manufacturers abandoning the use of arsenical colours to a very large extent, instead of defending it. This silence has, however, now been broken by Mr Galloway, M.R.I.A., who deals with the question from a chemical point of view, describing his own special mode of manufacturing emerald green in an article in the *Journal of Science*. Mr Galloway asks: 'Has it ever been conclusively proved that persons who inhabit rooms stained with emerald green suffer from arsenical poisoning?' Notwithstanding the fact that Mr Galloway leaves the question unanswered, as though it were unanswerable, the reply shall now be given—though in certain quarters it is still doubted—that it has been proved, and that by the careful observation of medical men of eminence in all parts of the country.

Proof of the injurious effect of arsenic in domestic fabrics is found in the development of certain symptoms in the patient exposed to an arsenical fabric, followed by recovery on removal of the fabric in question. The occurrence of these circumstances in a sufficient number of cases leads to the conviction that the arsenical fabric was the cause of the malady. We act on similar proof with regard to sewer-gas; no one has ever absolutely seen the injurious action, but the fact of various diseases of a particular character frequently following a discharge of sewer-gas into a residence, has convinced

medical men that the gas, or some germ contained in the gas, is the cause of illness, and that it is therefore desirable to exclude it from our homes.

As above stated, the same conclusion is arrived at, from the same line of argument, with regard to arsenic; and this proof alone would be sufficient. But with regard to arsenic, there are opportunities of observing what may be classed as experimental proofs, such as could not possibly occur in illness arising from sewer-gas. This further proof consists in the frequent alternate recurrence of illness and recovery—illness on exposure to, and recovery on removal from, arsenical surroundings, followed by final recovery on substitution of a non-arsenical fabric in place of that containing the poison.

Change of air is in all probability often credited with the benefits arising from removal from some unsanitary condition of residence, office, or workshop.

The effect on men employed in hanging or removing arsenical wall-papers is another proof of their injurious quality: men have frequently to leave their work unfinished, being too ill to continue under the poisonous influence.

Arsenic in domestic fabrics is so easily dispensed with, that there is no valid reason for the continued use of these poisonous colours. Several paper-stainers have for years conscientiously excluded all arsenical colours from their works, yet have still maintained their position in the open market, thus deciding the question both as to cost and quality of non-arsenical wall-papers. It is an interesting question to medical men and chemists, how it is that these minute quantities of arsenic, or of some combination of arsenic with other ingredients, when breathed, should be so injurious, when larger quantities can be taken into the stomach as a medicine with advantage. This question, however, is of no consequence to the patient. His course is simple enough: having found out the cause of illness, get rid of it, and be thankful it can be got rid of at so small a cost.

Arsenic also is found in the dust of rooms papered with arsenical papers, thus proving the presence of arsenic in the atmosphere.

Mr Galloway alludes to a curious and interesting fact, namely, that men can be employed on arsenical works, some without being affected at all, others suffering much less than might be expected. The same singular fact of the immunity of those constantly exposed to evil influences is illustrated in the case of men employed in cleansing sewers; they work continually in the very atmosphere of the sewers, but do not suffer from those diseases which arise from the escape of sewer-gas into houses. No one, however, in consequence of this fact, doubts the importance of good sanitary arrangements, notwithstanding that these involve a considerable outlay. The exclusion of arsenic, on the contrary, costs nothing, and, moreover, there is nothing to be gained by the admission of these poisonous colours into our houses. The simple antidote for arsenic in domestic fabrics is therefore—exclusion.

Those desiring to see further details, illustrative cases, and modes of testing for arsenic, will find them in the pamphlet *Our Domestic Poisons* (Ridgway), or in the lecture under the

same title, delivered at the International Health Exhibition, and published by the Executive Council. For more numerous cases of illness, especially in the families of medical men, see the Report of the Committee of the Medical Society of London.

WASHING BY STEAM.

It may interest many housewives to know that dirty clothes can be thoroughly and effectively washed by means of steam, with a much less expenditure of time and trouble than by the old way of boiling and rubbing. Anything that lessens the labour and discomfort of washing-day will be welcomed as a boon by every housewife. Numerous washing-machines have been before the public for many years, and have been used with more or less success, and we venture to describe one constructed on this principle which has given satisfaction to ourselves. The chief merits of the Steam-washers made by Fletcher of Warrington, and Fingland, Leeds, &c. are—rubbing and boiling of clothes are done away with, and with their method, no servant or housewife need spend more than three hours over a fair fortnight's washing. Fingland's Washer (Morton's patent) consists of a fluted copper cylinder, made to revolve in a strong polished copper case or box. Into the cistern-shaped box, water is put to a depth of three inches, then caused to boil by means of a gas-fire below. The construction of the Washer is based upon the fact of the expansion of the water into steam. The water is continually throwing off a large quantity of steam, which forces its way through all parts of the clothes in the cylinder, and in so doing slackens and carries away the dirt. The articles, duly soaked in water overnight, are put into the cylinder; a few finely cut pieces of soap are laid between each layer; then the lids of cylinder and box are closed, and the handle is turned once or twice. It now stands until the water is boiling, when the handle may be slowly turned for ten or fifteen minutes, reversing the motion occasionally. The steam having permeated the clothes in the cylinder, they may be taken out and rinsed first in cold, and afterwards in blueed cold water. The water in the cistern needs to be changed every fourth or fifth boiling. Prints, flannels, and woollens require slightly different treatment. The clothes come out pure and clean after rinsing, and an ordinary washing can be accomplished in one-third of the usual time, and at less expense. Attachment with an india-rubber tube to an ordinary gas-pipe will usually give sufficient gas; but sometimes it is better to have a thicker pipe than usual with a special connection.

PARTING WORDS.

Although my early dream is o'er,
I ask no parting token;
Nor would I clasp thy hand before
My last farewell is spoken.
How coldly fair, thy thrice-false face
Dawns on my sad awaking;
No anguish there mine eyes can trace,
Though this fond heart is breaking.

Be as thou wert before we met;
Heave not one sigh, but leave me;
Those studied looks, that feigned regret,
Can nevermore deceive me.
The faltering tones that mock me so,
Betray the fears that move thee;
Cease to degrade thy manhood.—Go!
I scorn thee while I love thee.

Shall I forget the rapturous hours
Of my too radiant morning—
The hand that culled the dewy flowers
My girlish brow adorning?
Ah, no! for she who scorns thee now,
Will miss its dear caresses;
And sorrow to remember how
It decks another's tresses.

Alas! this tortured soul of mine,
Though by thy treason riven,
Can never cast thee from its shrine
Unwept, or unforgiven.
Nay, I, when youth and hope depart,
The mournful willow wearing,
Must still deplore that shallow heart
That was not worth the sharing.

And have I sold my peace for this?
Or am I only dreaming?
To wake beneath thy thrilling kiss
From this most cruel seeming.
Oh, bid my fainting heart rejoice;
One word would make it stronger;
Then wherefore mute, thou magic voice?
Say, am I loved no longer?

The world thou hast deceived so long
May smile on thee to-morrow;
While I alone must bear the wrong,
The bitterness and sorrow!
O cruel world! O world unjust!
That passes by unheeding,
Where love betrayed and blasted trust
Lies low in the dust lies bleeding!

Go thou thy way; deceive it still!
(Its praise is false and hollow);
Ascend to fortune's loftiest hill,
No ban of mine shall follow.
The memory of these days will be
To me a life's regretting.
Most faithless lover! what to thee?—
Only an hour's coquetting.

Shame, shame! to look, to breathe, to live,
To mock my loving madness!
The thought alone that I forgive,
Should fill thy soul with sadness.
No wonder heaven should strike thee blind,
To see me bowed before thee;
Most shameless wretch of all mankind
How, how could I adore thee?

In haste to go! Oh, cruel one!
Stay, stay, a moment only!
How shall I face, when thou art gone,
The world, so vast, so lonely?
Thy words are like my passing knell:
Ah me, and must we sever?
Forget that I have loved thee well—
Adieu! adieu for ever!

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CYPRUS LOCUSTS.

BY A DWELLER IN THE EAST.

EVERYBODY who has read anything about the East must be acquainted with the plague of locusts. I distinctly remember that when a small boy I was more impressed by the accounts of the enormous extent of their flocks than with anything else my books could tell me. There was to me something appalling, and at the same time attractive, in the swarms stretching for miles, which obscured the sun, and devoured everything green wherever they settled. It is difficult, if not impossible, for any one brought up in our temperate regions to realise such a state of things. We hear, to be sure, of damage done to crops at home; just now, it is sparrows; not very long since it was game; next year it may be something else; but in all these cases it is simply damage—perhaps one per cent., or five per cent., or ten per cent. But with locusts it means not damage, but destruction, or, better still, annihilation of the crop. Fancy an English farmer turning out after breakfast and admiring his six-acre field of wheat, deliciously green, about two feet high. Fancy him, too, coming home to dinner at noon and seeing this same field as bare as his hand. This is no exaggeration, but a plain matter-of-fact illustration of what may be seen any spring where these abominable insects abound. Once seen, it can never be forgotten.

I have had my recollection of these creatures and their ways revived by a parliamentary paper entitled, 'Report of the Locust Campaign of 1884, by Mr S. Brown, Government Engineer, Cyprus.' It gives the results of the measures employed to stay the plague to which the island has for ages been subject; and so far it is satisfactory enough. The locusts have been put down, and for most people that is the chief point. I notice that the *Times* has devoted about half a column to the paper, but has contented itself with simply copying the salient points, the writer evidently knowing nothing of the subject. The paper

itself presupposes a knowledge of a certain nature, which no one except those who are acquainted with the district can be expected to possess. I venture, therefore, to supply the information necessary to a thorough understanding of the subject.

Speaking as a dweller in the East, I may say that we have had the locusts with us always. In the old old days, they were sent by the gods; in less remote times, they were a dispensation of Providence. They came and went, leaving lamentable traces of their progress. But it was in the nature of things that it should be so, and nobody ever thought of trying if something could not be done to stop their ravages. Under Turkish rule, of course this feeling was intensified by the fatalism peculiar to their faith. The locusts came of their own accord, and went off in the same way; it was *kismet*, and there was nothing to be done. But even Mohammedans in time cannot escape altogether the influence of Western ideas, and some thirty years ago it occurred to Osman Pasha, then governor of Cyprus, to try and make head against the scourge which devastated the island. He was earnest in the cause, but unfortunately died before measures could possibly have had any effect. His successors, as a rule, talked a great deal, but, after the manner of their race, did nothing. A tax was imposed on the peasants, which was to be devoted to the purchase and destruction of locusts' eggs. This was all very well; but as the officials helped themselves to from fifty to ninety per cent. of the money collected, very little impression was made on the swarms. And then, again, as three parts sand and one part eggs did duty as eggs, it is not to be wondered at that the insects were as plentiful as ever.

So things went on till about fifteen years ago, when Said Pasha became governor. He kept on the system of buying eggs, but with this important difference, that when he paid for eggs he saw that he got them. He put some Europeans on the Commission of superintendence, had the eggs stored, and authorised their

destruction only after his personal inspection. The proceedings were open to the light of day, and everything was done to prevent imposition. The result was admirable; in three years, locusts' eggs were as valuable as those of the silkworm; and in 1870, it was officially reported that the insect had ceased to exist in Cyprus. This, however, proved to be an exaggeration. No doubt, a great impression had been made; swarms were no longer to be met with by the ordinary traveller; but it is plain that a good many did remain in out-of-the-way and difficult districts.

In 1872 it was reported that locusts were reappearing. This was pronounced to be a calumny, and the observers were referred to the official Report, showing that the locust had ceased to exist in Cyprus—which, of course, was conclusive! In 1875, however, denial was no longer possible; no one with eyes in his head could doubt the existence of countless myriads of plundering insects. Said Pasha by this time had left the island, and his successor was of a different character, and did nothing to stop their increase, which accordingly went on unchecked till the British occupation in 1878. As may be imagined, the question very soon engaged the attention of the authorities, and a determined set was made against the creatures. In the autumn of 1879, thirty-seven and a half tons of eggs were collected and destroyed, and in the spring of that year an enormous number of insects were trapped. In 1880 larger swarms than ever appeared, a great many of which were trapped, and two hundred and thirty-six tons of their eggs collected. In 1881 the locusts came in still greater numbers, and in the autumn and winter, thirteen hundred and thirty tons of eggs were destroyed. It was evident that what had been done was a trifle; exceptional measures were declared to be necessary, and preparations were accordingly made on a very large scale for the campaign of 1882. It was shown that egg-collecting alone was not to be depended upon. One may think that this affords the easiest means of destruction, and so it does, if you can be sure of getting at all the eggs. But the breeding-grounds are situated in remote and rugged districts, to patrol which properly means a very large supply of labour, and even then it becomes a mere question of eyesight, which often fails. Up to a certain stage in its existence the insect creeps but cannot fly, and it is then that it must be taken. Trapping the non-flying insects is therefore the feature which forms the salient matter of Mr Brown's Report, but which will not be understood by the public without explanation.

The Report opens with a statement of the material employed. This consisted of two thousand canvas screens, each fifty yards long; one hundred thousand five hundred square yards of canvas for screens; twelve thousand six hundred and eleven square yards oilcloth; twenty tons zinc for traps; and seventy-six thousand one hundred and eighty-three stakes for the screens, besides cordage and other minor articles. As the reports from the breeding districts came in, it was thought this supply would prove insufficient, and Mr Brown therefore caused one thousand additional screens to be made up, and three thousand seven hundred and eighty traps of a new type to be cut out of the zinc received from England. The

total apparatus, therefore, when operations began, amounted to eleven thousand and eighty-three screens, each fifty yards long; and thirteen thousand and eight traps; with the necessary complement of stakes, tools, and tents for labourers. To give an idea of the total length of the screens, it may be mentioned, that if stretched continuously they would form a line three hundred and fifteen miles long, almost enough to encircle the whole island. In order to work all this material, labour was necessary, and accordingly contracts were made to a maximum of thirteen hundred and ninety-eight labourers.

This is all very interesting; but what is the meaning of it? What are screens? What is canvas wanted for? What do they do with oilcloth? And what sort of traps do they make out of zinc? This is what Mr Brown does not tell us, and this is exactly the information which I propose to supply. The first step in the process is to begin with a little natural history.

The female locust is provided with a sort of sword-like appendage, with which she makes a hole in the ground, in which she deposits her eggs. Over these she exudes a glutinous matter, which hardens by exposure, in time forming a case impervious to wet, cold, or even fire, the whole resembling a small silk cocoon. The number of eggs in each of these is variously estimated; some say a hundred, others eighty; but Mr Brown by actual experiment finds that the average may be taken at thirty-two, and that the sexes are produced in about equal proportion. It is not difficult, therefore, to calculate the rate of increase, allowing fifty per cent. to be lost through the operation of natural causes, birds, caterpillars, &c. A couple of locusts will thus produce sixteen individuals or eight couples the first year; next year, the product will be a hundred and twenty-eight, or sixty-four couples; the third year, eight times that; and so on—a calculation which may be carried on to any length you like, and which will explain the countless myriads which everybody has heard of.

The female having performed her duty in reproducing her species, is of no further use, and both she and her partner disappear—that is to say, they both die. It is a popular belief in Cyprus that the male eats the female and dies of the consequent indigestion. But a more scientific explanation of the fact is, that as by the end of July—beyond which locusts are never seen—everything green is burnt up by the sun, their food fails, and they die of starvation. There is no mistake about their death; every open pool of water is full of them, and the stench is abominable, and one may walk along the coast for miles amongst their dead bodies, washed up by the sea. The eggs remain in the ground till hatched by the warmth of the spring sun, which brings them out early in March. If the season should be cold or wet, the only effect is to delay the hatching; the eggs never appear to get addled. At the beginning of April this year the swarms were on the march, and operations began, and were continued till the 13th of May, when all that were left were on the wing. It is by taking advantage of the habits of the creature that the greatest success in its destruction is achieved. The young locusts as soon as they can crawl go in search of green food. Impelled by this

instinct, they go straight on, turning neither to the right nor to the left. They are remarkably short of sense; they can do nothing but follow their nose, and have not an idea of turning a corner. If a locust on the march were to meet with a lamp-post, he would never think of going round it, but would climb up to the top and come down on the other side. It is by taking advantage of this steady plodding perseverance that the arch-inventor Man makes the creature work its own destruction. Some twenty years ago, Mr Richard Mattei, an Italian gentleman, and large landed proprietor in Cyprus, made various experiments, which have resulted in the employment of the screens and traps which are mentioned in Mr Brown's Report. The manner of operation is as follows.

In early spring, it was reported to headquarters that one hundred and thirty-three breeding-grounds had been discovered. Each of these was therefore screened off by a ring-fence. The screens are formed of canvas about two feet high, on the top of which are sewn about four inches of oil-cloth. These are arranged so as to form a zigzag with angles of about one hundred and thirty-five degrees. At intervals, pits are dug of a regulation size—a cubic yard—so as to facilitate computation. The locusts on the march come up to the screen, climb up the canvas, get on to the oilcloth, and straightway slip down. Nothing daunted, they try again, again, and again, each time edging a little nearer to the angle. Arriving here at last, they find a pit, into which they fall or jump. Naturally, they climb up again; but find at the top a framework of wood, lined on the inside with sheet-zinc, on which they cannot walk, and consequently they fall back into the pit. Imagine thousands of the creatures all doing this at the same time, and the result will be, of course, that one-half smothers the other half, and in its turn gets smothered by a few spadefuls of earth, which the labourer, always on the watch, takes care to apply at the proper moment. The pit is then full, and is counted as such in the daily report. Mr Brown gives full details. The 'full' pits contained a depth of eighteen inches of locusts; pits three-quarters, one-half, one-quarter, and one-eighth full were returned as such, and when reduced to 'full' pits, the total number amounted to fifteen thousand nine hundred and nineteen. The whole number, however, of pits in which locusts were trapped was twenty-six thousand and sixteen, and the total number of pits dug far exceeded this.

Every pains was taken to arrive at a correct account of the number of locusts thus destroyed, and the number for this year is set down at the enormous total of fifty-six thousand one hundred and sixteen millions. Last year the number was computed approximately at one hundred and ninety-five thousand millions. With such a destruction, it was believed that this year the swarms would be less; and this anticipation was fully realised, less than one-third appearing of what was visible in 1883. This is extremely satisfactory, when we find that the swarms of 1883 were as numerous as those of 1882, which in their turn greatly exceeded those of 1881. In fact, up to 1883 the locusts had been gaining ground; now they are losing it; and it only needs care and watchfulness on our part to thoroughly

exterminate them, or at anyrate to render them practically harmless. For if the locust can only find food, it will not travel; they march simply in order to get wherewith to support existence; and if they can find enough near their birthplace, they will stop there. But of course this cannot be allowed, when we think of their multiplication next year and the years after. No; it is a question of war to the 'pit.' Efforts must not be relaxed; the system of reports from the breeding districts will still be continued; and the supply of screens and traps must always be ready for use.

This year, the large supply of material was used in a much more careful and methodical way than in any previous year. Some idea of the extent of the operations may be gathered from the fact that in one district—that of Tchingirli—there was a continuous line of screens without a break for twenty-seven miles in length, arranged in three great loops connected by a common centre. Another breeding-ground was surrounded by screens sixteen miles long; and there were many other similar cases. With screens thus fixed, with plenty of pits, and with careful supervision, the destruction should be complete. Accidents, however, will occur, some of which are preventable, whilst others are not. Heavy rains and floods, for instance, swept away some of the screens; and there were also cloudy and windy days, when the locusts will not march, and of course will not fill the pits. No doubt, occasion was taken on such days to help in the destruction by manual labour; every little helps; and it is not difficult to slay one's thousands and tens of thousands when the victims are all close together. It is not unusual to meet the creatures in a body a mile wide and a mile deep. They are about an inch and a quarter long, and a quarter of an inch wide, and march with an interval of about an inch, progressing some half-mile a day.

One would think that the importance of information to headquarters would be patent to everybody in the island; yet such is the apathy, not to say stupidity, of some of the islanders, that Mr Brown was surprised and disgusted to hear that whilst operations were at the height, locusts had been discovered at the extreme east point of the island, which had been reported free. Not only so, but no locusts had existed within thirty-five miles, nor had any been seen flying in that direction. Material was at once forwarded, but unfortunately too late, as the insects had almost arrived at the flying stage, when nothing can be done. One might as well try to reduce midges by squashing them between the hands. The district was found to be only a small one—less than half a mile in diameter. It may safely be left next year to Mr Brown's tender care.

What is the result of all this time, trouble, and expense? You could traverse the locust area and see very few; whereas in May and June of previous years you might ride through flights some of which would cover an area of several square miles. The small number that are left are thinly scattered over a comparatively small area, and as they find sufficient food in the natural grasses, they do not migrate. This year, up to August not a single flight has been seen, and best of all, nothing has been heard of damage to the crops. It is calculated that the

survivors of this year do not amount to more than one per cent. of those of last year. The problem, therefore, appears to be solved; all that is necessary is a small annual expenditure to keep the material and labour in working order.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was but a few minutes past seven o'clock when Jules tapped at the door of Madame De Vigne's boudoir. The summons was responded to by Nanette. 'Monsieur De Miravel's compliments to Madame De Vigne, and would she grant monsieur the honour of an interview for a few minutes?'

The answer came at once: 'Madame De Vigne was ready to receive Monsieur De Miravel.'

Daylight was waning, and although the venetians were drawn half-way up the windows, the room was in twilight. To De Miravel it seemed almost in darkness as he went in; but in a few moments his eyes became more accustomed to the semi-obscurity, and he then perceived his wife standing in the middle of the floor—a tall, black-robed figure, crowned by a face whose extreme pallor, seen by that half-light, would have seemed like that of a dead woman, but for the two large, intensely glowing eyes which lighted it up.

After his first momentary hesitation, De Miravel advanced a few steps and made one of his elaborate bows. Madame De Vigne responded by a grave inclination of her head, and motioning her visitor to a chair, sat down herself on an ottoman some distance away. In the silence, not yet broken by either of them, they heard the low, far-away muttering of thunder among the hills.

De Miravel was the first to speak. 'I am desolated, madame, to have been under the necessity of seeking this interview,' he said. 'But I have been waiting, waiting, waiting till I have grown tired. I am tired of being here alone in this great hotel, where I know no one. It is now two days since I spoke to you. You know my proposition. *Eh bien!* I choose to wait no longer; I am here for your answer.' He spoke the last words with a kind of snarl, which for the moment brought his long, white, wolfish-looking teeth prominently into view.

'As you say, I am fully acquainted with your proposition,' answered Mora in cold, quiet, unflinching tones. 'But you know well how hateful to me are the conditions which you wish to impose. I think I made that point clear to you on Wednesday.'

'You were in a passion on Wednesday. I heeded not what you said.'

'But I meant every word that I said. In view of that fact, and knowing what you know—may I ask whether in the interim you have not seen some way by which those conditions may be modified—some way by which, without injury to what you conceive to be your interests, they may be made less objectionable to me?'

He shook his head impatiently. 'You are only wasting my time and yours,' he said. 'When I have said a thing, I mean it. As the conditions

were on Wednesday, even so they are now—altered in nothing. If you cannot comply with them, tell me so at once, and at once I will seek out Sir William. Ah ha! Mademoiselle Clarice had better wait awhile before she orders the robe for her wedding!'

She heard him apparently unmoved. There was not a flash, not as much as a flicker to be seen of the passion which had so possessed her on Wednesday. Her quietude surprised him, and rendered him vaguely uneasy.

'Consider, Laroche—before it is too late.'

'Too late?' he muttered under his breath. '*Peste!* What can she mean?'

'You know how utterly impossible it is that I should live with you for one day, or even one hour, as your wife,' continued Mora. 'You know that I would sooner seek a refuge in the dark waters of yonder lake. Why, then, strive to make a desperate woman more desperate? And my sister!—she has never harmed you, she does not even know of your existence. Why try to wreck the happiness of her life, as you wrecked mine? Why try to shatter the fair future that lies before her? To do so can in nowise benefit you. Consider—think again before you finally decide. Have pity on this child, even though you have none on me. Ah, Laroche, you never had a sister, or you would know something of that which I feel!'

'This is child's play,' he exclaimed with a sneer. 'We are wasting time. A strong man makes use of others to effect his ends. I make use of you and your sister. I have said.' He was convinced by this time that her quietude was merely that of despair—the quietude of a criminal who submits to the hands of the executioner.

'Listen, Laroche!' she continued in the same icy, impassive tones. 'Although I am not what the world calls rich, I am not without means, as you are aware. Give me your promise to leave England, and never to seek out or in any way annoy either my sister or me, and half of all I am possessed of shall be settled upon you. It will be an income for life which nothing can rob you of.'

An eager, greedy light leaped into his eyes. 'What do you call an income, dear madame?' he said. 'How many thousand francs a year would you be prepared to settle on your brave Hector?'

'Six thousand francs a year would be about half my income.'

'Six thousand francs! And my wife's sister married to the son of one of the richest *milords* in England! *Chut!* Do you take your Hector for an imbecile?' He rose, crossed to the pier-glass over the chimney-piece, adjusted his scarf in front of it, and then went back to his chair. 'Do you know what is now the great ambition of your Hector's life?' he asked, gazing fixedly at her out of his half-shut eyes. 'But no—how should you? Listen, then, and I will tell you. It is to be introduced to two, three, or more of the great London clubs where they occupy themselves with what you English call "high play." Sir William or his son shall introduce me—when I am of their family. Six thousand francs a year! *Parbleu!* when once I have the *entrée* to two or three of the *cercles* I speak of, my

income will be nearer sixty than six thousand francs a year.'

'If such are your views, if this is the course you are determined to pursue, I am afraid that any further appeal by me would be utterly thrown away.'

'Utterly thrown away, *ma belle*, an absolute waste of time, as I said before.'

'I felt convinced from the first that it would be so.'

'Ah! Then why amuse yourself at my expense in the way you have?'

'It was not by way of amusing myself that I appealed to you, but for the ease of my conscience in the days yet to come.'

He stared at her suspiciously for a moment or two, then he said with a shrug: 'I do not comprehend you.'

She rose and pushed back her chair. 'There is nothing more to be said. I need not detain you further.'

He too rose, but for once he was evidently nonplussed. 'Nothing more to be said?' he remarked after a pause. 'It seems to me that there is much more to be said. I have not yet had your answer to the proposition I laid before you on Wednesday last.'

'I thought you understood. But if you want my answer in a few plain words, you shall have it.'

In the twilight he could see her clear shining eyes gazing steadily and fearlessly into his. Craven fears began to flutter round his heart.

'Hector Laroche, you have lost much time and put yourself to much trouble and expense in hunting down a woman whose life, years ago, you made a burden almost too bitter for her to bear—and all to no purpose. You have found me; what then? You have made a proposition to me so utterly vile as altogether to defeat your own ends. From this hour I know you not. I will never see or speak to you again. It will be at your peril to attempt to molest me. I have friends who will see that I suffer no harm at your hands. There is the door. Begone!'

'Ho, ho!' he cried with an hyena-like snarl. 'You bid me begone, do you? *Eh bien!* I must not disobey a lady's commands. I will go—but it shall be in search of Sir William.'

'Your search need not take you far; Sir William Ridsdale is here, under this roof.'

Laroche could not repress a start of surprise. He was still staring at Mora like a man at an utter loss what to say next, when a tap was heard at the door, which was followed a moment later by the entrance of Nanette: 'Sir William Ridsdale has sent word to say that he should like to see Monsieur De Miravel as soon as that gentleman is at liberty to wait upon him.'

'Monsieur De Miravel is at liberty to wait upon Sir William at once,' said Madame De Vigne in clear, staccato tones.—'Nanette, conduct monsieur to Sir William's apartment.'

Laroche scowled at her for a moment. Then he said in a low voice: 'Do you set me at defiance? Is it really that I am to tell Sir William everything?'

'Yes; I set you at defiance. Tell Sir William all that you know. *Scelerat!* do your worst.'

The scowl on his face deepened; his lips twitched, but no sound came from them. Madame

De Vigne's finger pointed to the open door at which Nanette was standing. Laroche turned on his heel and walked out of the room with the air of a whipped cur.

By this time it was nearly dark; the evening was close and sultry; distant thunder reverberated among the hills; there was the menace of a storm in the air. The grounds of the hotel were deserted, and just at present the house was as quiet as though it were some lonely country mansion, instead of a huge hostelry overflowing with guests. It was the hour consecrated to one of the most solemn duties of existence, and, with few exceptions, the flock of more or less hungry birds of passage were engaged in the pleasing process of striving to recuperate exhausted nature by means of five courses and a dessert.

Nanette, after conducting Laroche to Sir William's room, was on her way back to light the lamp in her mistress's boudoir, when, as she turned a corner of the corridor, she was suddenly confronted by Jules, between whom and herself, as being of the same nationality, a pleasant little flirtation was already in full swing. The meeting was so sudden and the corridor so dusky, that the girl started, and a low cry broke from her lips.

'Hist! do not make a noise, I beg of you, *ma'mselle*,' whispered Jules; 'but tell me, is madame in her room and alone?' His face looked very pale in the twilight, and Nanette could see that he was strangely moved.

'Madame is in her room, but she is indisposed, and cannot see any one this evening—unless,' she added archly, a moment after, 'the business of monsieur with her is of very, very great importance.'

'Ah, believe me, dear *ma'mselle*, it is of the very greatest importance. Do not delay, I beg of you! Any moment I may be missed from the *salle* and asked for. Tell madame that the affair I want to see her upon is one of life and death.'

The girl stared at him for a moment, and then went.

He stole noiselessly after her and waited outside the door. Presently the door opened, and Nanette beckoned to him to enter. He went in, and found himself alone with Madame De Vigne.

'Pardon the question, madame,' said Jules; 'but may I ask whether the gentleman—Monsieur De Miravel he calls himself—who left this room a few minutes ago is a friend of madame?'

Madame became suddenly interested. 'I have been acquainted with the person you name for a great number of years,' she replied after a moment's hesitation.

'Madame would not like any harm to happen to Monsieur De Miravel?'

'Harm? No; certainly not. I should not like harm to happen to any one. But your question is a strange one. Tell me why you ask it?'

'I ask it, because Monsieur De Miravel is in danger of his life.'

'Ah!' Her heart gave a great leap; she turned suddenly dizzy, and had to support herself against the table.

'I have told this to madame in order that she may warn Monsieur De Miravel, should she think well to do so. If he wishes to save his

life, he must leave here at once—to-night; to-morrow may be too late.'

Mora was thoroughly bewildered. What she had just been told had the effect of a stunning blow upon her; it had come so suddenly that for a little while her mind failed to realise the full meaning of the words.

'What you have just told me is so strange and terrible,' she said at last, 'that you cannot wonder if I ask you for further particulars. You assert that M. De Miravel's life is in danger. What is it that he has done? What crime has he committed, that nothing less than his death can expiate?'

Jules slowly drew in his breath with an inspiration that sounded like a sigh. What he was about to tell must be told in a whisper. 'Throughout Europe, as madame may be aware, there are certain secret Societies and propaganda, which, although known by various designations, have nearly all one great end in view. Of one such Society Monsieur De Miravel is, and has been for the last dozen years, an affiliated member. Nearly a year ago, several brothers of the Society were arrested, tried, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Certain features of the trial proved conclusively that the arrests were the result of information given by a spy. There was a traitor in the camp; but who was he? That question has at length been answered. It has been proved beyond a doubt that the traitor is the man who calls himself Monsieur De Miravel. The sentence on all traitors is death. De Miravel has been condemned to die.'

'This is horrible,' murmured Mora.

'It is simple justice, madame.'

'Has Monsieur De Miravel any knowledge or suspicion of the terrible fate to which he has been condemned?'

'None. How should he have, madame?'

Mora remained lost in thought for a few moments; then she said: 'It seems strange that you, in the position you occupy, should know all that you have told me, and yet Monsieur De Miravel himself should know nothing.'

Jules lifted his shoulders almost imperceptibly. 'It may seem strange to madame; but it is not so in reality. I, Jules Decroze, the poor *garçon*, am a humble brother of that Society which has condemned the traitor De Miravel to die. I, too, am affiliated to the sacred cause.'

'You! Oh!' Involuntarily she moved a step or two farther away.

Jules spread out his hands with a little gesture of deprecation.

'I hope you don't run any risk yourself in telling me what you have told me this evening?' said Mora after a few seconds of silence.

'If it were known that I had broken my oath, as I have broken it but now, I should be sentenced to the same fate as De Miravel. But that matters not. I have long owed madame a debt of gratitude; to-night I have endeavoured to pay it.'

'You have more, far more than paid it. You may have broken your oath, as you say, but you have done all that lay in your power to save a fellow-creature's life.'

'For your sake, madame—not for his, the traitor!' muttered Jules.

If Mora heard, she took no notice. 'You must not remain here another moment,' she said. 'You have run too much risk already. Perhaps I may be able to have a few words with you in private to-morrow. You say that Monsieur De Miravel must go away at once—to-night?'

'At once. If he lingers here over to-morrow'—He ended with one of his expressive shrugs.

Mora shuddered. 'Suppose he refuses to believe what I tell him, and puts it down as an invention for the purpose of frightening him away?'

'If madame will say these words to him, "*The right hand of the Czar is frozen*," Monsieur De Miravel will know that she speaks the truth.'

A moment later the door opened and closed noiselessly, and Mora was alone.

CHAPTER XV.

When Hector Laroche was ushered into Sir William Ridsdale's room, his eyes blinked involuntarily. The change from the dusky twilight outside to the brilliantly lighted apartment in which he now found himself fairly dazzled him for the first few seconds.

There were but two people in the room. At a large square table, covered with papers and documents written and printed, sat the baronet. At a smaller table, a little distance away, and busily writing, sat Colonel Woodruffe—the man of the portrait, as Laroche muttered to himself the moment his eyes lighted on him. Was it possible that this other man, this white-haired gentleman, whose gaze was bent so keenly on him from under his bushy brows, was the great Sir William himself? He remembered to have seen this person on more than one occasion walking about the grounds in the company of Miss Loraine, but he had never troubled himself to inquire whom he might be. If he were really Sir William, then had he been at the hotel for two or three days, and he, Laroche, had never discovered that fact. What a blunder!

The Frenchman placed his right hand over his heart and bowed obsequiously; then he advanced with slow, cat-like movements towards the table, but came to a stand while he was yet some three or four paces away. The keen eyes of the white-haired gentleman, fixed so persistently on him, made him feel dreadfully uncomfortable. He had a great dislike to being stared at in that way.

'You are Hector Laroche, *ex-déporté* No. 897; and I am Sir William Ridsdale.'

For once his start of surprise was thoroughly genuine. 'How! Monsieur knows!—'

'Everything. Madame De Vigne has disclosed to me the whole dreadful story of her married life. Her pity from the bottom of my heart; but for you, scoundrel, I have no feeling save one of utter loathing and contempt!'

'Monsieur'—whined Laroche with an indescribable writhing of his long lean body.

'Silence, fellow!' said Sir William sternly. 'It is for you to listen, and not to speak.' He rose and crossed to Colonel Woodruffe and spoke to him in a low voice.

The baronet returned to his seat. 'It is not

my intention to say a great deal to you, Monsieur Laroche,' resumed Sir William; 'I wish to rid myself of your presence as soon as may be; and what I have to say will be very much to the purpose.'

Laroche writhed again, but did not speak. Events had taken a turn so utterly unexpected by him, the ground had been so completely cut from under his feet, that he seemed to have nothing left to say.

'Madame De Vigne is an Englishwoman, and as such is entitled to the protection of the laws of her country. The first point I wish you clearly to understand is, that her income is settled strictly upon herself, and that you are not entitled to claim so much as a single franc of her money. This time, at least, you will not be allowed to rob her, as you did once before. The second point I wish you clearly to understand is, that if you in any way harm, molest, or annoy Madame De Vigne or her sister, you will very quickly find yourself within the walls of an English prison, where you will be able to meditate on your folly at your leisure. This is a matter which Madame De Vigne's friends will look to particularly, consequently I warn you in time. And now, having proved all this to you, I am induced, by certain considerations which in nowise affect you, to make you an offer which you will probably see the wisdom of accepting. The conditions of my offer are these: You shall at once quit England and never set foot in it again; you shall neither write to Madame De Vigne nor seek to hold any communication of any kind whatever with her or any one connected with her. In return for your faithful obedience to these instructions, you shall be paid an annuity of three thousand francs a year. The sum shall be paid you in quarterly instalments by my Paris agent, to whom you will present yourself in person once every three months. When you cease to present yourself, it shall be considered either that you no longer care to claim the annuity or that you are dead. Such is the offer I have to make you, Monsieur Laroche; you can either accept it or decline it at your own good pleasure; for my own part I care not which you do.'

Three thousand francs a year! was Laroche's first thought. Why, scarcely half an hour ago, his wife had offered him just double the amount on precisely the same terms, and he had laughed in her face. Imbecile that he had been!

Coward though he was at heart, as nearly all braggarts are, if Laroche just then had happened to possess a revolver, he would have felt strongly tempted to make use of it and risk the consequences. How he hated those two men!—one white-haired, smiling, benevolent-looking, as he had seen him walking about the grounds, but with such a hand of iron hidden in his velvet glove; the other stern, impassive, coldly contemptuous, who had taken no more notice of him during the interview than if he were a dog. Yes, he hated them both with the ferocious hatred of a tiger balked of the prey in which its claws are already fixed.

This other man he felt nearly sure was in love with his wife; and he was just as certain that Mora De Vigne was in love with him. Even at a time like that, it thrilled him with a

malicious joy to think that so long as he, Laroche, was alive they could never be more to each other than they were now. Perhaps if he had not appeared on the scene till a month or two later, they might have been married by that time. If he had only known—if he had only had the slightest suspicion that such was the state of affairs, he would have kept carefully in the background till the newly wedded couple should have returned from their honeymoon, and then have made himself known. That would have been a revenge worthy of the name. But now—

Sir William's voice recalled him to realities. 'Perhaps you wish for a little time before you make up your mind?' he said.

Laroche shook his head. His nimble brain had already taken in the altered state of affairs; he saw that the day had gone hopelessly against him, that the battle was lost, and that the only thing left him to do was to accept from the conquerors the best terms that he could induce them to offer. If only he had not refused that six thousand francs! But to a man in his position even three thousand francs a year was better, infinitely better, than nothing. It would at least suffice to find him in absinth and cigarettes, and would serve to blunt the keen edge of chronic impecuniosity.

'Three thousand francs a year, Sir William! It is a bagatelle—a mere bagatelle.'

'Take it or leave it.'

The Frenchman spread out his hands and drew his shoulders up nearly to his ears. '*Ma foi!* I have no choice. I must accept.'

'In that case, nothing more need be said, except that you will leave here by the first train to-morrow morning. Here is a bank-note with which to defray the expenses of your journey; and here is the address of my agent, on whom you will please call on Wednesday morning next, by which time he will be in receipt of my instructions.' Sir William pushed the note and the address across the table in the direction of Laroche as though the latter were some plague-stricken creature with whom he was fearful of coming into closer contact.

The Frenchman advanced a step or two, picked up the papers, and put them away slowly and carefully inside his pocket-book, looking the baronet full in the eyes as he did so. His teeth were hard set, and his breath came and went with a fuller rise and fall than usual, but otherwise there was nothing to betray the tempest of passion at work within him. When he had put his pocket-book away again, and still with his eyes bent full on the baronet, he said in a low, deep voice: 'It is possible, Sir William, that we may some day meet again.' Then with a nod, that might mean much or that might have no meaning at all, he turned and walked slowly out of the room.

The Frenchman found Nanette waiting for him in the corridor. 'If you please, monsieur, my mistress desires to see you in her room immediately on a matter of much importance.'

'Can it be that she is going to renew the offer of the six thousand francs?' was the first question that Laroche asked himself. Check-mated at every turn though he had been, and though all his fine castles in the air had come tumbling about his ears, he began to hope

that more might be saved from the wreck than had seemed probable only a few minutes ago, and it was not without a certain revival of spirits and a certain return to his old braggadocio manner that he followed Nanette to Madame De Vigne's room. Just as he was passing the staircase window, the lightning's lurid scroll unrolled itself for an instant against the walls of blackness outside. Laroche shuddered, he knew not why. A moment or two later he found himself once more in the presence of his wife. In the interim, the lamp had been lighted and the curtains drawn.

A FEW NOTES ON PERSIAN ART.

THE limner's art in Persia has few patrons, and the professional draughtsman of the present day in that country must needs be an enthusiast, and an art-lover for art's sake, as his remuneration is so small as to be a mere pittance; and the man who can live by his brush must be clever indeed. The Persians are an eminently practical people, and buy nothing unless it be of actual utility; hence the artist has generally to sink to the mere decorator; and as all, even the very rich, expect a great deal for a little money, the work must be scamped in order to produce a great effect for a paltry reward. The artists, moreover, are all self-taught, or nearly so, pupillage merely consisting of the drudgery of preparing the canvas, panel, or other material for the master, mixing the colours, filling in backgrounds, varnishing, &c. There are no schools of art, no lectures, no museums of old or contemporary masters, no canons of taste, no drawing from nature or the model, no graduated studies, or system of any kind. There is, however, a certain custom of adhering to tradition and the conventional; and most of the art-workmen of Iran, save the select few, are mere reproducers of the ideas of their predecessors.

The system of perspective is erroneous; but neither example nor argument can alter the views of a Persian artist on this subject. Leaving aside the wonderful blending of colours in native carpets, tapestries, and embroideries, all of which improve by the toning influence of age, the modern Persian colourist is remarkable for his skill in the constant use of numerous gaudy and incongruous colours, yet making one harmonious and effective whole, which surprises us by its daring, but compels our reluctant admiration.

Persian pictorial art is original, and it is cheap; the wages of a clever artist are about one shilling and sixpence a day. In fact, he is a mere day-labourer, and his terms are, so many days' pay for a certain picture. In this pernicious system of time-work lies the cause of the scamping of many really ingenious pieces of work.

As a copyist the Persian is unrivalled; he has a more than Chinese accuracy of reproduction; every copy is a fac-simile of its original, the detail being scamped, or the reverse, according to the scale of payment. In unoriginal work, such as

the multiplication of some popular design, a man will pass a lifetime, because he finds it pay better to do this than to originate. This kind of unoriginal decoration is most frequent in the painted mirror cases and book-covers, the designs of which are ancient; and the painter merely reproduces the successful and popular work of some old and forgotten master.

But where the Persian artist shines is in his readiness to undertake any style or subject; geometrical patterns—and they are very clever in originating these; scroll-work scenes from the poets; likenesses, miniatures, paintings of flowers or birds; in any media, on any substance, oils, water, or enamel, and painting on porcelain; all are produced with rapidity, wonderful spirit, and striking originality. In landscape, the Persian is very weak; and his attempts at presenting the nude, of which he is particularly fond, are mostly beneath contempt. A street scene will be painted in oils and varnished to order 'in a week' on a canvas a yard square, the details of the painting desired being furnished in conversation. While the patron is speaking, the artist rapidly makes an outline sketch in white paint; and any suggested alterations are made in a few seconds by the facile hand of the *ustad nakosh* (master-painter), a term used to distinguish the artist from the mere portrait-painter or *akbas*, a branch of the profession much despised by the artists, a body of men who consider their art a mechanical one, and their guild no more distinguished than those of other handicraftsmen.

A Persian artist will always prefer to reproduce rather than originate, because, as a copy will sell for the same price as an original, by multiplication more money can be earned in a certain time, than by the exercise of originality. Rarely, among the better class of artists, is anything actually out of drawing; the perspective is of course faulty, and resembles that of early specimens of Byzantine art. Such monstrosities as the making the principal personages giants, and the subsidiaries dwarfs, are common; while the beauties are represented as much bejewelled; but this is done to please the buyer's taste, and the artist knows its absurdity. There is often considerable weakness as to the rendering of the extremities; but as the Persian artist never draws, save in portraiture, from the life, this is not to be wondered at.

The writer has before him a fair instance of the native artist's rendering of the scene at the administration of the bastinado. This picture is an original painting in oils, twenty-four inches by sixteen, on *papier-mâché*. The details were given to the artist by the writer in conversation, sketched by him in white paint on the *papier-mâché* during the giving of the order, in the course of half an hour; and the finished picture was completed, varnished, and delivered in a week. The price paid for this original work in oils in 1880 was seven shillings and sixpence. The costumes are quite accurate in the minutest detail; the many and staring colours employed

are such as are in actual use; while the general *mise en scène* is very correct.

Many similar oil-paintings were executed for the writer by Persian artists, giving graphic renderings of the manners and customs of this little-known country. They were always equally spirited, and minutely correct as to costume and detail, at the same low price; a small present for an extraordinarily successful performance gladdening the heart of the artist beyond his expectations.

As to original work by Persian artists in water-colour, remuneration is the same—so much per diem. A series of water-colours giving minute details of Persian life were wished; and a clever artist was found as anxious to proceed as the writer was eager to obtain the sketches. The commission was given, and the subjects desired carefully indicated to the artist, who, by a rapid outline sketch in pencil, showed his intelligence and grasp of the subject. The writer, delighted at the thought of securing a correct and permanent record of the manners and customs of a little-known people, congratulated himself. But, alas! he counted his chickens before hatching; for the artist, on coming with his next water-colour, demanded, and received, a double wage. A similar result followed the finishing of each drawing; and though the first only cost three shillings, and the second six, the writer was reluctantly compelled to stop his commissions, after paying four times the price of the first for his third water-colour, on the artist demanding twenty-four shillings for a fourth—not that the work was more, but as he found himself appreciated, the wily painter kept to arithmetical progression as his scale of charge; a very simple principle, which all artists must devoutly wish they could insist on.

For a reduced copy of a rather celebrated painting, of which the figures were life-size, of what might be called, comparatively speaking, a Persian old master—for this reduction, in oils, fourteen inches by eight, and fairly well done, the charge was a sovereign. The piece was painted on a panel. The subject is a royal banqueting scene in Ispahan—the date a century and a half ago. The dresses are those of the time—the ancient court costume of Persia. The king in a brocaded robe is represented seated on a carpet at the head of a room, his drinking-cup in his hand; while his courtiers are squatted in two rows at the sides of the room, and are also carousing. Minstrels and singers occupy the foreground of the picture; and a row of handsome dancing-girls form the central group. All the figures are portraits of historical personages; and in the copy, the likenesses are faithfully retained.

The palaces of Ispahan are decorated with large oil-paintings by the most eminent Persian artists of their day. All are life-size, and none are devoid of merit. Some are very clever, particularly the likenesses of Futeh Ali Shah and his sons, several of whom were strikingly like their father. As Futeh Ali Shah had an acknowledged family of seventy-two, this latter fact is curious. These paintings are without frames, spaces having been made in the walls to receive them. The Virgin Mary is frequently represented in these mural paintings; also a Mr Strachey, a

young diplomat who accompanied the English mission to Persia in the reign of our Queen Elizabeth, is still admired as a type of adolescent beauty. He is represented with auburn hair in the correct costume of the period; and copies of his portrait are still often painted on the pen-cases of amateurs. These pen-cases, or *kalamulans*, are the principal occupation of the miniature-painter. As one-fourth of the male population of Persia can write, and as each man has one or more pen-cases, the artist finds a constant market for his wares in their adornment. The pen-case is a box of *papier-mâché* eight inches long, an inch and a half broad, and the same deep. Some of them, painted by artists of renown, are of great value, forty pounds being a common price to pay for such a work of art by a rich amateur. Several fine specimens may be seen in the Persian Collection at the South Kensington Museum. It is possible to spend a year's hard work on the miniatures painted on a pen-case. These are very minute and beautiful. The writer possesses a pen-case painted during the lifetime of Futeh Ali Shah, a king of Persia who reigned long and well. All the faces—none more than a quarter of an inch in diameter—are likenesses; and the long black beard of the king reaching to his waist, is not exaggerated, for such beards are common in Persia.

Bookbinding in Persia is an art, and not a trade; and here the flower and bird painter finds his employment. Bright bindings of boards with a leather back are decorated by the artist, principally with presentments of birds and flowers, both being a strange mixture of nature and imagination; for if a Persian artist in this branch thinks that he can improve on nature in the matter of colour, he attempts it. The most startling productions are the result; his nightingales being birds of gorgeous plumage, and the colours of some of his flowers saying much for his imagination. This method of 'painting the lily' is common in Persia; for the narcissus—bouquets of which form the constant ornament in spring of even the poorest homes—is usually 'improved' by rings of coloured paper, silk, or velvet being introduced over the inner ring of petals. Startling floral novelties are the result; and the European seeing them for the first time, is invariably deceived, and cheated into admiration of what turns out afterwards to be a transparent trick. Of course, this system of binding each book in an original cover of its own, among a nation so literary as the Persians, gives a continuous and healthy impetus to the art of the flower-painter.

Enamelling in Persia is a dying art. The best enamels are done on gold, and often surrounded by a ring or frame of transparent enamel, grass-green in colour. This green enamel, or rather transparent paste, is supposed to be peculiar to the Persian artist. At times, the gold is hammered into depressions, which are filled with designs in enamel on a white paste, the spaces between the depressions being burnished gold. Large plaques are frequently enamelled on gold for the rich; and often the golden water-pipes are decorated with enamels, either alone, or in combination with incusted gems.

Yet another field remains to the Persian artist—that of engraving on gold, silver, brass, copper,

and iron. Here the work is usually artistically good, and always original, no two pieces being alike.

Something must be said about the artist and his studio. Abject poverty is the almost universal lot of the Persian artist. He is, however, an educated man, and generally well read. His marvellous memory helps him to retain the traditional attributes of certain well-known figures: the black-bearded Rüstüm (the Persian Hercules), and his opponent the Deev Süfid or White Demon; Leila and Mujnün, the latter of whom retired to the wilderness for love of the beautiful Leila; and in a painfully attenuated state, all his ribs being very apparent, is always represented as conversing with the wild beasts, who sit around him in various attitudes of respectful attention. Dr Tanner could never hope to reach the stage of interesting emaciation to which the Persian artists represent Mujnün to have attained. Another popular subject is that of Solomon in all his glory.

These legends are portrayed with varying art but unquestionable spirit, and often much humour; while the poetical legends of the mythical history of ancient Persia, full of strange imagery, find apt illustrators in the Persian artist. The palmy days of book-illustration have departed; the cheap reprints of Bombay have taken away the *raison d'être* of the calligraphist and book-illustrators, and the few really great artists who remain are employed by the present Shah in illustrating his great copy of the *Arabian Nights* by miniatures which emulate the beauty and detail of the best specimens of ancient monkish art, or in making bad copies of European lithographs to 'adorn' the walls of the royal palaces.

As for the painter's studio, it is usually a bare but light apartment, open to the winds, in a corner of which, on a scrap of matting, the artist kneels, sitting on his heels. (It fires an oriental to sit in a chair.) A tiny table a foot high holds all his materials; his paints are mixed on a tile; and his palette is usually a bit of broken crockery. His brushes he makes himself. Water-pipe in mouth—a luxury that even an artist can afford, in a country where tobacco is fourpence a pound—his work held on his knee in his left hand, without a mahi-stick or the assistance of a colour-man, the artist squats contentedly at his work. He is ambitious, proud of his powers, and loves his art for art's sake. Generally, he does two classes of work—the one the traditional copies of the popular scenes before described, or the painting on pen-cases—by this he lives; the other purely ideal, in which he deals with art from a higher point of view, and practises the particular branch which he affects.

As a painter of likenesses, the Persian seldom succeeds in flattering. The likeness is assuredly obtained; but the sitter is usually 'guyed,' and a caricature is generally the result. This is not the case in the portraits of females, and in the ideal heads of women and children. The large dreamy eye and long lashes, the full red lips, and naturally high colour, the jetty or dark auburn locks (a colour caused by the use of henna, a dye) of the Persian women in their natural luxuriance, lend themselves to the successful production of the peculiarly felicitous representation of female

beauty in which the Persian artist delights. Accuracy in costume is highly prized, and the minutiae of dress are indicated with much aptness, the varied pattern of a shawl or scarf being rendered with almost Chinese detail. Beauty of the brunette type is the special choice of the artist and amateur, and 'salt'—as a high-coloured complexion is termed—is much admired.

Like the ancient Byzantine artist, the Persian makes a free use of gold and silver in his work. When wishing to represent the precious metals, he first gilds or silvers the desired portion of the canvas or panel, and then with a fine brush puts in shadows, &c. In this way a strangely magnificent effect is produced. The presentments of mailed warriors are done in this way; and the jewelled chairs, thrones, and goblets in which the oriental mind delights. Gilt backgrounds, too, are not uncommon, and their effect is far from displeasing.

The painting of portraits of Mohammed, Ali, Houssein, and Hassan—the last three, relatives of the Prophet, and the principal martyred saints in the Persian calendar, is almost a trade in itself, though the representation of the human form is contrary to the Mohammedan religion, and the saints are generally represented as veiled and faceless figures. Yet in these particular cases, custom has over-ridden religious law, and the *Shahmâyâl* (or portrait of Ali) is common. He is represented as a portly personage of swarthy hue; his dark and scanty beard, which is typical of the family of Mohammed, crisply curled; his hand is grasping his sword; and he is usually depicted as wearing a green robe and turban (the holy colour of the *Seyyids* or descendants of the Prophet). A nimbus surrounds his head; and he is seated on an antelope's skin, for the Persians say that skins were used in Arabia before the luxury of carpets was known there.

Humble as is the lot of the Persian artist, he expects to be treated by the educated with consideration, and would be terribly hurt at any want of civility. One well-known man, Agha Abdullah of Shiraz, generally insisted on regaling the writer with coffee, which he prepared himself when his studio was visited. To have declined this would have been to give mortal offence. On one of these visits, his little brazier of charcoal was nearly extinguished, and the host had recourse to a curious kind of fire-igniter, reviver, or rather steam-blast, that as yet is probably undescribed in books. It was of hammered copper, and had a date on it that made it three hundred years old. It was fairly well modelled; and this curious domestic implement was in the similitude of a small duck preening its breast; consequently, the open beak, having a spout similar to that of a tea-kettle, was directed downwards. The Persian poured an ounce or so of water into the copper bird, and placed it on the expiring embers. Certainly, the result was surprising. In a few minutes the small quantity of water boiled fiercely; a jet of steam was emitted from the open bill, and very shortly the charcoal was burning brightly. The water having all boiled away, the Persian triumphantly removed this scientific bellows with his tongs, and prepared coffee.

No mention has been made of the curious bazaar pictures, sold for a few pence. These cost

little, but are very clever, and give free scope for originality, which is the great characteristic of the Persian artist. They consist of studies of town-life, ideal pictures of dancing-girls, and such-like. All are bold, ingenious, and original. But bazaar pictures would take a chapter to themselves, and occupy more space than can be spared.

COLONEL REDGRAVE'S LEGACY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

WE must ask the reader to accompany us to Bury Street, St James's, and learn how Miss Jones has borne the calamity of her lodger's good fortune; for calamity Martha considered the munificent legacy of Colonel Redgrave, so far as her own matrimonial prospects were concerned. If these prospects were dubious prior to his death, they were now nearly hopeless. This was a fact the housekeeper was unable to conceal from herself, in spite of her efforts to take a sanguine view of affairs. The letters of Septimus were more business-like than ever; and Miss Jones agreed with her mother that if Septimus chose to contract a matrimonial alliance, they would be powerless to interpose the smallest obstacle to prevent it. About this time, Mr Bradbury, the second occupant of apartments in Bury Street, returned from Monaco, where he had been spending his annual vacation. Mr Bradbury was a lawyer and a bachelor, and about sixty-five years of age. He was in no respect a favourite with Miss Jones, who in the course of a long residence had learned some of the faults and failings of her legal tenant. The most important of these was a love of gambling. At times, the mental depression of the lawyer was so excessive, that Martha entertained fears that he would be guilty of some rash act which would render notorious the hitherto quiet house in Bury Street. But a sudden turn in Fortune's wheel would disperse the mental clouds of the gambler, and he would resume his usual cheerful manner and speech. On the evening of his arrival from Monaco, he dined in a more than usual *recherche* manner, and when the dessert had been placed on the table, he requested the presence of Miss Jones for a brief space, to discuss a very important matter of business. Mr Bradbury was a thin, spare man, with keen restless gray eyes, which took in the surroundings at a glance. He sat in his luxurious armchair, with his feet crossed on a footstool, and as he held up a glass of '47 port to the light of the chandelier, he looked the picture of comfort and happy enjoyment. Yet was the mind of that man racked with consuming cares, for he had had a bad time of it at Monaco, and he had not only lost his own cash, but a considerable sum belonging to other people, in the shape of trust moneys, &c. He requested Miss Jones to be seated, also to take a glass of wine. Miss Jones complied with the first request, but declined the second.

'I have only learned the death of Colonel Redgrave at Shanklin since my return to London. I must have accidentally omitted at Monaco reading that portion of the *Times* which contained the announcement. On a memorable occasion I transacted some legal business for him. My fellow-lodger Mr Redgrave appears to have tumbled into a good thing in the shape of a very handsome legacy.' Mr Bradbury paused a moment; but Miss Jones made no response, but sat with her large black eyes fixed on the twitching features of the lawyer, who was now evidently under the influence of strong excitement. 'I have not lived all these years under your comfortable roof, Miss Jones, without becoming acquainted with the special relations which exist between Mr Redgrave and yourself.' Again the lawyer paused, in expectation of Miss Jones making some reply. 'I mean that I have ever considered Miss Jones as the certain and future Mrs Redgrave.'

'You can hardly expect me, Mr Bradbury, to answer such a statement,' replied Martha in a somewhat severe tone.

'I cannot. But it is necessary that I should assume such to be the case. You do not deny it? Now, I can put twenty thousand pounds into the scale which contains your right to become Mrs Redgrave, and I can deprive him of that amount, if he declines to make you his wife. I do not wish to speak against your future husband, but he is selfish and avaricious, and I think he will succumb to the temptation I have it in my power to lay before him. A short time before I started for Monaco, Colonel Redgrave called on me at my office. I had known him many years ago in India. He desired me to draw up a will, in which he revoked the bequest to Mr Septimus Redgrave *in toto*. He had not been prepossessed with his cousin latterly; in fact, he had conceived the most intense dislike for him. He preferred that I should execute the will, instead of employing Mr Lockwood, the son of the late family lawyer, for what reason I know not.' Mr Bradbury rose from his chair, and unlocking a small cabinet, produced a folded parchment suitably indorsed. 'Here is the veritable last will and testament of the late COLONEL REDGRAVE, in which the date and purport of the previous will are specially mentioned, duly signed and properly witnessed, I need scarcely say. If I were to put it in yonder fire, nothing could disturb Mr Redgrave in the enjoyment of his legacy. Now, I am going to place implicit confidence in your honour, Miss Jones. I shall require ten per cent, or two thousand pounds. You shall require the hand in marriage of Mr Septimus Redgrave. Should he refuse these terms, this will shall be enforced, and Mr Redgrave loses twenty thousand pounds, and a lady who, I am convinced, would make him an excellent wife. You will naturally say: "Why should Mr Bradbury run the risk of penal servitude for such a sum as two thousand pounds?" In reply, I deny that I run any risk, and that sum of money will stave off heavier consequences than I care to name.'

It would be difficult to describe the whirlwind of mental emotion which agitated the bosom of

Martha as she listened to the harangue of the lawyer. On the one hand she saw the possibility of realising her life-long ambition, of becoming the wife of a man with an income of nearly two thousand a year, not to speak of the social position attending it. Martha remembered reading a novel by one of the most popular authors of our time, wherein the heroine committed a far more heinous offence with respect to a will than its mere suppression, and yet the delinquent preserved not only the love and esteem of all the characters of the tale, but even the good opinion of the readers thereof.

The lawyer watched the flushed cheek of his listener with feelings of hope, and plied poor Martha with such specious arguments as to the nullity of risk and the immense gain to be derived from the prosecution of his plan, that she at length consented to proceed to Shanklin by an early train on the following morning and seek a private interview with Mr Redgrave. As she rose to depart, Martha inquired of the lawyer the name of the fortunate recipient of the legacy. 'Miss Blanche Fraser,' was the reply.

Mr Redgrave was considerably astonished on the morning following the interview we have described when Miss Jones was announced. He pulled out his watch, and finding it wanted an hour to luncheon, decided to see her at once. He found Martha in the library. She was pale and excited. 'Well, Martha, I hope nothing is the matter? All well in Bury Street?'

'Yes, Mr Redgrave. I wish to speak to you in private.'

'Well, speak away, Martha,' retorted Septimus, somewhat testily.

'Pardon me; walls have ears. Can we not go into the grounds?'

Septimus paused a moment, surprised at the request, but presently assented. He led the way through the hall, and finally stopped in a small orchard adjoining the garden. 'Now, Martha, you can speak with as much security as if you were in the middle of Salisbury Plain.'

'I am the bearer of ill news.'

Septimus turned pale as he beheld the unaccustomed expression of the features of the speaker.

'But it is in my power to ward off the blow, or, I should say, in *your* power. I will come to the point at once. The late Colonel Redgrave employed Mr Bradbury to make a subsequent will, in which he annulled the will by which you inherit your legacy.'

Septimus felt his knees tremble beneath him, his teeth chattered, and he staggered towards a garden-seat which was close at hand.

Martha beheld with satisfaction the effect of the communication upon her auditor.

He gasped forth: 'And who is the legatee?'

'Miss Blanche Fraser.'

'Gracious powers! The lady to whom I proposed!' These words were not lost on Martha. They gave her increased determination to proceed with her dangerous mission.

'You can still retain the fortune, if you will perform an act of tardy justice.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Septimus, with a lurking suspicion of the nature of the act required.

'Listen patiently for a few moments. For

twenty-five years you have been a resident under my mother's roof; during fifteen years of that time you have treated me as something more than a housekeeper; you have treated me as a friend. In return, I have been to you as a sister. I have watched over your comforts in health, have nursed you in sickness, and wasted all my young days in waiting for the moment when you would reward my life-long devotion by making me your wife.'

'My wife!' retorted Septimus angrily. 'Ridiculous!'

'Unless you do so,' pursued Martha, 'the second will will be put in force.'

'And how do you propose to set aside that will, if you become my wife?' exclaimed Septimus.

'By simply putting it into the fire,' replied Martha in a calm decided tone.

Now, it was almost instantaneously apparent to Martha that both she and Mr Bradbury had displayed a deplorable lack of judgment, when they unanimously came to the conclusion that Septimus Redgrave would eagerly seize the bait held out to him by the destruction of the second will. Selfish and avaricious he might be, but not sufficiently so to induce him to stain his conscience with the commission of so great a crime as that suggested to him by a man in dire extremity, and a woman who hoped to realise her life-long ambition by one grand *coup*.

'You cannot mean what you say, Miss Jones, at least I hope not,' exclaimed Septimus in a severe tone. 'You have been led into this by that man Bradbury, whom I have always considered a great scoundrel.'

'You refuse my offer then?' said Martha in a voice pregnant with despair.

'I will not condescend to answer you,' said Septimus. 'You had better return at once to London. I cannot offer you any hospitality. In the first place, my sisters have a strong prejudice against you, which I must say is not without warrant; and in the second place, I am engaged to be married to the mother of the fortunate legatee. So, if I do not become the possessor of the wealth of the late Colonel Redgrave, my wife's daughter will inherit; so the money will still be in the family.—Good-morning.'

Septimus bowed, and would have left the unhappy Martha without further speech; but the housekeeper caught him by the arm, as she cried in hoarse accents: 'At least you will promise never to mention to any human being the scheme I proposed for your benefit?'

'I promise,' curtly replied Septimus, and left the orchard without more ado, the wretched Martha gazing after his retreating figure with features on which despair in its acutest phase was deeply written.

We have but little to add respecting the personages who have figured in our tale. Mrs Fraser was, as the reader will readily imagine, inexpressibly mortified at so suddenly losing the legacy bequeathed by the late Colonel Redgrave. But if anything could soften the blow, it was the fact that the fortunate recipient was her only child, her dear Blanche, who was shortly afterwards married to Mr Frank Lockwood. On the same day Mrs Fraser changed her name for that of Redgrave.

Septimus never entered the house in Bury Street again, employing an agent for the removal of his household gods and the numerous curios he had accumulated during his long residence as the tenant of Mrs Jones.

Immediately after the failure of his nefarious plot, Mr Bradbury posted the second will to Miss Blanche Fraser, and immediately thereafter disappeared from Bury Street and Lincoln's Inn. Several unfortunate individuals suffered severely in consequence, as it was found that large sums intrusted to him by confiding clients had disappeared, 'leaving not a wrack behind.'

Mr Lockwood is now one of the most rising solicitors in London; his undeniable abilities, by a singular coincidence, being universally recognised immediately after the inheritance by his wife of Colonel Redgrave's legacy.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHEN we are told that 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' the fact appears to be self-evident. Yet there was a time when there was something in a name. We have abundant evidence from the history of the ancients, and from observations of savage tribes, to show that they believed in some inseparable and mysterious connection between a name and the object bearing it, which has given rise to a remarkable series of superstitions, some of which have left traces even amongst ourselves.

The Jews believed that the name of a child would have a great influence in shaping its career; and we have a remarkable instance of this sort of superstition in quite a different quarter of the world. Catlin, the historian of the Canadian Indians, tells us that when he was among the Mohawks, an old chief, by way of paying him a great compliment, insisted on conferring upon him his own name, *Cayendrongue*. 'He had been,' Catlin explains, 'a noted warrior; and told me that now I had a right to assume to myself all the acts of valour he had performed, and that now my name would echo from hill to hill over all the Five Nations.'

The generosity of the Mohawk chief will doubtless be more appreciated when we observe that it is seldom the superstition takes the form of giving one's name away as in his case; on the contrary, most savages are very much opposed to mentioning their names. A well-known writer points out that the Indians of British Columbia have a strange prejudice against telling their own names, and his observation is confirmed by travellers all over the world. In many tribes, if the indiscreet question is asked them, they will nudge their neighbour and get him to answer for them. The mention of a name by the unwary has sometimes been followed by unpleasant results. We are told, for instance, by Mr Blackhouse, of a native lady of Van Diemen's Land who stoned an English gentleman for having, in his ignorance of Tasmanian etiquette, casually mentioned the name of one of her sons. Nothing

will induce a Hindu woman to mention the name of her husband; in alluding to him she uses a variety of descriptive epithets, such as 'the master,' &c., but avoids his proper name with as scrupulous care as members of the House of Commons when speaking of each other in the course of debate. Traces of this may be seen even in Scotland; one may often come across women in rural districts who are in the habit of speaking of their husbands by no other name than 'he.' To such an extent is this superstition carried among some savage tribes, that the real names of children are concealed from their birth upwards, and they are known by fictitious names until their death.

The fear of witchcraft probably is the explanation of all those superstitions. If a name gets known to a sorcerer, he can use it as a handle wherewith to work his spells upon the bearer. When the Romans laid siege to a town, they set about at once to discover the name of its tutelary deity, so that they might coax the god into surrendering his charge. In order to prevent their receiving the same treatment at the hands of their enemies, they carefully concealed the name of the tutelary deity of Rome, and are said to have killed Valerius Soranus for divulging it. We have several examples in our nursery tales of the concealment of a name being connected with a spell. It is made use of by Wagner in the plot of his opera of *Lohengrin*, where the hero, yielding to the curiosity of his lady-love, divulges the secret of his name, and has in consequence to leave her and return to a state of enchantment. In Grimm's tale of *The Gold Spinner*, again, we have an instance of a spell being broken by the discovery of the sorcerer's name.

Reluctance to mention names reaches its height in the case of dangerous or mysterious agencies. In Borneo, the natives avoid naming the small-pox. In Germany, the hare must not be named, or the rye-crop will be destroyed; and to mention the name of this innocent animal at sea, is, or was, reckoned by the Aberdeenshire fishermen an act of impiety, the punishment of which to be averted only by some mysterious charm. The Laplanders never mention the name of the bear, but prefer to speak of him as 'the old man with the fur-coat.' The motive here appears to be a fear that by naming the dreaded object his actual presence will be evoked; and this idea is preserved in one of our commonest sayings. Even if the object of terror does not actually appear, he will at least listen when he hears his name; and if anything unpleasant is said of him he is likely to resent it. Hence, in order to avoid even the semblance of reproach, his very name is made flattering. This phenomenon, generally termed euphemism, is of very common occurrence. The Greeks, for example, called the Furies the 'Well-disposed ones;' and the wicked fairy Puck was christened 'Robin Goodfellow' by the English peasantry. The modern Greeks euphemise the name of vinegar into 'the sweet one.' Were its real name to be mentioned, all the wine in the house would turn sour. We have an example of the converse of the principle of euphemism

at work in the case of mothers among the savage tribes of Tonquin giving their children hideous names in order to frighten away evil spirits from molesting them.

It is, however, in the case of the most dreaded and most mysterious of all our enemies—Death—that the superstition becomes most apparent. 'The very name of Death,' says Montaigne, 'strikes terror into people, and makes them cross themselves.' Even the unsuperstitious have a vague reluctance to mentioning this dreaded name. Rather than say, 'If Mr So-and-so should die,' we say, 'If anything should happen to Mr So-and-so.' The Romans preferred the expression 'He has lived' to 'He is dead.' 'M. Thiers *a vécu*' was the form in which that statesman's death was announced; not 'M. Thiers *est mort*.'

The same reluctance is noticeable in mentioning the names of persons who are dead. A writer on the Shetland Isles tells us that no persuasion will induce a widow to mention her dead husband's name. When we do happen to allude to a deceased friend by name, we often add some such expression as 'Rest his soul!' by way of antidote to our rashness; and this expression seems to have been used by the Romans in the same way. As might be expected, we find this carried to a great extreme among savages. In some tribes, when a man dies who bore the name of some common object—'fire,' for instance—the name for fire must be altered in consequence; and as proper names among savages are almost invariably the names of common objects, the rapid change that takes place in the language and the inconvenience resulting therefrom may be imagined. Civilisation has indeed made enormous progress from this cumbersome superstition to our own philosophy, which can ask with haughty indifference, 'What's in a name?'

THE HAUNTED BRIDGE.

A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THERE are probably few readers who are not familiar, to a greater or lesser extent, with the well-ventilated subject of superstition in the Highlands of Scotland. There are few mountain countries throughout the world that are not rich in lore and legend relating to the supernatural: their very configuration suggests that agencies more than ordinary have been employed in shaping out their features. It is curious to notice how very largely the demoniac theory enters into the calculations of the peasantry. For one Fairy glen or knowe there are a dozen Devil's mills, bridges, caldrons, or punchbowls; in fact, it is almost always the beings that are supposed to be baleful and inimical to the human race that have had their personality perpetuated in these legends. This certainly seems a little incongruous; but as this is not a treatise on demonology, we are content to leave it so.

Superstition is part of the being of the mountaineer. Brave even to rashness, he will face the natural dangers that beset his life—in the torrent, on the peak, or in the forest; he fears no odds when he meets his foes. And yet this man, who can tread the dizzy ledge on the face of a precipice, who can hurl himself on levelled steel,

is more timid and frightened than a child, when he conceives that forces other than earthly are being brought to bear on him. It is partly to the style and manner of his life that he owes this. He is brought more into the presence of nature than his neighbour of the plains; he becomes imbued with the spirit of his surroundings; the deep dark gloom of the woods, the lonesomeness of the mountain solitudes, the voices of the storm and of the torrent, and of their reproductions in the echoes, appeal to him; and a poetical imagination begotten of such an existence finishes the process. Thus the roar of a waterfall in its dark chasm becomes to him the howlings of some demon prisoned among the rocks; the sighing of the wind through the forest trees is caused by the passage of spirits; the mists that furl around the mountain peaks and are wafted so silently across crest and corrie are disembodied ghosts; and the sounds that break the stillness of the night are the shrieks and yells of fiends and their victims.

This brings me to my story. I fancy that most of my readers are acquainted more or less with the scenery of the Highlands; but in the case of by far the larger number of them, I venture to say that such acquaintance extends only to the Highlands in their summer or their autumn dress. If so, they only half know them. Brave is the tourist who ventures amid the bens and glens when rude King Boreas lords it over them; when winter's wind roars adown the gorges of the hill, staggering the stalwart pines, mingling the withered leaves and the snowflakes in the desolate woods. When icicles hang from the hoary rocks, and the deep drift chokes up the ravines, mantles the slopes of the corries, and bends in cornices over the threatening cliffs; when the river roars through the plain—brown and swollen—and its parent torrents are leaping and raving among the boulders; when the mountain hare and the ptarmigan are white as the snow that harbours them; and the deer, driven from the hills by stress of weather, roam in herds through the low-lying woods; and the mountain fox leaves his cairn and prowls around the farm and the sheepfold—*then*, if you would enter into the spirit of loneliness and solitude, take your way to the Highlands. Do not imagine, however, that such is their condition during the whole of winter; on the contrary, I have painted a particularly black picture, and it was in very much better weather that, two or three years ago, I went north, in December, on a visit to some friends in Inverness-shire. The particular part of the county I stayed in does not materially affect my adventure, so I shall not disclose it.

My time sped by very pleasantly, although the district did not afford many neighbours at short distances; but this was a circumstance that always procured me an extra hearty welcome when I ventured far enough from home to call upon any people. On one of these expeditions I had ridden to a house about eight miles away, and the late hour of my arrival brought about an invitation to stay for dinner and spend the evening. My friends pushed their hospitality to such an extent, that they had almost prevailed upon me to stay the night as well, when a good-natured challenge changed my wavering plans

into a firm determination to be off. Our conversation after dinner had not unnaturally turned upon ghost-stories, as the district was an out-of-the-way one, and the country-folk were fully persuaded of the existence of kelpies and warlocks of various kinds. What now happened was that some of the young people fancied they had found the reason why I was willing to stay all night, and boldly told me that I was frightened to cross a certain bridge on my way home that had the reputation of being haunted. I knew the spot well, though I had never found out its exact story; and when I had assured the country-people that I had no fears of the experiment, they solemnly shook their heads, and averred that not for sums untold would they cross the bridge after nightfall. On the present occasion, as I had been foremost among the sceptics during the story-telling, I felt my reputation at stake; and declaring I would on no account remain, I gave orders to have my pony brought round. The whole party came to the door to see me start—the elders inveighing against my foolishness in setting off at that time of night; the young people plying me with horrors, and telling me to be sure to come round next morning—if alive—and give an account of my adventures. To all I gave a merry reply, and lighting my pipe, swinging myself into the saddle, and shouting 'Good-night,' I cantered off down the avenue.

For a couple of miles the road led me down a deep wooded glen. On both sides the mountains towered aloft to a height of more than two thousand feet, their lower slopes thickly clad with pine and birch, their shoulders and summits white from a recent heavy snowfall. The river poured along tumultuously, close beneath the road, swirling past frowning cliffs of rock, brawling and battling with heaps of boulders, shooting in sheets of glancing foam over cascade and rapid. By daylight the scene was sufficiently grand and impressive; illumined as it now was by a faint moonlight, it was much more so. The night was calm and slightly frosty; but overhead, a strong breeze was blowing, and from time to time the moon was obscured by the flying clouds. The play of light and shade brought about by this was very beautiful; at one moment the shaggy hillsides and deep pools of the river were plunged in deepest shadow; in the next a flood of pale glory poured over them, painting the rushing stream with silver, shooting shafts of light among the tall trees, tracing mosaics on the dark surface of the road. Each clump of ferns, each bush and stump, took uncommon shape, and it required no great stretch of imagination to convert the boulders and reefs of rock out in the stream into waterbells and kelpies. The rush and roar of the river drowned all other sounds; but with the exception of the echoing tread of my pony and the occasional bark of a fox from the hill, there was nothing else to be heard. On my way down the glen I passed a few scattered cottages, but their occupants were long ago in bed, although it was not much past ten o'clock.

The wilder part of the glen ended in a fine pass, where the hills towered almost straight up from the river, and the pines threw so deep a shadow, that for a few yards it was impossible

to see the road. Just beyond, the mountains retreated to right and left, and through a short and level tract of meadow-land, road and stream made their way down to the shores of the loch. Ahead of me I could see its broad bosom gleaming in the moonlight, and the great snow-clad mountains beyond it. As the improved condition of the road now made rapid progression easier, I gave the pony his head, and he went along in a style that promised soon to land me at my destination.

There was only one thing that troubled me—the haunted bridge. Once past it, and I should thoroughly enjoy my moonlight ride. I do not know whether it was the thought of the ghost-stories with which we had beguiled the hours after dinner, and which now kept recurring to my mind in spite of all effort to the contrary, or whether it was the solemn and impressive scenery I had passed through in the glen, that had unstrung me; but the nearer I drew to the bridge the more uncomfortable I felt regarding it. It was not exactly fear, but a vague presentiment of evil—the Highland blood asserting itself. I could not get rid of the sensation. I tried to hum and to whistle, but the forced merriment soon died a natural death. I was now on the loneliest part of the road. From the bottom of the glen as far as the bridge—about three miles—there was not a single cottage; and more than a mile on the other side of it lay a scattered hamlet. The moon, too, which had hitherto befriended me, now threatened to withdraw its light; and where clumps of trees overhung the road the darkness was deep. The pony carried me along bravely—he knew he was going home; and in a short time a turn in the road showed me, some distance ahead, a ribbon of white high upon the dark hillside. It was the stream that ran beneath the fatal bridge.

Better get out of this as soon as possible, I thought; and with voice and stick I encouraged the pony to increased speed. On we went! The roar of the haunted stream was loud and near now; the gloom increased as we plunged deeper into the wood that filled its basin; in another minute the bridge would be far behind, when, without the least warning, the pony shied to one side and then stood stock still, quivering all over. The shock all but sent me flying over its head; but by an effort I kept my seat. I had not far to look for the cause of the beast's fright. Not a dozen yards away were the dimly seen parapets of the bridge; and on one of them crouched an object that froze me with terror. There are some moments in which the events of a lifetime pass in review; there are some glances in which an infinity of detail can be taken in quicker than eye can close. This was one of them. I do not suppose that my eye rested on the object of my terror for more than a second; but in that brief space I saw what seemed like the upper part of a distorted human body, hunchbacked and without legs, with a face that glowed with the red light of fire! I can laugh now, when I think of my fright; but at the moment, I remember getting the pony into motion somehow with stick, bridle, and voice, and speeding across the bridge like a thunderbolt, crouching down, Tam o' Shanter.

like, and momentarily expecting to feel the grip of a clammy hand on my neck! Hard, hard we galloped through the hamlet I have mentioned; nor did I slacken the pace until the lights of my abode had gleamed through the plantation, and we were safe and sound in the stable-yard.

To make a really good ghost-story, my narrative should go no further; but the sequel has still to be told. I invented an excuse to appease the curiosity of my friends, who naturally were anxious to know what had sent us home in such a fashion—the pony in a lather, and myself with a scared, unintelligible expression. I did not want to tell the real story until I had made some effort to unravel it. With this end in view, I started on foot soon after breakfast for the house I had dined at, intending to make a thorough examination of the bridge and the course of the stream on my way, and to question some of the cottagers in the hamlet. I was saved the trouble, however. I had not gone much more than a mile, when I perceived coming along the road towards me a sturdy pedlar, with a fur cap on his head, and a pack of very large dimensions fastened on his broad shoulders. Such fellows are very commonly met with in the outlying districts of the Highlands, where they do a roaring trade in ribbons, sham jewellery, and smallwares, besides carrying a fund of gossip from place to place. In the specimen of the class now before me I was not long in recognising the ghost of the haunted bridge, and in hailing him I was soon in possession of the whole story. 'Yes; he was the man that was sitting on the brig about eleven o'clock; and was I the gentleman, that rode past as if all the witches in the countryside were at his heels? Faith, it was a proper fright I had given him.'

'But tell me,' I asked, 'what on earth were you doing there at such a time of night?'

'Weel, sir, I was very late of gettin' across the ferry; and it was a langer step than I had thoct doon to the village; and I had had a guid walk the day already, and was tired-like. The brig was kind o' handy for a rest; so I just sat doon on the dike and had a bit smoke o' the pipe. Losh, sir, when ye cam scourin' past, I thoct it was the deil himsel'; but then I just thoct that it was mysel' sitting in the shadow that had frightened your beastie, and it had run awa' wi' you like. And when I cam the length o' the village, I just had to creep into a bit shed; and wi' my pack and some straw I soon made a bed.'

So here was the whole story. The deep shadow on the bridge had prevented me from seeing the sitter's legs; the heavy knapsack had given him a humpback; the fur cap and the glow of the pipe accounted for the fiery countenance. With mutual explanations we parted—he to push his sales in the villages beyond; I, to hurry on to the house in the glen, whose inmates at first evinced the liveliest interest in the over-night episode—an interest, however, which waned to disappointment as I proceeded to explain how the ghost was laid. I may mention that I omitted the 'scourin' past' portion of the adventure. How they will chaff me when they read this!

FAIRYLAND IN MIDSUMMER.

SHALL I tell you how one day
Into Fairyland we went?
Fairy folk were all about,
Filling us with glad content;
For we came as worshippers
Into Nature's temple grand,
And the fairies welcome such
With the freedom of the land.

Through the green-roofed aisles we went,
Passing with a careful tread,
For beside our happy feet
Purple orchis raised its head;
And behind, the blue-bells hung,
Fading now like ghosts at morn,
Here and there a white one bent,
Like a 'maiden all forlorn.'

From the bank across our way
Ragged Robin flaunted red,
And athwart a narrow trench
Feathery ferns their shadows spread.
Fair white campion from the hedge
Raised its starry petals chaste,
And the fragile speedwell blue
Bade us on our journey haste.

Haste? For why? We sought the pool
Where the water-lilies bloom,
And we found it ere the night,
Hidden in a leafy gloom;
All around like sentinels
Yellow iris stood on guard,
Keeping o'er the virgin queens
Ever faithful watch and ward.

Like pale queens the lilies white
On their leafy conches lay,
Where no wanton hand could reach,
No disloyal foot could stray.
Lovingly we bade adieu
To each golden-hearted queen,
And stepped out to where the heath
Laughed to heaven in robe of green.

Here we gathered treasure-trove—
Eyebright, milkwort, cuckoo-shoes—
Till our baskets, overfull,
Many a precious bud must lose;
Till the sunset glory fell
On the blossoms in our hand,
And, with lingering glances, we
Bade farewell to Fairyland.

FLORENCE TYLER.

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THE STORY OF ABE.

THOSE who profess to know all about slavery will tell you that the negro was a thousand times happier as a slave than he is as a freeman. This may be true of some of the race; we do not enter into the question. The field-hand was in general an entirely irresponsible creature. He belonged to his master as thoroughly as the dogs and horses did, and he was of infinitely less importance. He had his daily task and his daily rations; he had also, if owned by a kind master, his little amusements, chief of which were the dance and the camp-meeting. Such a life would naturally not inspire one with any very high ambition. Give the plantation negro his hoe-cake and his bit of fat pork, his banjo, and the privilege of telling his experience to an unlimited chorus of 'Halleluiahs!' and 'Bress de Lords!' and you gave him perfect bliss. If the white man was his oppressor, he seldom knew it. 'De family' were, except in rare cases, admired and revered. And these poor creatures who did not own themselves, assumed and felt an air of proud proprietorship when speaking of the glories of their master's state, and specially of each 'young mas'r' and 'lily miss.' 'Young mas'r' was at once their tyrant and their darling. I have heard a wedding ceremony wound up with, 'Hark, from de tombs a doleful sound!' with all its concomitant tears and groans, because 'Marse Harry' had so ordered.

This state of things by no means came to an end with the civil war. Long after the slaves were freemen, and the broad acres had changed owners, and 'old mas'r' had fallen in battle or died broken-hearted, all that were left of the proud old name were still 'de family' to those loving hearts. While the writer lived in one of the border towns of Virginia, the mother of one of her maids appeared one day to ask for largess. 'We'se done goin' to hab a party, Miss Anne,' said she; 'an' some ob de ladies dey gibs me flour; an' some, eggs; an' some, sugar; an' ole missis she would a' gib me a whole great big

cake, but I up an' tole her I had one.—It was a lie,' she explained earnestly, fearing I would think further gifts unnecessary; 'but some o' dem pore white trash say de missis habn't got nuff to eat.' And Chloe fairly sobbed.

I ventured to ask the occasion of the festivity.

'Well, ye see, Miss Anne,' said Chloe, brightening, 'us cullud pussons is gettin' married now just like white folks; an' as my ole mammy 'll be eighty the day after to-morrow, Marse George said I had oughter gib her an' father a weddin'.'

Better late than never, thought I, as I added something to Chloe's basket.

In addition to the plantation negroes and the often petted and spoiled household servants, there was among the coloured population of the South a certain proportion of skilled mechanics. These were not only, from their superior intelligence, more alive than the rest of their race to the hardship of slavery, but, from their greater value, more apt to suffer from it. Why, for instance, should Jim, a good blacksmith, trifle his time away on the plantation, where there was little or nothing for him to do, when Smith in the adjacent town will give Jim's master, always in need of money, handsome payment for the slave's services? The master is perhaps a kind man, and Smith known to be just the reverse, but hiring is not like selling. And so Jim goes, and toils in the sweat of his brow till Smith's payment to the master is wrung out from him a thousandfold.

It is of one of these mechanics I am going to tell you, and, excepting that the names of the persons connected with the story have been changed, every word of Abe's story is true.

In the heart of West Virginia, on the picturesque banks of the Great Kanawha River, there is a large tract of land once owned by Washington. Besides the niece who afterwards became Mrs Parke Custis, Washington had another in whom he was greatly interested, the daughter of his brother Lawrence. This lady, much against the wishes of her distinguished

uncle, became the wife of Major Parks of Baltimore; and when this gallant officer, fulfilling Washington's predictions, had spent all he could, lay his hands upon and a great deal more, the couple, for his sins, were banished to what was then the wilderness of Western Virginia. Their daughter in course of time married Mr Prescott, a rich young planter from the east, whose money, laid out on the Washington acres, produced a flourishing plantation; while on one of the most romantic sites on the Kanawha arose a noble mansion known as Prescott Place. Here Mrs Prescott exercised for years a lavish hospitality; and here were preserved, until fire consumed them and the mansion together, sundry relics of Washington, chief of which was a characteristic letter to his niece, written before her marriage, warning her that as she made her bed, so she should lie upon it.

When young Laura Prescott married gay Dick Randolph, Abe, the son of Mr Prescott's body-servant, was one of numerous presents of like kind. Abe was an excellent carpenter; and when dark days came to the Prescotts and Randolphs, it was Abe himself who persuaded 'Marse Dick' to sell him to a man from the north named Hartley, who from being a slave-driver had risen to be a slave-owner, and who had the reputation of being a very demon. Again and again Hartley offered a tempting price, and again and again Dick Randolph refused it; nor would he have yielded at last, had pressed as he was, had he not felt that Abe, being about to be hired to a builder in the neighbourhood, would be really out of Hartley's power. And when, some months after the sale, Abe walked over to Prescott Place to tell that his new master was going to allow him to purchase his freedom by working over-hours, Mr Randolph felt quite at ease about the faithful fellow. A price being set by Hartley, Abe set himself cheerfully to earn it—for years commencing his day's work with the dawn, and carrying it far into the night.

But the general opinion of Hartley had not, it was soon seen, done him injustice. Twice, thrice, was the price of Abe's freedom raised just as he seemed on the eve of gaining it; and after the third disappointment, the slave became utterly hopeless, and, abandoning all extra labour, spent his spare hours in the darkest corner of his wretched cabin, brooding over his wrongs. This was by no means what Hartley intended; so, to encourage Abe, he was led to promise, in the presence of Mr Randolph, that he would abide by the sum last named. In law, of course, the promise was good for nothing; but the *ci-devant* slave-driver was supposed to have some regard for public opinion. In vain Mr Randolph offered a higher price than was demanded for the slave himself. Abe should buy himself, Hartley said, or he should not be bought at all.

Three years had passed, when Abe, getting a half-holiday from the builder who hired him, set off for Hartley's with the stipulated sum. On his way there he stopped at Prescott Place to tell the good news. This was just at the beginning of the war; and Mr Randolph, being about to join the army, had promised to take Abe with him as his servant.

Next morning, while breakfast was being served at Prescott Place, a loud scuffle was heard

at the dining-room door, and Hartley, using his whip freely on the servant who tried to stop him, strode into the room livid with passion, and flourishing his whip in Mr Randolph's face, yelled, with an oath: 'Where is that nigger?'

Dick Randolph's blood was up in a moment, but he was first of all a gentleman. 'Do you see my wife?' he asked sternly.

A coarse response from Hartley was all the reply, and in a moment the ruffian had measured his length on the floor; nor did he remember more till he found himself struggling in a pool of not very clean water by the highway. The negroes had received orders to take him off the plantation, and the precise spot where they were to deposit him not having been mentioned, they had selected one in accordance with his deserts.

Hartley thought it prudent to disappear for a time. Whether he was simply a coward, or feared that some ugly facts connected with the case might leak out, was never known. Abe himself was not seen or heard of; and his story, except by a few, was soon, in these eventful times, forgotten.

But the facts of the case were these: on the evening referred to, Abe had found his master pleasant, and even jocular, wishing he had not given the promise, offering to buy Abe back again, and so on. At last he turned to business. The money was produced and counted.

'Well?' said Hartley, inquiringly.

Abe did not understand. Hartley seemed waiting for something. At last he spoke plainly. 'Where is the rest of the money?'

The scoundrel had made up his mind to deny having received the previous payments, to deny all knowledge even of sums he had meanly borrowed from his slave, and to hand him back to helpless, hopeless slavery.

That night Abe appeared at the cabin of his wife, a slave on a distant plantation. There he briefly told the story of his wrongs, adding: 'I am going to-night. It may be long before you see me; but if it is fifty years, I will come back for you, if you are faithful.'

Phyllis promised to be true; and kept her promise as slaves do; that is, she married—they called it marrying—the first man who asked her.

The five years of the war had come and gone, and ten years more. Major Randolph, past middle age, and utterly ruined, was trying, in a small Virginian town, to take up the profession of law, which, in happier days, he had studied, but had not cared to practise; and the widow of Hartley, who had meantime died bankrupt, was keeping a boarding-house in the same place; when, on a certain forenoon, there was shown into the Randolphs' parlour a tall, portly, middle-aged man, gentlemanly in appearance, and thoroughly well dressed, but perfectly black. The Irish maid-of-all-work had forgiven his colour for the sake of his clothes.

Mr Randolph happened to be at home, and it was to him the stranger eagerly turned. 'Marse Dick!' he cried.

'Abe!'

And Abe it was. And there were tears in at least three pairs of eyes as the master and slave of former days shook hands.

Well, Abe might have been a long-lost brother, Major Randolph was so glad to see him. He made him tell his adventures from the time he left Hartley until he appeared in the Randolphs' parlour; he showed him his sons and his daughters, and rattled on about old days. But never a word did he say about wounds and losses and disappointments; though it could hardly have escaped Abe's affectionate eyes that, while his own outer man bore such marks of prosperity, his old master's had grown actually shabby.

By ways and means generally forthcoming to border negroes who had the courage and prudence to avail themselves of them, Abe had gone northward first, returning to Virginia, however, the moment the emancipation proclamation was issued. Hearing of Major Randolph's absence and his own wife's unfaithfulness, he had wandered farther and farther from his old home, and had settled at last in a far south-western state. There he had worked steadily; at first on shares, then for himself; till at the time of his visit to Virginia, he was the manager and largest shareholder of the celebrated Hot Springs of A—.

Need I say how earnestly 'Marse Dick' was besought to try the springs for his rheumatism, to bring 'Miss Laura' and the family, to enjoy horses and carriages, to fish and hunt, and generally to enter into possession?

Old Mrs Prescott, who still lived, shared with her son and daughter the pleasure of Abe's return, and the young Randolphs listened with delight to such an interesting romance. And yet—truth compels me to confess that the eldest daughter gave more than one uneasy glance into the street, and was literally sitting on thorns. What if a morning caller should find a negro in the Randolph parlour? Even kind Mrs Randolph had a feeling of uneasiness as the early dinner-hour approached. But the master guessed at no such embarrassments. The hour came; the bell rang, and as easily and cordially Major Randolph said: 'You will come to dinner with us, Abe.'

'After you and the family, Marse Dick.'

'With me and the family,' replied Major Randolph.

And though Abe earnestly begged to be allowed to wait, into the dining-room he went. And I may add, that had the most curious or mischievous eyes been on the watch for solecisms of any kind, they would have been disappointed.

'What would you have had me do?' said Major Randolph afterwards. 'There was Abe, dying to lavish on his old master all he possessed. Was I to be outdone in hospitality by my own old slave?'

'And Abe had just as much delicacy as papa,' owned Miss Randolph, who felt she could afford to praise when the critical period was safely over—a merciful providence having kept away visitors. 'He spoke just as good English as we do. But did you notice that, though he spoke of Mr Hartley and Mr everybody else, he always called papa "Marse Dick"?'

Before Abe left town, he had put a little bit of business in Mr Randolph's hands—no other than the settlement of a mortgage that threatened to ruin Mrs Hartley and her children. 'O Marse Dick!' he said, 'I have been keeping away till I was rich enough to buy that man up; and then

I meant to meet him face to face and ask him what he thought of himself. I doubt if I could have kept my hands off him; and now he is gone. I hope the good Lord will forgive me!'

Were I writing a romance, I might tell how Abe made his old master's fortune. But I have given you a poor idea of Major Randolph if I have led you to imagine he would allow himself to profit by his old servant's prosperity in the smallest degree. If Abe told him of a good investment, he had no money. If a loan was modestly and hesitatingly offered, on the plea that Abe wished to place money at interest, and that there were so few whom he could trust, it was kindly but decidedly refused. And so Abe grows richer, and Major Randolph poorer than ever. The old-time slaves, with many misty ideas on the subject of religion, had one article of belief which they understood clearly, and for which they would have suffered martyrdom—namely, that in the next world it would be their turn to sit at table and eat the good things, while the proud white folks should 'grease de giddle and turn de cakes.' The doctrine is founded on the principle of compensation, but the compensation in some cases begins here.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER XVI.

'I HAVE something of serious import to say to you,' were Mora's first words as he went forward a few steps and then halted. 'Hector Laroche, do you know that you are in imminent danger of your life?'

He gave a little start and looked at her fixedly for a moment or two. 'No; I am not aware of anything of the kind,' he answered with a sneer. 'Madame, you are oracular!'

'Oh, hush! This is no time for levity. Will you not believe me when I tell you that your life is in danger? The assassins have tracked you—they have followed you here—they have sworn to take your life!'

'The assassins! What assassins?' he shrieked as he bounded to his feet.

'Can you not guess? Think, Laroche, think! Oh, how like you it was to turn traitor to the cause to which you had bound yourself by oath, and to betray your comrades! But your treachery has been discovered. The penalty you cannot be ignorant of.'

He had turned livid with terror while Mora was speaking. A glassy film had overspread his eyes, which looked dilated to twice their ordinary size. His gaze wandered from corner to corner of the room with a sort of stealthy fright, as if dreading that an assassin might spring upon him at any moment. A cold perspiration bathed him from head to foot; he trembled in every limb, and would have fallen had he not supported himself with his back and hands against the bureau.

'How am I to know that what you have just told me has any truth in it?' he asked at length, with a strange hoarseness in his voice. 'What should you, Mora De Vigne, know of secret

societies, plots, and conspiracies? Who should speak to you of these things, the secrets of which are known to the initiated alone? No; it is a lie—a lie! Some wretched fool has imposed upon you, or else you have concocted this story yourself in order to frighten me away.'

Looking straight at him, Mora said slowly: '*The right hand of the Czar is frozen.*'

A low cry burst from the wretched man's lips; he buried his face in his hands and fell on his knees; he knew that his doom was sealed.

A pang of compassion shot through Mora's heart. She made a step or two forward and then drew back with a shudder. All her womanly instincts revolted against the man. Not even at that supreme moment could she bring herself to go near him. 'You must go away at once—to-night,' she said. 'To-morrow may be too late.' She found herself repeating the very words of Jules.

'Go away—where?' he asked with a groan, turning his haggard face full upon her. 'All places are alike. There is no escape—none!' He rose to his feet and staggered across the room to the ottoman, on which he sank, and buried his face in the cushions.

'Will you allow me to send for Colonel Woodruffe? He will be able to counsel you far better than I as to what had best be done for your safety.'

As Laroche neither assented nor dissented, Nanette was at once despatched in quest of the colonel, who was still with Sir William. He followed close on Nanette's heels. A few words aside from Mora put him in possession of the facts of the case.

'Laroche, this is a bad business—a very bad business,' he said as he crossed to the ottoman and laid a hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. 'But sit up, and let us look the situation in the face. Whining is of no use—never is. We have to act. While there's life there's hope, and I for one don't despair of dragging you out of this dilemma, however awkward it may look just now.'

'No, monsieur; there is no hope—none,' cried Laroche. 'They have tracked me here—they will track me everywhere, till one day their opportunity will arrive. I know—I know!' His nervous agitation was still so extreme that the words seemed as if they could scarcely form themselves on his lips.

'Here—drink this,' said the colonel, handing him a glass containing brandy, which Mora had brought at his request.

Laroche swallowed the spirit greedily. It helped to steady his nerves for the time being, if it did him no other good.

'What Madame De Vigne says is quite true,' resumed the colonel. 'You must get away from this place without an hour's delay. I have thought of a plan which will at least insure your safety for a little while to come; after that, you will have to shift for yourself. I knew this part of the country well when a boy. There is a farmhouse kept by an old acquaintance of mine in a lonely valley about two miles from the

opposite shore of the lake. I will take you there to-night, and you can stay there till you have decided what your future plans shall be.'

'O monsieur, you are too good! I have not deserved this,' cried the abject wretch.

'You speak the truth, Laroche; you have not deserved it,' answered the other gravely. 'How soon can you be ready to start?'

'In ten minutes, monsieur.'

'Good.'

'But I shall need money, monsieur.'

'It shall be found you. Have you any idea as to what your plans will be after you leave the farmhouse?'

'I shall endeavour to make my way to London—it is the best hiding-place in the world for those who know it. There I shall lie quiet for a little while. After that'—He ended with an expressive lifting of his shoulders.

'If you will get ready, then,' said the colonel. 'I too have a few arrangements to make.'

Laroche nodded; then he went to the door, opened it, and gazed furtively up and down the corridor. Not a creature was in sight. He darted away and sped up the thickly carpeted staircase as noiselessly as a shadow.

The colonel sent Nanette in search of Archie Ridsdale. He came at once, and as soon as the situation of affairs had been partially explained to him, he was despatched with a message to the boathouse. Then the colonel in his turn left the room. He was only absent three or four minutes, and when he came back he was carrying a small roll of notes in his hand.

Mora had subsided into an easy-chair from the moment Colonel Woodruffe had taken charge of the situation, and there she was still sitting. Who could have analysed her thoughts during the last painful quarter of an hour, or have adequately described the varied phases of emotion which ebbed and flowed through her heart!

Immediately following on the return of the colonel, came Archie Ridsdale. Each of them was muffled in his ulster, for although the storm had not yet broken over the valley, it might do so at any moment.

A minute later the door opened and Laroche stole in. For a moment or two none of them recognised him. His black beard and moustache had vanished; a grizzled wig with long lanky tufts of hair, which fell on his coat-collar behind, covered his head; his eyebrows had been manipulated to match the wig; while a pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles served to disguise him still further. There was no longer the slightest trace of a Parisian dandy in his appearance; his clothes were homely, and of the fashion of some years previously. He looked like a small provincial shopkeeper who might have come over to England for a holiday. But no disguise could hide the pallor of his face, the nervous twitching of his thin lips, or the abject terror that lurked in his eyes.

Archie and the colonel stood up. The moment of departure had come. Laroche turned to his wife, who had also risen. Placing both his hands over his heart and bending low in front of her, he said in a husky whisper: 'Mora, pardon, pardon! We shall never meet again.'

For a moment or two she hesitated; all the woman within her was profoundly moved; then

she went up to him. 'Hector, with my whole heart I forgive you!' she said.

That was their farewell. A moment later Mora heard the door close behind the three men.

She turned down the lamp and drew back one of the curtains. It was pitch-dark outside; not a star was visible. She opened the window a little way, in order that she might watch as well as listen. Presently she heard a faint noise of footsteps on the gravel below. The three men had left the hotel by way of the French-window in the sitting-room on the ground floor.

Mora stood with straining eyes and ears. Suddenly the darkness was shivered by a quivering flash of lightning, and in that instant she saw the figures of the three men crossing the slope of the hill on their way to the lake. At the same time, she imagined she saw the stealthy form of Santelle disappear behind a clump of laurel, as if he were watching the retreating figures.—Will he have known Laroche in spite of his disguise?

The thought sent a cold tremor through her heart—half of horror, half of regret. But darkness had come again in the twinkling of an eye, and she saw nothing more. With a heavy sigh, she let the curtain drop into its place just as the door opened and Clarice entered the room.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUSION.

Three weeks had passed since the flight of Hector Laroche, when one wet forenoon Colonel Woodruffe, in company with a constable in plain clothes, found himself at the door of a low lodging-house in a frowsy-looking street in close proximity to one of the docks. The landlord of the house admitted the visitors, and ushering them up-stairs, unlocked the door of a small bedroom. There, on a ragged straw mattress, lay the dead body of Hector Laroche. A paragraph in the morning's paper had aroused the suspicions of Colonel Woodruffe, who happened to be in London at the time, and he at once ordered a cab and set his face eastward.

The statement of the landlord of the lodging-house was to the effect that Laroche had lodged with him for little more than a week at the time of his death; that he was exceedingly quiet and well behaved; that he lay in bed nearly the whole day, reading the newspapers and French novels, and having a bottle of brandy at his elbow; and that he rarely went out of doors till after nightfall, and then only for a short time. On the Tuesday, contrary to his custom, he had gone out about noon, and on returning a little before dusk, had remarked to the landlord that he should only require his bed for one night more, as he had just secured a berth on board a steamer which was to sail the following day. At that time, he appeared to be somewhat the worse for drink. He went up-stairs soon afterwards, and nothing more was seen or heard of him. As he was in the habit of not rising till late, no comment was made on his non-appearance next morning; and it was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that the landlord knocked at his door. There being no reply to his summons, he opened the door and went in. There he found Laroche, lying on his bed as if asleep, and dressed, except for his coat and waistcoat. But over his

face was spread a fine cambric handkerchief, which medical evidence afterwards proved to have been saturated with chloroform. On the table by his side were a novel, a half-emptied bottle of cognac, a phial, uncorked, containing chloroform, and the dead man's watch and chain. In one of his pockets was found a purse containing a considerable sum in notes and gold.

At the inquest, the tendency of the evidence pointed strongly to the probability of the deceased having committed suicide while under the temporary influence of strong drink. There was only one piece of evidence forthcoming which served in some measure to invalidate that assumption. The landlord of the house deposed to the fact of the lock of the bedroom door having been secretly tampered with, so that while the door was to all appearance fastened on the inside, it could be opened without difficulty from without. As, however, there was no evidence forthcoming to implicate any one in particular with the act in question, and as the property of the dead man had apparently not been touched, the jury had no option but to bring in an open verdict. The evidence tendered by Colonel Woodruffe was confined entirely to the question of identity.

Two days later he attended Laroche's funeral—the solitary 'mourner' there. This he did out of respect for Mora.

Whether Laroche's death was the result of his own rash act, or whether it was due to certain other agencies of which mention has previously been made, is one of those mysteries respecting which the world will probably never be any wiser than it is now.

Lady Renshaw was as good as her word when she stated that she had discarded her niece for ever. But it is possible that she might not have proved quite so obdurate had she not at the same time found herself so thoroughly checkmated in other directions. Her surprise at finding Mr Etheridge transformed into Sir William Ridsdale, and the knowledge that all her scheming to secure the rich baronet's son for Miss Wynter had not only proved futile, but had evidently been seen through from the first by the keen-eyed Sir William, combined with her chagrin that Madame De Vigne, instead of being regarded in the light of an adventuress, was looked upon as a person whose friendship any one might feel proud to claim, following so close upon Bella's 'heartless duplicity,' proved more than she had the courage to face. And when, in addition, a horrid suspicion began to shape itself in her mind that Dr McMurdo—no doubt instigated thereto by that odious Miss Galsford—instead of having fallen in love with her, as she so fondly dreamed, had been merely trying to make her look ridiculous, and amuse himself at the same time—it was no wonder she made up her mind that the sooner she left the *Palatine* and its inmates behind her the better.

Thus it fell out next morning that when Bella, intent on forgiveness and reconciliation, knocked at her aunt's door, there came no response; after which a very brief inquiry sufficed to establish the fact that Lady Renshaw had risen at some abnormally early hour, and, accompanied by her maid, had started southward by the first train.

She had left behind her no word or message of any kind for the dismayed girl, who found herself thus cruelly deserted in the huge hotel.

But Miss Pen came to the rescue almost before Bella, in her bewilderment had time fully to realise the fact of her aunt's desertion. The little circle of which Miss Pen formed a component part welcomed her as one of themselves, now that the incubus of Lady Renshaw's presence was removed; and Bella quickly found that what she had lost in one direction was far more than made up to her in others. When, two days later, the party at the *Palatine* broke up, Miss Wynter accompanied the Rev. Septimus and his sister to their home in the Midlands, there to remain till Mr Dulcimer was prepared to claim her as his wife. And there, some three months later, a quiet wedding took place, our good vicar tying the knot, Sir William himself giving away the bride, who had not failed to become a great favourite with him, Archie acting as best-man, and Miss Lorraine as bridesmaid-in-chief. Miss Pen played a voluntary on the organ, and there was a mist of tears in her eyes as she did so. Some vague dream of the past, never to be realised in this world, may perchance have been busy in her mind at the time.

When spring came round again, the worthy vicar was called upon to tie two more nuptial knots. Mora and her sister were married on the same day. Archie and his wife went abroad for a year's travel; and now that they are back, Clarice, who has far greater faith in her husband's abilities than he has himself, has made up her mind that Archie must go into parliament. She firmly believes that if he will only do so, there is a brilliant future before him. Time will prove.

Sir William has ventured to spend the last two winters in England, and, somewhat to his surprise, has found himself none the worse in health for doing so. He divides his time pretty equally between his son's house and that of Colonel Woodruffe. He did not forget our friend Mr Dulcimer when an opportunity presented itself. Through his influence, Dick was appointed to the secretaryship of a large public Company, the salary of which just doubled his previous income. Meanwhile, his wife had not found existence even in a small suburban villa by any means so unendurable as she at one time professed to fear it would be. In truth, her high spirits and good temper are enough to brighten any home. She has all the appearance of being one of the happiest women in England.

Lastly, what is there left to record of her who has been the central figure of our little history? Happily, not much. Are not the happiest lives those of which there is nothing to relate? With Mora the days of storm and stress are over; the past with all its wretchedness and misery seems little more than a hideous dream. She is happy in the present, and, so far as human fallibility can judge, there seems every prospect of her continuing so in time to come. Dr Mac came all the way from Aberdeen to attend her marriage. As he shook hands with her after the ceremony, he said: 'What a pity, my dear madame, what a great pity it is that Providence did not bless you with a twin-sister!'

'Why so, doctor?'

'Because, in that case, there is just a possibility that another poor mortal in addition to my friend the colonel might have been made a happy man to-day.'

Note.—All dramatic rights in the foregoing story are reserved by the author.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

HONESTY.

It is to be hoped that the animal scale of morality is not so low that when a brute acts honestly it does so only because honesty is the best policy. There are many instances known of animals acting honestly, when the slightest promptings of instinct would have shown that it was more politic to act otherwise. Self-denial and self-sacrifice have been frequently needed of animals, and in the hour of temptation they have not succumbed. Neither fear, nor pain, nor the cravings of hunger have sufficed to deter many noble members of the brute world from their sense of duty. Quite recently the Canadian papers reported an anecdote of canine fidelity which, had it been told of a Roman soldier or a Hindu nurse, would have been bruited throughout the civilised world as an instance of humanity's supremest devotion to duty. The story as told to us is, that when nearing Montreal, the engine-driver of a train saw a great dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The driver blew his whistle; yet the hound did not budge, but crouching low, was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the driver's notice; he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead child which, it is supposed, had wandered on to the track and had gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but unheeded, had died at its post, a victim to duty.

This is no solitary specimen of canine integrity. The author of *Salad for the Social* tells of a dog whose master deposited a bag in one of the narrow streets of Southampton, and left his dog to guard it, with strict injunctions not to leave it. The faithful creature was so staunch in the fulfilment of duty, that rather than forsake its trust, it actually allowed a heavy cart to drive over it and crush it to death.

It is not merely momentary impulse, nor ignorance of the effects of this steadfastness—as some may imagine—that prompts animals to act thus faithfully; there are numerous cases on record to prove that they will sustain hunger, endure pain and fatigue, and withstand temptation, at the dictates of duty, as gallantly as any human being. Youatt is the authority for the following remarkable instance of canine integrity. An officer returning from a day's shooting deposited his spoil in a certain room, in the custody of his dogs. Mechanically he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and departed. Soon afterwards, he was called away upon urgent business, and during his absence of several days, forgot all about his game and the dogs. When he returned home, he hastened to the

room, and there found both dogs dead of hunger. Not only had they refrained from touching the game, but they had also kept quiet, having neither barked nor cried, evidently fearing to betray the trust they deemed their master had confided to them.

It is related by Professor Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness. The truth was that this gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning; the dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Professor Bell also tells of a Newfoundland dog kept at an inn in Dorset, which was accustomed, every morning as the clock struck eight, to take in its mouth a basket placed for the purpose and containing some pence, and go with it to the baker's. The man took out the money, replacing it by a certain number of rolls, which Neptune returned home with. He never touched the eatables; but on one occasion when another dog attempted to despoil the basket, master Nep put down his burden and gave the intruder a thrashing; that accomplished, he regained his charge, and carried it home in triumph.

In his interesting *African Travels*, Le Vaillant details how he missed his favourite setter. After a fruitless search, and the repeated firing of his gun to guide the animal, he sent an attendant back by the way they had travelled to try and discover the lost favourite. About two leagues back on the route the dog was found keeping guard over a chair and basket which had been dropped unperceived from the wagon. But for this fortunate discovery of the honest dog, it must speedily have perished by hunger or from the beasts of prey.

In Taylor's *General Character of the Dog* is given an account of one of these faithful animals which daily carried to a labourer in Portsmouth dockyard his dinner. Trusty, as the dog was rightly named, had to take the basket containing his master's mid-day meal upwards of a mile, so that he had frequently to rest on the journey. He was very careful as to where he deposited his load, and would not allow any one to come near it. When he reached the dock-gates, he often had to wait until they were opened for the admission or egress of any one; but the instant he could effect an entrance, he ran in with his charge and carried it to his master, who, after he had partaken of his dinner, re-delivered the empty basket to his faithful servitor to carry home again.

In his *Essay on Instinct*, Hancock tells of a dog belonging to a Glasgow taproom keeper that was accustomed to carry its master's breakfast to him

in a tin can between its teeth. When the family removed, the dog changed his route, and never went wrong. It could not be induced to accept a favour when on its master's errands, and carefully avoided any of its own species. This incorruptible servant, which by the way understood Gaelic as well as English, often carried home meat to the weight of half a stone, but never attempted to touch it. Dogs, indeed, rarely attempt to touch food belonging to their owners. One very remarkable instance is recorded by Jesse of a dog that accompanied its mistress when returning from market with a basket of provisions. They were overwhelmed by a snowstorm, and not discovered for three days; the woman was found to be dead; but the dog, which was lying by her side, was alive. The honest creature, however, had not touched the eatables in his mistress's basket, but, as neighbouring villagers remembered when too late, had been endeavouring, on the evening of the storm, by whinings and sighs they could not comprehend, to induce them to follow it to where its mistress was.

In his *Anecdotes of Dogs*, Captain Brown speaks of a mastiff that was locked up by mistake an entire day in a pantry where milk, butter, and meat were within reach. The hungry dog did not touch any of these things, although it ate voraciously as soon as food was given to it.

Colonel Hamilton Smith is our authority for the anecdote of a dog that followed its owner, who was on horseback, and who contrived to drop some cakes from his basket as he cantered home. On his arrival, he found that his trusty follower had gathered up some of the lost cakes and carried them home and had gone for the remainder, which it duly returned with untasted.

'Dogs,' says Colonel Smith, 'have an instinctive comprehension of the nature of property;' and it is really most remarkable, considering that they have not human speech, how frequently, and how well, they make us understand their views on this point. The colonel alludes to the case of a lady at Bath who was somewhat alarmed by the behaviour of a strange mastiff that seemed anxious to prevent her going on. Finding she had lost her veil, she turned back, the dog going before her until she came to the missing article and picked it up. As soon as the dog saw she had regained her property, it scampered off to its master.

Anecdotes of this character are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged, to their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity in our canine cousins. A farmer having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful, that he resolved to steal it, and instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to its master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds 'Smoker' and Smoker's son 'Shark,' a curiously suggestive instance of parental discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible; but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window, Mr Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by its father, steal a cold tongue and drag it to the floor. 'No sooner had he done so,' says his master, 'than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled over him, beat him, and took away the tongue;' after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside.

Mr Blaine, among many similar records, tells of a spaniel he had which protected the dinner-table, during its master's absence, from the attempts of a cat which sought to make too intimate an acquaintance with the leg of mutton. Both the animals belonged to Mr Blaine, and were on friendly terms with each other; but one was honest, and the other was not.

Hitherto, specimens of canine integrity have alone been cited; but it must not be supposed that dogs are the only animals which exhibit honest traits. Captain Gordon Stables, in his book on *Cats*, proves by several tales of real life that pussy is often as trustworthy as any dog. His own cat 'Muffie' is allowed her place on the table at meals, and never attempts to touch the viands, even when left alone, nor, what is more suggestive, never allows any one else to touch them. The present writer's family had a white cat which for nearly twenty years was trusted with anything, until one luckless day, in its old age, its appetite overcame its reason; it broke the eighth commandment, and stole a piece of steak. The distress and shamefacedness of the poor animal after the crime were quite pathetic; she hid herself in dark corners; turned her back on observers, and for several days was so ashamed of herself, that she could not look any one in the face, although, poor old favourite, not a person reproached her for her first known offence against the laws of property.

BOOK GOSSIP.

MORE than two years ago we had the pleasure of noticing, with favourable comment, a new book, *Bits from Blinkbonny*, by 'John Strathesk.' It was a clever and entertaining book, presenting successive pictures of Scottish village life drawn with so much truth and character as at once to stamp them genuine portraiture.

The author, encouraged no doubt by the well-merited success of the above volume, has issued a second, entitled *More Bits from Blinkbonny* (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier). 'Continuations' are proverbially risky, and we fear we cannot congratulate the author on having escaped the risk unscathed. The title will perhaps help the book temporarily—from a publisher's point of view; but it would have fared better in the long-run had it been issued as an independent work on village life in Scotland, leaving the former volume to stand by itself. As it is, however, it is only when compared with its predecessor that this volume may be said to

indicate any falling-off on the part of the author. It is full of bright and truthful sketches of the habits of life and modes of thought prevalent in the Scottish Lowlands, and can scarcely fail to be read with interest by those to whom such sketches appeal. Here is a story told by a barber regarding one of his customers. The customer referred to was a man who got his hair cut only twice a year, and when he came for this purpose it was always completely matted. The barber recommended him to 'redd' (that is, comb) his hair every day. 'No very likely,' was the reply; 'it's only redd every six months, and then it's like to rive a' the hair out o' my head; if I was reddin' every day, I wadna hae a hair left at the month's end.'

The volume, we may add, is tastefully printed and bound, while the pictorial illustrations give force to its local characterisations.

In *Photography for Amateurs* (London: Cassell & Co.), Mr T. C. Hepworth, lecturer to the late Polytechnic Institution, gives excellent hints and instructions for beginners in this art. For those who have taken up photography as a pleasant occupation of their leisure hours, this book can be especially recommended. Most travellers in Central Africa, or in any little known part of our world, now find the photographic camera a necessary adjunct of their equipment, as, by its aid, rapid and correct pictures can be made of striking and picturesque scenes. This is equally true of a pedestrian at home, and Mr Hepworth looks back with delight to a walking tour in the Highlands, when he found so many lovely little nooks in the Trossachs and elsewhere admirably suited to his art. The effective delineation of objects by photography demands both care and experience; but there are now many amateurs of both sexes who can turn out very satisfactory pictures. Landscape photography is one thing, and portraiture is another and more difficult undertaking, for the inexperienced; but with the help of such a manual as this, which describes the necessary apparatus, negative-printing, fixing and washing the prints, &c., the way must be greatly smoothed for beginners in the art. The Introduction presents a concise history of the art up to the time when the use of gelatine dry plates made the practice of photography more convenient and possible for amateurs.

Lately we noticed in these pages the publication of a volume of music entitled *The Athole Collection of Dance Music of Scotland*, edited by Mr James Stewart Robertson (Edradynate). To this we have now to add by the same publishers, *The Kellin Collection of Gaelic Songs*, with music and translations, by Mr Charles Stewart (Edinburgh, MacLachlan and Stewart). In selecting and arranging the melodies in this collection, the editor has borne in mind (1) Those that have already established themselves as favourites; (2) Those that have not been published until now, but which, in his opinion, are deserving of publication; (3) Some ancient chants to which the Fingalic poetry was sung; and (4) A few hymn tunes—one of them old, and the others on the lines of old Gaelic melody, in the hope of showing how admirably that melody is fitted for sacred

song. Mr Stewart has been assisted by Mr Merryleas in arranging the harmonies and accompaniments; and in the supplying of English words for the Gaelic originals he has had the efficient help of such well-known pens as those of Principal Shairp, Professor Blackie, Dr Norman Macleod, and others. This collection of Gaelic music ought to have a hearty reception, not only from those who are familiar with Celtic surroundings, but also from students of music generally, as an important contribution to the history and archaeology of the art.

The International Forestry Exhibition of 1894 gave a new impetus to the study of forestry. The importance of that science is now coming to be generally recognised, and private individuals, as well as those mysterious beings 'the authorities,' are bestowing some attention upon the practical application of its principles. Dr J. C. Brown has, more than any other living writer, identified himself with this important subject, and it is worthy of notice that all the works which have been produced by his prolific pen during the last few years are remarkable for their wide learning, profound and practical acquaintance with the science as practised all over the world, and happy style of expression. His *Introduction to the Study of Modern Forest Economy* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd) is no exception to this rule. Within very moderate limits, he has contrived to convey much information relative to the present state of forest-science.

The facts relating to the time when the greater part of Europe was covered with forests are of great interest, and also the account here given of the consequences of their disappearance. And it may be observed that in addition to such generally admitted evils as the scarcity of timber and droughts—as to the latter of which Dr Brown gives us many graphic illustrations, collected during his residence at the Cape of Good Hope—it is alleged that many of these devastating inundations which occur with such alarming frequency in some countries are due to this cause. It is certainly worthy of notice that floods seldom originate in densely wooded lands, and have been largely prevented in France by artificial *reboisement*; while in Northern Germany, the same process has been very successfully followed in fixing down and utilising drift-sand.

To judge by the examples of stuffed pets which are to be seen in many private houses, there certainly seems to be room for a handbook on the art of stuffing fish, flesh, and fowl. This has at anyrate been supplied in *Practical Taxidermy*, by Montague Brown, F.Z.S. (London: L. Upcott Gill). As a 'manual of instruction to the amateur in collecting, preserving, and setting up natural history specimens of all kinds,' the volume leaves little to be desired. Not only has Mr Brown betrayed many of the secrets with which professional taxidermists have sought to surround their art, but he has particularised with minuteness and patience the whole *technique* of skinning and preserving birds, mammals, fishes, and reptiles. Moreover, his book justifies its title, for it is above all things practical. Besides being a

guide to the taxidermist's art, the book gives a chapter on 'dressing and softening skins and furs as leather.'

The study of the diseases of plants offers a very wide field to the inquirer, and it is only of recent years that investigations in this direction have come to be regarded as of economic importance. In spite of the strong prejudices of agriculturists of the old school, it is believed that vegetable pathology will prove to be of the greatest practical value, and that the time is approaching when the best means of preventing the attacks of disease will be a recognised branch of practical agriculture. This eventuality is certainly indicated by the appearance of *Diseases of Field and Garden Crops, chiefly such as are caused by Fungus*, by Worthington G. Smith (London: Macmillan & Co.). Originally delivered as addresses at the request of the officers of the Institute of Agriculture at the British Museum, South Kensington, these notes are very full and elaborate, while the admirable illustrations with which they are accompanied give them an additional value. Although necessarily technical, the definition of all the phenomena of the diseases has been given in familiar words, and all botanical terms have been explained. To illustrate the thoroughness with which the work has been done, having regard to the limits of the volume, we find under 'Potatoes' the new disease (*Pexia potatuna*) which has made its appearance within the last few years, the dreaded disease produced by the parasitic fungus of the murrain, the smut, scab, and the old potato disease in its active and passive state. Then mildew and blight are treated of as affecting respectively onions, straw, turnips, cabbages, grass, corn, borage, barberries, parsnips, peas, and lettuces. There are also valuable notes upon the new diseases which are making such havoc with grass, wheat, barley, ryegrass, and onions; and their fungoid character is conclusively established. The book, like those on cognate subjects by Miss Ormerod, which have been already noticed in these pages, will amply repay careful study.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, London, has just commenced the one hundred and thirty-first session of its useful career. Professor Abel, the chairman of its Council, presided at the opening meeting, and his speech was a résumé of the progress of scientific research in various directions, in which a large number of persons are just now much interested. Being an electrician, he naturally devoted some time to the progress of electrical illumination, and pointed to the wonderful display at the recent International Health Exhibition as an illustration of the grand results now possible. He also expressed himself satisfied with the recent advances made in the direction of electric railways and other means of locomotion to which the comparatively new power has been experimentally applied, not omitting a very favourable reference to the telpherage system of Professor Fleeming Jenkin.

The present position of the science of aerial navigation does not commend itself to Professor Abel as holding out much hope of future success. The recent experiments in France, during which an electrically propelled balloon was made to take more than one short excursion in a predetermined direction, merely prove that electricity can, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, be employed in this new service. But much has been done in making balloons serviceable for purposes of reconnaissance in warfare, the various details, such as making and transporting hydrogen gas in a compressed state to the field of action, having been successfully provided for.

Attention was also called in Professor Abel's address to compressed carbonic acid gas as a convenient source of power. Messrs Krupp, the great cannon-founders, at their extensive works at Essen are using this power for maintaining steel castings under pressure during the solidification of the metal. The earthen mould is closed directly it is filled with metal, after which the compressed gas is admitted to it from a reservoir of liquid carbonic acid, and in this way the space above the molten metal is filled with gas under very high pressure. A tendency to the formation of flaws and cavities, which nearly all metals are subject to—meaning, in the case of railway plant, broken bridges and fractured crank axles—is in this way completely avoided. It is believed that the employment of this gas under pressure—compressed, that is, to the liquid state and stored in iron bottles—has a very wide future before it in many other useful applications.

Lastly, the important question of a pure water-supply engaged the professor's attention, and his opinion on this point will be best given in his own words. 'I venture,' he says, 'to think that our hope for a radical improvement in the water-supply of this great metropolis lies rather in the application of a simple, expeditious, cheap, and effective mode of chemical treatment to supplies from sources now in use, previous to their filtration, than in a complete change of our source of supply.' It now, therefore, remains for future experimenters to devise some means by which water can be freed from those germs which, under various names, are now said to be responsible for the ills of mankind, and at the same time be left uncontaminated by any foreign matter. The problem seems to be a hard one to solve, but not harder than many which have been successfully conquered by modern science.

Whilst our never-ending difficulties in the Soudan and South Africa are giving us costly information regarding those parts of the huge continent, Mr Joseph Thomson comes back from his hazardous journey in Eastern Africa to tell us about a tract of country with regard to which hardly anything before was known. If we refer to a map of Africa, we shall be readily able to note the position of Lake Victoria Nyanza, with which Mr R. M. Stanley's name is identified. Between this lake and the coast lies the theatre

of Mr Thomson's wanderings. With an inadequate number of followers, the great majority of whom he describes as the very offshootings of Zanzibar villainy, this intrepid explorer prosecuted his work in the face of almost inconceivable perils. His contributions to geographical knowledge are of great importance, and his sole reward is the hearty reception accorded to him the other evening, when he gave a graphic account of his adventures to the Royal Geographical Society.

At the recent Exhibition at Philadelphia, attention was directed in a rather comical but effective manner to the Edison electric lamp. A powerful lamp of this description was fastened to the head of a black man, concealed wires being carried down his body from it and connected with copper discs on the heels of his boots. This coloured gentleman—the term 'darkie' is here obviously inadmissible—could become luminous at will by simply placing his heels upon certain copper conductors laid along the floor, which were in circuit with the general system for lighting the building.

A still more startling novelty in electric illumination was organised in New York a few weeks ago, an illustration of which is given in the *Scientific American*, published in that city. This consisted of an electric torchlight procession, which traversed several of the streets; and its object was, we presume, to advertise the Edison system of electric illumination. The procession may be best described as a hollow square formed by about three hundred men, each wearing a helmet, surmounted by a powerful electric lamp, and each holding the protected rope which carried the current from one to the other. In the centre of the square travelled a steam-engine and dynamo-machine—on trucks drawn by horses—followed by coal and water carts to supply the engine with its necessary food. Both horses and trucks were decorated with lamps, and the leader of the brilliant throng carried a staff tipped with radiance of two hundred candle-power.

Our readers will learn with interest that Mr Clement Wragge, the pioneer of the meteorological station on the summit of Ben Nevis, is initiating a work of similar character in Australia. He has placed self-registering instruments on the top of Mount Lofty in connection with the Observatory at Sydney, and has appealed to the public to help in promoting scientific research by leaving them untouched.

An explosion last July at a gunpowder factory in Lancashire, by which four men lost their lives, was caused by lightning. This disaster once more calls attention to the grave necessity which exists for buildings, and such buildings especially, to be protected by efficient lightning-conductors. From Colonel Ford's Report upon the matter, which as Inspector of Explosives he has just presented to the Secretary of State, it appears that a conductor was fitted to the doomed building, but that it was a defective one. He states that there is no authentic case on record where a properly constructed lightning-conductor failed to do its duty; and recommends that these safeguards should be periodically examined and tested.

From time to time, we have given in these pages the results of different experiments with

the new method of preserving fodder, known as ensilage, and have expressed the hope that our farmers may find in it some compensation for recent bad times. We now learn from the agricultural returns for 1884 how widespread have been the experiments in this direction. These returns state that no fewer than six hundred and ten silos have been built in this country, of which five hundred and fourteen are to be found in England, sixty in Scotland, and thirty-six in Wales. Of the English counties, Norfolk heads the list with fifty-nine silos. In Scotland, Argyll has twelve, and is followed by Lanark and Renfrew, which counties have each half that number. The largest silo noted in the returns is in the county of Argyll. We may gather from these figures that the principle of ensilage as adapted to British farming has now entirely passed the experimental stage. (This important subject is further noticed in one of our Occasional Notes. See p. 829.)

The novel proposal has lately been made by Mr W. O. Chambers, the Secretary of the National Fish-culture Association, that fishponds should be established on lands which are unavailable for ordinary crops, and that unprofitable agri-culture should give place to profitable aqua-culture. The fish which it is said can be made to accomplish this desirable result is the carp, and the German carp in particular. According to Mr Chambers, this fish attains in three years a weight of four pounds, and its fecundity is so great that it will yield an average of half a million eggs. He states that one acre of water will produce, with little or no expense for food or maintenance, five thousand fish per annum. In a word, we are recommended to do as did the monks of old when monastic buildings were dotted over the land. The remains of fish stews or ponds left to us by the monks can be pointed to in plenty, and the question arises, if fresh-water fish-culture is really so profitable, why were these ponds suffered to fall into disuse? Another consideration arises as to whether, supposing the scheme to be possible, modern taste, not compelled to eat fish on certain days, would find the fresh-water variety palatable?

The British Rainfall Association is one of those unobtrusive societies which is doing quietly a work of great good. Begun some years back by Mr Symons, who set up a rain-gauge in his garden in London, and put himself in communication with a few friends in other parts of the country who did the same, the Association now numbers two thousand observers, spread over the United Kingdom. Mr Symons has lately published a curious diagram showing approximately the amount of rain which has fallen each year in Britain for two centuries. Of course such a record cannot pretend to be infallible, especially in the case of the earlier period which it covers, but it opens out more than one extremely interesting subject for inquiry.

The year 1884, with its genial spring, its splendid summer, and its gorgeous autumn, has been one in which the rainfall has been somewhat below the average; and in some districts there have been positive symptoms of a water-famine. But if we look back to the last century, we find a period of drought between the years 1738 and 1750, which, if it recurred in the present

day would, in Mr Symons's opinion, dry up the water-supply of nearly every town in the kingdom. Another curious observation is this: an unusually wet year seems to occur at intervals of ten years, the years ending with the figure four being the favoured ones. Thus, 1854, '64, '74, and so on, were wet years. But at the same time another twelve-year cycle of dry years also occurs—the years 1824, '36, '48, and so on, having been particularly limited in their rainfall. In this year of grace 1884, the two cycles terminate together, as they must do every now and then. So we have a year of doubt, and know not until its close which influence has proved the stronger.

Notwithstanding the rapid advance that has been made during the past few years in the beautiful art of photography, and the various new applications of it in different arts and sciences, in one particular it has stood still. A negative picture upon glass can, as every one knows, be produced in a fraction of a second. But the after-process of producing so-called positive prints on paper from that negative is a tedious business, depending in great measure upon the brilliancy of the weather. Messrs. Marion of London have endeavoured to obviate these inconveniences by the manufacture of a special kind of paper, the nature of which they at present keep secret, and which they now offer to the photographic world. By this paper a negative can be made to yield a positive image in a few seconds, quite independently of daylight, for a gas jet or paraffin lamp is sufficient to affect its extreme sensitiveness. This invention will enable a photographer to send his patron a dozen or more copies of a portrait that has been taken the same day.

The Bread Reform League is a useful society which has been formed to counteract the modern tendency to make what is properly called 'the staff of life' in such a way that many of its most useful ingredients are discarded. This society has, under the organisation of its energetic honorary secretary, Miss Yates, opened an Exhibition in London, where different samples of bread stuffs, treated in various ways, are shown. The profits of this Exhibition are to go to a 'Penny Dinner and Breakfast Fund' for the benefit of needy children attending the Board Schools. Hitherto, only food for the mind has been provided at these establishments, and the fact has recently leaked out that forty per cent. of the children arrive at some of them without any breakfast, and that at other schools twenty-eight per cent. often are dinnerless. It is a terribly sad story, and one very difficult to reconcile with the oft repeated boast that London is the richest city in the world.

The *Graphic* makes a very sensible suggestion with reference to those gloomy places called railway waiting-rooms. In similar places in France, the walls are often adorned with well-executed maps in relief, showing the country through which the line passes. Why should not this system be adopted in Britain? Constant travellers know to their cost that there are many railway stations in the kingdom where waiting-rooms are only too necessary. The cry of 'All change here!' often means that all will be compelled to wait here for an indefinite period. Now, if waiting-rooms were furnished with maps

and framed notices giving some account of the history of the surrounding neighbourhood, its antiquities, natural beauties, &c., the dreary time might in many cases be turned into a pleasant visit, and would most infallibly do good as an advertisement to the railway itself.

At a recent sale of art treasures at Cologne, there were put up to auction two curiosities which had been bought by their late possessor at some obscure town in Switzerland twenty-four years ago for the sum of twenty-three francs. One was a fifteenth-century cup of Venetian glass, and the other was a bundle of tapestry. At the last sale, these articles formed two distinct lots, and they realised more than thirty-six thousand francs—that is, fifteen hundred pounds sterling.

The question of 'musical pitch' has for many years troubled musicians, each country adopting a note giving a different number of vibrations per second as its standard. In Britain, we have the Philharmonic pitch, and when any one talks of having his piano tuned up to concert pitch, the Philharmonic standard is the one indicated. For some reason, the modern pitch is made higher than that recognised in past days, and consequently the compositions of some of the best composers are now heard in a key higher than that intended by their authors. We understand that a conference upon the subject is shortly to be organised. In the meantime, the Italian War Minister has sought the opinions of living composers with reference to the best pitch for military bands. We need only refer to the reply of one of these, Verdi, whose name is as familiar in Britain as in the country of his birth. He writes in reference to the modern high pitch: 'The lowering of the diapason will by no means impair the sonorosity and brilliancy of execution; it will, on the contrary, give something noble, full, majestic to the tone, which the strident effects of the higher pitch do not possess.' He goes on to say that one pitch should be common to all nations. 'The musical language is universal; why, therefore, should the note which is called A in Paris or Milan become B♭ in Rome?'

A German paper gives some interesting statistics relative to ear disease, which have been collected from different aural surgeons. From these, we gather that males are more subject to ear disease than females. Out of every three middle-aged persons, there is found one who does not hear so well with one ear as with the other. The liability to disease increases from birth to the age of forty, after which it decreases as old age is reached. Of six thousand children examined, twenty-three per cent. show symptoms of ear disease, and thirty-two per cent. a deficiency of hearing power. With regard to the results of surgical treatment, we learn that of the total number of cases of all kinds, fifty-three per cent. are cured, and thirty per cent. are benefited. We fancy that these figures are rather more favourable than surgeons in this country can show, it being well known that aural cases are among the most uncertain and unsatisfactory to deal with.

The steamship *Ionic*, which lately left this country for New Zealand, took out with her a large number of passengers of a description not usually met with on shipboard. They consisted of one hundred and fifty-eight stoats and weasels, whose mission in New Zealand will be to prey

upon the rabbits which are fast overrunning that country. This is the third consignment which has left our shores. The little animals are accommodated in zinc-lined boxes, and during the forty days' journey are calculated to require for their food more than two thousand live pigeons, which accompany them. The poor pigeons also require food, and therefore sixteen quarters of Indian corn were taken out for their consumption. Altogether, the expense to the colonial government must be something considerable, but will not be grudged if the required result is achieved.

STOCK EXCHANGE MORALITY.

PERHAPS there are few institutions possessing attributes more diametrically opposed to one another than the Stock Exchange. Undoubtedly useful in its way, it nevertheless abounds in gross abuse. It is a necessity to the *bond fide* investor, as indicating the locality where he can on the instant purchase or find a market for almost any stock in the world; yet it becomes a very hotbed of vice in the hands of the professional speculator. We apply this term to the man who fraudulently buys without the intention of paying, and worse still, sells what he does not possess. The method of so doing was fully explained in an article on 'Corners' in No. 19 of this *Journal*. Take a quite recent illustration of the two evils. Only a short time ago, a letter purporting to come from Mr Gladstone's private secretary, addressed to the Secretary of the Exchange, was received by him, and posted up in the House. It stated that certain unexpected interests would be paid to the Peruvian bondholders. The price went up over thirty per cent. in a few moments, so that any one having bought ten thousand pounds-worth the day before, could have then sold them for nearly fourteen thousand pounds. It is more than probable that the writer of the forged letter had previously purchased without any intention of paying or 'taking them off,' and on the imposition taking effect, at once sold out not only those he possessed, but also more than he did not possess. Within half an hour, the forgery was discovered, when the price immediately fell the thirty per cent. it had just risen. Thus this impudent adventurer would not only secure an enormous profit by the rise, but by buying back on the fall the extra quantity he had sold on the rise, reap an additional profit.

Now, it is this class of gambling, particularly the selling of what one does not possess, for the purpose of depressing the value of a certain stock to the prejudice of real holders, that constitutes the most unwholesome element of our Stock Exchange. Every conceivable artifice, the most consummate cunning, the most unblushing lies, are employed to depreciate a security which has either risen to a high figure on its merits, or else been puffed up artificially beforehand. Syndicates, as they are called—combinations of unprincipled men usually—are formed for the purpose, and there are indeed very few stocks existing at the present day that are not honoured by their especial syndicate. On any unfavourable rumour, more often concocted than otherwise, these eagle-eyed monsters swoop down upon their unsuspecting and inoffensive prey,

attacking with the ferociousness of a bear, until, in sheer desperation, one victim after another succumbs, and 'sells out to the 'bear' at an enormous sacrifice, in order to save the remnant of his dwindled inheritance. If, as they were uttered in it, the falsehoods of a single day could but glue themselves to and stick on the walls of that building, it would be a feat impossible of achievement for a fly to crawl unscathed between them! Monte Carlo is bad; but an institution where more fortunes are dishonestly lost and won in a day than at that notorious gambling-place in a week, must be at least no better, if not infinitely worse.

That there are men of integrity on 'Change, men of known principle, gentlemen in every sense of the word, admits of no doubt; and it is they who would first appreciate any effort, legislative or otherwise, for the suppression of the practices alluded to here. An act called 'Leeman's Act' was passed some years ago for the special protection of shareholders in banking establishments, which made it illegal to sell shares of any bank without first proving yourself to be a *bond fide* holder of its shares, giving their respective numbers, &c. The same protection should be afforded to every shareholder, no matter of what stock; and the time has now arrived for the legislature to take the matter seriously in hand. The blessings conferred thereby would be inestimable.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MECHANICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF LIGHTNING STROKES.

At the first monthly meeting for the session of the Royal Meteorological Society, a paper was read by Colonel the Honourable Arthur Parnell on 'The Mechanical Characteristics of Lightning Strokes.' The main objects of this paper were—first, to attempt to show that lightning is not a sort of electric fluid that descends from the clouds, injures buildings and persons in its course, and dissipates itself in the earth; but that it is a luminous manifestation of the explosion, caused by two equal forces springing towards each other simultaneously from the earth and the under surface of the inducing cloud, and coalescing or flying out nearly midway between the two plates of the electrical condenser formed by the earth and the cloud; secondly, to demonstrate that of these two forces, it is the earth-spring or upward force alone that injures buildings, persons, or other objects on the earth's surface, and that constitutes tangibly what is rightly known as a lightning stroke. The author gave the details of two hundred and seventy-eight instances, the records of which were intended to demonstrate with more or less precision the existence of an upward direction in the force of the stroke. The theory of the descent of the electric fluid was suggested a few years ago by M. Colladon, a French Professor, and a notice of it will be found in *Chambers's Journal* for October 16, 1880.

PERSONS KILLED BY WILD ANIMALS IN INDIA.

A return published in the governmental *Gazette* shows that the number of persons killed by wild animals and snakes in 1883 was 22,905, as against 22,125 in the previous year. Of these, 20,067

deaths were due to snake-bites, 985 to tigers, and 504 to other carnivora. The loss of cattle from the same cause amounted to 47,478 animals, being an increase of 771 on the figures for the previous year. It is somewhat remarkable that while the great majority of human deaths is set down to snakes, only 1644 cattle are said to have perished from that cause. Nearly three-fourths of the deaths occurred in Bengal and the North-west Provinces. The number of dangerous animals killed during the year was 19,890, and more than fifteen thousand pounds was paid in rewards. In regard to the fearful mortality from snake-bites, it might be suggested that the government should increase the rewards paid for bringing in the dead bodies of these reptiles, or otherwise take more active measures for their destruction.

ENSILAGE.

Mr Edward S. Blunt, Blaby Hill, Leicester, writing to the newspapers on the subject of Ensilage, says that he has recently opened two of his silos, and both have proved very satisfactory. He adds:

'Two years since I tried pits sunk in the ground without any building; last year I tried bricks cemented on the inside; this year I have tried wood, and am so pleased with the result that I certainly shall stick to it for the future. Notwithstanding its perishable nature, I believe it will compare most favourably as regards expense with anything else. I have used one-inch red deal boards, grooved and tongued, and these I find quite sufficient to resist what little lateral pressure there is. I have built my silos, four in number, partly in the ground and partly out. This may be considered merely as a matter of convenience, as I find the ensilage just as good in one part as in the other. I construct them in such a manner that they are easily put up and taken down again; thus at a very trifling cost they can be removed from one place to another. My first silo, a round one, only six feet in diameter, was filled in May with rough grass cut from the hedge-sides and from under some trees; neither cattle nor horses would eat this before it went into the silo, but both will eat it readily enough now that it is made into ensilage. My second silo, only eight feet in diameter, was first filled with pea-straw after the main crop had been gathered for market, and then refilled with the second cutting of clover; this is all very good quite up to the boards at the sides.

'I am weighting my silos this year with a press I have invented and patented. I obtain my weight by means of levers: two levers, each twenty feet long, with four hundredweight at the end, will give eight tons weight upon the silo, and being thoroughly continuous in its action, I am able to dispense with the labour and cost of moving so large a quantity of dead-weight. There is to be a model of the silo and press exhibited at the Smithfield Show, Islington.

Mr Blunt further explains his method of filling the silo. He says: 'In nearly every instance I placed the grass or clover in the silo the day after it was cut, and as it was put in, it was well trampled. In three or four days the silage sank from twelve feet to eight, and as it sank I put

in more. In about ten days from the time when the silo was first filled I put on the weight. The silage at this time had attained a temperature of from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty degrees. After the weight was applied, the temperature never rose any higher; but, at the end of a fortnight, had fallen to one hundred and thirty degrees, and then continued to fall. When the silage had sunk sufficiently low in the silo, I took off the weights and boards and filled up to the top again; this I repeated three or four times.

A HANDY GAS COOKING-STOVE.

To his already extensive list of gas cooking apparatus, Mr Fletcher, Warrington, has just added what he calls his 'Large Cottage Cooker,' which is simply a Gas cooking-stove in the cheapest and simplest form to be effective. For two pounds may be had a good roasting, and a fairly good pastry and bread oven, with a reversible boiler and grillers on the top. The body of the stove is made of galvanised iron, and the shelves are wrought iron. The height of the whole is thirty inches; space inside the oven twelve by twelve by sixteen inches.

When we consider their convenience to house-keepers and the time which they save, we do not wonder that the use of such stoves is rapidly extending. The equable nature of the heat insures good cookery; a pot or kettle may be boiled on the burner in a few minutes, and the housewife may be kept quite easy as to the state of her kitchen fire for cooking purposes. In fact, in summer the kitchen fire may be dispensed with altogether. There is no smoke or ashes; pans and kettles are easier kept clean, and all this is done at but a trifling expense for gas—say one penny per hour for a medium stove. A potato steamer will be found a useful adjunct to the stove. By its aid, the potatoes, after being boiled, are finished off with steam in the upper part of the same vessel; and will be found drier and meatier than if cooked in an ordinary pot in the old way.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

A curious return has just been issued, showing the number of railway passengers who have travelled on all the railways in the United Kingdom during the half-year ending 30th June last, by which it will be seen that railway shareholders continue to be mainly indebted for their dividends to third-class traffic. During the above period the number of passengers who travelled were as follows, omitting fractions: First class, sixteen million one hundred thousand; second class, twenty-five million eight hundred thousand; third class, two hundred and forty-one million seven hundred thousand—the number of third-class passengers being more than five hundred per cent. in excess of first and second class combined; and the relative amount of receipts is in equal proportion. This remarkable difference applies to all the lines in common, the third-class passengers being in excess all throughout the kingdom. But the North London line is especially striking in regard to receipts, inasmuch as the receipts from the third-class passengers amounted to about eight hundred per cent. more than from the first and second

combined! Within the same period, the Metropolitan and District Railways, and the North London Railway, carried over fifty million passengers; to which enormous return must be added, as showing the prodigious traffic within the area of the metropolis, that of the Great Eastern; London, Chatham, and Dover; London and Brighton; South-western; and South-eastern—a large portion of whose traffic is purely metropolitan.

THE NEW ALBO-CARBON LIGHT.

An experiment has been tried on a grand scale with this new and beautiful light, which as an illuminating medium will most certainly take a front place, whether the question is gas or electricity. The immense church belonging to the Oratory of St Philip Neri at Brompton has lately been illuminated by the employment of eight twelve-light, two six-light, and two four-light clusters constructed on this principle; and these have been found so effective, that the interior of this vast and very lofty building is filled with a brilliant, yet soft and subdued, light, which covers the area of the great church. The authorities of the Oratory have expressed their satisfaction at the favourable results of the experiment; and the capability of the Albo-carbon Light has been demonstrated as to bringing out clearly the architectural features of our churches, which, as a general rule, are not celebrated for the excellence of their various systems of gas-lighting. Therefore, any clear and brilliant light which will do this, and at the same time not add too much to the heat of the interior, should be hailed as an inestimable boon, and be one of the chief recommendations of this new and beautiful system.

THE LAST OF OLD SION COLLEGE.

One by one the old City landmarks are disappearing before the ruthless hand of the modern speculative builder. Many of the City churches have already been taken down and their sites covered with shops or warehouses; Charter House and St Paul's School are both going; and Sion College is gone—to be opened in a new building on the Thames Embankment, into which the ancient stone front is to be transferred from London Wall. The College, of which all the City vicars and rectors are Fellows, was originally incorporated in 1630, but burnt down in the great fire of London, to be rebuilt shortly afterwards. The site is let for building, but the ancient wooden fittings of the Hall and Library have been sold. The fine library of books will be removed to the new building when complete.

IRISH FEMALE EMIGRATION.

Mr Vere Foster, of Belfast, has issued another appeal on behalf of his Irish Female Emigration Fund, which has already been the means of granting assisted passages to twenty thousand two hundred and fifty girls from the west of Ireland to the United States and colonies, at an expenditure of about thirty thousand pounds. This scheme has the support—as it should have—of the clergy of all denominations, and there is little doubt that if carefully gone about, it will prove

a benefit both to Ireland and the colonies. Mr Foster, who has exhausted what he can spare of his own means and the funds placed at his disposal, has also given assistance by loan to four hundred girls, who have promised to repay him. We trust they may do so, as the good fortune of four hundred more hangs on this contingency.

The purpose of the fund is the relief of present poverty in the densely peopled districts of the west of Ireland, by assisting the emigration of young women of good character of the farm and domestic-servant class. To such it gives a chance of well-doing impossible at home, where, if they marry and rear families, there is but a prospect of poverty for themselves and all concerned. The scheme is a resumption of that adopted with gratifying results immediately after the great famine of 1846-7.

The plan which Mr Foster has had in operation for helping these young women for the past five years is a very simple one. Blank forms of application are issued to inquirers, when, if returned and approved of, vouchers to a certain value are issued in their favour. These vouchers are available within three months of issue for embarkation from Liverpool or from any port in Ireland where the necessary arrangements have been made. The promoter of this scheme does not approve of shipping young girls in large companies, but leaves them the utmost freedom in their choice of ship and port and time of embarkation. This enables them to take a passage when perhaps they can have the company of friends and neighbours. The young women thus assisted were between eighteen and thirty years of age; and it is satisfactory to know that most of them are going on well, and that many of them have sent home money to their friends more than once.

One of the most satisfactory forms of good doing is to help people to help themselves. This is the object of the Irish Female Emigration Fund.

EXPLORATION IN THE CHILIAN ARGENTINE ANDES.

It would appear, from the proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, that Dr Gissfeldt's explorations in the central Chilian Argentine Andes extended from November 1882 to March 1883, in the wild and lofty mountain region containing Aconcagua, the most elevated known point of the American continent, which lies between thirty-two and thirty-five degrees south latitude, and is bounded on the east by the Argentine Pampas, and on the west by the Pacific. Much of this journey being through new country, Dr Gissfeldt daily observed the great orographical and landscape features, the glacial conditions above the snow, the character of the vegetation, and the phenomena of rock-weathering. He also undertook the special duty of fixing positions astronomically and taking altitudes; for which purpose he was provided with nineteen instruments. The central Chilian Argentine Andes are sketched by the traveller as two parallel chains, having on the Pacific an outlying coast-range. The western chain is the true water-parting of the Atlantic and Pacific; and the eastern is in many places broken through by the waters rising in the great trough between

the two chains, which has no well-defined valley formation, indications of a longitudinal depression being only found at intervals, constantly interrupted by cross ridges. This trough or basin, one hundred and eighty-five miles in length, is very difficult of exploration, and only three months of the year are available for the purpose. The doctor crossed the divide at four points, and obtained altitudes from nine thousand four hundred and ninety-four feet to twenty-two thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven feet, which was reached near the great volcano Aconcagua, not far from the commencement of Valle Hermosa. A most interesting question of the effect of rarefied air at great elevations upon the human frame is dwelt upon by the doctor. He states that he and his assistant attained twenty-one thousand and thirty feet on Aconcagua, and were able to work their scientific instruments at that height, though not in good condition, through anxiety and want of sleep. Their lungs were physically exhausted by the effort of speaking; but there was no flow of blood from nose or ears. He says that the so-called *puna* can be resisted by mental effort and confidence, the only effect upon a properly trained individual being increased lung-action, and that any one who could work as he did at twenty-one thousand and thirty feet, could reach the top of Aconcagua, where the proportion of oxygen is only 62.3 per cent. less than at the former elevation.

NATIVE TREATMENT OF DISEASES IN INDIA.

A correspondent thus writes: Regarding the native treatment of diseases, one of the most curious things I ever witnessed was a half-clad native shouting through the streets of a country town: 'Does any one want back his sight?—one rupee only!' as if he were hawking fruits or sweetmeats; and, to my astonishment, a patient soon presented himself to be operated on for cataract. There and then standing in the bazaar, the itinerant oculist took out his penknife and performed the operation in a few minutes, bound up the man's eyes, and telling him to keep in the dark for a fortnight, received his fee of one rupee, and shouted his war-cry for more patients. The operation was almost unvaryingly successful; one instance among my servants being a woman of eighty, who had charge of my fowl-house, and had for many a day been sightless, except to distinguish light from darkness, and who in this way was successfully operated upon. Besides this operator are bone-setters, and medical rubbers, male and female, especially represented by the hereditary low-caste *accouchouse* of each village, whose skill in shampooing is such an aid in her lowly calling—as the natives regard it—as to supplant much of the useless medicine and enforced rest of more civilised countries, and save endless mischief and suffering to her sex. What skill they have is of course almost purely traditional. None of the science of the world or British usage has yet altered in the slightest degree, either the customs of the native or his horror at the idea of male physicians for women—especially in certain ailments—and their wonder at our obtuseness and disregard of propriety on so delicate a point. To supply a vacancy so long unfilled, lady-doctors have now appeared

on the scene, who, it is hoped by reaching the zenanas, may reach the real source through which a higher enlightenment in India is possible. An immense field is open to them along with every encouragement; and were but some of the many young ladies at home who are straining health for a future pittance in one or other of the spheres of teaching, to turn their attention in this direction, they would find an opening of wider and greater utility before them, and a prospect of large and rapid emolument.

LONG AGO.

We wandered in a garden fair,
When summer sun was shining,
And laden was the balmy air
With scent of roses rich and rare
Around us intertwining.
There trilled the thrush his glorious song;
There thrilled the echoes all night long
The warbling nightingale.
You taught me all each songster said,
And in each floweret's heart you read
Some hidden tale;
You said their message I should know:
'Twas simple as an easy rhyme—
But that was once upon a time
Long ago!

We parted in a woodland glade
When autumn winds were sighing,
In gold and russet bright arrayed
A glowing canopy displayed
The summer leaves a-dying;
And but the wind, no other sound
Than a leaf that fluttered to the ground,
And a far-off robin singing.
We heard. You guessed my thoughts, and said:
'In spring, the swallows who have fled
Will back be winging;
The trees a brighter emerald show,
The rose a richer crimson glow,
Than any glaucous in this year's prime'—
All this was once upon a time
Long ago!

'What though a while we part,' you cried;
'What though the wind is sighing;
The spring will autumn's frost deride,
The summer laugh at winter-tide,
Long power to grief denying.
We part, but never say farewell;
Nor let the dead leaves to us tell
A tale of changeless sorrow;
Fair Spring comes sparkling down the dell,
And in that morrow,
If still upon this world below,
We'll meet 'neath yonder spreading lime'—
You said so once upon a time
Long ago!

Perchance you have forgot all this;
'Twas long ago;
Perchance you sneer at words like bliss
And lovers' woe.
Or else you are amused—as I—
To think we once swore we should die,
If fate us parted;
To think we vowed so soon to meet,
And said in spring-time we would greet,
Or else be broken-hearted.
Strange—is it not?—to have fancied so.
You smile, no doubt, such things to know;
Or do you count it as a crime
To think of once upon a time
Long ago!

LINDA GARDINER.

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